—Good old days, how we miss you! Days when a lie was a lie, when taking money not your own was stealing, when people went to church on Sunday rather than to base-ball, and when people paid their debts and forgot to slander neighbors or desert friends.

—Nothing on the fam pays better than a good garden. It furnishes fresh fruits and vegetables and promotes health.

—One hundred fowls will produce manure enough when carefully saved, to top dress one acre of grass or fertilize two acres of corn.

A Sound Local Opinion.

E. Bambridge, Munday Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Tex. says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxon, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes that he would have died, had it not been for Electri Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver, and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50 cents and $1 at REBER'S drugstore.

—A man never realizes how little his word is worth till he receives a black eye and attempts to explain how he came by it.

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 ruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay squired. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by REBER druggist.

—Why are ladies good sailors? Because they make good mates and can always command a smack.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a *free* sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large sized package 50 cents.

—During a cyclone the people are sure there is something in the wind.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1.00 at all druggists. Sample bottle free.

—The young man who gets smitted with a girl often gets mitten, too.

—No species of honest toil is degrading. Every task performed because it is duty, and for others' good, is dignified and ennobling.

Nature in Convulsion

Is terrific. Volcanic eruptions, cyclones, earthquakes are awfully and tremendously picturesque, but scarcely desirable to emulate in action and effect by the administration of remedies which produce convulsion and agony in the abnormal portion of the human frame. Such is the effect of the old fashioned violent purgatives happily falling more and more into disuse, and of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the wholesome, pleasant and far more effective successaneum. They weakened the intestines—the Bitters invigorates them. They left the bowels inactive, because inexpectantled by ensuing feebleness. The Bitters, on the contrary, and because it enables, not forces, them to act—a vast and fortunate difference—perpetuates their activity and regularity. The liver is beneficially stimulated, as the kidneys also are, by this medicine, which easily conquers, also, malaria, nervousness and rheumatism.

—The bill collector's work is always dun before he gets his pay.

—Liability to unforeseen interruption is a most annoying liability to every one who diligently pursues his vocation in life.

A New Discovery.

To the liver and bowels, but give no strength. The more you take the more you need. Miles' Pills positively strengthen. The longer taken, the less repuired Samples free at Biery's or Thomas' Drug Store.

—Often the most delicious joys of life are those that come upon us unexpectedly.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of the food, yellow skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug stores.

—If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?

From the Nation's Capital.

Mr. A. N. Hazen, Washington, D. C., says the famous Red Flag Oil is a perfect family medicine and has no equal for Rheumatism, Neuralgia Sprains, Cuts, Burns and bodily pain. Price 25.

Consumption, are you troubled with this terrible disease, if so take healthy exercise, live in open air, use Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure and be cured, don't delay. Price 25 cents, at Thomas' drug store.

—A mustard man says that he has not made his fortune out of mustard eaten, but out of mustard wasted on plates.

We have a speedy and positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker, moth, and headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold at Bierys' or Thomas' drug store.

—It must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall occasionally be sited on their children, as well as the sins fathers.

If your cough keeps you awake and restless by night, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and obtain immediate relief. This remedy allays inflammation, heals the pulmonary organs, induces sleep, and restores health. The sooner you begin the better.

When a man has a business that doesn't pay he usually begins to look around for a partner to share his losses with him.

Dropped Dead.

Physiologists estimate that the heart does 5,000,000 pounds of work each day. No wonder people drop dead with worn out hearts. This could be prevented by Dr. Miles' new and great discovery, the New Cure. Always commence when you first begin to e short of breath, have weak, or smothering spells, pain or tenderness in side, etc. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug store.

—Dickens said "hate" was a little word, but it harbors a bundle of associations akin to a place we all hope to shun.

"That tried feeling" is entirely overcome by Hood's Sasparilla, which gives a feeling of buoyancy and strength to the whole system.

—Don't make the morning foggy and the night hazy by finding fault.

—Genius don't live on dry bread and water, in a garret, ever assuming the goggles of insanity.

—If courting be a fraud, in which each deceives the other, and the parents and friends deceive both, you must not make faces and growl at "marriage being a failure."

—Don't invest in a lottery. Don't encourage swindling. Don't concede that you are willing to receive what you have not honestly earned.

ACROSS THE KARROO.

We had already journeyed seven days from Capetown, passing through the pretty villages of Paarl and Ceres, with the vineyards and maize fields, and had now reached the edge of the desert known as the Karroo. The site is marked on the map of South Africa as beginning beyond the range of the great Zwarte (Black mountains).

The entrance to the Karroo is through a small gorge about a quarter of a mile long and twenty yards wide, with abrupt walls of stone on either side, which seems to indicate that at some former period a stream of water had passed out through this gorge from a lake whose bed is now an arid desert. The distance across the desert to the point we wished to reach was 100 miles, which we wished to accomplish in three days. It was necessary to be careful of our horses, knowing there was no water on the journey for them. We hoped to do forty miles the first day, and thirty miles each day of the two following. We entered the Karroo Poort (Karroo Gate) at sunrise, and set out on our hazardous journey.

I should state that we had stopped over night at a last farmhouse near the Poort, to give our horses rest and a good feed, and to supply ourselves with forage for them and water for ourselves, filling every available vessel with the precious fluid. Our conveyance was a light though strongly built cape cart, on occasion covered with a canvas hood to protect us from the sun's rays, and there were four of us. No one can set out upon a desert journey without mingled emotions of hope and fear, there are so many contingencies lying along those weary roads, and roads rendered more desolate by the bleaching bones of dead animals—for often the willing beasts, the horses and oxen, fall with fatigue, and see with dying gaze the keen eyed vultures swooping from afar.

As we entered the desert it spread before us on every side like a boundless brown sea, silent, solitary and vast. As the sun rose into the sky the warmth became intense, and when by midday we halted we could see the heat rising from the scorched plains in the wavy columns like golden flames. There is no greater alleviator of thrist than cold tea, and no safer stimulant in a torrid land. While the horses were being unharnessed and fed Meadows and I prepared our midday meal. In three hours we broke up camp, and went on again until the day was nearly done—a day that had passed fairly well.

There was neither tree nor mountain in sight; nothing to break the level monotony that stretched as far as the eye could see. We encamped for the night in the midst of this swelling loneliness, and then perhaps for the first time began to feel its power. We spent the last hour before sundown in cutting and gathering a quantity of brushwood (Karroo shrub, the only thing that grows upon these plains) to feed a necessary fire to protect us from the wolves and jackals which scour the desert in packs.

After supper we put away our tin dishes, replenished our big fire, wrapped ourselves in our rugs, and lay down with our weapons by our sides and our feet to the fire.

Adolph and Wilhelm Moritz, happy Dutchmen, were soon asleep; Meadows and I lay chatting for some time, then relapsed into quietness, the deep and strange silence that surrounded us broken only by the stir of the horses tied to the wagonpole. The singular sensation of lying in this noiseless desert drove sleep from my eyes, and I lay awake a long time after George Meadows had fallen asleep. Suddenly there came into the dead silence a long, sharp, piercing cry, answered by another in the opposite direction, equally distant; these were the cries of jackals.

Then came the bark of a wolf, answered by a chorus, and Meadows suddenly rose into a sitting position. "The brutes are coming!" he exclaimed. Instantly a hundred throats seemed to be baying into the darkness, drawing nearer and nearer, until we could see, surrounding us like a circle of fire, the scintillation of red eyes. The scene was now become one of startling reality—all about us the dense darkness, lighted only, and in a manner made more perceptible, by the rays of the glowing brushwood embers; in all directions about us the glare of shining eyes, and now the brutes came so near that we could hear the angry snarls and the snapping of their jaws.

George Meadows rose and threw fresh fuel on the fire; the flame that crackled and flashed up brought into view the shaggy forms of the gray wolves, the striped hyenas, behind them, again, the jackals; and the horses, realizing that their deadly enemies were close at hand, gave low whinnies, as though calling upon us for protection. The Moritz brothers were up, and, together with ourselves, opened fire upon the animals, shooting at the shifting masses where they seemed thickest, answered by howls and cries of rage as our bullets tore their way into the restless groups. For an hour or more the animals skulked around; but, as we kept our brushwood fire in good condition, they finally gave up what we feared was a premeditated attack, and stole away. And then we rested and knew no more till the chilly dawn awoke us, when a fresh misfortune awaited us.

In the confusion of the night before a wooden canteen, filled with water, had been kicked over, the bung started and much of the contents lost. While the horses were being fed and "inspanned," Meadows made coffee, and then, greatly refreshed, we set out before the sun was up, journeying still deeper into the desert. Our drive was a dreary pull. Once we passed close to where a flock of vultures were feeding on the carcass of some animal that had wandered off the road to die. Our track was lined with whitened bones. After we had halted for an hour's rest and a hurried breakfast, we went on again, and should have been in good spirits enough had not our horses, inured as they were, begun to show unmistakable signs of the fatigue that follows a lack of water.

We ourselves had not too much to satisfy the needs of four men, and we determined to put ourselves on short allowance since the mishap of the night before. After the midday "outspan" our late afternoon journey was enlivened by a singular display of thieving boldness. We were slowly "trekking" along, the two drivers of our four in hand team seated on the front seat, Meadows and I on the seat behind half asleep, the curtain at the end of the wagon rolled up a few inches to permit a draught to pass through, when all at once we heard a scuffling kind of spring and scratching at the tailboard, and looking round we caught the glimpse of the nose of a jackal as it disappeared from sight. The reason was obvious. Lashed against the back of the wagon outside was a sack of dried salt fish, the odor of which had attracted the sharp scented thieves, and which the brutes were endeavoring to steal, and finally succeeded in doing so by biting off the lashings.

Moritz would not stop the horses, but whipped them up afresh, saying: "Let them have it." George and I, however, used our revolvers, leaving many of them dead in the road behind; but, having secured the fish, they seemed satisfied, as we could see them in the distance fighting and tearing at each other over the booty.

Night came and all was quiet when we outspanned at the close of the day, our bed against the hot sands and our covering the dim vault above, studded with stars that looked like points of burnished silver stretching far away.

Our third and last day's journey was a most trying one, during which we fully realized what desert traveling may become. We had exhausted our last drop of water the night before, and we awoke with a thirst that seemed then unbearable; but before the day was over we learned that our morning thirst was but a trifling affair. Everything was intensified on that day; the sun seemed fiercer, the heat greater, the desert drier and the sky more defiant; in fact, we seemed to be journeying deeper and deeper into a furnace whose fires forbade a further approach, and when we halted for the noonday rest both man and beast were utterly exhausted.

No one who has not crossed a desert can possibly imagine the fearful condition to which a want of water reduces him; the food is swallowed with difficulty, and the system is faint with fever, while the knowledge of its absence does but heighten the craving of the body for its cool refreshment. After our rest we set out again, and the time slipped by in silence. Later, looking up, I saw something, and turned and said to Meadows:

"Thank God! there is water ahead. See, there is a lake a few miles off."

"A lake!" exclaimed Moritz. "Don't you know what that is?"

"What is it, if not a lake?" demanded Meadows.

"A mirage—and nothing else," said the elder Moritz.

"A mirage!" I cried. "Why, I can see the water; there are the reflections of the trees and deer drinking."

"You'll see what'll become of your lake, mynheer, and your trees and your deer, as we go," he replied with a short laugh. "No! you'll see no water till we're out of the Karroo and at Verbeck's farm."

Far away overhead in the brazen sky was a single culture that made one dizzy to look at. An hour later the stumbling horses suddenly pricked up their ears, and the leaders neighed.

"There is water," said Moritz, in an undertone of surprise. "You may deceive a man, but you can't deceive a horse."

True enough, in a short time we came up to a nearly dried pool of filthy water, little more than mud, as thick as porridge and as brown as chocolate, towards which the horses rushed with new energy. It was a cruel act, but we pulled up suddenly, and Adolph and his brother leaped to the ground and held them back while Meadows and I ran forward and scooped up the liquid and strained it through a handkerchief until we had collected a large kettleful. Then we outspanned and let the horses go, and stood and watched them as they eagerly licked up the muddy compound. One may ask how it was this little pool should be in the road tracks of the desert, where, as far as we knew, no rain had fallen. I cannot tell; I only know that it was there and that it saved our lives. A fire was made, and the kettle set on it; we knew we had the water and could wait. It was boiled, to free it from impurities and germs it might contain, and then, when properly heated, we again strained it through a handkerchief, afterward pouring it all into a porous pitcher we had with us, and, incasing that again with a strip of wet flannel, we placed the pitcher in the sun, where the evaporation of the steaming flannel cooled the water inside to a delicious freshness, though it could not improve the flavor.

We drank a large cupful each—it was the color of polished mahogany—and put the rest into the wagon, slaking our thirst as we drove on. Just before the sun set, a globe of crimson fire in an empty, quivering sky, we saw before us, touched with his last beams, a distant fringe of trees, and we knew we were nearing our journey's end, for Verbeck's farm lay behind that distant foliage. Our last meal was eaten on the desert, our last rest taken till the moon was up, and then on again we "trekked" through a silent world.

At midnight of that same day we walked our weary horses up to the farm gate, and were met by the hospital farmer Verbeck and his family, heralded by the troop of dogs that are invariably to be found hanging about the Dutch farm houses. Our journey across the Karroo was accomplished and we had reached the farm of moolfontein (beautiful water). Behind the white walled house and shaded trees ran a small river to which we led the horses before taking them to the barn; and later, over an impromptu supper, we told Verbeck the latest news from the civilized world, and slept that night with a grateful sense of perils overcome, far into the morning light of the following day.—Illustrated London News.

AWAY UP.

A Stranger Whose Title Produced Surprise in Tennessee.

A dignified looking stranger entered the ticket office of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern railroad yesterday, and stated that he wished to purchase tickets for himself and family to Texas, and also wanted to secure rates for the transportation of a carload of household furniture. Col. Harry Wilson waited on the gentleman, and ascertained that his name was Martin. He negotiated a trade with him for the tickets, and referred him to the freight office on Monroe street for information about freight rates.

As the stranger displayed a goodly role of boodle it was incumbent on Col. Wilson to treat him with the consideration due his importance, and so he told Billy to take the colonel over and introduce him to Mr. Bartley, and he took care to lay the accent on the colonel.

Billy got the stranger safely over to the freight office, and in his politest manner presented him to Will Bartley as follows: "Mr. Bartley, allow me to introduce to you Col. Martin."

The stranger drew himself up haughtily, and striking an attitude, with his right hand over his left breast pocket, said: "I am no colonel, young man; I am something higher than that."

"Excuse me; I meant to say brigadier," apologized Billy.

"I have a higher title than that," said the great man.

Billy was equal to the occasion, and came again with "I really meant to say major general, you know."

He was knocked out again, however, by the supposed officer remarking with heightened dignity, which, however, was softened by a quiet, amused smile: "You have not got up high enough yet."

"You must be the commander-in-chief of the army," suggested Billy in a doubtful sort of tone, but the stranger paralyzed him by the announcement that he held a still higher title.

Billy was stumped. He thought the distinguished visitor was no other than the president travelling in cog., but he dismissed that idea, and then his curiosity got the better of his reverence, and he blurted out: "Well, who are you, any way?"

The stranger softly replied: "I am a minister of the gospel, sir," and Billy fainted dead away, while Will Bartley made a half rate for the divine on account of his high title.—Memphis Avalanche.

DAWN IN AN ITALIAN GARDEN.

The pearl robed morning shook her garments free;
In an old garden sown with asphodils,
Faint odors of the white and saffron rose
Made delicate delight, though breeze was none;
And pulsing coolness, gleam of summer dawn,
Stole like a spirit through the lime shade
Where starlight wandered with the glow worm lamp.

Though penciled rays shot from the hidden sun,
Set the air trembling with a sense of bliss,
And every black recess melted to gray.

Soft leafage shot with rose and plumy gold,
Thinned where the branches touched the pallid sky,
Invites the bird to rise on rested wing
And send his love note in a ruffled song
To the mate's drowsy ear, where warm the nest
Lies under blossoms dripping silver dew.

The cypress holds its warning finger high
And whispers, "Breathe not now lest the spell break,
And the earth tranced in beauty, drugged with sleep,
Arouse itself to ancient pain and loss!"
But as the pale blurred morning turned to gold,
There started from the shade of hoary trees
Half moldered statues round a hoary faunt—
Like harlequin tossing a crystal plume,
A muse with brows august and tragic mask,
Laocoon enwreathed in snaky folds,
And the great archer with his lifted dart
Aimed at the breast of hapless Niobe;
And then the magic of the dawn was fled,
And day put on its old relentless face.
—Boston Transcript.

Actor Sothern's Rebuke.

An old lady, laden with bundles, stood in the aisle, weary and almost ill with fatigue. Close by her sat a big brute, spread out comfortably and complacently over the space that two people could easily occupy and refusing to budge an inch when the lady mildly looked with longing eyes upon the seat. Everybody glared at him, but he took no notice of that; there were muttered words of disapproval, but he paid no attention to those. At last Mr. Sothern, with one of those Lord Chumley stares, so full of innocence and simple good nature, leaned over from the strap on which he hung and in a very audible stage whisper inquired: "Excuse me, s-s-sir, but would you kindly t-t-tell me what k-k-ind of nerve tonic you use?" Even the roar of laughter which followed in the car did not bring a wrinkle to the mildly beaming face of Lord Chumley, but it did make the old hog leave his seat and the car.—Exchange.

Tolling a Bell for a Dead Dog.

The citizens of Woodruff, S. C., were startled by the tolling of the Baptist church bell, and upon inquiry could not learn the cause of it. Various rumors were set afloat as to why it should be rung, but no one could give a satisfactory reason. After hesitating a good while some one, with more nerve than the others, entered the belfry and found a young white boy, named James Darwin, tolling away as solemnly as the sexton would for a funeral. He was asked why he was doing so, and his reply was: "That his father's dog had just died, and he had instructed him to go and toll the bell to announce the sad news to the citizens of the town."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Avoid the Danger of Fire.

Drafts, flues and the chimney should be cleaned at least four times a year. Consult your insurance policy; read carefully and fulfill all the conditions. See if your chimney is up to the required standard, and that the stove is far enough from the wall. Know that no sparks can escape any place, especially where the pipe enters the chimney. It will pay. Have your fire safe! Insurance money is hard enough to get when all the conditions have been justly complied with. It is terrible to burn out! If your stove smokes, find out the reason and stop it. —Good Housekeeping.

He Achieved Greatness.

Miss Redingote—No, Aunt Brindle, I am not engaged. When I marry it will be a great man.

Mrs. Brindle (doubtfully)—Well, I dunno. You can't always tell how a man will turn out. Now, there's Josiah——

Miss Redingote—You don't mean to say Uncle Brindle has ever distinguished himself!

Mrs. Brindle—Well, I'll tell you what he did. I sent him down to the store with a ribbon the other day and he matched it!—Lippincott's.

Getting It Fine.

A loose horse on a highway in Ontario was chased by a dog. The horse ran into a farmyard and knocked down a calf and broke its leg. The owner of the calf seized the horse, and the owner of horse sued the owner of the dog, and a hired man ten miles away who left a gate open by which the horse got into the road had to pay $23.—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Mistaken.

A Detroit Pole, who was carrying home a load of wood on his back, took the railroad track. He heard the train coming, but supposed it would stop and request him to step aside. The first thing he said when he came down was expressive of his great surprise that people had no rights in this country.—Detroit Free Press.

A Comforting Reflection.

The Dominie (solemnly)—Amid your worldliness and recklessness, young man, bear well in mind that all flesh is grass.

Young Mashemall (rapturously)—Yes. But, thank heaven! some of it goes to grass widows!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

From the German.

Teacher—Can you mention a species of cold blooded animal which multiplies with astonishing rapidity?

Son of a Journalist—Yes, the creditor. That's what pa says.—Texas Siftings.

A Killing Compliment.

A little absurdity about a compliment often gives it point. A Spanish lover is reported to have said to his mistress: "Lend me your eyes; I want to-night to kill a man."—Chambers' Journal.

Easy Enough.

"It must be difficult for two mutes to understand each other?"

"Oh, no; simply a mutual understanding."—New York World.

An Englishman on the Bowery.

A cockney went into a cheap restaurant on the Bowery, one of those places that have been aptly called beaneries. He sat down and adjusted his monocle and beckoned to a waiter, who came forward. He was in his shirt sleeves and a dirty towel was slung across his arm. He scowled at the stranger.

"Well!"

"Aw, waitah, doncherno, I want a brace of chops, an' a poached egg, an some buttered toast, an' a mug of 'alf an' 'alf, an', aw, waitah, I want a napkin, also."

The man with the dirty towel over his arm moved back a step or two, put his hand to his mouth, and yelled to the cook in the kitchen:

"Soy, Chimmie, tell der band to play 'God Save der Queen!' der Prince of Wales is come."—Marshall P. Wilder.

A Sentence Containing the Alphabet.

Noticing in one of your recent issues a short paragraph relative to the shortest sentence in the English language containing all the letters of the alphabet, I would like to submit the following:

J. F. Grave, pack with my box six dozen quills.

The above sentence contains thirty-four letters and ten words only.—Con.

Debt of Honor.

England, which is rich in gentlemen, furnished, in the beginning of the present century, a good model of that genius which the world loves in Charles James Fox, who added to his great abilities the most social disposition and real love of men. A characteristic anecdote is related of the celebrated orator and statesman:

A tradesman who had long dunned Mr. Fox for a note of three hundred guineas found him one day counting gold, and demanded payment of his long due note.

"I cannot pay you now," said Fox. "I owe this money to Sheridan; it is a debt of honor. If an accident should happen to me he has nothing to show to maintain his claim."

"Then," said the creditor, "I change my debt into a debt of honor," and tore the note in pieces.

Fox thanked the man for his confidence, and paid him, saying: "His debt was of older standing, and Sheridan must wait."

Fox was the lover of liberty, friend of the Hindoo, friend of the African slave; he possessed a great personal popularity, and Napoleon said of him, on the occasion of his visit to Paris in 1805: "Mr. Fox will always hold the first place in an assembly at the Tuileries." — Youth's Companion.

His Prayer Answered.

A certain Chicago coal man enjoys nothing more than he does a romp with his two pretty boys. After supper every night he has great fun with them. One evening last week his wife was taken sick, and he cut short the usual romp, much to the disappointment of the boys, who had been looking forward all day to his homecoming. He told them it was time for them to go to bed, and, like obedient boys, they walked off without a word of remonstrance. Silently they disrobed and prepared to retire. The larger boy said his prayer and found his way between the sheets. Then the little fellow knelt down by the bedside, uttered his prayer and added: "Please, God, make papa funny some more." And the father, who had been waiting just outside the door to see that they retired all right, overheard the petition and went in and gave his two boys another great romp. The little fellow then retired in the firm belief that his prayer had been answered.—Chicago Herald.

Indigestion

Is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

If You Have

No appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down," loosing flesh, you will find

Tutt's Pills

the remedy you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. Sufferers from mental or physical overwork will find relief from them. Nicely sugar coated.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Eases Pain Instantly. Strengthens Weak Parts. Quiets Nervousness.

Hop Plasters

A New England Household Remedy.

Universally popular because of real medicinal merit. For the countless pains and aches, soreness or weakness, no matter how caused or how severe, which attack the human body, no remedy in the world is so prompt and thorough in relieving, curing and restoring as the Hop Plaster.

Unsolicited Testimony of thousands of people, and the constantly increasing sale of these plasters, is ample proof of the truth of this assertion.

☞ HOP PLASTERS never burn or irritate.

If you suffer apply one now; you'll feel happier to-morrow. Feels good the moment put on.

BUT SEE HERE. Hop Plasters are sold by all medicine dealers. Don't be swindled into taking a substitute or imitation. Signature of the proprietors will be found on the genuine goods.

HOP PLASTER CO., PROPRIETORS, BOSTON.

Examine what you buy. Avoid dishonest dealers.

If You Have

CONSUMPTION | COUGH OR COLD
BRONCHITIS | Throat Affection
SCROFULA | Wasting of Flesh

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. ☞ GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. 1yr

RUPTURE

—Thousands have been permanently cured by—

DR. J. B. MAYER 881 ARCH ST

PHILADELPHIA, PA. Have at times, no operation or loss of time from business. Cases pronounced incurable by others wanted. Send for Circular. Address Free. Office Hours 9 to 4.

CURE GUARANTEED.

PLACES OF INTEREST

To all visiting Philadelphia are

THE

YATES STORES,

6th and Chestnut St.

13th and Chestnut St.

Our Superior Clothing for Men and Boys is renowned, and though prices are very low this season we maintain the high quality

A. C. Yates & Co.

AMOS REIGEL,

OPPOSITE L. & S. DEPOT,

FIRST STREET, - - LEHIGHTON, Pa

Has just opened an entire new line of

LADIES' FINE DRESS GOODS!

Comprising all the very latest styles in **White Goods, Sateens, Prints, Ginghams, Marseilles, Seersuckers and Fancy Dress Patterns** of the very best qualities at exceeding low prices.

Groceries, Provisions, Crockeryware, Glassware, Wood and Willowware of the best makes at low figures.

Cloths Cassimers, Hats, Boots, Shoes and Ready-made Clothing in great variety and at prices within the reach of all purchasers—prices fully as low as the same goods can be bought for at any other general store in this vicinity.

Carpets, Oil-cloths, Lamps and Fixtures in great variety and of best quality at Rock Bottom Prices.

Best quality of **Flour and Feed** at prices fully as low as the same articles can be purchased elsewhere.

A car load of **coarse salt** has just been received—the price y been marked down to the very lowest notch.

All goods of the very best quality and are being sold at prices equally as low as the same goods can bought at any general store in this section. Call and be convinced. Respectfully,

July 823-71 AMOS REIGEL.

Koch & Shankweiler, Allentown,

CLOTHIERS,

We have made extensive preparations for the Spring Business in Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing. Our guaranteed qualities and the lowest prices are making our store the preferred place for those who wish to save time and money.

Mothers', Attention.

Over 3000 Children's Suits now ready. Ages 4 to 15 years. Our experience in Boys and Little Boys Clothing shows that if we can get the attention of the mothers that will crowd our store. We have pretty and fine material, pretty and novel shapes, and the making a credit to our Little Boys' Clothing Department. We have a complete line of 3-piece Suits, and a fine selection of Jersey and Kilt Suits. We start our Children's Suits from $1.00 up.

Men's Suits.

We are showing this season over 50 Leading Styles. Our aim is to combine the Best Make with the Lowest Prices.

Everybody in need of clothing, coming to town, is invited to visit our Large Clothing Establishment. We know that the time so spent will be very profitable. Get our prices before buying and you will save money by so doing.

Custom Department.

This department lacks nothing to satisfy the tastes and ideas of the most critical of men.—Our line of Spring Trouserings and Suitings is larger and more select than ever seen before. Everything is in readiness with all the modern facilities to guarantee unsurpassed workmanship, fit and finish. A special feature is the very large assortment of Styles offered at prices that will be found highly attractive.

What we Owe the Boys.

Anything new and attractive in Boys' & Youths' Suits you are sure to find by looking over our new large Spring Stock. Confirmation Suits a great specialty, made in the latest styles and of the newest fabrics, such as fine Corkscrew, Wide Wale, Worsteds and neat Mixtures in all grades and at Special Prices.

Spring Overcoats.

This season our Spring Overcoats are of the finest Merchant Tailoring, and force themselves into popular favor on account of the low prices. A coat that does not lack any of the neat and fashionable points for $12. A good stylish coat as low as $8.

Gents Furnishings.

Our general stock of Furnishings presents this season a complete assortment in all departments. Every imaginable article on hand. Percole Shirts, Cheviot Shirts (greatest novelty of the season) $1.25 and $1.50; Half-Hose 3 pair for 25c.; 3 Linen Collars for 25c.; 2 pair Linen Cuffs for 25c.; Scriven's Patent Seam Drawers, Automatic Wire Buckle Suspenders, Night Robes, Hersh Bros. fine Umbrellas, latest novelties in Fancy and Full Dress Shirts, Men's Dress and Driving Gloves, Silk ¼ Hose Garters 25c., Celluloid Collars and Cuffs, Jewelry, Silk Handkerchiefs. No matter what you want in UNDERWEAR we have got it.

SPECIAL! The great invention—Patent Shirt Waists. The "Mother's Friend" with an adjustable belt, which is easily taken off when the waist is washed. The buttons are riveted on the belt, consequently cannot be torn off either in wearing, washing or ironing.

Being plain in speech and sincere in our offerings, we recommend goods as they really are and quote you the very lowest price.

Hotel Allen Building, Koch & Shankweiler,

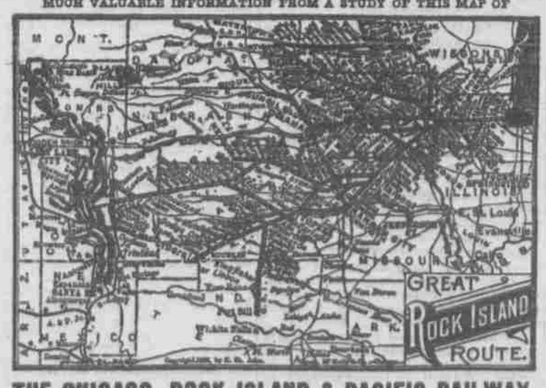
Allentown, Pa., Largest Clothing House in Lehigh Valley.

GET THE Carbon Advocate All the News 52 WEEKS $1.00.

FINE JOB PRINTING —AT THE— Lowest Prices! SEE US.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels furnishing meals at seasonable hours; west of Missouri River, California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

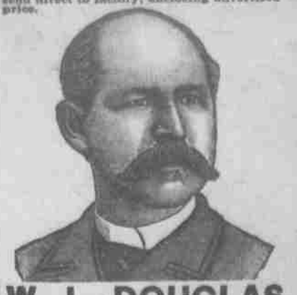
THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l T. Agent & Pass. Agent.

CHICAGO, ILL.

CAUTION Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom. If the dealer cannot supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf, Heavy Laced Grain and Creedmoor Waterproof