The Carbon Advocate.

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VOL. XVIII.. No 29 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna. May 31, 1890. Single Copies 5 Cents

EVERYBODY READS THE ADVOCATE

FINEST - JOB PRINTING A SPECIALTY

THE NEW

NATIONAL GARMENT CUTTER.

The establishment of a Cutting School in Lehighton has been instrumental in more fully arousing public sentiment upon one vital question than has ever before been aroused, namely:

"THE PRACTICAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN."

Appealing to your most candid judgment, parents, have you educated your daughters in such a manner that they can earn a good, honest living by their own efforts, if such a thing should become necessary, for little do any of us know what is in store for us? It is a refined accomplishment for any lady to be able to look after her own clothing and see that it is made correctly and in becoming style, and there is no education that prepares any lady for the responsibilities and duties of life equal to knowing how to construct her own clothing properly.

It is only the second consideration concerning this life's goods. The first is preparing our food properly and next is our clothing, and this is of the highest importance to all, and might mean very much to some of our readers. It is an attested fact that the Cutting School is a harbinger of good wherever established, and the price of the thorough course of instructions given is merely nominal compared with its great value which is clearly demonstrated by the best judgment of some that have already been doing good work with it, and we cordially welcome any one to our Instruction Rooms to see and investigate for themselves.

Space only permits us to give the names of a few who take pleasure in speaking of its worth.

R. F. SILFIES,
H. DRIESBACH. & W. DRIESBACH,
Agents for Lower Carbon county.
1st Door above THOMAS' Drug Store,
LEHIGHTON, PA.

—o—

KLECKNERSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 25, '89.

Messrs. Pittock & Lavery — Gentlemen: Havingattended your Cutting School at Mauch Chunk, I must say that I was highly pleased with the full and complete instructions given. Your system is by far the best that has come to my notice, and I cheerfully commend it to others. Respectfully,
ELLEN J. HEBERLING.

MAUCH CHUNK, Oct. 17, '89.

Messrs. Pittock & Lavery—Dear Sirs: You ask me what I think of the Garment Cutter, and I feel as if I could not speak high enough in its praise. I have cut several patterns with it, and among them was the tea gown. It was just splendid, fitting so nicely everywhere, and I take pleasure in recommending it to all my lady friends who desire elegantly fitting clothes. Yours respectfully,
C. ESTELLE BACHMAN.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 19, '89

Sirs: I take pleasure in saying that I am highly pleased with the National Garment Cutter, and with instructions given I found it not only very easy to learn, but perfectly reliable. I have used it with excellent success.
Yours, KATIE OTTIS.

MAUCH CHUNK, Oct. 15, 1889.

Gentlemen: I am very much pleased with the thorough instructions you gave in the use of the Garment Cutter and also with the cutter itself. I have tested it and find it all that you claim for it. Unlike other systems the cutting of drapery and trimmings is made so simple and the instructions for the making of the garments so plain that any one could learn.
Wishing you success,
SARA R. ELY.

MAUCH CHUNK, Oct. 9th, 1889.

Pittock & Lavery—Gentlemen: Having no previous experience in cutting and fitting before I learned to use the cutter, I felt a little timid in undertaking to cut a jacket with your system, but I overcame my feelings and 'tis a perfect fit in every way and I am perfectly satisfied with it. I can conscientiously recommend your system to all ladies desiring perfect fitting garments. Yours truly,
MAUD SMITH.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 9th, 1889.

Pittock & Lavery—Sirs: While taking a course of instructions in your Cutting School, I cut myself a basque, last week, with the bias darts and it fits perfectly without a single change of seams and am very much pleased with it. I can heartily recommend it to any one desiring a perfect system for cutting anything. Yours respectfully,
MAGGIE FARLEY.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 15th.

Garment Cutter Co.,—Gentlemen: After taking a few lessons with the Garment Cutter, I cut a basque that was a perfect fit without changing a seam. I think your system all that is claimed for it. Yours respectfully,
ANNIE WILKINSON.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 12, 1889.

Pittock & Lavery—Gentlemen: Having examined the National Garment Cutter, I am well pleased with it. I have used the Magic Scale, but find yours far superior to it or any other I have ever examined. I am especially pleased with its simplicity, and the fact that it cuts all kinds of clothing and full drapery and trimmings are advantages possessed by no other system I know of. Together with the instructions for making up garments it is considered perfect. Yours truly,
KATE SWEENEY.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 15th, 1889.

Sirs: Having no previous knowledge of cutting in any way before I learned to use your system, I was very much pleased with the different patterns I cut. They were all a perfect fit without a single change of seams. Then your Voice of Fashion makes it complete authority for cutting all kinds of garments in the latest style. Wishing you the best of success, Respectfully,
JOSIE KEFER.

MAUCH CHUNK, Oct. 11th, 1889.

Sirs: I never cut any clothing before I learned your system, I was very much pleased to know that I could cut a basque myself and having it a perfect fit without any change as well as the larger girls.
Yours truly, JULIA STERMER.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 21st, 1889.

Gentlemen: I am very much pleased to tell you of the success I have had with your system. I have cut two basques and a shoulder cape, and I have had splendid fits each time. The cape exceeded my expectations, and any one desiring perfect fitting clothing should use the Garment Cutter.
Yours respectfully, ESSIE CORKILL.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 15th, 1889.

Garment Cutter Co.—Gentlemen: I am taking a course of instructions in garment cutting. I find it very simple and easy to understand. I have drafted and cut a basque for my sister and it fits perfectly. After taking a few lessons I have no trouble in drafting any kind of garment. Respectfully,
LAURA REINHARD

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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LIQUID GOLD.

Legend there is, somewhere in Persian story,
Relating how a peasant, bent and hoary,
Enriched but with the memory of good deeds,
Into the shadow land where death succeeds,
Came with his weight of years, all unconsoled.
Here fate to him a radiant Peri leads,
Serving a chalice brimmed with liquid gold.

"This," said the fair attendant, "is distilled
Of thy good deeds. Drink! For the gods have willed
Kindness for kindness. In this draught thou'lt find
Assurance of endearing peace of mind.
Years of renewing life and strength's increase!"
E'en as the peasant drank the potion kind
Restored was he to youth, to health and peace.

Akin to that rare nectar is this wine
Unto the sunbeams giving gold for gold!
Some mystic power like that by legend told
Blesses its mission with a gift divine;
Rich in its treasure of vitality
Unfailing doth its benediction bring
Comfort and strength unto the suffering,
Hope to the hopeless on life's threatening sea.
—Philadelphia News.

SHERIFF JACK'S STORY.

When I found that I would have to wait several hours at Powderville for my train I wondered how I could manage to pass away the time.

It was rather dull for an hour or so, until I met Sheriff Jack.

We introduced ourselves. The sheriff saw that I was a stranger, and having nothing to do he proceeded to entertain me.

I had heard strange stories of lawless deeds in Buckshot county—stories in which Sheriff Jack figured conspicuously, and as we lounged in the shade in front of the court house I found myself asking questions rather freely.

My companion was not at all reticent. After he had pumped me to his satisfaction he began to talk about Buckshot county and its noted characters.

It was very pleasant to rest there in the shade, watching the sturdy six footer as he whittled a pine shingle, and it was equal to an Arabian Night's Entertainment to listen to some of his yarns.

The county, if what I heard was true, was a rough locality. Human life was not held at a very high estimate. Sometimes duels were fought, and long standing feuds between families occasionally resulted in bloody tragedies.

While we were talking a young man, whose pale, sad face and glittering eyes instantly drew my attention, walked out of the court house and made his way down the street.

"Thet's Bob Ransom," said the sheriff in a low tone, with a significant nod of his head.

"And what is he?" I asked; "one of your lawyers or merchants?"

"Oh, no—jest a planter like most of us."

"Anything remarkable?"

"Yas—bet yer life thar is—he's a Yankee, yer know."

"Never heard of him," I replied briskly; "but why is a Yankee remarkable?"

"Yer don't quite ketch on," answered Sheriff Jack. "Thet Yankee thar has killed six niggers."

"Did he blow them up with dynamite?" I asked laughing, for I did not believe the tale.

The sheriff looked at me with a frown.

"Mebbe yer calls sich as that er jokin' matter," he said.

I hastened to assure him that he was mistaken, and begged him to tell me all about it.

"Yer see," said he, "this young feller Ransom has killed six niggers that we know of, and how many more the Lord only knows."

"Has he been tried?"

"Tried fur whut?" inquired the sheriff.

"For murder."

"No, and ain't ergwine ter be."

"Has he been arrested?"

"Arrested fur whut?"

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that the authorities have made no effort to bring him to justice?"

"Thet's a bran' new way of putting it," replied Sheriff Jack; "but thet's about the size of it."

I was silent a full minute. Then I spoke up.

"Did Ransom kill those men because they attacked him, or in a fight, or how?"

"He jest hunted 'em down one by one an' killed 'em."

"Mr. Jack," I exclaimed, "I cannot understand such a state of affairs. Why don't you arrest the man?"

The sheriff's eyes grew misty, and he wiped away something like a tear.

"Cunnls," he whispered, hoarsely, "I'd resign fust. Besides, I have no call ter act. The grand jury has found no indictment. Thar's no warrant out. I never saw Ransom fire a shot. We jest know in reason thet he done the job, but thet's all. We ain't got no pint blank evidence, an' we don't want none."

"It will hurt the county."

"Not by a durn sight. It will help it."

Then Sheriff Jack told me all about the sad business.

Robert Ransom had come to Buckshot county with his young wife from the north, and had made his home on a plantation.

The Ransoms in a quiet way made it understood from the first that they were going to carry out their own peculiar ideas. They hired a large number of negroes and treated them just as they would have treated so many whites. They paid them good wages monthly in cash, loaned them money, worked them eight hours a day and gave them frequent holidays.

The young couple were so pleasant and attractive, so honest in their views and so full of good fellowship that their neighbors were very friendly with them. Occasionally the older citizens warned them that they were making a mistake, and that their negroes would give them trouble.

But the Ransoms laughed at all this. They said that kindness was bound to win, and they believed that putting the negroes on a footing with the whites would stimulate them to do better work and make them more faithful.

It was suggested one day to Ransom that it was a risk to leave his wife alone on the plantation when he went to town.

The young man laughed the idea to scorn.

"My policy makes us safe," he said. "My negroes are bound to me by the ties of gratitude and friendship. They would die in our defense."

One day in the summer Ransom had to go to town on business. Just before he started his wife, a pretty, fragile little thing, put her arm around his neck, and begged him to return early.

"Bless my life! I believe you are afraid!" said Ransom.

"I feel nervous," answered his wife. "I don't know what is the matter with me, but I am strangely depressed. All the house servants are going off to camp meeting and I shall be alone. Now, try to get home before dark, please."

Ransom promised, and kissed her, and then handed her a small pistol.

"If anybody bothers you point that at them," he said, jestingly.

"I will do more," she answered; "if I am in danger of the worst I will turn it against myself."

Her husband kissed her again, told her that she was a little fool, and rode off to town.

It was Saturday, and a busy day. In spite of his best efforts Ransom found that he was late in getting home.

At last the planter was on the road, and he flew at the top of his speed.

Nine o'clock—ten caught him before he reached the plantation.

Before taking his horse to the stable he thought he would speak to his wife, whose white dress he saw on the piazza.

He walked right up to her and she did not move, as she sat there in a big rocking chair.

What did her silence mean?

Ransom saw a dark stain on the white dress, and seized his wife by the arm.

She was dead—shot through the breast—and in one hand she still held the pistol with which she had taken her young life!

The wretched man found that the house had been robbed, and the footprints near it showed that a strong gang of negroes had visited it during his absence. It needed no one to tell him why his wife had killed herself. It was her only escape from a worse fate.

"Yas," drawled Sheriff Jack, after telling this part of the story; "it stirred up the county. Everybody was sorry fur the poor feller, but he might or knowed jest how it would turn out. All the niggers turned up but six, an' in course we suspicioned 'em. We tried bloodhounds and done our level best, but nobody had any luck but Ransom. Fust an' last he got erway with six of the devils an' made no bones about it either."

"Did he tell it?" I asked.

"Sartinly he did. Many an' many a night he's come back from his hunt an' told me about another nigger he'd fixed that day."

"It is awful," was my comment.

"That's no name for it," said the sheriff, "but Ransom was not ter blame. He was only a youngster, full of New England crank ideas, and he thought black human natur was the same as white human natur. After his trouble he acted like a man—hunted the beasts down. He made some of them confess, an' then shot 'em. Others had some of his wife's trinkets, an' others jest acted suspicious like, yer know. He made a clean sweep of the gang, an', stranger, you're the fust man thet's talked about arresting and trying him."

"I didn't understand the case," was my reply.

"Well, yer understand it now," said Sheriff Jack. "We don't stand no foolin' down here in Buckshot county. We go in fur straight justice. If yer got on the jury would yer go agin Bob Ransom?"

"No, I would not," was my emphatic response.

"Good fur you!" shouted the sheriff. "Thet's the way we feel. Bob Ransom will never be bothered in this county."

Just then I heard the whistle of my train, and with a hurried shake of the hand I left Sheriff Jack. If any of my readers ever visit Buckshot county it will pay them to hunt up this model officer. Some of his methods may be a little irregular, but he is the right man in the right place.—Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

The Mule on the Farm.

A mule weighing 1,000 pounds is about as strong as a horse weighing 1,500 pounds. If well used mules will live twenty-five to forty years. They are useful nearly twice as long as heavy horses, often three times as long if used on the paved streets of cities. As a rule mules do not become vicious if used continually, but horse mules will frequently kill pigs, calves, sheep, etc., if kept idle and well fed.

New England Homestead advises that in caring for mules the same rule should be followed as in the care of horses, namely, kind treatment, quiet but firm control being exercised. Mules should be broken to the bridle and halter while very young, and before they get their teeth, that they may be the easier handled. If this plan is adopted there will be little trouble with them as they develop, and when strong enough to be put to work they will take it as naturally as does a horse. Mule colts demand as much care and warmth in winter as any other animal, and the size and stamina depends as much on food as does that of the horse.

His Way of Taking Revenge.

Alonzo Peppers, a Canadian farmer, had a colt which kicked at him. He put it in a stall in the barn, and for seven years it has not been out of the narrow box. Its hoofs have grown so long that the animal is a curiosity worth $500 to a New York museum, but Peppers will not sell. He says it will take him ten more years to get revenge.—New York Press.

A small instrument has been devised for use in mines to indicate the presence of firedamp, or in gas mains to indicate the escape of gas. The invention is based upon the property certain metals have of evolving heat in the presence of hydrogen gas.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mme. Taylor, a bearded lady, is said to bear a striking resemblance to the late Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war under President Lincoln.—Philadelphia Record.

Borax for Cleaning Garments.

Borax water is excellent for sponging either silk or wool goods that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere or wool goods put a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better, without injury to the colors. Do not rub them on a board, but use the hands, and throw on a line without wringing. Press them on the wrong side and they will look almost like new.—Good Housekeeping.

It Would Be Mortifying.

Open air games are finding their way, step by step, into fashion, and thence into custom. But the progress is slow, and must be credited to English and American travelers. European women have such silly notions about propriety that I cannot refrain from telling here the answer I received from a French lady to my question why she preferred croquet to tennis, "I would be so ashamed to perspire," she said.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The latest novelty in cards is a set of fifty bound in a neat little book, from which they are torn like bank checks, having perforated edges to make the operation easy. Especially for business men the novelty is an excellent idea.

FAITHFUL.

It is something, sweet, when the world goes ill
To know you are faithful and love me still;
To feel when the sunshine has left the skies
That the light is shining in your dear eyes;
Beautiful eyes, more dear to me
Than all the wealth of the world could be.

It is something, dearest, to feel you near
When life with its sorrows seems hard to bear;
To feel, when I falter, the clasp divine
Of your tender and trusting hand in mine;
Beautiful hand! more dear to me
Than the tenderest things of earth could be.

Sometimes, dearest, the world goes wrong.
For God gives grief with his gift of song,
And poverty, too; but your love is more
To me than riches and golden store:
Beautiful love! until death shall part
It is mine—as you are—my own, sweetheart!
—F. L. Stanton.

Calculating the Rainfall.

The quantity of rain falling at any place is estimated by means of a very simple piece of apparatus known as a rain gauge. The most common form of rain gauge consists of a copper funnel, the area of the mouth of which is accurately known. The rain collected in this funnel flows into a graduated measure, which can very easily be constructed by any one out of a small glass tumbler or beaker by pasting on its side a narrow strip of paper, carefully marked off into inches, half inches, quarters, eighths and sixteenths; or into inches, tenths and twentieths. Supposing that the area of the mouth of the receiving funnel is five times that of the graduated measure, then a depth of five inches in the measure would represent a depth of one inch on an area equal to that of the aperture of the funnel.—New York Telegram.

Politeness in New York.

I heard the other day of a delightful old country parson who came to New York as the guest of a son who is successful in business here. The old gentleman did not go about alone after the first time, because he said it wrung his heartstrings to hear the tales of woe the beggars poured into his ears. He could no more wave a beggar aside than you or I could strike a child, and yet he only grieved at the pain their stories gave him, and at his inability to solace them all with money. When the rampant newsboys tugged at his sleeves and yelled, "Here yer evening paper!" he bent over with studied politeness and said in his gentle voice: "I've got one already, thank you, Johnny." How the little ruffians stared at that!—Julian Ralph in Chatter.

A School for Housemaids.

Housemaids should be taught that some of the new scouring soaps, and especially that housewife's treasure, "concentrated lye," will take off paint or color stains from floors and bath tub ledges. When we get the new high school after Miss Charlotte Pendleton's heart, all girls will be taught the detersive effects of potash and strong soda. Until then you had better caution the housemaid, while putting the indispensable touches of the lye (potash) to either bedstead slats or closet corners, that it must not be dropped on stained boards or painted surfaces, as it will leave bare or white spots when the stain is "scalded" off by the lye. House painters use potash, in fact, to clean off a surface that they are about to paint anew.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good for the Lawyers.

Under the extradition treaty with Canada almost any sort of a criminal charge will extradite, and those planning offenses against the law will be obliged to take the advice of a criminal lawyer. Indeed, the treaty is a good thing for the lawyers, and they will, no doubt, charge a regular fee for advising a criminal to go to Mexico instead of to Canada.—Detroit Free Press.

A Diplomatic Answer.

Editor (after a discussion about the spelling of a word)—Well, you wouldn't take my say so, but you had to see whether I was wrong by looking in the dictionary.

Reporter—I did not look to see if you were wrong, sir, but to see whether or not I was right.—Epoch.

Fantastic Handwriting.

A little English girl 4 years old writes with her left hand, and writes backward, as characters are reflected in a mirror from ordinary writing. Her friends have to read them by means of a looking glass. The child was taught writing with a sister, but would do things her own way, with the result that she writes fluently in this fantastic way.—Montreal Star.

Goods for Children's Dresses.

There are pretty flannels in the market that retail at twenty-five cents, wash like linen, and make very serviceable dresses for children. It is not necessary to buy dull grays. The cream grounds striped with rose, lilac, orange or brown are so much more suitable for baby wear and keep clean quite a long time.—New York World.

Pompeiians Liked Roast Pig.

The citizens of ancient Pompeii knew what was good. They relished roast pig. A family in that aristocratic city, one of the F. F. P.'s, perhaps, were about to dine on the rich and succulent dish on the very day that the restless Titan under Mount Vesuvius expectorated from his fiery lungs the shower of red hot ashes which entombed the Pompeiians in their dwellings. The pig was being cooked, and was probably nearly done at the time, when the volcanic storm burst in and spoiled it.

This is not a matter of conjecture, for a mass of indurated lava and ashes has been found in a stew pan standing on a cooking stove in the kitchen of a disinterred house, and on opening the lump a perfect mold of a suckling porker was disclosed. A cast was taken of the hollow and the result was a fac-simile in plaster of the little animal, which had been trussed in scientific style, and is supposed, from the shape of the matrix, to have been just ready for the table.—Chicago Herald.

Zola's Opinions.

Zola has fixed opinions on Socialism, and says at heart he believes himself to be a Socialist. He alarmed us one day by saying, "Before another century shall have hardly begun—nay, before this century ends—I believe society will be overturned. This social revolution will begin in Germany, I am sure, for German Socialists are the most determined. My books are all written in pity, for I have carefully studied the miseries of miners, the miseries of all workmen. The revolution of 1789 did nothing for the working classes, I mean the ouvriers. The peasants obtained land; the ouvriers lost privileges they had formerly enjoyed. Let us hope that this social transformation will come without bloodshed, for otherwise what may occur I know not."—Paris Letter.

WONDERS OF THE NORTH.

INTERESTING THINGS FOUND IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Curious Formations of Ice—Natural Bridges Are Found in Many Rivers—A Shattered Indian Tradition—Chasms Six Miles Long, Deep Gorges.

There are a few very curious things about British Columbia rivers. Everybody knows that they flow in the wrong direction while they are young. For instance, the Peace and Liard persist in going to the Arctic ocean, in defiance of the Rocky mountains and the laws of nature, while the Columbia, Fraser and Kootenay only consent to travel seaward after going in the opposite direction some hundreds of miles. But they also have very peculiar ways of making ice, quite opposite to that laid down in the text books. In the Skeena I have observed the ice in autumn to form on the river bed among the bowlders in globules, like a mass of fish spawn, this often growing until the reef actually reaches the surface, but more often it breaks away in large pieces and floats off down stream, bearing pebbles and even bowlders for many miles.

There are many natural bridges on our rivers also. In the Kicking Horse, three miles below Field station, there is a rock bridge in a slate formation which is inclined so as to present sharp edges—very unpleasant to walk upon. Every observant passenger on the Canadian Pacific railroad has noticed the snow bridge on the Illecillewaet, but there are records of ice bridges also. I think I have heard of one on the Homathco river, but of the Stickeen a marvelous story is told. There is a great glacier descending out of the high snowfield to the north, and this in ancient times flowed right across the valley, meeting a lesser ice stream from the heights opposite. The Stickeen flowed under the ice in a tunnel, and at very low water the passage was too small for it, although the water must have been banked up into a lake at the spring freshet.

A SHATTERED TRADITION.

Now, the Sicane Indians of the upper valley used to regard this tunnel in the ice as leading to the "sweet by and by." They were therefore very anxious to avoid the place. But once the tribe was encamped not far above the glacier, and there was a very old man and his wife with them who were too mean to die because of the expense of giving a funeral feast. They were very rich and of no use, and had large appetites, and their relatives at last consented to part with them. They were therefore set adrift in a leaky canoe and consigned to the current, and all the people, conscious of self sacrifice, stood on the bank and watched the canoe vanish into the tunnel, and felt good. Now, the old people were very frightened and squealed a good deal, but when the blue shadows of the ice closed over them they thought they were dead Indians, and behaved accordingly. Presently the old lady thought it was getting light, and became curious and looked about her. Then she kicked the old man and asked if he didn't wish they were at the funeral feast. He looked up and found the canoe out in the open again, the glacier behind them, and the world pretty much as usual. They got ashore, cut paddles and poles, and prepared to go home again. The old man began to be hungry for the grease boxes; the old lady set her heart on grease and berries, and they both determined to get home for the banquet, since they had assisted at the funeral. Well, by dint of making the old lady work, while he steered and gave good advice, they succeeded in making their way up through the tunnel and home, and were in ample time for the feast. In fact they lived happily ever afterward. But how shall we condole with the relatives, whose sweetest and most pious traditions had been shattered about the sweet by and by?

A DEEP GORGE.

Not least among the natural wonders of the coast is McKenzie passage, a little to the westward of Kingcome inlet. It is a chasm about six miles in length, leading to the base of an isolated and broken peak, 5,665 feet high. The walls are very close together, vertical and snow crowned. The sun never shines in this awful gorge; the vapor from its waters hangs dark and bitter cold, unmoved by any wind, and no living being enters its solitude. I find but two records of this place having been visited by white men. Scarcely less wonderful is an inlet tributary to Dean's canal.

Some of the tide sluices are very dangerous, and many lives have been lost in them. A great puzzle they were to early travelers, who found cataracts of sea water pouring into many of the inlets. They are explained by the existence behind them of large basins filled by the flood tide, the outlets being too small for its ready escape at the ebb. Some of these salt water cataracts are as much as twelve feet high. There is a miniature example at the gorge, near this city.

On the Yukon river the upper waters are rendered quite clear by the deposit of all their silt in a chain of lakes, but lower down a stream called White river enters from the south, so charged with glacier mud that the Yukon from thence to the sea is too dirty for even the bottom of a cupful to be distinguished. Graylings rise readily to the fly above; no fishing without nets is possible below. Moreover, where the great river crosses the Arctic circle the tributaries from the tundra lands are like rivers of tea, so deep is the stain of vegetable matter from the moss swamps of the far south.—Victoria Times.

Money Through the Mails.

Some ingenious fellow sent a $10 note fastened to a large tag properly addressed, signed and stamped, to some correspondent half way across the continent. It was so odd a missive as to attract attention all along the line and even to raise the question whether it was mailable or not. We kept an eye on it to its destination and it was properly delivered.—Exchange.

A Curious Birthmark.

Joseph H. Rotherman, a carpenter, residing at Connellsville, Pa., has a crescent shaped birthmark on the back of his neck, which has aroused considerable curiosity in that vicinity. When the moon is new Rotherman's mark is hardly noticeable, but as Luna turns the first quarter it begins to turn red and swell. By the time of full moon it has swelled into a horn like roll over two inches in thickness. As the moon wanes the mark decreases in size and color until it again becomes a bluish, crescent shaped mark, hardly raised above the skin.—St. Louis Republic.

100 Ladies Wanted.

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 mountains. 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.

—When a man gets to be a grandfather he sighs as he thinks how old his wife is.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

—Love is blind, which probably accounts for the spectacles some young lovers make of themselves.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug store.

—A bootless attempt—to get up stairs without being heard by your wife.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug store.

—The railroad engineer may not have much style about him, but wealth and fashion follow in his train.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need of no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt-rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malaria fevers.—For cure of headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and $1 per bottle at REBER'S Drugstore.

—He: "I don't see why there should be no marriage or giving in marriage in heaven" She: Probably because there won't be any men there."

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.

—She Knew it was Coming.—He (at the ball):