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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.

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

Messrs. Pittock & Lavery — Gentlemen: Having attended 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. HERBERLING.

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 daily friends who desire elegantly fitting clothes. Yours respectfully,
C ESTELLE RACHMAN.

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 Maggie 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. 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 chance 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, and 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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A TWILIGHT SONG.

As I sit in twilight, late, alone, by the flickering oak flame,
Musing on long past war scenes—of the countless buried unknown soldiers,
Of the vacant names, as unindented air's and seas—the unreturn'd,
The brief truce after battle, with grim burial squads, and the deep filled trenches
Of gather'd dead from all America, north, south, east, west, whence they came up,
From wooded Maine, New England's farms, from fertile Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio,
From the measureless West, Virginia, the south, the Carolinas, Texas
(Even here, in my room shadows and half lights, in the noiseless, flickering flames,
Again I see the stalwart ranks on filing, rising—I hear the rhythmic tramp of the armies;)
You million unerift names, all, all—you dark bequest from all the War,
A special verse for you—a flash of duty long neglected—your mystic roll strangely gather'd here,
Each by name recall'd by me from out the darkness and death's ashes,
Henceforth to be, deep, deep within my heart, recording, for many a future year,
Your mystic roll entire of unknown names, or north or south,
Embalmed with love in this twilight song.
—Walt Whitman.

THE DATE.

As Carmen sprang out of bed that morning she exclaimed with exuberant gayety:

"Today, today at last I am 20 years old!"

And she ran to the mirror.

She surely expected to find her face entirely changed. The longing impatience of the little child, the still stronger wishes of the grown up girl, the reading of romantic verses and fantastic stories—everything contributed its share towards setting forth in magic brightness that so ardently longed for hour in her life. And without doubt she was now surprised not to find a radiant glory crowning her head, except the blonde braids which formed a halo about her forehead.

Then she raised her eyes, and while she rested her gaze upon a picture that hung on the wall under a wreath of everlastings she could not suppress the words:

"How beautiful mamma was! We do look very much alike."

Indeed, the countenance of the young and beautiful woman, inclosed by the frame, and that of the charming maiden resembled each other like two sisters of the same age. The expression of the face, the childlike, undecided glance, gave the dead almost the appearance of a younger sister, and a perpetual smile seemed to play about her lips.

"I am as beautiful as she," Carmen continued, without taking her eyes from the picture: "only it is noticeable that I have a more decided character. Of course, for have I not been the head and mistress of our house so long now? And if any one should perhaps not take me for such, just let him ask papa. But there, I chatter, and he is certainly expecting me."

Carmen hastily completed her toilet, gracefully grasped the train of her morning dress, and quickly left her room to go to that of her father.

Don Juan Crisostomo Lopez had just at this moment finished shaving. His face resembled that of a priest, gentle and good. With a little comb that he always carried with him he had once more combed his gray peruke—that peruke, so inseparable from his personality, with which Don Juan Crisostomo had covered his head ever since years ago he had passed some time on the island of Cuba, where an obstinate fever had shattered his health and robbed him of his hair.

"Carmen!" exclaimed Don Juan on hearing the noise of the door, and he turned with open arms toward his daughter. He pressed her tenderly to his heart and murmured:

"Yes, she is the living picture of her mother. Poor Consuelo! From me she has not one feature! But is there a better balsam for my wound? For does not her charming being, with all her beauty and grace, return to me in this child, so blonde and sweet, that she left behind in the cradle when she stepped down into the grave?"

"Listen, little rogue," said he immediately thereupon. "You must not think that I have forgotten this day. Yonder on the table lies the present."

Quickly Carmen released herself from his embrace and ran to the spot mentioned. A pretty little case stood on the marble slab. Carmen opened it and showed her delight.

"Ah, what a precious ring! A ruby set in diamonds."

"It is a memento of your mother," said Don Juan, whose eyes filled with tears. "I often heard her say that she intended one day to present it to you. It must be one of the ornaments of her girlhood, for I did not give it to her. Put it on your finger."

Then they went to the dining room and breakfasted in the happiest mood. The southern sun, that floods with its golden rays the coasts of Malaga, where father and daughter are living, danced in the bottles and glasses and drew vivid flashes from the stones of the ring. Carmen did not take her eyes from them, now taking the ring off, now putting it on, as she examined it closely.

Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Ah! my God! I have broken it! Do look, papa! But no! It can be opened like a medallion; and there is a date on it, too: 18— Wait"——

She cleansed the ring with a few drops of water, and after she had carefully rubbed it the date shone forth clearly and plainly.

"June 2, 1866. Does not this date remind you of anything, papa?"

"June 2, 1866?" repeated Don Juan, and dropped his fork. "No! O yes! in June, 1866, I was in Cuba. You have made a mistake, little one. Let, let me see."

Carmen gave him the ring. Don Juan read the date, and a slight pallor covered his face. Then, shrugging his shoulders and smiling, he exclaimed:

"Nothing! nothing! some forgotten anniversary, perhaps entirely without significance."

But no one knew better than he with what zealous care he had collected all the reminiscences of the life of that woman, whom he idolized in his memory, and which he treasured there as faithfully as one treasures the ashes of a beloved creature in a sealed urn.

He could not, therefore, calm himself, notwithstanding the great effort he made to control himself. Without saying another word, he arose from the table, and, after he was out of Carmen's presence, he hurried to his room in search of solitude, there to solve all the questions that were rising in his troubled brain.

No; he could not harbor the least suspicion against Consuelo. It must be a mistake. Who knows! It was not at all therefore from any misgiving that Don Juan turned to that little cofifer where he preserved all the letters of Consuelo like a priceless jewel—those of their courtship and those which the tenderness of the wife had inspired in her during her marriage of three years, until death came to rob him of his companion. Since that time he had never parted, even for a moment, with the key to this coffer; it was always attached to his watch chain; for it seemed to him that he was there also preserving something of the soul of the departed.

Out of his trembling fingers a small package of letters fell on the table. Their envelopes were all covered with post marks which indicated the stations of their great journeys, and carried the address:

"Senores Ramirez & Co., for Don Juan Crisostomo Lopez. Habana."

He soon found the letter sought in the package, and the date June 3, 1866, sprang before his eyes. She had written it on the day that followed that mysterious anniversary that was inscribed on the ring.

Did he mistake, or was the letter really written with a trembling hand?

Don Juan read:

"At last, after many weeks, I took my first walk. Manuel persuaded me to do it. He tried it several times before, but in vain! But yesterday I yielded, and we walked along the beach."

And in a postscript Consuelo added:

"You may imagine that at the sight of the billows I thought of you, since you live so far away, far, far beyond yonder blue line of the horizon."

Don Juan dropped the letter. He also was looking at a distant, indefinite point, with the unfathomable expression of one who seeks to explore the past. Then he read hurriedly the four last letters of the package. The name of Manuel did not again appear.

This silence appeared to him like a lie. The more so since he found on his return that Manuel, his younger brother, who looked so handsome in his ship officer's uniform, was still in Malaga. And he was now inseparable from them and gave them the plainest proofs of the greatest attachment. And how intent he was on becoming the godfather of Carmen! And then only he returned to his ship and set his sails for distant seas. But suddenly the ship stranded, and no one but a boatswain could save himself. But in the letter which Manuel wrote a few days before he left the harbor for the last time, he inquired after all with much sympathy.

And in Don Juan's memory the recollections followed each other prophetically. The inconsolable pain with which Consuelo received the report of the shipwreck. The despairing effort with which she asked his forgiveness in her last moments.

"Forgiveness! What for?"

Don Juan struck his forehead with terrible indignation, and he almost screamed out when Carmen gently rapped at the door.

"What!" exclaimed the girl, entering, "you have not yet put on your fine coat!"

Carmen was dressed to go out, with parasol in her hand and hat on her head.

Don Juan arose violently and like a surprised criminal. Without looking at her, he murmured:

"Where are we going?"

"Why, to the cemetery, papa, as every year."

Soon he was ready and the two started on their way. On the street Carmen felt how her father's arm trembled in hers. Don Juan was talking to himself.

"What are you saying, papa?" Carmen asked him.

"I am counting."

"Paces?"

"No, months."

"But, my God, I have never seen you like this. Of what are you thinking?"

They entered the cemetery, and proceeded to their family graves. Before Don Juan opened the gate, he stood still for a moment and viewed the individual stones.

Two names were inscribed on them: Manuel Antonio Lopez, ship ensign, died on the ocean, July 11, 1867, and Consuelo Arias de Lopez, died May 6, 1868. There were two other stones on the same burying plot that were awaiting their inscriptions.

Don Juan sank his head and knelt down.

Carmen was already accustomed to those gloomy meditations. She left him, therefore, undisturbed, passed to and fro in the little garden that surrounded the graves, touched up the flowers and ribbons of the wreaths, and added fresh ones. But when about twenty minutes later she saw that her father still did not move, she called him with a soft voice.

Don Juan did not answer.

"Poor papa!" said Carmen, "he loved her so much!"

She again went away and read the inscriptions on the long rows of graves. When she returned her father was in the same bent attitude, his forehead almost touching the earth. Already a few curious persons were observing him.

Carmen felt a little ashamed on account of this strange manifestation of his great sorrow and approached him, saying:

"But, papa, you will take cold. It is time to return home. Come!"

Don Juan did not move.

He resembled a statue. Carmen touched his shoulder and then he arose. His face was covered with a deep pallor and his eyes reflected the bewilderment of insanity.

He arose mechanically from the earth, extended his arms as if towards a vision and murmured:

"Consuelo! Consuelo! How could you love him more than me?"—"France" in Five Stories a Week.

A Prudent Parent.

Indignant Father—Hadn't you done anything but laugh?

Boy—No, sir.

"And the teacher whipped you for that? The scoundrel! I'll teach him"—

"Yes, and he whipped me just as hard! He's a great big man."

(Not quite so indignant) "H'm! You musta't laugh in school, Johnny. It's against the rules."—Chicago Tribune.

The Uncertainties of Juries.

A clerk in Chicago was tried for larceny. He was acquitted. Whereupon he said: "Well, if you jurors can't convict a man when he confesses he is guilty I don't know what you can do." We saw a Halifax jury acquit a man who pleaded manslaughter and whose lawyers asked for such a verdict.—Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.

That Joke Again.

"Four hundred and twenty-two," yelled the elevator boy.

"What is?" asked the passenger.

"You are! You are the four hundred and twenty-second man to ask me this week if my life isn't full of ups and downs. Ask it again. I like it."—New York sun.

A GYPSY'S DREAM BOOK.

SUPERSTITIOUS REGARD FOR IMPRESSIONS DURING SLEEP.

Nearly Every Dream Means Something If the Oracle Is to Be Believed, but the Trouble Is to Find Out Where the Real Import Is—Extracts from the Book.

A book has just been published, written by a real gypsy, in which the import of many dreams are told. For instance it says if one meets an angel while asleep it will bring joyous tidings. If the angel does not approach you it is a sign that your life is evil, and a warning to reform. To dream of meeting the devil is also a good sign. Superstitious people may dream of seeing this arch enemy of mankind. If so, it foretells that they will go away from home to be absent some time. If also shows that they will be fortunate in life. To a young girl it is a sign that she will either be well married and leave home, or leave for some other reason.

According to the gypsy, to dream that you bathe in clear water is a sign that you will enjoy good health; if muddy, the death of relatives or friends. To see a bath, anger; to take a warm bath denotes happiness; if you take one either too hot or too cold, domestic troubles. If you undress without going into the water you may expect trouble, but it will soon pass away; a sea bath is a sign of honor and increase of fortune.

Actresses bring joy or sorrow according to the way they are seen. To see one play, misfortune; if you talk with her you will have success in what you undertake; if you make love to her your life will be joyful. If you dream that you enjoy her acting you will meet great troubles.

To dream of garters signifies weakness, no matter what kind they are or how seen. Laughter is a sign of tears.

DREAMS ABOUT HEAVEN.

If any one dream that he or she is ascending to heaven, or is already enjoying its delights, it shows that some joyful event is to happen, such as the birth of an heir to childless people, good fortune to those who are poor, distinction to the wealthy and high honors to the ambitious. If lovers have such a dream it foretells an early marriage under the most auspicious circumstances, and that their wedding will be attended with troops of congratulating friends, who will shower presents upon them. On the other hand, to dream of seeing hell denotes that the dreamer's life is a bad one, and an intimation to him of reformation.

To see, in your dream, one or more houses burning, but not wholly destroyed, signifies, for the poor, that they will become rich; and for the rich man, that his riches will be augmented; but if the fire is furious, and the houses fall down, the dreamer may expect losses, disappointment, shame and death.

To see a coffin in your dreams signifies that you will soon be married and own a house of your own. This is a dream girls are always wishing for, says the gypsy book.

If any one should be so unfortunate as to dream that he or she was present at a happy and jolly wedding, it denotes that they will attend a funeral; it will not necessarily be at the burial of either of the persons you dreamed you saw married, but you will undoubtedly be called to mourn some friend or relative. To go to weddings when one is wide awake is exceedingly pleasant, but we should be careful how we dream about them. To dream of being married yourself foretells your death.

For a girl to dream of raking newly mown hay is a sign she will be married before the hay is eaten. Young fellows who dream of raking hay with their sweethearts had better get ready their necks for the matrimonial noose, as they are past praying for.

To kiss the earth shows sorrow and care; to kiss the hands of a lady, good luck; if you kiss her face you will be successful in love and trade, through courage. To be kissed signifies disagreeable visitors.

To dream that you see a person hanged, or that you are hung yourself, denotes that you will rise to great honor, and that you will better your fortune by marriage.

DREAMS OF MANY KINDS.

For a girl to dream that she was so sleepy in church as to nod toward the minister, is a sign she will have a young parson for her husband; if a young man dreams this, he will be apt to make up to the minister's daughter, provided his position warrants it, and if not, that he will marry a girl noted for her piety. To dream of a widow, signifies a reward; to dream you are a widow, portends death or disappointment. To dream of a widower denotes strife and quarrels. To seem to be making excuses in your dreams, shows that you will tell lies.

If you dream that your mouth is stopped by a gag, it denotes that you will soon thereafter be kissed by a pretty girl. To a young girl such a dream predicts that she will see some gentleman who takes her fancy, and perhaps will fall in love with him.

A cat signifies treachery of friends and disappointment in affairs of love; if a cat appears to be lying down, or sleeping, you will but partially succeed in what you undertake; if the cat is fighting or appears to be in a rage, you will be robbed.

For a rich person to dream that he is charitable signifies loss of fortune; if a lady dreams it, she will bestow her affections on an unworthy person. To fancy yourself young denotes that some unexpected news will reach you. To dream of going up a ladder foretells the possession of wealth. To win at gambling means the loss of a friend; to lose, you will change your residence. Scissors signify quarrels between lovers, disputes of married couples and trouble in business. Needles mean deceit and mischief.

If a girl dreams of a rich man, she will marry a shiftless and needy fellow.

Playing ball or seeing it played foretells the speedy receipt of money.—New York Press.

Rapid Talkers in Germany.

Herr Hofer, of the Dresden institute, is an expert in shorthand writing, and he has been making an estimate of the rapidity with which certain famous members of the German reichstag deliver their speeches. He reports that Herr Rickert speaks at the rate of 150 words a minute; Herbert Bismarck, 141 words; Fehr von Stumm, 148 words; Dr. Bamberger, 129 words; Herr Singer, 121 words, and Dr. Bushing, 112. When we take into consideration the exceeding length of the German words we are compelled to admit that these are certainly instances of wonderfully rapid speaking.—Eugene Field's London Letter.

Bismarck's Fortune.

We have the most trustworthy information to prove that the fortune of Bismarck may be estimated at more than $100,000 income. He is one of the largest landed proprietors of Prussia. He owns a brewery, a paper factory, a saw mill and distilleries. He was always proud to say that everything that was consumed in his house was the product of his own property. The donations given to him on several occasions formed the greater portion of his fortune.

His property at Varzin was purchased by him in 1866, after the war with Austria, with the $400,000 which were then presented to him. After the war of 1871 Emperor William took out of the indemnity milliards $800,000 for M. de Bismarck, and this sum served to purchase the great domain of Friederichsruhe. This latter castle is remarkable for its simplicity. There are some portions of it that are simply whitewashed, and without any ornamentation whatever.

Up to 1845 Bismarck was obliged to live rather modestly. The inheritance of his father lettered his pecuniary situation and brought him the property of Schoenhausen, and it was shortly after that when he married Johanna von Puttkamer.

For some time Bismarck's charity was eagerly solicited, but the old chancellor was always economical, and he rarely responded to appeals for aid. A few years ago he caused to be inserted in the papers a singular advertisement declaring that it was useless to ask him for assistance.—Courrier des Etats Unis.

A New Check Upon Checks.

"There, I've got it down fine at last and no mistake," said one of Philadelphia's best known business men laid hi pen down with a sigh of relief, and hastily blotted his name on a check with a blotter.

"Got what down?" asked a visitor.

"A new wrinkle adopted by merchants and others to prevent their names from being forged to checks. It's this way: After signing my name I turn the pen up and draw a line through it from right to left, and it looks as if the name had been canceled.

"The peculiar little twirl at the end where the long line of the pen commences is where the forger of a man's name gets left. He doesn't tumble to it so to speak, but the cashiers of the bank where I do business do, and they know instantly whether the signature is genuine or not. You see, also, this line drawn through the name makes the check look as if it was no good in case it is lost, and the finder will not present it for collection. It's a great idea, and is being adopted by many business men of the city. Of course, we have to explain it to the bank people, who, once they know it, have no further trouble with us over it. But the worst of it is the practicing to get it down fine, and it takes some little work to do so," and he gazed proudly at the unsightly line drawn through his name at the bottom of a check for $7,000.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Specter Deer.

The mountain people on Walden's ridge, within fifteen miles of Chattanooga, are convinced that a specter deer protects the living ones. There are still a large number of deer to be found on the mountains, and parties frequently go from the city on hunting expeditions. They seldom fail to get within sight of the game, but very frequently return without any.

The reason for this is explained by one of the natives of the ridge in a most singular way. "I know," he said, "that there is a specter deer on the mountain. I have seen it, and so have a great many other people. Now, I can hit a top of a cap box at 100 yards, and I never missed a deer in my life when it was an actual flesh and blood deer. But often, when I go hunting, I jump half a dozen deer at a time; one of them will stop within a few feet, with its side to me. I shoot at it and it never moves, and I load and fire again. Then I know that it is the specter deer, and there is no use in my hunting any more that day; I would never see another deer."—Griffin Call.

An Oyster Stew in Half a Minute.

Ordinarily it takes fifteen to twenty minutes to make an oyster stew properly; but Yankee genius has invented a contrivance which relegates the hitherto popular system to the realms of antiquity.

I entered a caravansary up town which is much patronized by ladies out on husband impoverishing expeditions and ordered an oyster stew. The waiter, to my surprise, returned with it in about three-quarters of a minute.

"Here," said I, "I don't want any ready made stew. I want one cooked to order."

"This is cooked to order, sir," replied the garcon, "and I'll guarantee it is well made, too. You taste it, and if you don't like it I'll have another made in the same time in your presence."

I tasted it with diffident lips and incredulous mind, but sure enough it was as good a stew as I had ever eaten.

Curious to learn how it was done I inquired of the waiter for information, when he led me to the front window and told the young man acting in the capacity of lightning chef what I wanted.

"I can make you a stew in thirty-six seconds," said the Brillat-Savarin, "and this is the way I do it:"

So saying he turned a set screw, which sent steam sizzing through a tube in a half inch vacuum under a copper plate; then he scooped a dozen oysters, which he placed in the now hot plate, with the juice. After a few seconds he skimmed the oyster juice, which had begun to boil immediately on being placed in the copper plate; next he poured a little milk, and afterward a small piece of butter into the plate, and, presto! the stew was made.

It had taken a trifle over half a minute.

"We have an average of 200 people here during the entire day," said the chef, as he juggled with two milk shakes, a glass of cider and one of grape juice, and if all of them ordered nothing but oyster stews I could supply them as fast as they could eat them with these two steam plates. It's a new invention, and I don't think anybody else is using it, so far as I have heard," he said in conclusion, in answer to my question.

What I am now looking for is a steam or electric digestive apparatus.—New York Herald.

It was claimed in the meetings attending the celebration of the forty-second anniversary of modern Spiritualism recently that there are 80,000 Spiritualists in Boston alone, many of whom are scattered among the various churches.

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.

Broiled meats should never be taken up on a cold platter, and they should not be salted until after they are broiled.

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.

Every man should have a good opinion of himself. He may find it hard to persuade other people to preform this arduous duty for him.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to see 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.

Much of a young man's success in life depends on his selection of a father in-law.

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.

How to elevate the masses is still the burden of a good deal of speculation. We thought the introduction of elevators a number of years since had solved that problem for all time.

MERIT WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits; REHER Druggist.

"Hold on, my friend, don't shoot; I'm a judge." "Wall, s'posing ye are; judges ain't no more count dan de law is noways. Ye can't hang a feller, ye can't lectrify him, and my tawyer kin appeal's fast as you kin sentence Shell out."

THE proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrah, colds in head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

"Your paps and mamma know what is best for you, Tommy," said his mother. Tommy rolled about a good deal on the rug and then said: "Ma, do you know sometimes I feel like being an orphan."

A Kind Friend.

Is what they call that Famous Remedy Rheumatism Cure, Rheumatism,