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VOL. XVIII.. No 38 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., August 2, 1890. Single Copies 5 Cents

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PERSCRIPTIONS Carefully Compounded
Oct15-1887

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Rev. J. C. Bergon vouches for the following: James Rooney who was suffering from Vitus Dance in its worst form for about 14 years was treated by several physicians without effect, two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured him.

**A Montreal letter,**

The True Witness and Chronicle, Montreal Can. Published Oct. 24th, '88

We are in receipt of a letter from one of our well known citizens, Mr. E. Boisvert, who writes that upon recommendation of the most Rev. M. Marchand, of Drummondville, he was induced to use for that most dreadful of all nervous diseases, FITS, a few bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; and is glad to state that after having suffered for eight years is now entirely cured, and heartily recommends all sufferers of nervous diseases to try this remedy.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

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### SIC PASSIM.

I stood today in a schoolhouse old,
Where my young steps were light and free,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
And all my life was yet to be.
There were bashful girls and fearless youth,
And dog eared books all scattered about;
And the master's likeness, drawn with truth,
On a slate with the corners broken out.

I stood, and all those careless days
O'er my worn heart came drifting back;
The sinful ease, the lightsome ways
Which in all after years we lack.
Oh, the early loves and the laughing girls,
The innocent style without alloy!
Oh, the angel in pantalets and curls,
Beloved by me—and that other boy.

Ah, the way she balanced between us twain
Comes back with harrowing force to me!
For the true proportions of bliss, 'tis plain,
Are never wrought out by the "rule of three!"
Well, we knew of nuts by the empty shell;
And never the bed of a brook so dry
But the smoothness of its stones will tell
Of the stream that used to go rushing by.

I take my place among those that were,
Content to feel I have had my hour;
The buds are rosy and sweet and fair,
But the fruit comes only after the flower.
Romance and history aye repeat,
And love and youth sustain no loss;
For another girl sits in that angel's seat,
And two other boys throw billets across!
—Clara Marcella Greene in Journal of Education

## THE CHEMIST'S STORY.

I am a chemist. I am the occupant of this responsible and important position in the medical college of P——.

It was about 1 o'clock on a stormy evening that I bade good night to my student, Tom Richards, at the door of my laboratory, at the south end of the college buildings.

Tom was very anxious to know what would keep me up after 12 o'clock, so I told him I was about to commence analyzing the stomach of a Mrs. Johnson, whose husband lay in P—— jail, just across the road from the college, on suspicion that he was the murderer.

As Tom was passing out of the college yard through the gate, his head turned, and bidding me good night, he brushed against a man standing with his back to the college and his face to the prison. The street lamp showed me that the man was in police uniform.

Re-entering my laboratory I took down a glass jar from the shelf and sat down behind my sink to examine it. An hour had passed since the departure of young Richards. I had labored hard to discover traces of the poison in all this, but had been unsuccessful. Joe Johnson, the suspected man, had been a student of mine a few years before. I thought him a good hearted, intelligent fellow, only a little wild, and really began to hope that he might prove innocent, when, among the macerated food, I came upon a small, infinitesimal white grain. By careful manipulation and the use of my magnifying glass I managed to get this upon a piece of smoked glass and examined it.

I was then certain I had discovered arsenic, but to make assurance doubly sure I determined to apply a well known test for that poison.

"Yes," I exclaimed, as I saw the fatal blazon, "Joe Johnson is the murderer of his wife! With the evidence of that mark to back me no power can save him."

"Do you really think so?" said a calm voice behind me.

I turned quickly and discovered a tall, lank policeman, having red, watery eyes, standing at my office door and staring in. His body looked as if it had been rolled out long before his hands like a molasses candy stick. He had no expression at all in his face, and his policeman's hat was so large that it threatened to settle down on his shoulders. His uniform reassured me and I addressed him with some impatience.

"My friend, I suppose I am wanted to attend an inquest, or what is your purpose?"

I was police surgeon as well as coroner.

"Don't bother, professor; the man ain't dead yet, but they say he will be before morning."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Brain disorder, I mean something wrong here."

I touched my forehead, and so did he as he said: "Ay, as I thought I'd drop in and tell you if you were going to the station to-morrow to take a look and see if it is post mortem or not. Besides I wanted to see where I could always find you in case of need."

I bowed, and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink, and while his eyes wandered about like one who felt himself called upon to say something, he said:

"Professor, there has been an accident this afternoon—terrible, too."

"What was it?"

"Nitro glycerine explosion up in the iron mills—a hundred fellow mortals busted."

"Sad!"

"Affecting, very." Here he rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. "Professor, what is that nitro glycerine?"

"It's a very dangerous article," I answered, happy to display my knowledge. "It has nearly twice the destructiveness of gunpowder, but, unlike it, does not explode on the application of heat. A red hot coal dropped into it will not explode it. It will freeze. It is yellow and greasy."

"You don't mean to say so," said the officer, interrupting me in disagreeable tones in the middle of a choice extract from one of my lectures. "Why, but you haven't told me how it goes off. If the fire won't burst it, what in—(hem)—will?"

I told him if it were pressed, or anything fell on it, it would explode.

"Place it under the crusher of a cider mill, strike it with a hammer, let a weight fall on it from a height"——

"Yes," said the man, "and that rouses its volcaner, does it?"

"I suppose, professor, that ere can would make a mighty big noise if allowed to explode here all at once?"

"It would blow the entire building to atoms," said I, resuming the analysis of Mrs. Johnson's stomach.

"No?" I heard the policeman remark in deliberate Yankee tones, "you don't say so?"

The next moment I lay on my back, a gag in my mouth, terribly frightened and sick at heart. Over me stood the policeman and the first thing that functionary did was—looking me straight in the face—to take off his nose. He then rid himself of his eyebrows, hair and cap, and became a determined looking fellow, with the eyes of a fiend and the nose of a Roman.

"So you think," said the metamorphosed, in the tones of a gentleman "that nothing can save Joe Johnson from the rope? Poor fellow! it does look like it! But my dear professor, Joe Johnson is fortunate enough to have in me a devoted friend as well as brother. I have undertaken to save him, and he shall be saved. In order to accomplish this end it will be necessary to remove from the face of the earth not only the stomach of his miserable wife yonder, but also, my dear professor—I am sorry to be obliged to say it, for I believe you were my brother's teacher and friend—yourself as well." I saw that he was in deadly earnest.

"Your death must apparently result from accident—at least so it must seem to the authorities. My brother is in jail and they will not suspect him, and they certainly will not suspect me."

What terrible deed was in this brain hatching—was he going to murder me! Was it myself who was to hang, instead of Johnson?

No; yes. He placed the line pulley like over an arm of a hanging chandelier. This was altogether too slight a support even for one of my tender frame. It was not to be hanging, then. Under the weight on the floor he placed a can of nitro-glycerine; I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse, and it would burn in sixty minutes. It would run across the marble slab; there was no hope of igniting any substance that would warn my friends.

"Do you begin to see through it?" asked Joe Johnson's brother.

I believe I cursed him with my eyes. I could only breathe through my nostrils, and great veins were swelling and growing hot in my forehead. Drawing a match from his pocket he lighted and applied it to the fuse; that little tyrant that gave a man an hour to live, to kill him at the end of it—that little irresponsible terror that, less merciful than Providence, told a man the second he was to die, if fright and horror spared him to himself. Slowly the flames crept snake like around the twine.

"In one hour," said the prisoner's brother, "you will be in heaven or hell. I will watch with you for half an hour, and the other half you will spend alone."

He sat down some minutes in a chair watching the flame. Then he arose and took a piece of porcelain, with the murderer's name thereon, from the table, and shook his head gloomily.

"I am chemist enough to know it is arsenic," he said. "Yes, those bright, metallic eyes, a betrayal of the guilty! Science, thou wouldst kill my brother—thou shalt save him. Let me see in whose hands thou art the most powerful."

The half hour wore slowly away. Oh, heavens! What agony did I suffer! Not for myself, but for my child. The fuse burned on—on. The half hour is up. The brother of the murderer rises to go. Joy.

"Commit your soul to God's keeping," he said. "You hold the evidence of my brother's guilt—nothing can save you now."

With that he turned to take his hat from off the table covered with the crimson cloth beneath which hid my priceless boy. Something attracted his attention. He held out his hands and reached forward. I thought he had discovered my boy. No; he was lifting something in either hand—the wires of the electric battery. In another instant my boy had leaped from under the table, and was turning the crank fast and furiously.

The murderer's brother was in the power of my boy. He could not drop the wires; he was helpless. How my boy cried for help! The old college rang with his voice. The prisoner's brother added his voice to my boy's in his agony. In an instant a great length burned away. It would just last five minutes and no more.

"Father!" shouted my boy, "if no assistance comes this villain must die with us. I dare not free him. Help! help! help!"

Alas! I could not answer him.

Thank God! But some one else did. The fuse is burned up. The rope is on fire—the nitro glycerine! The door opens; Tom Richards, on a midnight visit to the sick, has heard the cry; he comprehends all; seizes the can in his hand, the weight descends indeed, but not on the death dealing oil. No; down it goes through the office floor—down, down, like an evil spirit, to give back a dull metallic echo from the stones of the cellar beneath.

We are saved.

Joe Johnson, the prisoner, was hanged, but his brother remains unpunished by the law, for he stabbed himself with a knife and thus escaped the hangman's rope.—H. H. in Atlanta Constitution.

### The First Horse Trotting.

The first public horse race in America was trotted in 1818 in New York. It had been asserted that there was not a horse in the country which could trot a mile in three minutes. Maj. William Jones, of Long Island, and Col. Bond, of Maryland, sustained the opposition and brought out the horse Boston Blue, which won the race. His time is given as just three minutes. Previous to this, however—in June, 1806—the horse Yankee is reported to have trotted at Harlem, N. Y., in 2:59 on a short track, and Boston Horse is credited with having made a mile at Philadelphia in 1810 in 2:48¼.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Philosophical Youngster.

Recently a little Lewiston 5-year-old who had been sick was taken for a drive around the lake by his papa. The boy is of as philosophical a turn as Mrs. Alcott's "Demi." "Papa," said he, "who made this lake?" "Why, God, my son." "Didn't he have more than one man to help him," was the young hopeful's next query.—Lewiston Journal.

Nothing delights the average Englishman more than to be a member of a society with a long and involved name. In fact societies such as "The Society for the Better Promotion of Relaxation from Business Cares and Enjoyment During Luncheon Hours in the Municipality of London" grow in strength and influence.

Mrs. Livermore says that her husband is a Republican while she is a Prohibitionist; he is a protectionist and she a free trader; he has a pew in one church, she in another; he has one doctor, she another; and yet they are happy and harmonious and never dream of quarreling.

### Children and Poultry.

Let one of the children assume the care of the poultry yard if you have not the time to make it a feature of your farming. Encourage him by selling him the fowl at a fair price, allowing him to pay for them in eggs, which you buy at the regular price, or which are sold and placed to his account. Get him to keep his own accounts; let him pay for the feed purchased by the sale of eggs and chickens. The boy will be happier for the experiment, and he will gain habits of industry that will be valuable to him all his life.—Hall's Journal of Health.

## RUSSIA'S OIL CENTER.

### A SECTION OF THE COUNTRY DEVOTED TO NOTHING ELSE.

**The Basin of the Caspian Sea Rests on a Subterranean Sea of Naphtha—Discovery, Appearance and Large Output of the Beds—A Town of Fire.**

Tiflis is midway on the railway that cuts the Caucasus in its whole width and puts the two seas in communication—the port of Batoum on the Black sea with that of Bakou on the Caspian. As we leave the capital in the latter direction the eye is at first ravished and then desolated by the changing aspects of the land. The track follows the Kour, which rolls its broad sheet of water majestically through wild forests and rich tilled soil, while two chains of snowy ridges stretch away out of sight in the distance—the Caucasus to the left, the mountains of Armenia to the right.

Soon we leave the river, which goes to join the Araxes toward the south; the plain gets broader and barer; tall cages built of planks perched on four tree trunks rise in the midst of the rice fields like watch towers. The inhabitants of the villages, who are all Tartars in this region, take refuge at night in these aerial nests; the marshy land is so unhealthy that it is dangerous to sleep there. In spite of these precautions the peasants whom we see are devoured by fever; their emaciated visages remind us of those of the inhabitants of the Roman campagna. After leaving Hadji-Caboul, the station in Moorish style where a new line branches off—"the Teheran line," I am told by the engineers who are building it, and who hope to carry it into the very heart of Persia—we enter an African landscape, sad and luminous.

REMARKABLE SCENERY.

The mountain chains become lower; they are now simply cliffs of gilded sandstone festooning against a crude blue sky. At their feet the desert, a sandy expanse, covered here and there with a rose carpet of flowering tamarisks. Herds of camels browse on these shrubs under the guard of a half naked shepherd, motionless as a bronze statue. The fantastic silhouettes of these animals are increased in size and changed in form by the effect of the mirage, which displays before our eyes in the ardent haze of the horizon lakes and forests. From time to time we meet a petroleum train, composed of cistern trucks in the form of cylinders, surmounted by a funnel with a short, thick neck.

When you see them approaching from a distance you might mistake them for a procession of mastodons, vying in shapelessness with the trains of camels which they pass. The sun burns in space. Yonder a green band glitters beneath its rays; it is the Caspian. We turn around a hill and behold! on this western shore, in this primitive landscape, which seems like a corner of Arabia Petrea, a monstrous city rises before our eyes. Is it once more the effect of mirage, this town of diabolical aspect, enveloped in a cloud of smoke traversed by running tongues of flame, as it were Sodom fortified by the demons in its girdle of cast iron towers?

I can find but one word to depict exactly the first impression that it gives: It is a town of gasometers. There are no houses—the houses are relegated further away on the right, in the old Persian city—nothing but iron cylinders and pipes and chimneys, scattered in disorder from the hills down to the beach. This is doubtless the fearful model of what manufacturing towns will all be in the Twentieth century. Meanwhile, for the moment, this one is unique in the world; it is Bakou—the "town of fire," as the natives call it; the petroleum town, where everything is devoted and subordinated to the worship of the local god.

OIL IN REMOTE AGES.

The bed of the Caspian sea rests upon a second subterranean sea, which spreads its floods of naphtha under the whole basin. On the eastern shore the building of the Samarcand railway led to the discovery of immense beds of mineral oil. On the western shore, from the most remote ages, the magi used to adore the fire springing from the earth at the very spot where its last worshipers prostrate themselves at the present day. But after having long adored it impious men began to make profit by it commercially. In the Thirteenth century the famous traveler, Marco Polo, mentions "on the northern side a great spring whence flows a liquid like oil." It is no good for eating, but is useful for burning and all other purposes; and so the neighboring nations come to get their provision of it and fill many vessels without the ever flowing spring appearing to be diminished in any manner. The real practical working of these oil springs dates back only a dozen years.

At the present day it yields 2,000,000 kilogrammes of kerosene per annum, and disputes the markets of Europe against the products of Kentucky and Pennsylvania. The yield might be increased tenfold, for the existing wells give on an average 40,000 kilogrammes a day, and in order to find new ones it suffices to bore the ground, so saturated is the whole soil with petroleum. C. Marvin, "The Petroleum Industry in Southern Russia," compares the Aspheron peninsula to a sponge plunged in mineral oil. The soil is continually vomiting forth the liquid lava that torments its entrails, either in the form of mud volcanoes or of natural springs. These springs overflow in streams so abundant that it is hopeless to store their contents for want of reservoirs; often they catch fire and burn for weeks; the air, impregnated with naphtha vapors, is then aglow all round Bakou.—Harper's.

### After the Rain.

Clara—I have just had a delightful walk. How deliciously fresh and pure and clear the landscape looks this evening!

Flora—Ya-as. I just read in the papers that some detectives are securing this part of the country.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

### Lions with Spiked Backbones.

In front of an ugly but fashionable house in Second avenue, above Fourteenth street, are two very unreliable cast iron lions, which have just been painted a pinkish brown to match the newly chiseled brown stone copings of the doorway. The lions, in form and color, were sufficiently unlike anything in nature, but just by way of preventing the casual small boy from taking imaginary excursions astride their backs, a strip of spiked iron has been extended from mane to tail of each lion. The effect of these grewsome but impossible beasts is startling on a stranger.—New York Sun.

## FANCY'S FERRY.

You've crossed his ferry many a time. Perhaps you didn't know it.
He sculls you in his ferryboat and then begins to row it;
He dips his oars so softly that you cannot even hear them,
And lo! you land at Fancy's docks before you know you're near them.

Oh! Fancy's land looks very grand with structures high and airy,
And bright impossibilities to mislead the unwary;
And presently you find yourself, no matter what your station,
A-building castles in the air that haven't a foundation.

And yet it isn't difficult to rear them till they're higher
Than anything you ever saw in turret or in spire;
And Fancy seems so wondrous kind, he gratifies each notion—
You've not a whim but is indulged through his extreme devotion.

Old Humdrum town you left behind seems sadly uninviting,
With school, and books, and lessons that you're tired of reciting.
But lo! what's this? Your castle shakes! Its walls are all a-crumble!
You stand amid a ruined mass, alive, but very humble.

Then Fancy rows you home again—it doesn't take a minute;
You wouldn't know—his boat's so swift—that you were really in it.
But—at a word (with such a shock!) false Fancy lands his wherry;
What does he care for foolish folk who daily cross his ferry?

—Julia M. Lippman in Buffalo Express.

## HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE HIM?

**A Man Who Gets His Food, Fuel and Light for Nothing and Is Paid for It.**

"I know at least one man in this country who is able to live cheaply and get paid for doing it, all because he lives where the cost of getting his food, fuel and light to him is about five times as much as the original cost of the supplies themselves," said the captain of a schooner in the coastwise trade. "It seems queer that a man can get along more economically on account of the high cost of getting his supplies to his home than he could if the cost were less, don't it? But it's a fact. This man's nearest market is thirty miles from where he lives, and a ton of coal will cost him $6 in that market.

"If it cost him no more than $6 to lay that ton of coal down in this man's bin he would have to pay for both coal and delivery, and the ton would stand him in $12. The same in proportion with his beef and his pork and his potatoes and his flour and his oil. But just because it costs in the neighborhood of $30 a ton to carry his coal from the yard to his bin, and corresponding prices for his other supplies, he gets the whole business for nothing. His flour he gets free, and his beef and his pork and his potatoes and his oil, as well as his coal. The entire outfit don't cost him a cent from one year's end to the other, and he gets $1,000 a year for staying where he is and receiving the annual donations.

"It will be queer now if you are not thinking to yourself that this man I am speaking of has a soft snap. Well, may be he has. He is a lighthouse keeper. He lives on a big rock at Cape Ann. No sea going vessel can get within a quarter of a mile of his home. No loaded boat can reach his abiding place in safety. To get a ton of coal to his bin, which is perched on the rocks above high water mark, it must be shipped from Boston to as near the lighthouse as the vessel dare approach. The coal is in bags, and these are placed in small boats, which carry them to the edge of the shoal water, inside of which the boats dare not enter. The bags of coal are then carried ashore on the backs of the crew, who wade through the surf, clamber up the rocks with their burdens and empty the coal in the lighthouse bin. The other bulky supplies are delivered to the Cape Ann light keeper in the same manner, and the government pays the expense. May be he has a soft snap, but I'd rather be on my vessel, tossing and pitching on the heaviest sea that his light ever shone out upon than to be firmly grounded on that Cape Ann rock as he is. Wouldn't you?

"But this man isn't the only one the government supplies with free coal, light and rations at its lighthouses. Whenever the keepers are located at stations where the cost of carriage exceeds the cost of supplies they are provided free; but where the cost of delivery does not exceed the price of the goods the keeper is compelled to pay for both. That's a queer rule, but government has many a queer way of doing things. At all the barren rock lighthouses, like Cape Ann, Minot's ledge and others, the keepers have even to be supplied with fresh water from points on the mainland. They collect a great deal from rains in cisterns and tanks, but in most cases it is not sufficient for the needs of the keepers, and the supply from abroad must be regularly taken to them, no matter what the cost or the difficulties are in getting it there."—New York Evening Sun.

### The Seaside Parasol.

The extremely fashionable parasol to be used at the seaside or at the mountains is the most unique Japanese one that can be got. On top must be tied a large black ribbon bow, the ends of which come far down on the parasol when it is opened. It really looks very pretty when worn with a cotton gown and makes a bright speck on the landscape. The red parasol is also in vogue, and is of plain, heavy silk, with a natural wood handle. One having a silver handle is voted extremely bad form. The very pronounced liking for red is thought to be the outcome of the general woman's disposition. Lining her coat with scarlet, wearing a scarlet frock, having a scarlet parasol and wearing a scarlet bonnet is the nearest she can get to painting the town red, which from her youth up she has always had a yearning to do.

### Repair Your Worn Out Clothes.

A poor man who wants to dress well and as cheap as he can should not discard a suit so long as its color is firm and its fibres hang together. No man knows how far $15 a year spent for repairs will go toward making his appearance presentable, nor how large an expenditure for new garments it has saved him until he tries it. If men with moderate incomes, who feel obliged to dress shabbily six months out of the year, observed a woman's way of sponging, overhauling and retrimming they might get a useful object lesson from it.—New York Star.

### A Man of His Word.

Wilson—Philson is a man who keeps his word, whatever else may be said of him.

Bilson—Do you find him so?

Wilson—Yes; he borrowed five dollars from me a year ago, and he said he'd never forget my kindness.

Bilson—And he hasn't?

Wilson—No; every time he wants to borrow money he comes to me.

"The Ruling Passion" is what makes kings and queens.

**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'

"Are you fond of Wagnerian-opera, Mr. Flint?" "Yes; I never cared for music."

**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.

What time by the clock is the best for a pun? A joke takes best just when it strikes one.

**Facts Worth Knowing.**

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuff, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to redical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

First boarding house turkey—How are you feeling? Second boarding house turkey—Tough.

**A Safe Investment.**

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, as can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at REBER'S Drug store.

Irate father—Mr. Lighthead, didn't I just see you kiss my daughter? Mr. Lighthead—No, sir; you saw your daughter kiss me.

**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.

"Please to give me something, sir," said an old woman. "I had a blind child, he was my only means of subsistence, but the poor boy has recovered his sight."

**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.

Sunday school teacher (reprovingly)—Boys, do you know what day this is? Street urchin—Hi, fellers! here's a cove as don't know what day this is. Guess he's been out all night!

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.

Landlord (to departing guest)—I trust I may rely upon your recommending my establishment. Guest—I don't happen to have at this moment a mortal enemy in the world!

**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, Bur