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VOL. XVIII., No 39 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., August 9, 1890. Single Copies 5 Cents

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A Montreal letter.

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

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BESSIE AND WILLIE.

"What you sitting side of me for?"
Bessie's blue eyes opened wider
As little Willie Jenkins
Took the vacant seat beside her.

"I had to come," replied the boy,
"For the teacher told me to;
He said I'd been so naughty
I must sit 'longside of you."

"Is that what makes you look so cross?"
Said Bessie with a smile.
"I like to have you sit by me;
Can you stay a good long while?"

"I'm 'fraid I can't this time," said Will,
"For I wasn't very bad;"
"You'll be badder next time—won't you?"
"Yes," Raped the little lad.

—Portland Transcript.

THE MUSIC MAN.

"Aunt Betsy," said Delia Grey, "can I go over to the Drew place, to singing school, to-night?"

"No, you can't, and there's an end on't," said Aunt Betsey Blatchford, knitting away as if her needles were made of sheet-lightning and her elbows worked by electricity.

Delia looked sober enough. She was a tall, fresh complexioned girl of 17 or 18, with large brown eyes, a forehead surmounted by naturally curling rings of chestnut hair, and sweet red mouth always ready to break into gracious smiles.

She had worked hard all day making soft soap and finishing off the family ironing, but her labors had been cheered by the anticipation of the evening "singing school" that was to come.

It is more than likely that Aunt Betsy knew all this, but she sat there like a determined Fate in a brown calico gown and fluted cap frills. Aunt Betsey was the autocrat of Redberry farm. She owned the house and the surrounding acres and the quartz mill by the river, and Delia, although by courtesy called her niece, was in reality only a distant relation who, if not taken in and brought up by old Mrs. Blatchford, would have been turned over to the tender mercies of the town poor house.

"Delia's a good girl enough," said the old woman, "and a spry worker as ever was. But I don't believe in girls larking around the neighborhood the hull time. They're a deal better off at home, sewin' on their patch work or cuttin' rags for a new kitchen carpet."

"But I promised the schoolmaster, Aunt Betsey," said poor Delia, her dimpled face falling like the barometer before a storm. "He's to call for me at half past 7! And he will see me safe home afterward."

"Well, let him go away again," said Aunt Betsey.

Delia could hardly see the glitter of the knitting needles through the tears that blurred her vision at these cruel words.

"There's to be a dance out in the old barn afterward," she ventured to add, "and I ironed my pink calico dress so neatly, and my laces are all done up! Oh, Aunt Betsey, I'd work so hard at the carpet rags all the rest of the week if you would let me go this once to singing school."

Aunt Betsey wheeled herself round in her chair and eyed Delia sharply through the moon like glasses of her big silver bowed spectacles.

"Well, well, go if you want to," said she, tartly. "Though all this music is nothin' but clear waste o' time. In my young days if we could join into the psalm tunes in church it was all folks expected of us!"

"Everybody plays and sings nowadays," ventured Delia, whose loftiest and brightest aspiration was for a melodeon or a cheap parlor organ of her own.

"Humph!" commented Aunt Betsey. "They'd a deal better play on the washboard and sing calling home the cows! That's the sort o' music that pays!"

Delia sighed and abandoned the question. Consent to go to "singing school" was sufficient of a victory for the present time. And when Marcus Wayte, the village pedagogue, called for her at the specified hour she was all ready, in the stiff, rustling, pink dress, the freshly ironed laces and a little pair of brown cotton gloves over frilled ribbon wristlets that were entirely new.

"But it's the last time," she sighed. "Aunt Betsey thinks that music is useless and nonsensical, and she won't have me fooling away my time at singing school, she says."

"Oh, Delia—and those lessons on the melodeon that I have been giving you at Dr. Bartlett's."

"They will all be of no use," said Delia, with a little tremor in her voice.

"Does she know that people sometimes earn their living by the aid of music?" persisted Wayte.

"She don't believe it!"

"And you have such a taste for it, Delia! Nay, more than a taste—a decided talent. Oh, we must not let the thing drop. You must have a melodeon—it won't cost much to hire one by the quarter—and go on with your lessons!"

Delia shook her head.

"It will be impossible," said she, mournfully.

"I'll see about that," said Marcus Wayte. "My cousin is in the business. I'll send him to see your aunt."

Delia shrugged her pink calico shoulders. "Ah," said she, "you don't know Aunt Betsey!"

"Well," smiled Marcus, "we'll see."

Mr. Ives Wayte listened with the most earnest interest to the tale of his cousin, the schoolmaster.

"Got a real talent for music, eh?" said he.

"A most decided one."

"And poor?"

"She is," answered Marcus. "But the old lady has plenty of money, if only she chose to spend it in this way; and she ought to do so."

"Plenty of money? And plenty of prejudices, eh?"

"That is it, exactly," said Marcus, smiling.

"Very well. I'll promise to do the best I can—to oblige you, Mark. For," added Mr. Ives Wayte, with a genial twinkle of the eye, "I see your heart is in the business."

"It is," frankly confessed Marcus. "For if Delia Grey could be qualified to give music lessons we might be married and take the Weirsella academy at once—a day and boarding school, don't you see? And she is the dearest little thing."

Mr. Ives Wayte laughed. "It's as good as done," said he.

It was a dreary, rainy night toward the close of that dreariest month of all the year—the sad November—when there came a knock at Mrs. Blatchford's door. She was all alone. Thomas Bates, the hired man, had gone to see his brother off on the steamer for Florida, whence he—intending to start an orange orchard. Delia Grey had been summoned to the bedside of a sick neighbor, where she was to remain until late. But Mrs. Blatchford had yet to see the tramp, the wild animal or the tame one of whom she entertained the least fear. She got up and went to the door. There stood a dripping traveler on the threshold.

"Is Mrs. Nugent's place near here?" said he, taking off his cap in spite of the rain.

"Bless your heart, no!" said Mrs. Blatchford. "It's nine good miles away on the other road. How ever came you to take this way?"

"I've a parlor organ here," said the music man, glancing backward at the dim outline of a wagon in the road, "that I was to deliver to Miss Nugent."

"Guess you'll hardly deliver it to-night," said Aunt Betsey. "A parlor organ, eh? For Matildy Nugent? Well, I wonder what folly she'll be guilty of next."

"Would you kindly allow me to bring it in here?" asked Mr. Ives Wayte, with his most ingratiatory air.

"What, in all the rain?"

"Oh, it is safely packed in rubber wrappings. It won't injure this nice new carpet," said the bland traveler, "that reminds me of one my mother has just finished up in Nantucket."

"Yes," said she, "you may fetch it in. I never seen a parlor organ. There was a man came by with one in plum time with a monkey at the end of a long string"——

"Oh, this is quite a different affair," winced the music man. "If I could sleep to-night in your barn"——

"You needn't do that," said Aunt Betsey, quite propitiated by the humble air and manner of this chance visitor. "There's a spare bedroom openin' out of the kitchen that you're welcome to."

"Many thanks, madam," bowed the agent. "As I was about to remark, if you will kindly give me house room I should like to play a few airs for you on this instrument, just to show you its tune and compass."

"Well," said Aunt Betsey, who never objected to a treat which she could get for nothing, "it would be rather a joke for me to hear Matildy Nugent's organ afore she heard it herself, wouldn't it, now? I guess, young man, you may put it up if it ain't too much trouble."

The music man dried himself before the fire. He refreshed himself with a plate of Aunt Betsey's excellent doughnuts and a drink of her cider, and then, cheered both in mind and body, he applied himself to business and soon set the melodeon up in the little sitting room.

"It ain't bad lookin'," said Mrs. Blatchford, viewing it meditatively.

Mr. Ives Wayte sat down before the instrument, and touched it with a master hand.

He played "Rock of Ages," "Shining Shore," "Bruce's Address," "Killarney" and a few such age worn veterans of melody.

"Kin you play 'Old Rosin the Bow?'" suddenly demanded Aunt Betsey with something like tears in her eyes.

"I think I can," said Mr. Ives Wayte, and he evoked the sadly sweet chords of the old time lay with "crescendo" and "diminuendo" like the wail of a human voice.

"Seems 'most like 'twix speakin'," said Mrs. Blatchford. "I never knowed there was so much in the parlor organs. Be they very costly, mister?"

Mr. Ives Wayte named the price. Aunt Betsey hesitated—shook her head—pondered.

"It seems a good deal o' money," said she. "But, arter all, what's money? And Delia, she's dreadful fond o' music. I'm most certain she could learn to play that there instrument, and it sort o' sounds nice to hear them old fashioned tunes that folks used to sing when I was a gal! My money's my own, I guess, to do as I'm a mind to!" half defiantly. "And I will! I say, Mr. Musicman, if you leave that melodeon just there where it stands, and cart up another for Matildy Nugent, I'll take it, and pay you cash down for it," said Mrs. Blatchford. "There now!"

"Well," said he, "since you desire it, I think it might be managed. The instrument is here. That counts for something."

"It's proper sightly," said Mrs. Blatchford. "Delia has been a good, hard workin' girl. Play that last tune over again, Mr. Musicman—she's comin' up the path now. I heard the gate latch creak."

"Am I dreaming?" she cried. "What is this? How came it here? Oh, Aunt Betsey"——

"It's a present I'm goin' to make you, Delia," said the old lady, with beaming eyes. "Come here and kiss me!" And I'll hire Miss Barton to give you music lessons—and we'll take solid comfort out o' this 'ere! See if we don't!"

The music man pocketed a roll of bills and went his way rejoicing. Marcus Wayte heard the tidings with great joy.

Little Miss Barton welcomed the news of a new scholar with heartfelt thankfulness—and Aunt Betsey went around the house humming "Those Evening Bells" and wiping the dust off a new joy every few minutes.

"It's something to get ahead o' Matildy Nugent," said she. "And Delia's been a good, dutiful gal all her life!"

"Didn't I tell you it was as good as done?" said Ives Wayte to his cousin when next they met.

"I think," said Marcus, laughing, "you ought to have a diplomatic appointment."

"It pays better to be an agent," observed the music man composedly.—Toronto Mail.

A paper recently published a lengthy and exhaustive treatise upon "Monkeys," and a contemporary the next day curtly remarked; "It would be more interesting to the readers of the —— if the editor printed news instead of making his family affairs public through its columns."—Exchange.

A farmer's wife living near Dover, N. J., broke a duck egg into a frying pan a few days ago, when out rolled an egg of smaller size. The larger egg was of ordinary size and contained a perfect yolk. The inner egg was about an inch and a half long, with a perfect shell and normal in every way.

Popularity of Spencer's Works.

The total sales of Herbert Spencer's works in Great Britain up to April 18, 1890, have amounted to 104,000 copies, exclusive of the "Descriptive Sociology." This number includes 33,750 copies of the various volumes of "The Synthetic Philosophy," 39,500 copies of "Education" and 20,000 copies of "Man versus the State." The total sales of the authorized American editions of Mr. Spencer's works to date have amounted to 164,000 copies, and cheap reprints of certain books have had a large sale. These figures are given by the publishers.

He Got the Lower Berth.

The smallest man in the state is not Superintendent Thomas Jefferson Carlton. All reports to the contrary, he is one of the heaviest men in the west. His weight is not altogether in his diameter either. He is big up, big in brain and heart and every way. When he has sport it is colossal. One night he boarded a sleeper to start for the Baltimore conference of charities. All the lower berths were taken. There was one upper berth, and Col. Carlton engaged it. He had the conductor point out to him the possessor of the ticket of the lower berth, same section. He was a slim, dudish young man.

"My friend," said the big man, approaching the youth, "I am glad to become acquainted with you before bedtime. Are you a Christian?"

"Well—er—I don't know. Why?"

"The last man that slept under me was not, and I always felt some measure of remorse."

"Why?"

"I ought to have told him that I weighed three hundred and fifteen pounds. However, he carried accident insurance, I hope, by the way, that you carry a large policy in a good company. These upper berths are not insured. Still, it is only about a three foot drop. What word shall I send to your friends?"

"Are you—can't I induce you to exchange berths with me? Really, I never could sleep in those close lower berths." The dicker was made, and the hefty superintendent peacefully slept in the lower story while the slim young man made scarcely an impression on the berth above.—Indianapolis News.

Difficulties of Chaperons in New York.

Another woman from Colorado—one of those big, Bartholdi statue creatures that one sometimes sees—insisted upon having her woman guide replaced after dark by a messenger boy, because she did not feel herself safe in company of a woman only. I dispatched a messenger to her—physical stature unknown, of course—and in an hour she trundled her colossal proportions into my parlors, followed by the tiniest, most abject looking specimen of the genus messenger it has ever been my lot to see. "See here," she snorted, "what do you mean by sending me such a protector as this? Is this an insult? I may be large, but I want you to understand that I am a perfect lady, and I need just as much protection as any other lady. And as for this miserable little whiffet"—here she looked large and threatening, while the "miserable whiffet" shrank and looked smaller and more self despised each moment—"I would as soon have a clothespin in trousers to attend me. Why, the very first thing he did was to fall down, and I had to pick him up and brush him off and see to his bruises, and the next thing I did was to yank him out from under the heads of some horses, and here he is, and no more messenger protection for me, if you please."—Interview in New York Evening Sun.

Several New York Signs.

If one wants to be fully convinced that competition is the life of trade he need only take a walk over on the east side of town and read the signs on the shop windows: "Customers, attention! A glass of delicious soda water given free to each and every customer." This is what a Madison street druggist offers to attract custom to his place, and there are others like unto it. The composition and orthography of some of the signs are equally interesting. "Painters supplys" is the wording on a blue painted sign in front of a paint shop in Division street. "Private Restaurant" in Hebrew and English letters is the way the signs read before a dozen eating saloons north of the Bowery and east of Grand street. "A Pure Carpenter" is the wording on a sign in Hester street. A., it is needless to state, stands for Abraham. There is no period after the A and no comma after the Pure.—New York Press.

Phonography is fast becoming one of the standard branches of education in Great Britain. From returns made, though incomplete, it appears that in the first quarter of the year 1890 the teachers of phonography had under instruction in the whole of Great Britain 34,739 males and 3,028 females, making a total of 37,767, while the number under instruction during the whole of 1889 was 44,730. A large portion of the pupils were in what are termed "board schools."

Trademarks were known in ancient Babylon. China had them as early as 1000 B. C. They were authorized by parliament in England in 1300. Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trademark.

Toast is more easily digested than plain bread, if the toast is eaten soon after it is made. Toast that has grown cold is not so easily digestible as bread.

Waiting for Sam.

A man with eleven weeks of wiry hair and a long growth of beard stepped into a barber shop in one of our two cities the other day and sat down. Probably he was not in his best mood. At any rate he looked cross, even though it was his next turn.

"Next," said the barber.

"I'll wait for Sam," said the man with the hair and beard, and as he said it he kicked at the dog and looked about as pleasant as a circular saw in motion.

"All right," said the barber with emphasis. "Next."

The "next" got into the chair and left the man who was cross sitting by the window, watching for Sam. Half an hour passed. The shop was full and there seemed to be a good deal of amusement among all except the man who was waiting for Sam. One by one the customers kept coming in. The clock hands passed from 6:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m., and then to 8:20 p. m. At about this time the door opened and a head popped in.

"Heard from Sam yet?" said the head.

"Yes," replied the barber.

"How is he; having a good time?"

"Guess he is. At any rate he says he is."

"When do you expect him home?"

"In about three weeks."

The door slammed after the questioner, just as the man with the beard, who was waiting for Sam, jumped to his feet. "Wh—what did you say?" shouted he. "Did you say Sam wasn't coming for three weeks?"

The barber repressed his smile, and in a voice that was low and even toned, he said: "Yes, sir. Sam is up country, and we expect him back in about two weeks and a half. But if you want to wait for him we'll make up a bed for you right here on"—but the rest was lost by the door slamming on the retiring form of the man who was waiting for Sam.—Lewiston Journal.

STALLION FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

One Animal Never Relinquished His Bulldog Grip on His Foe's Throat.

A fight to the death between two blooded stallions was the thrilling spectacle witnessed on Capt. B. F. Trester's farm at Aurora, Ind. Two 3-year-old stallions, spirited and valuable thoroughbreds, were turned into adjoining pastures to feed. A wooden fence divided the fields, and although as colts the pair playfully bit and kicked at each other across it, the fence was supposed to be strong enough to keep them separate and prevent trouble.

The colts began their fight over the fence, and kicked and mawed at each other until the fence was demolished. Then they came together in a struggle, which for fierceness and length exceeded anything which the spectators ever witnessed.

They stood on their hind legs, fiercely pawing and striking at each other with their iron shod forefeet, and tearing each other's neck and shoulders with their teeth. Their neighing and screams of rage and the sound of their kicks and snorts were heard fully half a mile away.

A half dozen or more persons were attracted to the scene of the conflict, but so vicious were the enraged animals that for nearly an hour no one dared to go near them. Covered with blood and foam, with flaming eyes and open mouths, they seemed the very incarnation of fury as they bit and savagely tore each other. While the lookers on were devising some means to separate them the furious animals grew more frantic, and repeatedly rolled over each other on the ground, biting and kicking desperately. At length the smaller of the two, a bright bay, caught his antagonist by the throat with his teeth and dragged him to the ground. The larger horse kicked and rolled in an effort to avoid choking to death, but the smaller animal clung to its hold.

The battle, lately so noisy, went on fiercely in dead silence, except for the thud of the feet of the two equine gladiators. The larger horse became more and more feeble, until finally it ceased to move. Still with bulldog tenacity the victor held his grasp upon his opponent's throat, pulling and shaking savagely, although his own strength was fast declining. He was at last beaten away by the more courageous of the spectators. He ran a few yards and dropped from sheer exhaustion. His adversary was dead.

Although badly cut and bruised from the teeth and hoofs of his foe, the living animal survived the terrible conflict.—Cincinnati Dispatch.

Poorly Paid Clergymen.

The failure in business of a prominent clergyman suggests the fact that very few preachers ever succeed in making money. When they do the religion generally oozes out as the dollars come in, and they end by giving up ministerial work altogether. Preachers, particularly Methodist preachers, are almost always poor, and the next to them in point of poverty are the Baptists. The majority of Methodist preachers in this country receive less than $600 a year, while the constant demands for charity greatly diminish their incomes. Presbyterian clergymen are better paid, while the Church of England ministers, both here and in Great Britain, fairly roll in wealth by comparison.

Methodist bishops are poorly paid. Those of the Methodist church south have $3,600 salary, while those of the church north have a little more, but none of them lays by anything of his salary. Bishop Warren, of the church north, is rich, having married the widow of a ranchman in Denver. But Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist church south, enjoys the distinction of being the richest bishop in America, having inherited a fortune which by careful management he has greatly increased. He has the reputation of being both benevolent and rich. To schools and colleges he is especially liberal, and Central college, in this state, owes its present prosperity to his generosity. All the other southern Methodist bishops are poor.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Browning and the Sea Captain.

Browning once asked the captain of the vessel in which he was sailing from Sicily to Naples to awake him in the morning when they came in sight of Capri. The captain was astonished that any one should wish to be summoned out of bed at an unearthly hour merely to look at a rocky island, and he asked Mr. Browning why he was so anxious to see it. "It is a very interesting place to me," said the poet; and he tried to convey to the captain some conception of the marvelous history of the Emperor Tiberius and of his dark seclusion at Capri, as the story stands out in the immortal picture of Tacitus. The captain listened open mouthed and next morning, calling Mr. Browning on deck, he pointed to the island and said: "There, sir, is where the great Mogul lived!"—Exchange.

She Made Him Look Pleasant.

I have a friend on the North Side who has a girl about 5 years old. The family was at dinner. There was a new cook on. The father of the household made some criticism on the cuisine. The mother said wait and give the new girl a chance. The father was still irritated. The little miss in her high chair brought the house to order with the remark: "Papa, when I am as old as you are I hope I shan't be as disagreeable as you are."—Chicago Tribune.

Leading authorities seem to agree that while electricity is an unquestioned success as a substitute for horses in street car propulsion its use instead of steam locomotives on ordinary railroads must be postponed at least until many more improvements have been made in electric engineering.

New York's Greatest Detective.

Inspector Byrnes is a tall, finely developed man. His hair and carefully trimmed mustache are gray. His complexion is florid. He has nice hands. His eyes—well, now we come to the remarkable feature of the man. They are gray in color. They can smile kindly and they can give an impassive, sphinx like glance that sends the cold chills over you. I can fancy no more genial, pleasant companion than this man, not a more stern, uncompromising, relentless questioner. He is well dressed, his necktie is unimpeachable, his linen immaculate and he wears some handsome diamonds. He is clever, keen, diplomatic. He can parry an unwelcome question gracefully or answer it with tact and judgment. He impresses one as a singularly modest man, not seeming to care to talk much of his brilliant achievements.—New York Cor. Kansas City

An old, inveterate smoker—Vesuvius.

A soldier's defination of a kiss—A report at headquarters!

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by REBER druggist.

Flighty people are seldom blessed with pinions of their own.

Forced to Leave Home.

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

The man who won his wife on the election calls her Election Bet.

Ask Your Friends About It.

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

The cabinet makers are now at work. The bureaus will be attended to later.

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.

When excursions are made by electricity they will probably be spoken of as current deaths.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of cough, croup, and Bronchitis, while it's wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since it's first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug stores.

The American aborigines had none of your modern tools, but they were familiar with the Indian file.

The Doctor and Postmaster.

Were talking about a case of serious illness, due to a neglected cold and rapidly going into Consumption, which was promptly cured by Purtan Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 cents.

Experience has shown sufferers with Dyspepsia Billiousness and Liver Complaint, in fact all diseases, arising from a disordered system that nothing equals Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator for for these troubles. Try it. Trial bottles free at Thomas' drug store.

"The silent watches of the night" are well enough, but the chap who wishes to rise early needs an alarm clock.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation. Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 30 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at. T. D Thomas and W. F. Bierys Drug Store.

Nurse—Can I put baby in the crib, ma'am? Mother—No, doggie is in the crib. Wait till doggie has had his nap.

Captain Courtney.

Says: While on the coast of Africa I had three men sick with malarial fever. I cured them with Sulphur Bitters. It is the greatest blood purifyer I ever saw. I always keep them in my medicine chest.—Ship Nautilus, Baltimore.

One objection to the entrance of women into politics is the fact that, in nailing lies, they would be always smashing their thumbs.

Take Care! There is Danger

in allowing inactivity of the kidneys to grow through neglect. The deadly shoals of Bright's disease and diabetes will wreck the goodly bark of health if it is allowed to drift rudderless upon them. The bladder, too, if inactive, and judicious medication does not speedily direct the helm toward the port of safety, will be whelmed by the quicksand of disease. In selecting a diuretic, let your choice fall upon Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the renal organs without irritating and exciting them two effects to be apprehended from the unmediated stimuli largely resorted to. These have a tendency to react prejudicially. The Bitters invigorate the kidneys and bladder, in common with the nerves and digestive organs, and so afford lasting aid. It also affords dual assistance in preventing and curing intermittent and remittent fever. Biliousness, constipation and rheumatism it also