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VOL. XVIII.. No 44 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., September 13, 1890. Single Copies 5 Cents

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NEW HAVEN, CONN., Feb. 9, 1889.
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All the freshest county news in this paper. Read it.

THE CLIFFS.

These iron ribbed cliffs that o'er the deep,
Wave worn and thunder scarred, enormous lower,
Stand like the work of some primeval power,
Titan or Demiburgos, that would keep
Firm ward forever o'er the battlomed steep
Of turret crowned Bothard, or haughty Moher
Vainly beneath, as though they would devour
The rooted rocks before them, reel and leap
The headlong waves; and as a planned phalanx,
Crushed in the assault of some strong citadel,
Indomitable still, its shattered ranks
Closes to the breach again, and yet again,
So from the battling billows bursts the swell
Of a more awful combat than of men.
—Aubrey de Vere

DECIDED BY CHANCE.

The sun, a great glowing ball of fire, had just descended behind the fringe of elm trees on Meadow Hill, and the parched summer world was free to breathe at last. Wayne Hillard, finishing his sketch of the fern shaded pool in the glen, dropped his pencil and inflated his lungs with the fragrant oxygen. Mrs. Mix, cleaning trout for the morrow's breakfast, in the kitchen, sighed a sigh of infinite relief. "One more day's gone!" said she; and Kitty and Tilly, skimming cream in the cool cellar, made haste with their work so as to finish without the light of a candle, and as they worked they talked and laughed lightly, as girls will do.

Who were Kitty and Tilly? Why, they were Mrs. Mix's "hired help"—the rosy daughters of impecunious neighbors, who were more than glad to eke out their slender allowance of pocket money by assisting the harassed landlady in "busy times." Kitty was a radiant blonde, with hair just warmed with red, eyes of mischievous gray, and a complexion that would have been perfect were it not for the sprinkling of freckles across the bridge of the saucy nose. Tilly, on the contrary, was pale and dark, with big, solemn eyes full of jetty lights, and a small head set with imperial grace on her slim shoulders; and their voices sounded like the indistinct twitter of orioles as they talked and skimmed great leathery sheets of cream and strained the "night's milk" into broad, shining pans.

"I think he's splendid!" said Kitty.

"So do I!" said Tilly, enthusiastically.

"I mean to have him!" said Kitty, waving her skimmer above a fresh pan.

"I like that!" ironically observed Tilly. "I've always pined to be an artist's bride," said Kitty.

"Yes," interrupted Tilly, "and I have made up my mind to a city life. This country vegetation don't suit me! I must marry a city man!"

Kitty covered up the stone cream jar with a little clink.

"Well, how are we going to settle this matter?" said she, with a laugh. "We both want Wayne Hillard! We're both determined to have him."

"Draw lots," suggested Tilly. "Nothing like chance for determing a question like this. Oh! I say, Kitty, the pan leaks. Give me one of the new ones. I do like a new milk pan—it makes one think of sheets of silver."

"No, we won't do that—it's too hackneyed," said Kitty. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Tilly. Mr. Hillard never comes into the house without going straight into the milk room for a drink of new milk. Mrs. Mix always leaves a little brown pitcher there for him. Well, we'll leave two pitchers, one white for you, the other blue for me. The one that he selects shall decide the question. If it's blue—then he's mine! If it's white—I cheerfully give him up to you!"

"Girls, I should think you'd be ashamed of yourselves!"

Tilly gave a great start; Kitty colored until the freckles looked like a fleet of tiny brown boats on a sea of scarlet. Mrs. Mix was at the head of the stairs, glaring down at them like an indignant tabby cat.

"We—we didn't mean anything," feebly uttered Kitty.

"We were only making fun," murmured Tilly.

"It ain't the sort o' fun they used to make when I was a girl," said Mrs. Mix.

"We were talking about the milk," apologized Kitty, with excusable equivocation.

"'Tain't worth while to fib," said Mrs Mix. "I was standin' jest by the winder, and I heerd every word you said. Here's the platter o' fish. Put it in a cool place, not too near the milk."

Kitty Farrar and Tilly Grey looked guiltily at each other, and indulged in a surreptitious titter when the door closed sharply.

"Do you suppose she did hear it all?" said Tilly breathlessly.

"It isn't a hanging matter if she did," declared Kitty. "Quick—get the pitchers! Take them in the back way. I hear him coming now."

"Oh, if it's come to your knowing his very step"——

"Do hold your tongue, Tilly!"

On the whitely scoured milk room shelf stood the two little pitchers, one of old "flowing blue," the other a squatty white ware specimen, with a crystal clear tumbler beside them. In Kitty's haste she had forgotten to fill but one, and as the two dimpled faces peeped from the twilight darkness at the head of the cellar stairs they could see Wayne Hillard come direct to the little milk room and take up the white pitcher.

"There!" whispered Tilly, spasmodically squeezing Kitty's round little arm.

But the white pitcher was empty. He set it down with a smothered exclamation of impatience, and seizing the flowing blue poured out a glass of cool, foaming milk and drank it. Then he walked out again.

"There!" retorted Kitty. "He took my pitcher after all."

"But he took mine first."

"Don't be shabby, Tilly. If ever anything was rejected your pitcher was. He is mine."

"Nonsense, Kit! By all the rules of love and war he belongs to me."

"I mean to have him, anyhow."

"I'll see about that," said Tilly resolutely.

"Hush!" cried Kitty. "What's that, some one giggling. It's Tom."

"No, it isn't. Tom has been sent up to Spotswood farm for half a dozen ducks for Sunday's dinner. It's your guilty conscience, Kit, that's all."

* * * * * *

"I'll tell ye, mister," said Tom, if you'll promise never to let on who it was, and if you'll gimme that 'ere j'inted fishin' pole o' yourn as ye don't use no more."

"I don't think I care much about your news, Tom," said Mr. Hillard, who was just settling himself for a morning's sketching by the river heights.

"Oh, but you will when you hear it," said Tom. "Mother says, says she, 'Girls, you'd orter'd be ashamed of yourselves.' And Kit Farrar she said she knowed your step, and Tilly Grey she said she 'lowed to marry a city feller like you, and then they agreed to chance it. And there was something about two colored pitchers—I don't rightly understand that; but I rather think you fell to Kitty's lot, and she was awful tickled and"——

"Look here, Tom," said Mr. Hillard, leisurely turning over his tubes of color, "don't it strike you that this is very like telling tales out of school? It isn't likely the young ladies meant you to repeat these little jokes!"

"But they was dead in earnest," wheezed Tom.

"Much you know about it," said Hillard. "No—you can't have the rod. Clear out, and remember for the future never to tattle."

Tom Mix retired much discomfited and Wayne Hillard began to paint, but as he painted he pondered.

"If I'm really the sport of battle," said he, "I ought to surrender myself at once. Pretty little beauties they are—fair and dark, like a sunbeam and a shadow, side by side!

"How happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away,

Kitty Farrar is my possessor, eh? I do really think I ought to have given that young marplot the fishing rod after all."

He laughed as the idea grew in his mind; yet more and more he liked it. He had noticed Kitty and Tilly oftener than they had dreamed of. He knew that Kitty was the clergyman's niece, and that Tilly's dead father had been a colonel in the civil war. He was quite aware that they were pretty and graceful, with sweet low voices, and a picturesque way of wearing flowers in their hair.

"They began a joke," said he to himself, "I'll finish it!"

Kitty Farrar was spreading table napkins out to bleach on the grass beyond the lawn tennis court. Tilly stood holding the basket for her when Mr. Hillard approached. But the instant they saw him a gentle ice of indescribable dignity froze around them. They recognized his greeting as two young duchesses might have done.

"I can't do it," he told himself, and fell to talking about the weather. How he wished that scapegrace Tom had held his tongue. But after that he observed Kitty quietly and often.

"She is a violet in the shade," he thought. "A dewdrop hiding from the sun. Yes, I really think I shall ask her to marry me, but I would like my Uncle Churchill to see her first."

Uncle Churchill arrived on the scene—a handsome middle aged lawyer, with dark eyes and a shrewd mouth.

"Which is it?" said he.

"Oh, you must decide that for yourself," laughed Wayne.

"That's hardly fair," said Mr. Churchhill.

"It's so important that you should be entirely free from bias or prejudice," pleaded Wayne. "At the end of a week let me know what you think."

At the end of the week Uncle Churchill reported.

"It can only be Tilly Grey," said he. "She is perfect—simply perfect!"

"Tilly Grey!" repeated Wayne. "She is a very pretty girl, I admit; but as compared to Kitty Farrar"——

"I can only say what I think," said Uncle Churchill.

"Take another week to consider it," said Hillard.

"I will," said Uncle Churchill.

Kitty and Tilly, however, were not entirely unobservant of matters, and one evening when Churchill and Hillard returned from a day's fishing two stolid German maidens were waiting at table. The girls had gone home.

"Their folks wanted them," Mrs. Mix said regretfully.

"We'll follow them," said Mr. Hillard sotto voce.

"An excellent idea!" said Churchill promptly.

Kitty Farrar sat on the doorstep of the old house with a black kitten in her lap when Mr. Hillard came up the walk. She colored like a carnation.

"You see I have found you out," said he. "Kitty, were you running away from me?"

"Not—not because I was afraid," answered valiant Kitty.

"Well, wherever you run for the future I shall follow," said he, "because I love you, Kitty."

And it was not until the little diamond ring that had been his mother's was safely fitted on her finger that he mischievously alluded to Tom's betrayal of the state secret.

"You know," said he, "that I have belonged by right to you ever since I took up the blue pitcher."

Kitty's eyes flashed.

"But you took up the white pitcher first!" said she. "Go back to Matilda Grey, if you please; I shan't detain you."

"I couldn't if I wanted to," said Wayne. "Miss Grey—if she chooses—is to be my aunt. Besides, blue is my color," with his eyes fixed on the knot of ribbon at Kitty's throat.

"Mr. Churchill is a very handsome man," said Kitty solemnly, "and I do think Tilly fancies him. Oh, I am so glad!"

"Let's walk over to the Grey farm and congratulate them," said Hillard.

"But," cried Kitty, "we will neither of us ever be married if you dare again to allude to the—the two pitchers."

"No, that we will not!" said Tilly.

And Tom got the jointed fishing rod after all. He didn't deserve it, but what sort of a world would this be if people only got their desert?—Shirley Browne in Fireside Companion.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

SONGS WE USED TO SING.

SOME OLD MELODIES AND THEIR LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS.

How and from Whom Came "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Life on the Ocean Wave" and Other Familiar Verses. Little Compensation for the Authors.

In a small and old fashioned but cozy chop-house, way down town, two veritable Bohemians sat the other afternoon, and over their pipes exchanged recollections. Their talk after a while touched upon old familiar songs, many of which possess peculiarly interesting local associations.

"Now there's 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' said one of the Bohemians: "that song had its birth up here in Duane street in 1817. Samuel Woodworth, a gifted but erratic printer, was living there at the time. One hot summer's day he went into his house and drank a glass of water, remarking, 'that taste's good, but how I wish that I could drink just at this minute from the old oaken bucket on my father's farm.' Woodworth's wife remarked sympathetically, 'What a poem could be written on that thought!' The printer pondered for a minute, and sitting down at the nearest table began to write. Soon the touching verses beginning 'How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood' were written. Soon afterward the words were coupled with a melody composed by Kiallmark for 'Araby's Daughter,' and were sung far and wide."

"'Woodman, Spare That Tree,' is another famous song, based on a local incident," said the second Bohemian. "The words were written by George P. Morris, who lived in New York almost all his life and died here in 1864. When he was a boy his home was on a farm not far from Bloomingdale. He was wont to play there under an old tree planted by his grandfather.

"Many years after he had left the farm and the property had passed out of the hands of his family he happened in that neighborhood one day, and saw a man about to cut down the old familiar tree. He begged the man to desist, and received the gruff response that the tree would bring $10 for firewood. He gave the man the money and took a bond for the safe protection of the tree. Soon afterward he wrote the noted song, which was set to music by Henry Russell."

"You have heard how 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' came to be written, I suppose?" queried the first speaker, as he moistened his lips. "No? Well, it was this way. Epes Sargent was walking along the edge of the Battery one bright morning when the numerous craft, dancing on the glistening water, brought to his mind a suggestion made to him some time before by his friend, Henry Russell, that he write a marine song. He wrote the words of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' and showed them to George P. Morris, who remarked that they made a nice little poem, but they would not do for a song.

Soon afterward Russell met Sargent and asked him for the verses. Taking them to a music store at Broadway and Park Place, Russell went into a little back room, seated himself at a piano and in a few minutes composed the air of the famous song. Sargent never received a cent for it, although the sales of the song were large.

"'Ben Bolt,' you remember, was a noted song along about 1850," continued the first Bohemian. "The original words of that song were written in 1843 by Dr. Thomas Dunn English, of Philadelphia, while on a visit to New York, and sent as a gratuitous contribution to a magazine edited by his friend N. P. Willis. Some years afteward the verses were repeated from memory to Nelson Kneass, a New York Bohemian, who set them to music, adapting an old German song. The instantaneous success of 'Ben Bolt' made it a source of great profit to its publishers, but Kneass died in poverty, complaining that he only received a trifle for his work. So far as is known the writer of the original verses got nothing."

"But few writers of popular songs ever made any money out of them," oracularly remarked the second Bohemian. "There's the familiar case of John Howard Payne, a New York boy, who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' while starving in an attic in Paris. The song was to be sung in his opera, 'Clari, the Maid of Milan.' Payne never got anything for it, and later in his life he wrote to a friend in this city: 'How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London or some other city, and have heard persons singing or hand organs playing 'Home, Sweet Home' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head.'"

"True, Payne's case was a pathetic one," assented Bohemian No. 1, "but there have been instances where song writers made a great deal of money and did not know how to keep it. Take the experience of Stephen Collins Foster, for example. He produced 'Old Kentucky Home,' 'Old Dog Tray,' 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Old Uncle Ned' and scores of other popular songs for which he received large sums of money. It is a matter of record that more than 125,000 copies of 'Old Dog Tray' were sold in eighteen months. Foster was a reckless, happy-go-lucky fellow. Some of his most famous songs were written on brown wrapping paper in the back part of a downtown grocery in this city. He was taken sick here and was conveyed to a hospital, where he died penniless Jan. 13, 1864.

"Another man who received large sums of money for his songs was Henry C. Work, of this city, the author of 'Wake Nicodemus,' 'Marching Through Georgia' and 'Grandfather's Clock.' The sales of the last mentioned song were enormous, and Work received $5,000 in royalties on that alone."—New York Times.

No Inducement.

Freddie—Let us break this cup.
Little Johnnie—No; it doesn't belong to a set.—Epoch.

Cheap Literature.

Some idea of the quality of what is known as "penny dreadful" literature in England may be obtained from the statement that a lady, the wife of a well known physician, had occasion to complain several times that her cook neglected her duty. Finally this negligence became so gross that the mistress was compelled to haul her over the coals. What was her amazement to be calmly informed by the young woman that she was so much occupied with the novel she was writing for a weekly paper that she had no time to attend to her duties in the kitchen!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Use of Flowers.

Flowers are used much more sensibly than they used to be. The absurd fashion of loading a young woman down with a dozen or more huge bouquets, every one measuring from fifteen to twenty inches across, is no longer in vogue. The atrocious custom died of its own inappropriateness.

It is possible even with the most delicate blossoms, which are the essence of grace and refinement, to be positively vulgar. The large corsage bouquets which were so popular for two or three years seem to have vanished, not to reappear, from the very fact of their oversize and overuse. This is true as well of the bunch of flowers for the street dress as for the ball toilet. Flowers are not so worn because of their wide and exaggerated use when they got out of the hands of women of taste and refinement into those of the sort who bleach their hair and daub their faces. The fashionables now permit themselves only a bunch of violets in the spring, when a craving for flowers cannot be stifled.

More coloring is used in funeral flowers than ever before. Set pieces are no longer used. Loose flowers furnished by members of the family are the only ones considered appropriate. This is a sensible departure. Why should the stiff waxen camellias and the tuberose be always used? To some sensitive minds these flowers are so associated with death that, seen at any time, they only recall a scene of mourning. Flowers at a funeral are intended to console the living with their loving touch and gracious softening of the grim outlines. There is more tenderness in the droop of one La France rose than in forty stiff, inodorous japonicas.—New York Ledger.

The Fish Learned to Walk.

Henrik Dahl, of Aalesund, Norway, was a reader and follower of Darwin.

Wishing to apply his theory of the limit of adaptability of a species to its environment, he procured a herring from a neighboring fjord and carried it home in a tub of sea water. He renewed the water daily for some time, and gradually reduced the quantity, with so little inconvenience to the herring that he concluded that the fish might in time learn to breathe air undiluted with water, like the cat and the man.

It turned out as he expected, and the water was finally turned out of the tub of the herring, never to be replaced even for bathing. Henrik next removed the fish from its tub and placed it on the ground, where it flopped about very awkwardly at first, but soon learned to move freely and rapidly.

In a little while the herring was able to follow its master without difficulty, and then it became his constant companion about the streets of the city. On a certain unfortunate day Henrik had occasion to cross a dilapidated bridge which spanned an arm of the harbor.

The herring coming gracefully along, heedless of danger, now and again springing at the ephemera, for which it had acquired an especial fondness, missed its footing, slipped through a crack into the water beneath and was drowned.—Forest and Stream.

Caste in Southern India.

The caste system is terribly strict. The Pulleahs and Caanekars (the latter the lowest of all) are wretched creatures, the former only being privileged to wear a garment reaching to their knees and a fillet on their heads, also to employ barbers. The Caanekars are never allowed to come near the town, and even in the villages, when they come to buy rice, Col. Drury has seen them deposit the price twenty paces in front of the shop and retire to a certain distance; then the shopkeeper would come out, put down the rice, take up the money and withdraw, when the poor slave would take possession of his purchase. Twenty yards is the prescribed distance that must always be maintained between a low caste person and one of a higher. But when a Brahmin comes along the road the people scatter on both sides to make way for the purer being.—Spectator.

Reading and Crossing the Legs.

Men often cross their legs at public meetings because they go there to listen or to be entertained. They are not the factors in the performance, and they naturally place themselves in the most comfortable position known—namely, leaning well back in their chairs and crossing their legs. A man almost invariably crosses his legs when he reads a newspaper, but is more apt to lie down when he reads a book. He reads the paper, of course, to inform himself, but at the same time the perusal of its contents is recreation to him, and his body again seeks its position of relaxation. When a man is reading a newspaper and waiting for his breakfast his legs are always crossed, but as soon as the breakfast is ready he puts the paper aside, straightens out his legs under the table, and turns his whole mind on the duties of the day.—St. Louis Republic.

Say "Thank You."

I suppose when you do a friend a good turn, and he is so busy enjoying its benefits that he goes off in a hurry and forgets to say "Thank you," you are likely to say to yourself, "I'll next try my hand on somebody at least who can get breath enough before he eats his cherries to look back on the orchard." Ingratitude is the great trial of parents with children and of God with man. I'd rather a man would hurl "Thanks awfully" at me than to keep dumb. Even conventional and slang thanks are better than utter discourtesy and blank ingratitude.—Lewiston Journal.

Greeley's Bane.

It is said that a friend once found Horace Greeley at 2 o'clock in the morning, at the close of a long, hard day's work, with a heap of applications for autographs before him, which he intended to answer.

"This time you need for sleep," urged his friend. "Why do you reply to them?"

"They send me return stamps," he answered piteously, in his shrill voice; "I cannot steal three cents!"

The largest fee ever paid to a Scotch advocate was that of 1,000 guineas sent to the lord advocate with his brief in the recent action with reference to the Murthly estates. Five hundred guineas was the fee at first sent, but this was not enough to induce his lordship to leave his duties in parliament. Some time ago the lord advocate received a fee of 800 guineas in a court of sessions case—till then the highest fee known in Scotland. It is curious that both fees should have been supplied by American millionaires, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Ross Winans, and it is equally curious that both of them lost their actions in the court.—London Truth.

A blacking box—One in the eye.

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'.

The patient horse has endured for ages, but the patient wagon has been known only since the introduction of the ambulance.

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.

She (at the piano)—"Listen!—how do you enjoy that refrain?" He—"Very much. The more you refrain the better I like it."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

Speak lovingly, my dear girl. If you should have to eat your own words, you know, they'd taste all the better for being sweet.

Every Home Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cts.

There are few things in life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

He—"The fools are not all dead yet." She—"That's as true as you live." And he couldn't understand why she emphasized the "you."

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. Biery's Drug Store.

Cumso—"Jaysmith is penurious, isn't he?" Fangle—"I should say he was! He won't even laugh at a joke unless it is at some one else's expense."

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and $1.

He was from far off England,
And he loved with vows in sighs,
And while he dropped his "h's"
Why, the maiden dropped her eyes.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

If you feel depressed, your appetite is poor and are troubled with dizziness of the head, biliousness or dyspepsia, Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator will cure you. Trial size bottles free.

A well known physician in New York advises all his patients that suffer with coughs and colds to use Pan-Tina cough and consumption cure, 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

A learned writer declares that butter was unknown to the ancients. This makes it harder than ever to account for the flavor of some we have tasted.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c, and $1 per bottle at Reber's Drug Store.

A skylight—The