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VOL. XVIII.. No 50 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., October 25, 1890. Single Copies 5 Cents

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Coughing

IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

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PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

"Mamma, I think I am not well,"
Said lazy little Mabel;
The beans I'd given her to shell
Neglected on the table.

Her dimpled cheeks with roses vied;
Her eyes the stars resembled;
The chubby form my faith defied—
My darling had dissembled.

"I'm sorry, dear," I gravely said,
"Because you'll miss the puddings;
The place for sick folks is in bed,
With not a taste of good things."

She thoughtfully smoothed out her dress,
This wicked little sinner;
"Then I'm not sick just now, I guess,
I'll wait till after dinner."

—Exchange.

MALONE'S LAST RUN.

A little knot of smoky, begrimed engineers, firemen and switch tenders were sitting together on a tool box at the east end of the train shed at Altoona. The silence of the night was broken only by the monotonous puff, puff of a shifting engine dragging a heavily loaded west bound freight to the upper yard. Through the maze of tracks gleamed scores of red, green and white lights marking the switches. The group of train hands were idling the time away until the hour should come when the engines should be brought out to haul the two sections of fast line, "No. 4," over the middle division to Harrisburg. There was yet a long time to wait, for the bell on the machine shops had just tolled 11, and the train was not due until after midnight. The crowd on the Logan house porch, that great resort of Mountain City inhabitants, was thinning out, and as the air grew more chilly the lively conversation halted and the men on the tool box became silent and thoughtful.

Suddenly one of them exclaimed: "Here comes old John Malone. Let's get him to tell us that story about the last run he made. Hi, there!" he continued in a louder voice. "John, John Malone!"

The passer stopped and peered in through the railings.

"Oh, is it you, Billy?" he ejaculated. "I couldn't make out who was calling me. My eyes and ears are not as good as they were ten years back."

Billy soon had the gate open for Malone to enter, and as the two drew near the others the old man asked, "What are you sitting here for, and what do you want with me?"

"The same old thing, Johnny; we're waiting to take out first section of four, and to pass the time we want you to tell us again of that trip you made back in the eighties which made you leave the footboard."

The old man took a seat, filled and lighted his pipe and puffed away vigorously for a while before replying.

"Well, boys," he said at last, "I don't particularly like to talk about that run, and it is hardly the right kind of a story to spin to you as you are going to take out the same train I had that night, but if you want to hear it I'll go ahead.

"It's been a good many years ago, but I can see the whole thing as clearly as the night it happened, and it was no dream, though everybody thought so. I needn't tell you fellows that fast line was the first east bound passenger train after the mail express, which left here about 7 o'clock. We generally got the train from the Pittsburg division about half an hour to an hour late, but as we only flagged at Tyrone and Huntingdon we always came into Harrisburg on time to the second. This was easy on a down grade and a hundred and thirty mile run without a stop. The way we used to yank the coaches along the river was a caution, and many's the time we rattled over the Juniata at a mile a minute, not even slowing down for Spruce creek tunnel.

"At that hour of the night we nearly always got the white light from the towers. Now and then the green would be given and we had to reduce speed, but rarely the red. Well, this thing of running a train like four with a clear track, no stops and nothing to see but the ballast and trees alongside of the rails makes a fellow grow indifferent, and I won't say a little nervous. It is wearing on a man to speed along through those mountains hour after hour in the middle of the night, never seeing a light except in the tower, and feeling the cold air blow in on him from those hills rising hundreds of feet overhead. An engineer cannot tell what instant he's going to crash into a landslide. I tell you a night run is enough to make a man feel mighty solemn when passing through Jack's Narrows, or half a dozen other barren rocky spots, such as can be found between here and the Susquehanna, all of which you boys know well.

"The night I was speaking of we left here thirty minutes late, and a hot box on the smoker held us fifteen minutes more at Tyrone Forges. When we got started again I pulled her wide open and let her rip. We had nine cars on, three of them sleepers, and that was a heavy load for one of the old style engines, but we bumped along at a lively rate. Beyond Huntingdon we fairly hummed along the canal, depending altogether on the towers, for it was so dark we couldn't see even the Juniata right below us. We had no further trouble as to delays. The east bound freight and coal trains were all sidetracked, and we did not even get a green light until we reached Lewistown Junction.

"Somehow or other I was not feeling myself that night, and I don't believe the fireman and I had half a dozen words in the first hundred miles. As we run through the Narrows I leaned out of the cab and kept an eye on the track for rocks. It was impossible to see any distance, however, and as I turned around to look for the tail lamps on the rear sleeper I thought of the scores of people behind me riding in fancied security, while the only safeguard from wreck was in Providence. Straight up on the right rose the mountains for nearly a thousand feet, and on the other hand was the Juniata, dark and unreal in the wavering glare of the headlight.

"On and on we went, past little villages and farm houses, shooting over the road crossings and crashing by empty stations, all of which I knew by instinct, for there were no lights to tell us.

"As we drew near the Susquehanna the air became clearer, and when we came within sight of Duncannon the great flaming stacks of the iron works shone ahead of us like immense torches. We were again on schedule time when we passed through the town, and as we ran along the bank of the Susquehanna I slowed down a little. Away across the water I could see the tall switch signals on the Northern Central tracks. By and by I caught a glimpse of a headlight and then the faint glow of car windows, although so far distant that the train was scarcely visible through the slight mist rising off the river. I called the fireman's attention to the train, remarking that the Northern Central connection of 'four' was late, and that no doubt we would get the red at Rockville tower, as the other train should clear us at least seven minutes, but Jimmy, after taking a long look, said he couldn't see across the river on account of the fog.

"As you all know, the old Northern Central bridge was then standing, and the tracks of that road cut right through ours at Marysville and entered the bridge just after crossing our west bound rails. The bridge, now torn down, was even then considered unsafe, and was rarely used, the through passenger trains on the Northern Central being run on the east bank of the river to Rockville, then on our tracks to Harrisburg, and then over the Cumberland Valley bridge to their own road again. Well, as I drew near Marysville I kept my eye on the other train, which I could see distinctly, thinking that we would let it have a good start, so as not to get blocked when we crossed the river. We were not running more than twenty-five miles an hour, and when finally the Northern Central train was hidden by the long covered bridge I concluded she would reach Rockville before we got to the west bank of the river.

"The bridge crossed the river diagonally, and we had not yet reached its mouth when my frame stiffened with horror and my eyes fairly burned in their sockets. Right in front I could see the headlight of an engine flashing through the bridge, and almost at the same instant I caught a glimpse of a well filled passenger train coming over the crazy old structure at full speed. I knew instinctively that it would reach the crossing but a moment before us, and that no power on earth could avert a collision. Absolutely paralyzed with fright, I can still remember seeing Jimmy leaning out of the cab and pulling the bell rope as unconcernedly as though there were no such thing as danger. I closed my eyes in horrible suspense. In an instant the crash came. I felt the engine reel and shake; I heard the grinding of the timbers and the roar of escaping steam, while on the air rose such a wail as never before or since met my ears.

"The next thing I knew was when I felt some one shaking me and heard the fireman' shout: 'Shut her off, Johnny; shut her off. Do you want to get us both laid off?' With an effort I brought back my senses and grasped the levers in front of me. When I looked around we were under the shed at Harrisburg. I heard a passenger ask a brakeman: 'Has the N. C. train come in?' and the reply dazed me: 'Yes, sir, come in ten minutes ago.'

"I resigned the next day, boys, and I wouldn't run the risk of going through that experience again for the whole road." The old man's last words were drowned in the roar of an incoming train, and ere he had finished first section of No. 4 had come rumbling into the station from the west.—Philadelphia Times.

A Room in Mrs. Logan's Home.

Mrs. Gen. Logan has a room in her Washington house known as "memorial hall," in which the mementos, souvenirs and books of the late general are preserved. The furniture is of black walnut and prune leather, which was brought from the Prairie avenue home in Chicago. The walls are decorated with portraits of and battle pictures in which the soldier participated. On a pedestal is a life size marble bust, before which fresh flowers are placed every day.

One quaint piece of furniture is an old easy chair once owned by Andrew Jackson, and a small tea table that belonged to Henry Clay. Dozens of beautifully engrossed resolutions cover the lower walls and brackets; the medals, decorations and official documents fill a large cabinet, and a second contains thirty walking sticks that were presented to the general while in office. Mrs. Logan has a valuable collection of china, including Hungarian, Chinese, French, Japanese, Viennese and old English ware, besides a Mayflower tea set and a cabinet filled with historical glassware.—Washington Letter.

Saccharine in Fruits.

The discovery of that substance known as saccharine has almost revolutionized the business of canning fruits. This new "sweetener," which the French government has already prohibited, owing to what it calls a dangerous element which enters in its formation, does entirely away with the use of sugar. It costs almost nothing.

A prominent member of a canning firm in an eastern city, while experimenting with saccharine, has discovered that pineapples preserved in it would almost entirely retain their natural taste. This is in itself a great discovery, as almost everybody knows the difference in taste between canned pineapples and those which are imported direct from the south.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Man Who Works Nights.

A newspaper man, who gets to bed so late that he sleeps until 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, awakening the other day and looking at the clock saw that it was 6 o'clock. As he had an engagement at that hour, he fairly leaped into his clothes and rushed from the house, to find that it was 6 o'clock, but 6 a. m. He had slept just one hour. He wasn't "mad," because he felt too foolish.—New York Tribune.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

LIONS IN HARNESS.

The Long Training Needed by the Desert King Before He'll Slave.

The very spirited illustration of three lions driven abreast by a man standing erect in a Roman chariot is familiar to most residents in London. It portrays, without the usual absurd exaggeration of mural art, an entertainment which is given daily at the French exhibition at Earl's court.

In the center of the large circular space which has been used during the last few years for the display of the Indians of the Wild West, the sports of the Roman amphitheatre, etc., is erected a smaller circle, securely surrounded with iron bars, having at the back an inclosed building containing dens. The "open sesame" of my host passed us into the private recesses of this prison house, in which I found four young lions, the oldest being about 3 years of age.

These constituted the trained troupe, and there was also one younger scholar, who had just been added to the collection. The education of this one was just commencing, and he still retained the feline characteristics to such an extent that any approach to familiarity was met by a snarl which displayed the unshed milk teeth of the owner, looking as sharp and needlelike as those of a puppy.

The training of these young lions rarely occupies less space of time than twelve months, and is chiefly accomplished by kindness. Mr. Darling, their trainer, informed me that he regarded force as not being desirable, as it excited the animals to rebellion and was not conducive to obedience, whereas, trained under the system adopted, each animal knows its name and answers to it. So successful are the methods employed by Mr. Darling that he has never been bitten by the animals during the time he has had them in hand.

In addition to the lions the collection includes two huge Bavarian boarhounds, which take a very prominent part in the performance.

After this introduction to the performers I took my seat with the audience to witness the exhibition. Mr. Darling and his assistant entered the arena with the lions and one of the dogs; the former, at the word of command, leaped up upon pedestals and arranged themselves in pyramidal groups. While in this position Mr. Darling placed the ends of two scarfs in the mouths of the lions, forming festoons, over and under which one of the dogs leaped; two of the lions then stepped upon a plank forming a seesaw, the dog leaping on to the center and swaying it from side to side.

One of the lions then mounted a tricycle, working the pedals moving the front wheel with its fore feet, while the boarhound was pushing behind. The chariot was then brought forward; one lion entered readily between the shafts, and two others took their places at either side, one proving rather refractory; but after sundry growls he submitted to the stronger will of the trainer, who mounted the chariot and drove the trio round the circle.

The performance is very distinct from that of lion tamers in general, who rule their charges with rods of iron and prod them with points worse than the stings of scorpions, utilizing the fear and terror of the animals at the superior power of man. Mr. Darling, on the other hand, is very familiar with the members of his troupe. The manner in which he took hold of the forelegs of one of the largest and pulled him down from his pedestal when he was not sufficiently quick in descending was amusing.

The lions are of African descent, but, like the majority of the species now in menageries, have all been born in captivity, and familiarized with man from their birth. Whether they will retain their docility as they advance toward their full size remains to be seen; but at present they offer the most complete specimens of trained lions that it has ever been the writer's fortune to witness.—London Field.

THE VANDERBILT CHILDREN.

They Are Carefully Educated and Systematically Trained.

Although all the members of the Vanderbilt family entertain on a magnificent scale they never permit their children to remain up late at night, are extremely careful in their education, and, in a word, are fitting them for life as well as any mother or father could do. It is one of the rules in all the houses of the Vanderbilts that the children shall go to bed early and rise early. The little boys and girls are up before 7 o'clock in the morning. Their nurses immediately take charge of them, see that they are properly bathed and dressed, and then they go down to breakfast, which is served at half-past 7 o'clock.

It is an unpretentious meal, with plenty of fresh milk, eggs, oatmeal and a bit of steak or a chop that will add strength to their physique and color to their cheeks. After breakfast there is an hour of study. There is something for these little ones to do at all times during the day. They go through their studies systematically, and then, about half-past 9, are taken out for a walk. They are allowed to romp in the streets and in the parks to their hearts' content. At 11 o'clock they are brought home, and a light luncheon of milk and bread is served, after which there are more studies—either French, German or drawing—and then another breathing spell; it may be horseback riding, or a drive out through the park and along the country road.

Back they all come about 4 o'clock, and there is another hour of study, and then they are through for the day. They are allowed to do just as they please until tea time, when after their meal they spend a pleasant hour or so with their fathers and mothers and others who may drop in to call. Promptly at 8 o'clock they are all in bed to sleep soundly, and get up the next morning to go through the same programme. So it is not strange that all the children of the Vanderbilt family are further in advance of their little friends in the matter of education. For they study, study, study all the time. They are all fond of music and most of them can play on the piano.

The girls are learning to play on the harp, and the boys are famous among their friends as violinists and banjo players. If you were to see these children on the street you would not for a moment suspect that they were other than children of parents in ordinary circumstances. They make no display at elaborate dress. The eldest of Cornelius Vanderbilt's daughters is dressed plainly in little, pretty, cheap dresses without any braid or ornamentation. She wears snug fitting cloth jackets, and the little cap that sits gracefully on her head could be duplicated for a couple of dollars.

U. S. Judges and Railway Properties.

This effort to obtain a receivership, which means the temporary control of the whole railway, generally results in a violent struggle between different interests, either to secure or maintain the management through the receivership. The determination of whether a receivership is to be had, and of the person or persons to be such receivers, lies in the hands of a single judge. This class of cases gives to the circuit judges of the United States, by transferring to them the management and operation of vast railway properties, a degree of responsibility and patronage never originally intended to be placed in their power.

The opportunities thus presented to a court of justice for the exercise of patronage, the reward of friends, the selection of counsel for receivers, the appointment of masters, and the manipulation and adjustment of large pecuniary interests, are in themselves very much to be deprecated. While no scandals of any magnitude have as yet arisen from this power of appointment and the patronage and pecuniary expenditure incident thereto, it is, after all said and done, a modern, and indeed a much more formidable, form of judicial property administration than that which corrupted the court of chancery in England in the exercise of its jurisdiction over the estates of wards in chancery.

In the western and southwestern districts of our circuit courts of the United States properties larger in extent and in pecuniary value than any that passed under the control of the English courts of chancery between 1720 and 1820 in the administration of the estates of wards have thus passed under the control of the individual circuit judges of the United States.—Simon Sterne in Forum.

Within the Law.

"I want to be posted in de law," said a colored woman who called at the Gratiot avenue station the other day.

"Well?" replied the sergeant.

"I've got a gal."

"Yes."

"And she's got a bean."

"Very likely."

"I can't abear him, an' I doan' want him 'round de house. What co'se shall I take?"

"Have you ever given him a hint?"

"Lands, sah! but I jess tole him to cl'ar out or I'd bust him to smash! I reckon that's a hint."

"But he didn't go?"

"No, sah. Now, den, I want to know how fur I kin go an' keep widin the law. I've talked to him, frowed water on him, hit him wid a club, called him names, made de dog bite him, an' p'inted a pistil at him, but he won't stay away. How much furder kin I go an' not break de law? Could I dun stan' in de yard an' mow him across de legs wid an old scythe when he cum up in de da'k? Could de pistil go off accidentally?"

When advised to try peaceful measures she indignantly responded:

"Dat's what I did do on the very go off. I took him by the collar an' frowed him ober de gate!"—Detroit Free Press.

Eating Human Flesh.

The most repulsive food which human beings could eat is man. Fortunately cannibalism, although once very general, is now mainly confined to the most degraded tribes of the South Sea Islands, and to some districts of Australia and central Africa. Lindsay, of Pitscottie, relates that a man, his wife and family were burned to death on the east coast of Scotland for eating children whom they had stolen, and during the French revolution the heart of the unfortunate Princess Lambelle was actually torn out of her body by one of the yelling savages near, taken to a restaurant and there cooked and eaten.

Human flesh is said not to be unpalatable, and this is confirmed by the horrible narrative given by Lindsay. He mentions that as one of the girls was being taken to execution she exclaimed: "Wherefore chide ye with me, as if I had committed an unworthy act? Give me credence, and trow me, if ye had experience of eating men and women's flesh ye would never forebare it again." The Tannese of our own day distribute human flesh in little bits to their friends as delicious morsels, and say that the flesh of a black man is preferable to that of a white one, for the latter tastes salt; other cannibals hold the same.—Scottish Review.

A Practical Experiment.

Fledgely—I have loved you, Alice, these—these two weeks! Do you love me in return?

Alice—I do not know, Mr. Fledgely, but we will see. In the Princess' new book, "Love, Loving, Loved," is the passage: "When Algernon Dunbar encircled, as an equator, Marigold's dainty finger with the delicate fillet of gold, her heart leaped into her eyes, her soul quivered like an aspen leaf, and then she knew she loved him." If while you are putting on the ring I undergo the same sensations I will be able to answer your question more completely.—Jewelers' Circular.

The Ear.

No oily substance, poultice or liniment should be put into the ear, because great injury is liable to be done. Warm water is the best possible, and about the only safe, "wash." Do not scratch the ears with any metal; pin heads, hairpins or ear picks should be tabooed. Do not scream if an insect enters the ear; warm water will drown it, and wash out the "remains." The ear is not nearly so liable to injury from the intruder as from frantic efforts to dislodge it.—Hall's Journal.

Better Protection for Letters.

In a recent English divorce case it was stated that a certain letter of an eminently confidential character was opened and read in the kitchen. The simple procedure was to hold the envelope over a boiling kettle and relax the gum. That should be a warning to everybody who does not wish his private correspondence to become the talk of his servants. The wonder is that so many persons are contented with the modern envelope. Made with thick paper and bad gum, it often flies open even without the assistance of a boiling kettle. Letters should be protected with a wax seal.—San Francisco Argonaut.

In our time the third finger is usually the one on which the engagement ring is placed, also the wedding ring, some belief possibly existing in the old superstition that a vein ran directly from this part of the left hand to the heart.

The daily mileage made in cities of the United States by cars supplied with electric motors is now more than one hundred thousand and is growing rapidly.

Look out for counterfeits! See that you get the genuine Salvation Oil! Do not let the dealer sell you some "just as good," but insist upon getting the genuine with the Bull's-Head trade-mark on the wrapper.

I found Dr. Hall's Cough Syrup to be a most effectual remedy and feel sure that the most stubborn cough and cold will yield to its healing influence. Frank S. Price, New Orleans, La.

It is a blessed thing for a man to get religion in such a way that he don't have to leave his money in the devil's bank.

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 saddest truth of which it is possible to conceive is that man is not willing to find out the truth about God.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold at Bierr's or Thomas' drugstore.

Unless your religion makes you think, love, hope and act like Christ, there is something wrong about it.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Head-Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold at Bierr's or Thomas' drugstore.

If you want to be a Christian and do not begin to be one at once, it may be that you will never be one.

Shaken Out of Gear,

By malarial disease, the human machinery cannot half perform its office. Digestion, secretion, evacuation are disordered, the blood becomes watery, the nerves feeble, the countenance ghastly, sleep disturbed and appetite capricious. Terrible is this disease, fell its consequences. There is, however, a known antidote to the miasmatic poison, and a certain safeguard against it. In malarious regions of our South and West, in South America, Guatemala and on the Isthmus of Panama, as well as in transmarine countries where the scourge exists, this inimitable preventive and remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has, during the last thirty-five years, been constantly widening the area of its usefulness, and demonstrating its sovereign value. Liver complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble, rheumatism and debility are all remedied by it. 1m.

No man will ever be willing to know the truth about God until he first finds out the truth about himself.

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.

God's hold on a man is uncertain as long as the devil's claws run clear through his pocket-book.

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.

If you are willing that God shall use you, you will always have steady employment.

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 $1.00 per bottle at REBER'S Drug Store.

If you want to have a good preacher treat the one you have the best you know how.

Don't Stand that Pain.

It don't do to neglect nature's warning, aches through the system cause rheumatism, neuralgia, backache and pain in the side; a prompt and safe remedy is required. Red Flag Oil, the famous pain cure, fills the bill. Price 25 cents.

Are you consumptive, or do you suffer with a cough or cold? If so, use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottle free at Thomas' Drug Store.

The devil would rather put a long face on a Christian than sell a barrel of whiskey.

I Will Never

Allow myself to suffer again what I have suffered for the last year. This vile disease, dyspepsia, gave me no comfort. I could not eat nor enjoy anything. The doctors amounted to nothing; nothing seemed to relieve me, until I used a bottle of Sulphur Bitters. Four bottles made me well.—Joseph Batchelor, Master of Schooner C. A. Baker.

Keep your eye fixed on the cross and you will be sure to walk straight into heaven.

They All Failed.

The following letter from Mr. W. A. Thomson, of Columbus, Wis., is peculiarly interesting: "My wife," says he, "has been treated for her head, stomach and nervous prostration by three doctors in New York, two in Chicago, one in Philadelphia, one in Cincinnati, and at the large institute in Buffalo for 16 months. They all failed. But one bottle of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine helped her wonderfully." This should be used in all headaches, backaches, changes of life, nervous disturbances, fits, rheumatism, etc. Ask at T. D. Thomas' and W. F. Bierry's drug store for a free trial bottle and Dr. Miles' new book on the Nerves and Heart.

If young men did not drink there would be no drunkards.

True wisdom comes from God; leads to Him and rests in Him.

Success in life is the result of push and energy. If the blood is impure and sluggish, both body and mind lack vigor. To cleanse and vitalize the blood and impart new life to the system, nothing else has such a marvelous effect as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Can you play or sing a pia tooo?

A bad omen—to owe men money.

Can pickpockets be classed as rifle-men?