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VOL. XIX.. No 11 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., January 24, 1891. Single Copies 5 Cents

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

In the fall of 1866 I was living in Philadelphia, occupying bachelor's quarters, but congratulating myself upon the fact that my boarding-house existence would soon be changed into living in a home. The partner of my joys, who was to occupy that home with me, was a young lady born in the city of Penn, whom it is not necessary to describe, as she is now looking over my shoulder at the lines I am writing.

We were to be married the day after Christmas, and the wedding was to be a double one, for my old friend, Fred Doolittle, was to marry the sister of my Ella.

Where was the home to be located? This was the question I was trying to answer at the time of which I am writing. I did not want to rent. I wanted the home to be our home by title as well as by occupancy. I had a few thousands of dollars, but not enough to buy in the city in a good neighborhood. We—that is, Ella and I—had talked the matter over and concluded we could be very happy in a modest home with a couple of acres of ground attached, and not more than an hour's ride by cars from the city. Every day for several weeks I looked for such a place. I read the closely-printed columns of the Ledger under the head of "Real Estate for Sale," but saw nothing I thought would suit us, until one Friday I read a glowing description of the very place we wanted—only the house was larger than necessary—and I was greatly surprised at its cheapness. The advertisement referred for further particulars to Mr. Smalls, on Walnut street, near Fourth.

I at once went to Mr. Small's office, and learned he had gone out a few minutes before I called. I made my business known to a tall clerk in charge, who seemed to smile when I mentioned the house, and said: "I am very sorry, but Mr. Smalls has gone out to show a house to a customer, and the keys to the house you want to see are in the bunch with the ones he has taken."

"I want to see the house to-day if possible," I answered. "A train will start in an hour, and I would like to go by it."

"If you are very anxious," replied the clerk with a very apparent grin, "I think you can get the back-door key from the owner, who lives out Arch street, almost on your way to the station."

"I got the owner's name and address, and entering the first passing car, rode out to Twentieth street, and then walked three squares to Arch, and ringing the bell at the proper number, was shown into a handsomely-furnished drawing-room, where the owner of the house soon entered. When I stated my business, he smiled as the clerk had done, and asked: "Do you think you would like the house?"

"If it is according to the description, I think I will," I answered.

"Have you heard anything about it?"

"Nothing but what the paper says."

"Then I may as well be frank with you," he said, "and tell you the house has the name of being haunted."

I didn't like the idea of living in a haunted house, for I wanted to enjoy my wife's society without ghostly interference. But I was not a believer in spirits, and accounted for all the so-called manifestations as the theory of simple mental action on the part of the person affected. Besides, thinking it would be sport to show the owner how foolish and unfounded was the belief that the house was haunted, I at once answered: "I don't believe it."

"All right," said the gentleman, "here are the keys. You may go and sleep a night or two in the house if you wish. There are two chambers provided with beds, one on the second and the other on the third floor. Take your choice."

I didn't hesitate, and took the keys. Why should I fear ghosts? There were no such things, and I felt I was a match for any one who might attempt to play ghost. In fact, I rather prided myself on my physical development, and I was considered as brave as the ordinary man.

As some preparation was necessary, I abandoned the idea of taking the next train, and concluded to wait until 6 o'clock in the evening. When that hour came I was in the cars, with some matches, candles and two revolvers in my pockets and a heavy cudgel in my hand. If there was any one about the house anxious to play ghost, I proposed giving him the opportunity of being one in earnest. I had calculated on being at the haunted house at 7 o'clock, but on account of a delay, caused by a derailed freight train, it was two hours past that time when I reached the station. I had but a quarter of a mile to walk, and, after being directed by the station-master, who looked suspiciously at the cudgel, I started off at a brisk pace, and in less than four minutes came to a house which stood among the trees, three rods from the road. As I saw a light in one of the windows, I thought it could not be the house I wanted, and walked to the adjoining dwelling, a few hundred feet farther on, which was perfectly dark. There was nothing suspicious-looking about the place, and I at once went to the back door and inserted the key, which did not appear to fit very well. While I was at work with the key in one hand and the knob in the other, an upper window, immediately over my head, was opened and a white figure appeared. I stepped back, and drawing a revolver, said: "You needn't play ghost with me. Come down here or I will fire."

The answer was a scream, unearthly, but not ghostly, sounding very much as if it came from the throat of a mortal woman. The scream was followed by the opening of two other windows, and two more white figures appeared. I thought it was a very good night for ghosts; when it occurred to me that I might have made a mistake, particularly when one of the figures levelled a gun over the window-sill and asked: "What do you want?"

"Isn't this Mr. Pinkney's house?" I said.

"No, it is not," answered the holder of the gun.

"Then I have made a mistake," I suggested.

It is to anybody but you. And I would not be so wicked as to refuse to help anybody in distress, if I knew about them. I hope you don't think I would, James? I am not quite as bad as that."

"I am sure of it, love," James answered, thinking how charming she looked with the tears starting into her child-like blue eyes, and that wistful, half-aggrieved expression on her face as she made the appeal; and his little lecture was quite over for that evening, nor did the occasion of it recur again to his mind.

But that night, as he walked home under the stars, their conversation came back to his memory, and he was conscious of a vague, undefinable feeling of dissatisfaction, a longing for something he was not quite sure of having obtained. He had been brought up with very prudent, sensible ideas in regard to money, and though he was the most generous-hearted man in the world when occasion required, he never indulged in wilful waste, or threw away a shilling simply for the pleasure of throwing it away. But it was not the knowledge of the difference of Mary's ideas on the subject, or the thought that she might expect too much from him when they were married that troubled him now. He knew he had ample means of satisfying her wants, and was not afraid of ever giving her cause to reproach him for depriving her of anything to which she had heretofore been accustomed.

But her answer to his question, "And so you could not marry a poor man?" recurred to him perpetually, with a sense of pain, for it seemed somehow to lessen the value of his love for her, and to put it aside, as of minor importance in comparison with his wealth.

It was true, he had not asked her, "Would you have been willing to marry me if I had been a poor man?" but would not her answer in that case have been just the same? Was her affection for him as pure, as deep, as his for her; or was her gay heart more shallow and frivolous than he liked to think? Could he look forward to having her a true, womanly helpmeet, to journey with him through life, or was she a mere brilliant butterfly, fitted only for sunshine and summer hours?

Musing thus, in not a very cheerful frame of mind, he arrived at last at his lodging. On the table in his room he found a note, containing only the following brief notice:

"You are wanted at the office without delay. News of importance to communicate."

Marvelling much at this summons, which was from one of his partners in business, James immediately repaired to his office, where news of a most distressing character awaited him.

Intelligence had been received of the failure of a large speculation; a bubble had burst, and the firm, of which he was a member among several others, was totally ruined. Even his own private fortune would probably be swallowed up in assisting to pay the claims against them.

The blow was almost too stunning a one for him to realize at first.

After a long and perplexed consultation, he hastened home in the chill gray dawn of morning, a haggard-looking and miserable man. It was not for himself he grieved; he could have borne the blow bravely, for he was young and strong, full of energy and hope, and in a few years at most he knew he could again work his way up. But Mary—his betrothed! How could he expect her to wait on him so long? He felt too surely that all must now be at an end between them; every sentiment of duty and honor required that he should at once release her from her promise, and bring their engagement to a close.

How dark the future looked, when all had been so bright a few hours before!

He reached his lodgings, and, throwing himself on a sofa, buried his face in his hands. Long he brooded over his sorrow, powerless to act in any way.

At last, with a great effort, he roused himself.

"This is mere folly!" he exclaimed. "What is the use of delaying what has to be done. Let me be a man! I cannot see Mary—I could not bear it just yet; but I can write to her, and I'll do it at once."

He drew a little table, with pen, ink and paper, towards him, and after some deliberation, wrote the following lines:

"My Own Mary: For I must call you so once more, though for the last time—when we parted last night I was a rich and prosperous man; to-day I am ruined. Our firm has failed, and I have nothing in the world that I can call my own.

"Under these circumstances, there is but one course, left me to pursue, and that is to give you up. I well know that you could not share a life of poverty and toil—indeed, I would not ask it. It nearly breaks my heart to write these words. I love you more than I can express, more perhaps than you will ever comprehend. But enough of this; all is over now, and why dwell on thoughts like these? Our brief engagement is at an end; but you will still permit me—will you not?—to cherish its memory as a bright and beautiful dream, which shed over my life a halo of the purest happiness I have ever enjoyed.

"Farewell, bless you, my lost love! May you be happy in whatever path of life you are called to walk, is the fervent, heartfelt prayer of one who can now only sign himself your friend, J. M."

James read this note over, and was not satisfied with it; it seemed too flowery, too elaborate. He had meant to be calm and concise, keeping his own feelings in the background, instead of obtruding them selfishly upon her. But as it was written he would let it stand. He had a wretched headache, and a second attempt would probably be worse than the first. So he carried it to the nearest letter-box, dropped it in with a feeling as if he were burying a friend, and then returned home to indulge at leisure in his melancholy reflections, for he really felt too ill to make the exertion of going down to the office, before the afternoon, at any rate.

How changed everything seemed! A dull, dead blank was around him, a weight on his heart that felt as if it could never be lifted again; all was dark where it had been sunshine a few hours before. A few hours! It seemed as though years had elapsed since last night.

How little had he thought, as he lingered with Mary in the moonlit portico to say his reluctant good night, that it was for the last time—that those little hands would never be placed confidingly in his; that gentle voice murmur his name, giving it the sweetest sound it had ever borne on mortal lips, no more!

How fleeting had been his dream of happiness and love!—how dreary and tasteless seemed his life when robbed of its grace and glory!

The weary morning wore away, and the hour of noon rang out from the steeple close by. He rose impatiently from the sofa, rang for coffee and some dry toast, but could not taste them when they came. He had eaten no breakfast, and felt faint and weary from excitement and fatigue, but loathed the sight of food.

His landlady, a kind-hearted elderly woman, quite compassioned his fevered and haggard appearance.

"Dear Mr. Morley, but you do look bad!" she exclaimed. "You had better let me send for a doctor."

James smiled faintly, and assured her that it was only a nervous headache, which would wear off after a while.

He was, indeed, suffering from extreme nervousness, his pulse throbbed and his blood coursed through his veins with painful rapidity. He tried to compose himself to sleep, but the attempt was vain.

Late in the afternoon, as he was sitting in an arm-chair near the window, he heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs leading to his rooms.

"Nobody coming to see me, I devoutly hope," was his thought.

The hope was a vain one, for the next minute there was a tap at his door, and in answer to his resigned "Come in!" his landlady flung it open, and with a beaming face ushered in—who?

A little lady in a blue silk dress and a hat with a most bewitching feather in it, who, without the least show of bashfulness or timidity, ran up to him and clasped her arms about his neck.

"Oh, James! how could you—how could you write me such a note? I'll never—never forgive you!"

She was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Mary—Mary, my love, my darling girl! what is this? What does it mean?" said James, too bewildered to comprehend how this state of affairs could possibly have come about.

"It means this: That you are a bad, bad, good-for-nothing person, who wants to get rid of me, and I won't be got rid of—do you hear? Now do you understand, ungrateful man?"

"No, I don't understand, Mary. I am afraid there is some great mistake."

"Yes, there is a great mistake—the greatest you ever made in your life. I dare say it was my own fault" (sob). "I made you think me a mean, selfish, heartless mercenary little wretch" (sob), "and it was shameful in you to believe me, and I never thought you would have acted so" (sob, sob); "but I will show you that I am just as good and forgiving as I can be, and I've a great mind never to forgive you or love you any more!"

With which very lucid and consistent speech Miss Sweet hid her face and cried more than ever.

"But, Mary, my dear, dear girl! do you know that I'm a ruined man?"

"Of course, I know it! Papa knows it, see papa, there; you didn't think I would be so improper as to come to a gentleman's rooms without him, did you, sir? and he says it's all the same; and you are just as silly as can be."

"Pardon me, my dear Mary," blandly interposed Mr. Sweet, of whose presence James had been in total unconsciousness; "that was by no means my expression. I only said"—

What he said, and what James said in return, is too long to be repeated here. Suffice it to say, that James, in the strength of his newly restored love, felt equal to making a dozen new fortunes; but as one will be sufficient for his needs, let us hope that it will not be long before he succeeds in attaining it.

He is already on the road to renewed prosperity. He has been married now for over a year, and in all the city there is not a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. James Morley.

Mary was not to be done.

A Happy Woman.

One of the most successful women in society is the woman who absolutely knows nothing—that is, in the ordinary acceptance of the term—but whose nature is so nicely adapted to the needs and requirements of this life that she makes no blunders, and hurts the tender feelings of no one. It is a matter for us to reflect upon, and it should incite us to help our children to cultivate that spirit of kindliness which would just as readily speak well of people as ill, if not to prefer to do so. We might teach our daughters that to listen patiently to the praise of others will not detract in the least from their charms. Those happy women who are capable of honest and hearty admiration of persons of their own sex are and always have been admired and loved, though without accomplishments or graces save this one of inborn charity and good will.—New York Ledger.

For Headache.

External applications are rarely beneficial. Frequent foot baths in hot water will never fail to lessen the quantity of blood in and about the head, and it is also a good plan to exercise the muscles by systematic breathing through the nose, taking in and exhaling the air in quick succession.

A Good Business Head.

Farmer's Wife—Couldn't you sell the potatoes, Hiram?

Farmer—Naw; the grocers said they wan't good fer nothin'.

Farmer's Wife—Well, I wouldn't ha' brought 'em home when you owe the editor $7 for his paper.—[Judge.

The successful man, as a rule, is the one who knows the trick of doing the right thing at the right time; and the trick is not one which comes from inspiration, but from trained habits and thought.

A man can no more be a Christian without facing evil and conquering it than he can be a soldier without going to battle, facing the cannon's mouth, and encountering the enemy in the field. —[Chapin.

Gunpowder was invented so long ago that its origin is lost in obscurity. It is, however, supposed to have originated in China some centuries before the Christian era. The making of tin plate vessels, and their use as receptacles for gunpowder, has been going on for a long time. And yet we have powder works blown up and death and devastation scattered broadcast, because a soldering iron is used to seal cans of gunpowder. It does seem that science and invention ought long since to have obviated all danger of such explosions from such a cause.

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

Royal Baking Powder

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HINTS ON READING.

It Is an Art to Glean Rapidly and Wisely the Contents of a Book.

All books need not be read carefully; indeed, it is often a waste of time to linger long over a volume whose entire thought is not essential to one's purpose. It is an art acquired only by practice to glean wisely and rapidly from a somewhat barren yet occasionally fruitful book. Many, probably most, volumes demand time and careful thought. The second reading of a good book is often of great value. The thoughts retained from the first reading are impressed more fully on the mind, and become assimilated with one's mental structure, while others of value that were unnoted before are gathered in.

If there is no time for a second reading, it is an excellent idea to read with a blue pencil in hand, and to mark those passages on which one would like to bestow further thought. In the eyes of some people, marking a book is an unpardonable sin, but the practice has many advantages. The objection that a book whose margins are interlined looks less clean and fresh than if free from markings has no weight. Of what value is a shelf full of books that have been rigidly kept free from those written comments, and look as clean as if just from the publisher, except to command a higher price, when some years hence our cherished possessions are taken to a dealer in second hand literature?

A judiciously marked book is a source of delight to the marker and his friends, and becomes tenfold more a part of the reader's thought than any other.

Read with a friend if possible; not necessarily aloud or together, but if the thoughts of two friends are directed to the same course of reading during the day, its subjects are pretty sure to be discussed and its substance more thoroughly digested and assimilated. Years after an allusion to the book or a quoted passage recalls the thought and the friend both profitably and pleasantly. Discussion always emphasizes and greatly facilitates comprehension of a written page.—[Harper's Bazar.

The African Pygmies.

The name of dwarfs, applied by some to these people, has been objected to as implying deformity or arrested growth, and therefore conveying a wrong impression. Neither of the kind can be said of the African pygmies, who, though of short stature, are well shaped people of perfectly normal formation. It is true that the Hottentots and bushmen show certain strange anatomical peculiarities; but these may be said to be more or less accidental, being, in part at least, the result of special and unfavorable conditions of life.

The pygmies are nomadic in their habits, and neither keep cattle nor till the ground, but live by hunting and snaring wild animals and birds, or, under the most unfavorable circumstances on wild fruits, roots, and berries. Their weapons are always bows and arrows, the latter usually poisoned—the resource of the weak. They have no fixed abode, and, if they build shelter at all, only construct rude huts of branches. They have no government, nor do they form regular communities. They usually wander about like our gypsies, in hordes composed of few families each. This, however, depends on the nature of the country—in the parched deserts of the south they are not even united to this extent. Sometimes they are to a certain extent dependent on more powerful tribes, who afford them protection in return for certain services. Their notions of the Unseen, when they have any, would appear to be of the very crudest. Their language seems to be distant from others, related among themselves, and very peculiar. —[Popular Science Monthly.

A Horse on the Pension Roll.

There is a horse in the United States army on the retired list, drawing a pension. It's a fact. The horse belonged to Captain Keogh, a near relative of General Custer, and is the only horse which escaped the massacre in which that general was killed. His name is Comanche, and he is stationed at Fort Riley, Kan., with the Seventh Cavalry—Custer's old regiment. His pension is sufficient to pay his transportation wherever he goes and to pay for his forage. He is cared for by a man detailed for that duty, and who does nothing else. He is saddled, bridled, and equipped and led out for inspection, yet no one sits in his saddle. He has been much sought after by enterprising showmen, but Uncle Sam says no. He will be kept as long as life lasts, and after that will probably be prepared and sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. When found Comanche was many miles away from the scene of the battle. He had seven wounds and was nearly exhausted from loss of blood.

How to Preserve the Voice.

How to preserve the voice and keep it presumably fresh is almost like asking how to keep from growing old. Some people grow faster than others because they are imprudent and do not take care of themselves. The voice should not be imposed upon, and instead of growing husky in a decade it should remain comparatively fresh for two and even four decades. Patti's voice is a fine example of one that has never been imposed upon, never been forced to sing six nights in a week and once at a matinee. A grand opera singer should sing only twice a week, perhaps three times if his or her physical condition warrants it. Singers should have plenty of sleep, good appetites, nothing to make them nervous, and, if possible, a more or less phlegmatic disposition. The latter they rarely possess to any great degree. Overwork is death to a voice. A singer will not notice at first the inroads that gradually undermine a voice and leave it an echo of its former sweetness.—[Campanini, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Elks Kill Cattle.

A ranchman living on the Satsop, Col., missed three head of cattle, and, noticing a congregation of buzzards a short distance away, proceeded to make an investigation and found all three of the animals lying dead, their bones all broken, their horns knocked off, scarcely any hair left on them, and the ground around them all torn up with elk tracks. Apparently a band of elks had come up and attacked them in an opening and hooked and butted them down and pawed and stamped them to death.

In China, it is said, all the land belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent; this is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to about 60 cents per head.

There is considerable similarity in one particular between a grasshopper and a growing boy. It is supposed that a grasshopper devours three times its own weight every fifteen days.

Catarrh
In the head
Is a constitutional
Disease, and requires
A constitutional remedy
Like Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Which purifies the blood.
Makes the weak strong,
Restores health.
Try it now.

An old cathedral is still standing about seven miles from Tuscon, Arizona, where it was erected by the first missionaries over three and a half centuries ago.

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 Colds, Coughs and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

If we had no suffering in this life nobody could understand what love meant.

Subscribe for this paper.

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 Bierz's or Thomas' drug store.

It is never hard to do the right thing. It is in deciding to do it where the tug comes in.

If You had a Friend

About to visit some section of country where malarial disease either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent was particularly rife, what would he about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along, or procure on arriving, that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malaria plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourge, and robbing it of its fell destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels, and counteracts the unfavorable effects of over-exertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.

The only way by which man can become pure is to become filled with a love for purity.

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.

When a man finds out that he needs knowledge he has his hand on the gate leading to it.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

No man ever amounts to much who hasn't got confidence enough in himself to make an effort.

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c. and $1.00 per bottle by Reber, Druggist.

The Strasburg Cathedral clock was built in 1570 by Isaad Habrecht.

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.

The really good man is the strongest man in the world

What is the Use

Of buying worthless medicines, and spending money on quack doctors whose only idea is to gull the public? Is it not better to buy reliable medicine like Sulphur Bitters? I think so, as they cured me of catarrh after suffering three years.—F. P. Clark, Manchester

When you have hard work to do, sing while you are doing it.

Great Discoverers.

What Bell and Edison are to the telephone and electricity, says the Pittsburg News, Dr. Franklin Miles, the wellknown specialist in nervous diseases, is to the nervous system and nerve fluid. Among his numerous discoveries the Restorative Nerve is undoubtedly one of the greatest. It is unsurpassed in nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, epilepsy, neuralgia, backache, melancholy, sleeplessness, change of life, etc. For trial bottles of it may be had of T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery, Druggists. All should read his "New and Startling Facts for the Afflicted," a very able, interesting, and finely illustrated book. Free to all.

You can never become contented without being thankful.

Read this paper.

As our reporter came along Water Street last night, shivering with the chill night air, and drawing his overcoat tightly about him, he thought, "now is the time for coughs and colds," but if poor mortals only knew what a certain cure Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is, how few would long suffer, and then it costs only twenty-five cents.—Sandusky, (Ohio) Register.

Farmers will find that Salvation Oil is a sure remedy for frosted feet. All dealers keep it.

Good mentions the case of a gentleman who, in his sleep, composed an ode of six stanzas and set it to music.

Instead of "putting off the old man" some people try to dress him up and make him look nice.

People who are always too poor to take a good newspaper, never have any trouble in raising money to go to a circus.