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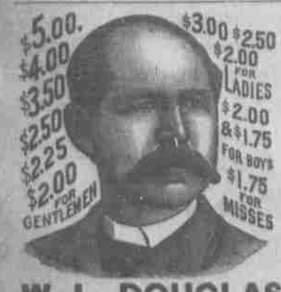

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Arrangement of Passenger Trains.
IN EFFECT Feb. 16TH, 1891.
LEAVE LEHIGHTON
For Newark and New York 5.22, 7.30, 9.37, 5.00 11.12 a.m.; 3.06, 5.29 & 8.01 p.m.
For Manunka Chunk and Belvidere 5.22, 7.30, 9.00, a.m.; 12.42 p.m.
For Lambertville and Trenton 5.22 9.00 and 11.12 a.m.; and 12.42 p.m.
For Slatington, Catasauqua, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Easton, 5.22, 7.07, 7.30, 9.00, 9.37, 11.12 a.m.; 12.42, 3.06, 5.29 and 8.01 p.m.
For Philadelphia and points south 5.22, 7.07, 7.30, 9.00 and 11.12 a.m.; 3.06, 5.29 and 8.01 p.m.
For Reading and Harrisburg 7.30, and 11.12a. m. 3.06, 5.29 and 8.01 p.m.
For Bowmans, Lehigh Gap, Cherryford, Lizzie's, White Hall, Copley, and Hokendauqua 5.22, 7.07, 9.00 & 37 & 11.12 a.m.; 12.42, and 5.29 p.m.
For Mauch Chunk 6.32, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 1.23, 3.15, 5.25, 7.23, 8.16 and 9.38 p.m.
For Weatherly and Hazleton 6.32, 7.43 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 3.15, 5.25, 7.23, 10.28 p.m.
For Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Ashland 6.32, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 3.15, 5.25 & 7.23 p.m.
For Mt. Carmel and Shamokin 6.32, 7.43 and 11.48 a.m.; 5.25 p.m.
For Pottsville 6.32, 7.30, 7.43, 9.36 11.12 and 11.48 a.m., 12.42, 3.06, 3.15, and 7.23, 8.01 p.m.
For White Haven, Wilkesbarre and Scranton 6.32, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 3.15, 5.25, 7.23 and 10.28 p.m.
For Pittston and L. & B. Junct., 6.32, 7.43, 9.36, and 11.48 a.m.; 5.25 and 10.28 p.m.
For Tunkhannock 11.48 a. m.; 5.25 7.23 and 10.28 p.m.
For Owego, Auburn, Ithaca and Geneva 11.48 a.m.; 10.28 p.m.
For Lacoyville, Towanda, Sayre, Waverly, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, N'agara Falls and the West 11.48 a.m.; and 7.23 and 10.28 p.m.
SUNDAY TRAINS.
For New York 4.11, 5.42 and 10.07 a.m.; 5.29 p.m
For Philadelphia 4.11, 5.42 a. m.; 2.52 and 5.29 p. m.
For Easton and Intermediate Stations 4.11, 5.42, 8.02, 10.07 a.m.; 12.22, 2.35, 5.29 and 8.34 p. m
For Mauch Chunk 5.14, 6.54, 10.25 a.m.; 12.35, 3.15, 5.13 and 9.36 p.m.
For Reading at 5.42 a. m., and 2.52 p. m.
For Hazleton 9.56 a.m.; 12.35, 3.15 & 10.28 p.m.
For Mahanoy City and Shenandoah 10.28 and 3.15 p.m.
For Pottsville at 3.52 p. m.
For White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Sayre, Ithaca, Geneva, Auburn, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 10.28 p.m.
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RAINBOW LAND.

From the valley of morn, where teardrops hung,
The glittering bow of promise sprung,
So near it was plain to the dullest sight,
So distant no hand could reach it quite;
And over the hills and far away
It stretched where the heights untrodden lay;
But Fancy, truer of eye than Truth,
Could see Rainbow Land from the plains of youth.
There was gold uncounted in that fair land,
There were shining laurels and honors grand,
There was love undying, and friendship true,
Over the mountains bright and blue.

But rough and hard was the upward climb
On the treacherous slope of the hills of time,
The laurels we saw from the plain below
We missed ere we reached the line of snow,
And the gold for which we greedily wrought,
If we found at all, it was dearly bought.

Few are the eyes that are blest to find
The road to the land where all are blind,
Where the happiest one is he who lives
Alike for the happiness he gives,
And the only poor is the wretch whose alms
Go begging in vain for needy palms,
God set its bounds by His realm above—
For Rainbow Land is the land of love.
—[James Jeffrey Roche, in Boston Pilot.

ZOURI'S VALENTINE.

It was the Thirteenth of February. The sun had come out and made things look very bright and happy, and in the Southern country its light was so warm and pleasant that three little girls had come out among the grass and trees to write their valentines. These girls were Seth Granberry's three little States, as they were called.

The two Granberry brothers, Seth and Josiah, were farmers, and their large farms joined. The brothers were twins.

They were married on the same day. There had been a sort of agreement between them, that whenever a baby girl came to the household of either, she should be given the name of a State in the Union.

So it came about that, when some years had gone by, there were six little States, three in each family. The boys did not count in this Union, for it would not do to call a boy Texas or Mississippi.

Then came the time when Seth and Josiah ceased to be twins in spirit, for they had a serious quarrel about the planting of a division stake, and the ownership of three or four feet of land. Seth, the more self willed of the two, had planted the stake where he pleased, and Joe had submitted; but from that day the brothers had not spoken to each other, and the six little States, who loved each other, had been separated.

Seth's Zouri—whose real name was Missouri—had just declared that she should send a valentine to Uncle Joe.

"I met him down at the branch the other day," she said, "and he talked to me real nice. I felt sorry for him, because he said that Tennessee could never go without crutches any more."

Lous'any and Georgia said they were quite sure that Zouri would be whipped if she did not keep away from Uncle Joe's folks and stop sending valentines there. But Zouri was the youngest of the three, and not old enough to be very cautious; besides, she had a little curly red head and her father's own wilful spirit.

She went on, painfully writing the words of her valentine:

"Dear Unker Joe, I luv you I wish you wud cum over an set on the uther side of the chimly like you use to. Pa won't let enybody set there now. Im sorry Tenny has to go on cruches. from your loving valentine."

"'Taint right, Zouri," Lous'any said, "Pa'll punish you for it."

"Besides, who'll take it over to Uncle Joe?" asked Georgia.

"I will," said Zouri, and she shook back her red curls and picked up her sunbonnet from the grass. "'Taint any use to bother me about it, 'cause I'm going to send it, and I don't care."

Zouri was so young—scarcely 8 years old—and so much accustomed to being petted that such opposition as this hurt her feelings deeply. But it did not shake her resolution.

She had written the valentine that she had meant from the beginning to write. She left Georgia and Louisiana now, and ran, pattering her bare feet over the grass, to the fence that separated the yard from the roadway.

"She's gone to the fields, where pa is," Georgia said, as she watched Zouri disappear down the roadway.

"Yes, and what's more," Louisiana answered, "she'll make pa say she can up and do anything she wants to."

They were right in guessing that Zouri had gone to find her father. She knew that he was somewhere in the fields, looking about his farm and planning the spring sowing.

Every few moments her voice rang out in a loud call: "Poppy, where are you?"

At last, from a distance, she heard the answer: "Halloo! Zouri, is that you?" I'm down in the potato field!"

When she reached him he placed her on the highest rail of the fence while he stood beside her and listened. There had always been a strong bond of sympathy between him and this little girl; perhaps because she was "a chip of the old block."

"What's the matter with Poppy's little gal?" he asked.

"It's Lous'any and Georgia; they've been bothering me."

Zouri's cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright, and it seemed as if her hair took on a more defiant curl than usual.

Seth looked at her for a moment. Then he took her sunbonnet from her hand and placed it on her head.

"What have they been bothering you about, honey?"

Zouri quietly took the sunbonnet off as she answered: "Because I said I was going to do something you didn't want me to. But I just have to do it, Poppy! It would make me feel so bad if I didn't."

Seth's face looked grave. It was a puzzle to him, sometimes, to know how to deal with Zouri.

"Well, honey," he said soberly, "did you come 'way out here to get me to let you do a thing after I had told you you couldn't?"

"No, Poppy," she said, "I just come to get you to make Georgia and Louisiana let me alone and stop being mean to me."

"Zouri, is it anything bad you want to do?"

"No, it ain't!"

"What is it, honey?"

"I can't tell yet; it's a secret."

"Will you tell Poppy some time?"

"Yes, if you ain't mean to me like Lous'any and Georgia."

He was silent. She slipped from the fence and took his hand, and they started together across the fields toward home.

"Zouri, put on your sunbonnet; you'll catch cold."

Zouri obeyed. "Poppy," she said, "what did you and Uncle Joe get angry about? Did he treat you mean when you wanted to do anything?"

Seth started. Joe had been in his mind more than once that day, because it was the anniversary of the planting of the stake, and Seth had stood for half an hour by the side of the stake, recalling the circumstances connected with it.

"No, Zouri; Joe wasn't exackly mean to me. I reckon he was better'n I was, when it comes to that."

"Then I ain't going to be mad with him," she answered, and the sunbonnet came off again. "Anyhow, Tennessee's got to go on crutches all her life, an' I'm sorry." For once, Zouri was almost crying.

"Is that a fact, Zouri? Little Tenny on crutches—all her life, too! What if it was you, Zouri?"

There was no answer, and they walked home the rest of the way in silence.

St. Valentine's Day was clear and beautiful. There was peace between Seth's little States.

Soon after dinner, without a word to any one, Zouri put on a clean dress, and hanging her sunbonnet on her arm, started away on her mission.

Seth had been watching her all day. He saw her start from home, but he said nothing.

She reached the point where the road crossed the head of the old mill pond. She knew that Uncle Joe's was not far beyond. But Zouri had never been very brave about crossing the pond; there was only a narrow plankway across, and it seemed so near the water, and so many fishes and noisy frogs and other queer creatures lived right under this plank, and the water looked so quiet and dark.

When Zouri reached this point in her journey, she stopped a moment a little frightened and was almost ready to turn back and go home. But she did not do this. She began to sing, and as she sang she ran lightly across the plank.

Zouri was on Uncle Joe's farm now, and hoped to find him in some field not far away. As she went along the roadway, looking to the right and left, she saw, on a little rise of land, the figure of a man. He was standing between her and the sinking sun, and a warm, soft light shone over his face.

"Uncle Joe! Oh, Uncle Joe!" she called.

"Land sakes! If that ain't Seth's little Zouri," he muttered as he started toward her.

"No, don't come yet," she called again. "I ain't ready."

He stopped, and stood waiting.

"What on the earth brought Zouri over here? I'll bet Seth don't know it! That child's just the apple of Seth's eye. Well, if she can get around him, there's something in her."

"Uncle Joe, are you listening?"

"Yes, honey—talk on."

"Well, I've put it in that old hollow tree down here. When I'm gone, you go and get it. Good by, Uncle Joe!"

"Good by, Zouri! Can't you wait a bit?"

He watched her sunny little figure, the clean, fresh dress, and dangling sunbonnet, and the soft, dancing curls as she flew along toward home again.

"Well, I reckon I'll have to see what it is," he said.

He walked slowly to the edge of the field, vaulted over the rail fence, and crossed the road to where the old hollow tree stood. He stooped and put his hand within, and then drew it out with a shamefaced air.

"Just one of Zouri's jokes, I reckon. She'll think I'm an old fool to come down here at all."

Then he leaned against the tree with one hand resting on its trunk. "Just four years ago yesterday since Seth and I stopped speaking, and this is the first time one of his family's been on my land, to my knowing. Not another one of 'em would dare to come but Zouri."

He shuffled around again to the hollow. "I reckon I'll try once more," he said.

This time he dropped upon his knees, put his arm far into the opening, and felt carefully around. He found it, all crumpled and not very clean. Then he slowly opened and read it—the little scrawl that had cost Zouri so much to write.

It was like a message from Seth, and all the old time love for his brother came into Joe's heart as he read Zouri's valentine.

"I'm sorry Tenny has to go on crutches." Here was the great sorrow of Joe's life, for Tenny was to him what Zouri was to Seth, and all her young strength had gone, and left her a patient, suffering little cripple.

So he stood there and wept over Zouri's tender words. "God bless her for sending it," he murmured.

As he stood there he heard her calling from far down the road:

"Uncle Joe! Oh, Uncle Joe!"

He turned round and saw Zouri running toward him, somewhat pale and frightened. He stooped and held open his arms, and she rushed into them. Then he kissed her silently.

"I was afraid to cross the plank at the pond," she said.

"Never mind, Zouri," he said, "I'll take you over the pond."

He held her gently in his arms and carried her as easily as if she had been a baby.

"Did you get it, Uncle Joe?" she whispered.

"Yes, honey, it was the best little letter that ever I had. How'd you happen to send it, Zouri?"

"'Cause I wanted to, after you told me about Tenny; and I ain't angry with you any more, Uncle Joe! I told Poppy so, too."

"I'm very glad, Zouri. We'll be good friends now, won't we, honey?"

The day was drawing to a beautiful close. All along by the side of the water and in the woods and fields the sounds of night could be heard, as the shadows of twilight grew longer, and the last rosy light of the day melted into darkness.

Zouri slipped from Uncle Joe's arms to the ground after they had safely passed the pond, but she held his hand, and he saw that he must take her home, or at least within sight of the house.

"Zouri," he asked, "did your father know you were going to bring me that valentine?"

"No; I wouldn't tell him what it was. He knew I was going to do something he didn't want me to; but Georgia and Lous'any knew, and they told me I'd be whipped for it. But I won't!"

They were drawing near home now. The lighted candles and lamps shone with a cheerful light in the darkness.

"I'll leave you at the big gate, Zouri. You won't be afraid, then, I reckon."

Zouri did not answer, and Joe felt a pain at his heart as the thought came that, after all, the child did not care whether he went farther or not.

"Here he comes!" she cried suddenly. "He's hunting for me, I reckon. Now he'll make you come in and sit on the other side of the chimly!"

Yes, there was Seth coming along the road to meet them. Joe pressed Zouri's hand tightly in his, and was silent.

Seth called out in the darkness: "Zouri, is that you?"

"Yes, Poppy, I and Uncle Joe. He brought me home."

Seth stopped an instant, and then came nearer.

"Is it you, Joe?"

"Yes, Seth; me an' Zouri." Joe felt the need of companionship just then.

"Shake hands with Uncle Joe, Poppy! He's comin' in to sit in that chair across the chimly from you. I asked him to!"

Seth held out his hand, and said: "Come on, Joe, that chair's been empty these four years. I reckon you'd better come in and use it to-night. Zouri's got better sense than her father."

"I told him 'bout Tenny, Uncle Joe, an' he's sorry, too," said Zouri.

Seth laid one hand on Joe's shoulder, while with the other he led little Zouri toward the house. Both arm chairs were filled that evening, and a little curly headed girl sat first on the knees that occupied one chair, and then on those which occupied the other, until at last she fell asleep in Uncle Joe's arms, and was carried to bed with his kiss and blessing resting on her forehead.

"There ain't many like her, Seth," he said. "You ought to be mighty thankful you've got Zouri. I'd lay down and die this minute if I could see my Tenny strong and hearty like her."

Then there was a pause.

"Did you suspect what she was up to, Seth?"

"I wasn't right certain but it had something to do with you or Tenny. But Zouri's queer, and when she sets out to do a thing there's no stopping her. So I generally keep still and wait [illegible] before I say [illegible]."

"Did you ever know anybody else like that, Seth?"

Then there was a laugh—a laugh brought back from the past years of love and brotherly kindness, and it was full of promise for the years to come.

In a few days there was a reunion at Seth's home of the six little States.

They were all there, Missouri heading the list. Next to her was little Tennessee, with her crutches; then Lous'any, Georgia, Florida, and Virginia.

I do not know if other States have been added to this Union since, but I do know that Zouri's valentine brought back a peace that has been abiding.—[Helen F. Kendrick.

Rain and Explosions.

Under the direction of the forestry division of the Department of Agriculture, experiments to produce rainfall by the explosion of dynamite are to be made. The theory that rain may be produced by explosives is based largely on the fact that nearly all the great battles of this century have been followed quite shortly by rain.

During the siege of Valenciennes, in 1793, the weather, which had been hot and dry, became violently rainy after the cannonading commenced.

At the battle of Dresden, in 1813, the weather, which had been serene and very warm, suddenly changed. Vast clouds filled the sky, and soon a torrent of rain fell.

At Waterloo, according to one authority, the weather during the morning of June 17, 1815, had been oppressively warm. The atmosphere was close, and a dark heavy cloud hung over the combatants. Brigade guns began firing. The concussion seemed to rebound through the still atmosphere, and to communicate like an electric spark with the heavily charged clouds above. A violent thunder clap burst forth, which was followed by a great downpour of rain.

One of the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad states that he was compelled to do a great deal of blasting through a part of the country where rain had never been known to fall in considerable quantities, and where it has never rained since. But during the period of the blasting, nearly a year, it rained every day.

Humboldt states that the eruption of a South American volcano in a dry season sometimes changes it to a rainy season.

It is believed, also, that in very warm, calm weather the burning of wood and long grass produces rain. Extensive fires in Nova Scotia are generally followed by floods of rain.

Whether rain can be artificially produced without expense too great to make the enterprise worth while, and without dependence on a favorable condition of the atmosphere, are questions which the experimenters have yet to decide.

The art galleries of London have been thrown open to the public on Sundays.

Archdeacon Colley, preaching on Satan recently at St. James's church, Marylebone, London, replying to an imaginary remonstrance from those who believe in giving the devil his due, exclaimed: "Ah, my friends, if we gave the devil his due many of us would be missing." The awkwardness of the use of "us" in such a case occurred to him afterward, and he seemed seriously embarrassed, while the congregation smiled.

A statistician has estimated that courtships average three tons of coal each.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ALONE.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubt and fears,
And the dark nights have rained to lonely tears,
Since she went home.
—[Robert J. Burdette.

TRIBUTE TO TRAIN ROBBERS.

Bill Nye Sounds Praises of the Younger Brothers.

After the Rock Island train robbery the Youngers and Jameses scattered to avoid detection. Each took a peach basket full of gold watches, so that he would know what time it was, and started off in four different directions. Curiously enough, four of them came together, viz., Cole, Jim, and John Younger and Moore.

The four outlaws had halted in a thick grove of trees to rest their horses, swap watches, and pray, when late in the afternoon two deputy sheriffs and a constable who were looking for the train robbers suddenly came upon them. In an instant Cole Younger took in the situation, and revolvers were drawn and levelled on the officers, says the narrator, while with terrible threats and oaths, indicating that if they did not hold their hands as high as possible they would, almost, at once, look like the zodiac man in the front of the almanac, they were halted.

"Where are you going?" asked Coleman Younger in a rich Union Depot voice.

"We are hunting for the Youngers, who robbed the train on the Rock Island Road," said the deputy, who had once impanelled a jury, but aside from that had never mixed much with carnage.

"You were!" exclaimed Coleman Younger. "Well, d——n you, pray!"

He was almost morbid on the subject of prayer, Coleman Younger. He did much harm, I think, by suggesting it at the most inopportune times, and showed great intolerance that way.

"What do you mean?" asked the trembling wretch.

"I mean that you have just 10 minutes by our large and choice assortment of watches to get ready for the other world, and I don't want to send any man to the other world unprepared."

He was always that way. He did not want to see a deputy sheriff die in a crude state. Ten minutes soon passed, and then the men were blindfolded. They were not far from the steep bluffs of the Missouri, some of which were 300 feet high. The three men, with their eyes bandaged, were taken to a cliff and swung over it [illegible] their hands. Below was a perpendicular wall.

"Hold on as long as you can," said the eccentric robber, "and when you fall that will be the end of you."

With that the helpless men were left, and above the tumultuous beating of their own hearts they heard the clatter of pitesting hoofs. You can dimly imagine the horrors of such a situation. The cold, glittering stars looked down upon them, but they saw them not. With bandaged eyes and sinking hearts they clung to the verge of life until their nerveless fingers one after another relaxed and with a deep moan they fell to the bottom, a distance of nearly four feet!—[New York World.

The Highest Navigable Lake in the World.

Education is not all, says a New York *Sun* correspondent, that Chautauquans brag about when they speak of their summer school. They are sure to tell you that the lake, on the banks of which they gather, is the highest navigable and navigated body of water on the globe, and that it is swept by winds pure and fresh as those of the more northerly Adirondacks. Chautauqua Lake is in the extreme western corner of New York State. It is 1,300 feet above sea level. It is only eight miles from Lake Erie, but 726 feet above it. An interesting geographical point you are sure to hear is that Lake Chautauqua, although so near Lake Erie, sends its waters southward through Conewango Creek, and eventually reaches the water in the Gulf of Mexico through the Mississippi River.

As a fact, Lake Chautauqua is not particularly pretty as a lake. Its slopes are flat and monotonic and the country round has been largely stripped of trees. Nevertheless, it is getting every season more of a resort. There are half a dozen growing summering places around it. The black bass and muskalonge fishing is remarkable, and the country is full of vineyards, and netted with fine roads for driving. Jamestown is the nearest city of size. It is on the outlet, three miles below the lake, and two lines of steamers have numerous boats plying daily between these places, stopping at intermediate resorts.

Adjustable Bridges for Fire Hose.

The "jumpers" used by the ordinary street cars during the progress of a fire are of no use to the cable car, since there is no way of enabling the grip to jump the hose. Consequently long lines of cable cars are often delayed for hours during a fire on account of the obstructing hose. To obviate all difficulty an adjustable hose bridge has been invented, which supports the hose above the cars, leaving the track unobstructed.

The apparatus consists of a simple trough or cradle made of gas pipe, which carries the hose, and which is supported on four gas pipe legs with adjustable extensions for use on uneven ground. The apparatus is so constructed that it may be folded to occupy a space of 12 inches square by 12 feet long, and can easily be accommodated under the car seats or on a fire truck. Tests made in San Francisco prove the great practical efficiency of this apparatus.

Chief of Police Marsh, of Chicago, is a great believer in plenty of light at night as a preventive of crime.

A Chinaman who died recently at Portland, Ore., left property valued at $300,000.

Every tissue of the body, every bone, muscle and organ, is made stronger and more healthful by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The average girl is not afraid of danger, and the reports of exploding soda water fountains and poisonous ice cream do not interrupt the delightful placidity of her appetite.

The doctors are doing their best to convince the public that ice water is dangerous. Perhaps it is, but then, so are whiskey, and toy pistols, and matrimony, and lots of things.

Hungry Higgins—"Nothin," "cept work."

In times of financial panic, even words fail.

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.

"So you are married, old fellow?"

"Yes."

"Who was the best man at the wedding?"

"She was."

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.

The language of the deaf mute goes without saying.

An electric spark—making love by telegraph.

The blacksmith welds iron with sealing whacks.

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.

A friend indeed—The old fashioned Quaker.

Everyone who goes up the Pike's Peak Railway travels in cog.

Woman—"Can't you find anything to do?"

Did they write Hog Latin with a pig pen?

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrent, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 26 lbs. in weight.

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at REBER'S Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

The shoe dealer will do work which is beneath other people.

[illegible] to dispose of the surplus.

There is music in the air when the bill comes in for an accordion skirt.

A domestic tyrant—General Housework.

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 cup that cheers not inebriates—Hiccough.

The absense of soft water is no excuse for drinking hard.

Is the man who is always on the fence opposed to barbed wire?

In spite of their proverbial slowness, telegraph messengers go about with a good deal of dispatch.

Two Years Ago!

I was a sight to behold and was unable to enjoy life at all. Now I am the picture of health and can eat anything. What did it? Sulphur Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, after suffering two years. —W. H. Bowman, Manchester, N. H.

Hard to beat—Your way.

Manual labor—Compiling a text book.

Ringing words—"Will you marry me?"

Truth is mighty, but she is ignominiously worsted when she encounters a fishing excursion.

The Worlds Fair.

The excitement caused by this great event is scarcely equalled by that produced by the great discovery of Dr. Miles—the Restorative Nervine. It speedily cures nervous prostration, change of life, pain, dullness and confusion in head, fits, sleeplessness, the blues, neuralgia, palpitation, monthly pains, etc. C. W. Snow & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., Talbott and Moss, of Greensburg, Ind., and A. W. Blackburn, of Wooster, O., say that "The Nervine sells better than anything we ever sold, and gives universal satisfaction." Dr. Miles' new illustrated treatise on the Nerves and Heart and trial bottle free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery, Drug Store.

It is a little singular, to say the least, that after a man has been painting the town red he usually feels blue.

The prohibitionists are out gunning for those proprhts who promised a dry summer. Thus far every state has gone "wet."

The bad small boy, when his mother calls, is like the echo. He answers, but he doesn't come.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing K