

The Carbon Democrat.

\$1.00 a Year in Advance.

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Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., May 30 1891.

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Fine Soaps, Brushes, &c., &c.,
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LEHIGHTON.
Hose and Rubber Cloth!
The "American Round,"
The "Anthony Wayne,"
and "The Miller" Washers.
Any kind FROM THE CHEAPEST TO THE BEST!

WALL PAPER,

Decorations, Picture Rods,
Cove Window Shades,
Spring Rollers, Fringes,
Carpet Lining.

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Blank Books, Envelopes, Games,
Blocks, Fancy Cards, Etc., etc.,
PAINTS, Oils, Glass,
Putty, Brushes,
Colors, Artist's Materials.

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Seasonable Articles,
as such we name:

King Philip Gunner,
A good and cheap Phosphate!

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A very good Fertilizer.

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The very best general Fertilizer

Planet and B Fertilizer,
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He says, "It Kills Bugs!" and it does!

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kills mildew on Roses, Gooseberries and Grapes.

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SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREAT German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK

Once upon a time, somewhere in Somebody's garden, there grew a Morning Glory vine. Nobody knew how it came there, for no one had planted it, but it was a pretty little thing, with green hearts for leaves and cunning little pale green curls here and there upon its curly stem.

THE MORNING GLORY.

She wanted to get up off of the ground where she had been all of her short life, so she crept slowly along to find something to take hold of, that she might climb high up into the bright sunlight.

There was an old man who used to take care of Somebody's garden, and he saw this plant growing there and groping about for a support, so he fastened a string from a peg stuck into the ground up to Somebody's window sill, and thus he quite forgot all about it.

The next morning the Morning Glory felt more cheerful, and she started upon her search again. She had not far to go this time, because the kind old man had fastened the peg very near to where she lay; so she reached about with caution to avoid another stone, and took hold of the string.

The poor, nightless little thing did not know that the old man had put it there for her, but somehow she felt that it would lead her where she so wished to go—up toward the beautiful sky and the great golden sun.

So she climbed along the string, slowly at first, then faster each day as she began to know the way, until, like Jack's beanstalk, she had reached the window sill.

Now Somebody, the person who owned the garden, was ill; so all that he had to stay always in his room with an ugly black bandage over his eyes, and the doctors feared that he might never see again.

He was very unhappy, and was often—oh, so very—cross; and the servants quite feared him when he spoke to them in a hard and authoritative voice.

He had no relatives, and he lived quite alone in his great house, with many people to wait upon him and with ever so much money to buy things to make him happy. But the things that one buys do not always make one happy, and he was terribly wretched in his big, fine house.

One morning he groped his way to the open window and put his hand upon the side of the frame, and he felt a little, sharp nail. Now, if it had been gentle, the nail would not have hurt him, for it was harmless little thing; but he made a rough, impatient movement, and it caught his finger and bruised it a little.

This made Somebody very angry, and he said some very unpleasant things about the person who had been gentle outside his window, and he felt about very cautiously this time, to find the nail once more, that he might tear it out.

So he moved his hand slowly along upon the sill, and the Morning Glory was reaching her hand and had been gentle the same time, and their two hands met.

One did not look at the other hand, but it was one just the same, and the little green hand grasped the great white one and they seemed to know and to understand each other at once, for the little green hand said to the large white one very tenderly: "Oh! so you are blind, too! I am so sorry!"

The great hand did not try to find the nail after that; it just touched the Morning Glory with a soft caress and two great drops fell upon her leaves. They felt strangely and not at all like the cool rain drops which sometimes watered the Morning Glory, and something told her that these drops were tears.

Now, after this, these two—Somebody and the Morning Glory—went to love each other very dearly, and each day they would feel about for one another, and the dainty Morning Glory would nestle against his bearded cheek and Somebody would pet her and stroke her leaves very gently.

And the cheerful helpfulness of the little green plant helped Somebody to be a little bit hopeful, too. You see it was kind for him, for he had not always been blind, while she had never seen, and his blindness is that now she hardly minded it at all.

One morning the Morning Glory brought her friend a surprise. She had kept it a secret all the while, and now she suddenly put a great, beautiful pink flower into his hand. He could not see that it was pink, but he felt that it was lovely, and he kissed the pretty flower and murmured, "You little beauty! that made the Morning Glory very happy, for all mothers dearly love to have their babies admired, you know."

And the next morning Somebody had a surprise for the Morning Glory. It was a secret, too. No one knew it yet.

AFTER THE SNOW AND HURD.

What if we all lay down below—
With snow and frost and cold and dead
With all our soul and abandoned white
As clouds that cross the moon at night?

THE STRANGER'S FIELD.

A stranger traveling in Africa
About without much fear of punishment
A great armed body like the Soudan
Expedition will be obliged to fight
At all for a weapon of any kind in Africa.

There are some things that military
travelers can find out about Africa
which a large expedition will never
learn. I observed one custom that I
never saw mentioned in any traveler's
accounts. I noticed that every village
had set apart a field for the use of
strangers. The chief with the iron
club cultivated this field and stored
away the product in the upper left
hand corner. No man of the tribe was
permitted to touch of the food thus
stored. The king's wife had her share
of it, and made her living out of it,
but all over and above the amount
actually consumed must be set apart
and preserved. This field is known as
the "Stranger's" field.

Whenever a stranger comes to the
village he makes known his intent to the
king, and he is immediately relieved.
The king, but in the village is set apart
for him, in one of the food of the
stranger's field, and the best wife of the
king prepares the food for him with her
own hands. He remains a week or so
and then he is immediately relieved.
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Every citizen of the world, growing
wiser each year, believes that the flight
of time should have no influence upon
the heart, should not destroy vigor of
health, and freshness of feeling, and
should not mark a man as "old" simply
by a standard of years. In spite of the
rubbish and excitement caused by modern
civilization, there are many remarkable
examples of active longevity. Old
men of 84 years are seen taking tours
in Europe. One old gentleman over
80 has just started for Algiers to enjoy
the good skating of that region. Five
people over 70 were found in a party
of 23 upon an excursion to the
Xenocite. Old people like Mr. Gladstone,
Dr. Holmes, and Mr. Whitier,
and others, both in this country and
in Europe are increasing the tendency
among people of to-day to believe that
old age is not a matter of years.

Our sanitary improvements, and the
dissemination of ideas of hygiene have
not only added to the average length of
life, but have made those additional years
a period of enjoyment and of value to
the community. According to the latest
statistics of Mr. Gladstone, it is possible
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equally well in old age as in youth. Now
the true test of old age is not the number
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[Marie Moore March.]

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Five Women Have Treatment for Corns
on Their Feet to One Man.

"Probably not one young man in a hundred, when he dreams of his lady love, ever thinks of her as having corns," said a young chronicler the other day to a New York Herald reporter, as he deftly finished some professional attention to the reporter's little toe and gently murmured, "that will be 50 cents, please."

At the same time, he continued the bedouin, "it is a fact that we have five women who come here to have their tootsies wootsies attended to where we have one man who needs our services. I have seen young girls with angel faces come in here for corns on their feet for months. Their complexions are perfect, and among them are some of the loveliest young girls I ever saw."

"You would seem to be almost a profusion to imagine for an instant that such lovely creatures should have corns. Yet the feet of some of these young women are enough to make Venus de Milo turn over in her grave. The poor little toes are pressed together and oftentimes distorted out of shape, and by the time I have finished my work they have wound strips of plaster about them, besides putting little wads of circular pieces of cotton batting between my lady's toes, they present a most horrible appearance."

"It would be impossible to get a girl to walk along a beach in summer in such a plight, and it is no wonder the dear creature wears stockings when they bathe in public."

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She was the favorite of a few years ago in St. Louis, and the question is no longer asked, "Whoever heard of a negro killing himself?" Perhaps, in the purely animal state, no one ever did, but as the negro in his free state has mingled with the white man he has acquired many of his vices, but his passions, fears, and prejudices as well. —[Globe Democrat.]

Mr. Banker, of Boston (to her brother, Alkali, who is visiting her):
The letter is very slow. Perhaps you had better tip him a bribe. Alkali'll like (after standing the waiter on his head):
That! What that do, Julia? I kin sling him plumb into the kitchen just as well as not, if you think it will hurry him any. —[Missy's Weekly.]

They talk of compelling the Michigan
trip to work. America is fast coming
to be a free country. —[Boston Post.]

Professor MacAlister, with his salary
of \$10,000 a year, is the best paid teacher
in the United States.

The emperor of Austria, who suffers
much from rheumatism, has a lady doctor
in attendance.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

The Various Ways of Choosing a Partner.

The lover who proposes marriage to his sweetheart has, in fact, chosen one of the most interesting experiences of his life-time, says the Chicago Herald. To conduct the negotiations through the kindness of the postman makes popping the question a very tame and prosy affair. It is to be done, however, in a more dignified and should never be employed except in cases where it can not be avoided. The ideal lover does not propose by letter. He is too brave to shut himself in a room and thro, with the assistance of his ink, ask the question of one's love for the first, last, and only time! But it may not be for the last time. Ay, there's the rub. The fair one may shake her head aside instead of nodding assent. Then the lover will wish he had proposed by letter and the answer had never reached him. But it will be too late then. There will be nothing for him to do but to arise, brush the knees of his trousers, and go out in the cold, heartless world to die. No, not to die, but to find another sweetheart and repeat the proposal business with the hope that it will result more happily. Women are such strange creatures that poor men, when fate or fashion has decreed must do the proposing, never know how to take them. Just when most think they know them best they misjudge them the more, and are likely to be made painfully aware of the fact that they have been—
—[The Herald.]

Why Men So Heartless?

They fall in love and marry and sigh
And worship us after.
But when they strive to tell the tale
They state the facts and sigh:
"We believe in a man, you know;
One not afraid to speak;
And here I thought a truth appeared!
Upon the maiden's cheek,
Then to myself I said:
This maiden's heart belongs to me!"

And out I spoke: "O, lady fair,
My life, my love art thine;
And since I hold thee so,
Pray wilt thou not be mine?"

"No, sir," said she, with wondrous stare:
"I scarce have remaining some one here!"

It is safe to assert that with most men
popping the question is a serious affair,
not to be performed without more or
less of nervous perturbation. Most
readers will doubt if such incidents as
the following, which are occasionally
referred to, are really true, or if they
happen: Smith—Well, but if you can't
bear her whatever mad you propose?
Jones—Well, we had danced three times
and I couldn't think of anything else to
say.

There is one peculiarly about proposing.
The man who is going to undertake
it can not prepare for the ordeal in
advance, for if he does it will be labor
thrown away. It is generally believed
that no lover ever succeeded in delivering
the speech he had prepared for the
occasion, and that this country happens
to be a peculiarly so. When the moment
arrives for the lover to speak his little
piece it flies itself away and leaves him
to blunder through the ordeal as best he
can. We Americans, who are noted for
the least and bravest of which we do
everything, are said to propose with less
to do than other people do. "Let's con-
solidate," is reported to be a popular
form of proposal now in vogue, but the
negotiations necessary for completing
the contract are not always so brief. Now
the greatest kindness I can do my many
readers is to urge them to try it. Free
trial bottles at Dr. Thomas' Drug Store. Reg-
ular size 50c and \$1.00.

The "Little duck" of courtship days becomes the "old goose" of married life.

Frank suggests that a wife is called a
help-mate because of the help she gives
her daughters to mate.

Buckden's Arden Sale.

The BEST Sale in the world for hats, brushes,
combs, razors, cut-throat razors, safety
razors, and all other goods, and all
articles, and positively over 100,000
articles, is guaranteed to give perfect satis-
faction, or money refunded. Free catalogue
sent on request. Write to Buckden's
—[For sale by B. H. H. H.]

The man who said "All's fair in love
and war" is undoubtedly the man who
got the best of it in both cases.

There's something about a pretty
woman that me cannot admire. Of
course we refer to the other fellows.

No matter what disease you may
have, be sure that the medicine you
take is reliable. Such a medicine you
will always find in Dr. King's New
Discovery. They are not a cheap run
drug, but are made of the choicest roots
and herbs to be found in the vegetable
kingdom. —Daily Argus.

The difference between repaite and
insolence is the size of the man who
says it.

"Late," said an Irishman to a de-
parting guest, "it isn't late till
midnight, and that's early."

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you conscientiously
not what you want to hear is prescribing
King's New Discovery. It is the most
reliable medicine for coughs and colds
and is guaranteed to give perfect satis-
faction, or money refunded. Free catalogue
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It is more blessed to give than to
receive. This applies especially to medi-
cines.

A man never fully realizes the
wealth of information he doesn't
possess till his first child begins to ask
questions.

A pretty girl will submit four out of
every five she sees, but it is always
the fifth she wants.

Remarkable Facts.

Heart disease is usually supposed to
be incurable, but when properly treat-
ed a large proportion of cases can be
cured. Thus Mrs. Minnie Hatch of
Elkhart, Ind., and Mrs. Mary E. Baker
of Oley, Mich., were cured after suffer-
ing 20 years. Dr. C. E. Linsbarger, druggist
at San Jose, Ill., says that Dr. Miles'
New Heart Cure, which cured the
former, "rescued wanderers for his wife."
L. L. Linsbarger, druggist at
Lansing, Mich., who had heart disease for
20 years, says two bottles made him feel like a new man.
Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold and
sent by Dr. J. C. Watson, Lehighton and
Dr. J. C. Watson.

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About without much fear of punishment
A great armed body like the Soudan
Expedition will be obliged to fight
At all for a weapon of any kind in Africa.

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in Europe. One old gentleman over
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the good skating of that region. Five
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Xenocite. Old people like Mr. Gladstone,
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and others, both in this country and
in Europe are increasing the tendency
among people of to-day to believe that
old age is not a matter of years.

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in attendance.

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And worship us after.
But when they strive to tell the tale
They state the facts and sigh:
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