A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTER.

Squalid street after squalid street,
Endless rows of them, each the same,
Black dust under your weary feet,
Dust upon every face you meet,
Dust in their hearts too—or so it seems;
Dust in the place of dreams.

The beautiful springtime thrills and thrives;
But here men hardly have heard her name.
Work is the end and aim of their lives—
Work, work, work, for children and wives.
Work for a life which, when it is won,
Is the saddest thing 'neath the sun.

Work—one dark incessant round
In black, dull workshops—one of the light;
Work, that others' ease may abound;
Work, that delight for them may be found.
Work without hope, without pause, without cease,
That only in death can cease.

Brothers who live glad lives in the sun,
What of these men at work in the night?
God will ask you, What have ye done?
Their lives be required of you—every one.
Ye who were glad, and who liked life well,
While they did your work—in hell.

—(London Weekly Dispatch.

KING GIACOMO'S BRIDE.

On the steps of a palace quite near the famous Rialto, or Grand Canal, now one of the most notable palaces in all Venice, listlessly stood a sad faced, shabby young man, while just overhead a little girl of some dozen years leaned across the gayly trimmed balcony, both watching the gondolas as they plied up and down the beautiful streets of the city.

It was the day of Saint Mark's, one of the gayest holidays in Venice. The girl had but just emerged from the convent walls at Padua, and, like a bird let loose, was in her merriest mood. Amused at the unusual solemnity of the brown faced youth, who seemed to be solitary and alone in the midst of such festive cheer, and seeing him the butt of some disagreeable, teasing boys, she threw him a shower of bonbons, asking her brother, who stood by, how he thought the lads could so torment a stranger.

"Boys were very ill mannered," he said; "but see, sister, he is able to defend himself, for he gives taunt for taunt; so don't distress yourself. He is of age, and is fully capable of parrying attacks."

They little thought, as they talked, that this stranger youth was the representative of a lordly house, a young prince, and no beggar, who had been banished from his father's court at Cyprus—not only that, but persecuted by a cruel mother, and without money or friends, and in deep despondency had wandered to Venice, a very poor place for one who knew nothing of work even in prosperous days, and especially so for a royal prince who would not work!

Goaded to vengeance, after standing at bay for awhile, and maddened by the restless throng of boys, the young man flourished a stiletto over his head, and at length it became fighting in real earnest.

In the very heat of the strife the door of the palace opened, and a sweet faced girl peered out defiantly, much surprising his tormentors.

"Boys of Venice, shame on you to treat a stranger so! The very fisher lads could show you better manners!"

Taken aback by these sharp words from the daughter of one so august and of such wealth as Marco Conaro, they quickly scattered, perhaps more quickly as they saw coming up the Grand Canal a gorgeous gondola filled with young men who had charge of all this brilliant display.

Prince Giacomo—for this was the name of the young man—as the piazza was speedily cleared, raised his hat to the girl, as if to offer his thanks, seeing for the first time the interest in her face, as well as the sweetness of it, and followed the multitude.

Time went on. It was but two years before the mother and the old king were gathered to their fathers, and the beggarly prince became king of Cyprus, then a must desirable possession, and one that Venice courted. Many Venetians owned land there, among them Marco Conaro, the father of the young girl, Catarina.

Her uncle, Andrea, went to inspect her father's land often in his stead, his possessions being so large, and became in his frequent visits very friendly with the new king. Glorying in Venice and her charms, he talked much about them and of Catarina, his pet.

"You should see her. She's the loveliest girl in all Venice," he said. "I can show you her picture, but it doesn't do her justice. Can you realize that she is but 14?"

As the king took it in hand he started back in surprise.

"Why is the face so familiar?" he asked. "Ah, I have it! I know her—I know that young girl!"

He had fallen desperately in love with the picture even before that discovery was made.

"You know her, sire? I think not," answered Andrea, astonished.

"I do—by my honor, I do," said the king. "She is the brave maiden who, in my poverty and loneliness, when, like an imbecile, I was crushed by disaster, defended me on the Grand Canal at Venice, for which I owe her lasting gratitude," bowing and smiling at the picture as he spoke, as if he were really addressing the living Catarina.

Pleased with the recital, Andrea assured Giacomo of her great worth and cleverness.

"But there are many fair daughters in Venice, and Catarina is very young—only a child. You must seek other maidens, sire," he said, seeing the interest the king evinced.

But he did not hear the inward resolve which was something like this: "I am my own master. I must see Catarina and perchance I shall make her queen."

Full of this matrimonial project, an ambassador was dispatched to Venice, soliciting an alliance with the great republic, and asking the hand of some high born maiden for King Giacomo. But secret instructions, you may be sure, were given him whom to choose.

So the courier came to Venice, and it was decided that on a certain day one of the fairest daughters from each of the patrician families of the city should meet in the ducal palace, in order that the ambassador might select a wife fitting for his royal master.

The day came, and the great council hall was one mass of color. The splendid dresses of the ladies, the scarlet robes of the high officials of the republic, the vestments of the grand old doge as he sat in state upon his massive throne, and the gorgeous array of the 72 candidates for the king's choice, all puffed and powdered, and standing upon their high heeled shoes, tall and stately, made a grand picture.

There was but one in that gay assembly who was simply dressed, and completely oblivious to all around her. Very young she was, and very beautiful as well, with her golden hair and queenly bearing. While all the others were anxious and expectant she was calm and unconcerned, as she remembered the poor young man of Saint Mark's Day, contrasting him with the present king hunting for a bride. And she smiled as she thought.

Well, the time had arrived for the ambassador to enter the hall. Grim and stately he came in with his attendant retinue. Kneeling before the doge, he presented the petition of his master, and asked friendship with Venice.

Waving his hand with the grave air of authority, the old man said:

"Here are the very fairest and noblest of our maidens. Make your choice, and it will be our pleasure to bestow the one you may select upon our good King Cyprus as befits his station and the dignity of Venice."

So passing from one to another, with here a word and there a compliment for beauty of form or face, for elegance in dress, the ambassador suddenly stopped before the childlike figure, dressed in simplest white, perhaps the least attractive in all that youthful bevy, as far as elegance of attire went.

"Are you the daughter of Marco Conaro, the princely merchant of Mercria?" he asked.

"I am, my lord," the girl replied.

"My master, the king, greets you through me. He bids you know that he has never forgotten the day you defended so bravely his rights, and he invites you to share with him the throne of Cyprus. Do you approve his wish?"

Bowing low, and blushing deeply, she replied:

"It will be as my father says; his will is mine."

Taking her hand he led her through that vast assembly and proudly presented her to the doge.

"If it please you and her father, Catarina, the daughter of Marco Conaro, is our future queen!"

The 72 defeated maidens stood abashed. "What a ridiculous choice for a king to make!" thought they. But they said not a word.

What a ceremonial it was when the gray haired old doge formally adopted her as a daughter of the republic, her marriage portion alone being 100,000 ducats!

Giacomo's representative stood before the altar as his personal friend, and he was married by proxy to the young Venetian girl, the doge giving her away. And amid plenty and music and flying banners Catarina was solemnly declared queen.

Grand were the pageants that followed. Everything was ablaze with color and decoration. Softest carpets covered the water steps, at the foot of which waited one of the most beautiful boats for the reception—the state gondola of Venice, a mass of golden decoration. Velvet hangings of crimson and purple hung from its sides, and banners gleamed everywhere. The oars were made of silver and gold, and the rowers were dressed in silver and blue. Upon the upper deck was arranged a velvet covered throne of blue, and a chair of state by its side of gold.

The doge himself led Catarina, in her bridal dress covered with choicest pearls, to the boat, where they were seated amid music and banners. Thus the bridal train floated down the Grand Canal, to the quaint old town where King Giacomo met his bride.

For five happy years all went well, then the king, never strong, sickened and died. After her husband's death Catarina abdicated in favor of the republic, and went back to Venice, always retaining her title of Queen of Cyprus.

Her home was a noble domain, the home of poetry and of the art, perhaps more refined and cultured than any in Venice.

The old palace where Catarina spent her childhood days and where Giacomo first met her, is now only a pawnbroker's shop.

So bright hearted a girl, you may be sure, died a strong, self reliant woman and the story of her life has given to us a lesson of loyalty and charity which outlives all other tribute.

Never Again.

Miss Vixen—I am almost positive Fred Hathway intends proposing to me tonight, mamma.

Mrs. Vixen—What makes you think so, my dear.

Miss Vixen—He acted so mysterious when I met him on the street this morning.

Mrs. Vixen—Mysterious? How?

Miss Vixen—Why, when I met him he blushed and stammered like a silly schoolgirl, and finally blurted out that he would like to see me alone this evening. He makes me very cousi.

Mrs. Vixen—Well, do you intend to see him.

Miss Vixen—Oh, yes; I'll see him. But you mark my words, if he proposes to me to-night he'll never propose to another girl if he lives to be 100.

Mrs. Vixen—I hope you won't decline his offer insultingly.

Miss Vixen—No; I'll accept him.—[Epoch.

Mr. Billkins (time, midnight)—orll rest Hightand! Hushcoat! I hear someone burrowing through the wall. Mr. Billkins—Well, well! It must be that book agent. I knew we'd all be in bed by 11 o'clock and I told him to call at half-past.—[Good News.

Paper covers will keep plants warm at night, and, if made of strong paper, will last until the nights become warm. They are cheap and easily made.

HAD TO HAVE AN INSPIRATION.

The Reason Why a Preacher Borrowed "Y" Every Saturday Night.

A merchant had a clerical friend, between whom and himself there existed a warm intimacy. Every Saturday night, as the merchant was balancing his cash, there would come a note from the minister requesting the loan of a $5 bill. The money was always returned punctually on Monday morning. But what puzzled the lender was that the identical bill was always returned. One Saturday night he sent a $5 gold piece instead of the usual bill, and marked it. Still the very same coin was returned on Monday. The merchant became nervous about this strange fact. He was becoming consumed with curiosity, when a note came from the reverend borrower on Christmas Eve, asking for a loan of $10. He resolved to call and inquire into the mystery. When he was shown into his friend's study he found him plunged in melancholy.

"Mr. B.," said the merchant, "if you will answer me one question, I will lend you have that $10. How does it happen that you always pay me the money that you borrow on Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday?"

The parson raised his head, and after a struggle said. "My friend, you are a gentleman, a Christian, and a New Yorker—I know that I can rely on your inviolable secrecy. Listen to the secret of my eloquence. You know that I am poor, and when on Saturday night I have bought my Sunday dinner, I seldom have a red cent left in my pocket. Now I maintain that no man can preach the gospel properly without having something in his pocket to inspire him with confidence. I have, therefore, borrowed $5 of you every Saturday night, that I might feel it occasionally as I preached on Sunday. You know how independently I do preach—how I make the rich quake in their shoes! Well, it is owing to my knowing that I have a $5 bill in my pocket. Not having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but returned to you next Monday. But to-morrow I want to make a special impression on my congregation, and I thought I would see what the effect of a $10 sermon on them would be."—[New England Magazine.

Briggs—Does your wife ever threaten to go home to her mother? I am willing to own that mine does. Braggs—No; she threatens to send for her mother.—[Indianapolis Journal.

Weeks—Well, how are things over in Boston? Have they named any new pie Aristotle yet? Weetman—No-o. But I heard a man there ask for a Plato soup.

An eighteen-months-old Mississippi child can sing "Annie Rooney," "Sweet By and By," and several other popular melodies correctly. He knows the songs by name, and will sing them, either when accompanied by the piano or alone, when asked to do so.

In some hospitals in Europe it is customary to allow visitors to converse on certain days, by means of a telephone in the waiting-room, with patients in the wards, and this arrangement has been found to work admirably in allowing communication with possibility of contagion.

Mrs. Clarissa Berry, of Chicago, after twenty-one years of search, has found her seventy-three-year-old husband, Hermann Berro, at Cleveland, and immediately commenced suit for a divorce.

A Pettis County (Mo.) man had his hair and whiskers cut the other day by a Sedalia barber for the first time since 1856. When he went home his own dogs barked at him and his wife shut the door in his face.

A Yale (Mich.) business man whose sign reads "Undertaker and Photographer," is said to give a photographer of the deceased with every coffin he sells.

An explorer, Dr. H. Labonne, is authority for the statement that the fisherman of the island St. Kilda utilize the stormy petrel, after its capture and death, by putting a lamp wick in the bird's bill and lighting it, the oily flesh of the bird thus providing a light for an hour.

Changes of Climate

Kill more people than is generally known, particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but it is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

A lady of Newburyport was greatly astonished to see a live pickerel weighing about one and one-half pounds drop in the road at her feet. Glancing upward she discovred hovering above the spot a large American eagle, which had evidently secured the fish from one of the neighboring brooks and had dropped it.

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.

What is sweeter to a soured woman than the failings of her dearest friend.

Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 59 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Bierys Drug Store.

As a pink pearl in a scullion's ear, so is a fair woman without a dressmaker.

A Great Battle

Is constantly going on in the human system when you suffer with consumption, coughs or colds; they strive to ruin health and drag victims to the grave. Take timely warning and use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator is a sure cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all kidney complaints. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

Whoso telleth the truth concerning his neighbor is not unfrequently liable to heavy damages.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health is 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 afflicted 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.

Better is the chop with a peer than a seven-and-sixpenny dinner with a person of no position.

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 book. 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.

My son, when thou writest a play, know that the pathos will be understanded by the pit, thy wisdom by the dress circle, and they inendo by them that sit among the stalls.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regards to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it more or less half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A citizen of St. Louis makes a living by renting turtles to restaurants for advertising purposes.

Bankers,

Doctors, Lawyers, Carpenters, Druggists, Engineers, Mechanics, in fact we have recommendations from people in all stations in life, testifying to the wonderful cures that Sulphur Bitters have effected. Send for testimonials. See another column.

It is curiously noted that the girls who work in candy factories lose their taste for sweetmeats after the first week.

Sudden Deaths.

Heart disease is by far the most frequent cause of sudden death, which in three out of four cases is unsuspected. The symptoms are not generally understood. These are: a habit of lying on the right side, short breath, pain or distress in side, back or shoulder, irregular pulse, asthma, weak and hungry spells, wind in stomach, swelling of ankles or dropsy, oppression, dry cough and smothering. Dr. Miles' illustrated book on Heart Disease, free at Thomas, Lehighton and Biery, Weissport who sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' unequaled New Heart Cure, and his Restorative Nervine, which cures nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, effects of drinking, etc. It contains no opiates.

IT IS TIME TO TALK ABOUT

BABY CARRIAGES,

And we Have 'Em!

In great assortment and at all prices. We can't tell you all about them, but they are perfect in style, workmanship and price. Come and see and also take a look at

Our Carpets and Furniture.

In which lines are included everything worth being. Everything is new—style, price and Don't buy until you see our stock of goods

Kemerer & Swartz,

NORTH FIRST STREET.

J. L. CABEL'S

—IS HEADQUARTERS FOR—

GENERAL HARDWARE,

Paints, Varnishes, Glass,

ALL KIND OF COAL, &c.

OPS. PUBLIC SQUARE,

Bank treet, Lehighton, Pa

AMOS REIGEL,

OPPOSITE L. & S. DEPOT,

FIRST STREET, - - LEHIGHTON, Pa

Has just opened an entire new line of

LADIES' FINE DRESS GOODS!

Comprising all the very latest styles in **White Goods, Sateens, Prints, Ginghams, Marseilles, Seersuckers and Fancy Dress Patterns** of the very best qualities at exceeding low prices.

Groceries, Provisions, Crockeryware, Glassware, Wood and Willowware of the best makes at low figures.

Cloths Cassimers, Hats, Boots, Shoes and Ready made Clothing in great variety and at prices with the reach of all purchasers—prices fully as low as the same goods can be bought for at any other general store in this vicinity.

Carpets, Oil-cloths, Lamps and Fixtures in great variety and of best quality at Rock Bottom Prices.

Best quality of **Flour and Feed** at prices fully as low as the same articles can be purchased elsewhere.

A car load of **coarse salt** has just been received—the price y been marked down to the very lowest notch.

All goods of the very best quality and are being sold at prices equally as low as the same goods can bought at any general store in this section. Call and be convinced. *Respectfully,*

July 823-71 AMOS REIGEL.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

We have opened up a very nice line of Seasonable Underwear in

Ladies, Misses, Childrens and Gents.

Ladies Vests, 13cts each or two for 25cts. Something better at 15c, 25c, 45c and 50c. These goods are actually worth double the money and cant be excelled. Gents Gauze Shirts, 25c, 45c, 50c. Low values not to be matched in town

Mitts for Ladies and Misses

In Black and Fancy Colors at 25c and 50c. They are worth more and can't be matched in town at the price.

Hosiery

For Ladies, Misses, Children and Gents at lowest prices.

Don't forget our 5 and 10 cent Counter. Rare Bargains

HAGERMAN'S,

OBERT'S BLOCK.

Adam's Express Company.

THE ONLY BOOT AND SHOE STORE IN WEISSPORT.

WHEN we tell you that our store is the very best place in town to buy FOOTWEAR of all kinds, you can just make up your mind that we mean it. Our exhibit of Shoes, Slippers, and Footwear in general is the newest, the most stylish and the most substantial in town. We give you only the very best Footwear at the very lowest prices. These are a few points in our favor and it will pay you to give us your patronage, in return you get the best results for your money.

U. S. KRESGE,

WEISSPORT'S LEADING BOOT AND SHOE DEALER.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH

THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 60 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

THE BALM FOR CATARRH, COLD IN HEAD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE, ELY'S CREAM BALM

The Best, the Cheapest

IS A NAME THAT APPEARS WITH PECULIAR FORCE TO SCHOOLS.

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Stands at the head of the list of commercial schools in its character as an educational force, a medium for supplying the business men of the country with trained and capable assistants, as a means of educating such young men and women on the highest to success, and to the colleges, graduates and staff of its employees. THOROUGH COMMERCIAL, SHORTHAND AND PRACTICAL ENGLISH COURSES. The Twenty-seventh Annual Catalogue will be mailed free on demand. 2000 to 229

Wolff's ACME Blacking

A NEW PRINCIPLE.

We Positively guarantee Dr. Boyd's Little Giant Nerve and Liver Pills

To cure Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness Torpid Liver, Pain in the Back, Piles, Headache, Bad Taste in the Mouth arising from Indigestion, by strengthening the nerves and regulating the action of the Stomach Liver and Kidneys. Do not be deceived, Dr. Boyd's Little Giant Nerve and Liver Pills act on a new principal. They act on the nerves of the stomach, liver and kidneys giving them health and vigor, what is more evident of their curative qualities, than the fact that the longer taken the less required, that is more than can be said of any other pill on the market, a trial will convince the most skeptical mind, that what we claim is true, these are a few of the many testimonials we have received.

Tiffton, Ga., Aug. 20th 1888. Dear Sirs: The Pills received, they are the best I ever used.
T. W. CLARK.

Lake Crystal Minn., May 14, 1889. Dear Sirs: I have taken 2 Pills send me, enclosed find 50c send me more I have been troubled for years with indigestion, constipation and nervousness since I take Dr. Boyd's Pills I feel good, have taken many others with no relief yours respectfully, ADAM BEANER.

For sale by all dealers in medicine at 25c per box, sent by mail on receipt of price, samples free, agent wanted everywhere.
T. D. THOMAS, Druggist.
Lehighton, Pa.

AL. CAMPBELL,

Jeweler and Watchmaker,

Bank Street, Lehighton, Penna

respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the citizens generally to his immense —new stock of—

Watches, Clocks,

Silverware, Jewely,

at Prices that defy competition. It will pay you to call and inspect my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

REPAIRING

Promptly done at lowest charge, and all work guaranteed,

Don't Forget the Place.

Al. Campbell,

SIGN OF THE BIG WATCH,

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ASTHMA CURED

SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE

instantly relieves the most violent attack and insures comfortable sleep. NO WAITING for RESULTS. Being used by inhalation, its action is immediate, direct and certain, and a cure is the result in all curable cases. A single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price, 50c. and $1.00 of any druggist, or by mail. Samples Free for cough.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

SAVE YOUR CHILD'S LIFE!

If your little one should be taken TO-NIGHT with Membranous Croup, what would you do? What physician could save its life? NONE.

Beldin's CROUP Remedy

Is a tasteless, harmless powder, and is the only safeguard. In 40 years it has never failed. Order NOW from your druggist or from us. Price, 50c. A sample powder by mail for 10c.

THE DR. BELDIN PROPRIETARY CO., JAMAICA, N.Y.

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Prof. ALEXANDER BOUDROU

MIRACULOUS REMEDY. The Greatest Discovery of the Age!

I am now 71 years of age. Was a student of medicine and Surgery for seven years under the famous Dr. Nelson, and after ten years' hard study and in consultation with seven of the most eminent physicians in the city of Philadelphia since 1871, I have discovered the cure of many so-called incurable disease.

It can no longer be doubted that the same can be cured; that paralyzed limbs can be restored to their natural use, and general debility cured. Congestion of the brain, apoplexy, results of sunstroke and the worst cases of rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia; liver complaint, Bright's disease of the kidneys, hip and bone disease, catarrh, bronchitis, cholera dysentery, and so-called heart disease and dipsteria, all entirely cured with pure medicines of my own preparation, if used properly as directed.

During nine years over 10,000 persons in this city alone have used these medicines and are living witnesses of their worth. All testimonies can be obtained by calling at the office and laboratory of Professor Boudrou, No. 727 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia. I was myself informed in the ethic and physics for seven years and pronounced incurable by seven of the most able physicians and surgeons of this city. I am now well and healthy, having cured myself with my own medicines.

Do not listen to those prejudiced against improvement in medicine and die, when you can be saved.

I will not go into practice myself, being over 84 years of age, but will sell my medicines. I have ten eminent physicians connected with me to attend to calling at the residences of the sick if required.

Come one, come all sufferers and be restored to health, cured by these pure medicines and thousands of testimonies and letters for inspection.

Office and Laboratory open every day from 7 A. M. to 7:30 P. M. Call or write ALEXANDER BOUDROU, 727 N. 10th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MOONLIGHT TRYST.

AN ITALIAN LOVE STORY.

The garden wall, illuminated by the moon, is white amid the dark green shrubbery; the night air, with a sense of dampness, stirs the clusters of white flowers, and the shower of star shaped blossoms falls silently like perfumed snow.

A curly dark head peeps over the top of the ladder, and a voice that wishes to be firm, betrays a slight tremor, hesitating between the syllables:

"Ma-ria!"

"I am here. But for heaven's sake speak low. There is still a light in papa's room. Oh, dear me, I'm so frightened! I haven't any blood in my veins!"

"Come further this way; don't be afraid; come under the shadow of the branches; so; no, further this way!"

She advanced with little, uncertain, short steps; her slender white figure, still almost that of a child, flies along the gravel of the path; she crouches trembling at the foot of the low wall, among the branches of drooping ivy, and looks up toward the laughing eyes which shine through the leaves.

"Oh, Alfredo! And if you fall, and hurt yourself?"

"The idea! My poor little dove! You are all like that, you women! Instead, difficulties animate me! They spur me onward, they electrify me! For you, I would be capable of much more. Maria, do you care for me?"

"Yes; speak low; I heard a creaking."

"It is the wind; do you care for me? Swear it!"

"I swear it! Don't jiggle the ladder—look, oh! the ladder is tottering!"

"I need your love in order to struggle against life! A mass of blockheads, of scoundrels, of idiots! But we will triumph over everything; if you will only——"

"What?"

"Be strong and faithful. Be my Muse and my poetry——"

"But I am; only, you know, papa is so strict, he would like me to play dolls yet; and he says that you——"

"What? Speak! I am prepared for everything. What did he say? I am superior to these trifles. Tell me!"

"That you are a naughty boy; that you would do better to be at your lessons, and that if he catches you——"

Interruption; the wind laughs among the trees with a soft little murmur of irony.

"Are you weeping, treasure? I will avenge your tears one by one!"

"Yes!"

The sweet, musical little voice is lost in a stammer of sobs.

"Your father is a barbarian, a tyrant like mine; but no matter; love is light, is power; it crushes obstacles, levels difficulties—in a few years you will be mine."

"Yes; but if you do not pass the examination."

"I shall pass it! A thing of no account! The teacher has a dislike to me; imagine, what a beast! Maria, I have brought you something; I have kissed it so much! Promise, darling, that you will keep it always, you know; even when it shall be withered. Take it. No, your hands; no, your apron."

She folds forth, spread, her ample, childish apron, and he throws down, light as a flake, a large, velvety pansy, with thick soft petals, dotted with gold, which seem like the ardent eyes of a living person.

She takes it into her trembling little hands, and places it upon her lips with idolatrous fervor.

"Swear to me that you will not be false to me," insists the fervid lover of 15 years of age. "By the memory of your mother, promise me that you will not be another's——"

She weeps a little more loudly.

"Poor mamma——

"If she sees me from heaven!

"She will not be pleased with me!

"Indeed, I am doing wrong!

"How dark it is!

"And if papa should suspect!

"And if your——"

"What ideas, Maria! They are sound asleep; at their age one does not know anything of love, any longer—do you understand? They don't remember what it means, to love, like you and me, without fears, without cowardliness, with a fullness of felicity, with that intoxication——"

This phrase, read in a realistic novel, appears unwillingly to be recalled with a certitude. And perhaps it is on this account that the moon hides behind the crest of Lebanon, fringed with silver, its immobility suiting force.

"Alfredo, it is late, let me go."

"No, not yet. How can you think of anything as commonplace as sleep? It is a delicious night. I am wide awake, full of daring; there is a wildness in my blood which lashes it onward. I feel myself capable of great, heroic enterprises. What is that?"

His voice, arisen by degrees to the decided intonations of manhood, is lost in an exclamation of senseless, childish terror.

The ladder creaks, trembles, shakes with a great push from invisible hands.

"Ah! You rascal!

"I've caught you at last!

"Villor, madcap, good for nothing!

"Boy hardly out of the nursery!

"I'll teach you——"

Thump! Thump!

The wind rattles the branches with dry little insulting laughs, while from the other side of the wall resounds a desperate cry, and the great white face of the moon pityingly veils itself in the mists of night, and mercifully conceals the shame of the place of paternal punishment!

At a watering place in the Pyrennees the conversation at table turned upon a wonderful echo to be heard some distance off in the Franco-Spanish frontier. "It is astonishing," exclaimed an inhabitant of the Garonne. "As soon as you have spoken you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier the echo assumes the Spanish accent.—[Courier du Midi.

Wife—Frank, how do you like the way our new laundry girl does up your collars and cuffs? Frank—Oh, first rate! first rate. She does things up brown.—[Puck.

Johnnie—Mamma, is General Greely the clerk of the weather? Mamma—Oh, no, my child. He is the cashier. He gives us our change, don't you know.—[Washington Star.

Money Talks.

Bible—Filthy lucre.

Washington Irving—The almighty dollar.

Ben Jonson—Get money; still get money, boys.

Bible—The love of money is the root of all evil.

Shakespeare—Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Milton—Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms.

Tennyson—But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels.

Mirabeau—The two greatest inventions of the human mind are money and writing.

George Herbert—Get to live; then live to use it. Surely use alone makes money not a contemptible stone.

Cowley—

Riches and use to us if we our wealth obey,
The horse dies with the burthen, I the way.

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PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Would rather be without bread

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquette, Mich., Nov. 7, 1888.

The Rev. J. Kosbiel of above place writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I feel now a nervous attack coming I take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

Cured entirely after 12 years.

TONAWANDA, ERIE CO., N. Y., Febr. 1889.

My daughter had fits from fright since 12 years, sometimes 3 to 4 attacks within 24 hours without any warning; during these spells her thumbs would be cramped toward the inside of her hands, her mouth be drawn sideways, her neck would swell up, and her face assumed a bluish color, this would last from 10 to 15 minutes after that she slept, was drowsy for about 3 hours.—We tried many remedies without any improvement, but 6 bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured her at last; we therefore recommend this remedy to all sufferers.

JOHN EDIN.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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The Most Successful [illegible] ever discovered, as it is certain in its [illegible] does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, CONN., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Dear Sirs—Last summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen more cures, all with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how I cured my Curb and purchased Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

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Dear Sirs—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Lime Liniment with perfect success than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

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Dear Sirs—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no trace of the point.

Respectfully, F. H. HOFFMAN.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

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Gentlemen—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a large year old filly which I found very lame. She had a very severe swelling on her [illegible] about eight different kinds of medicines to no avail. I commenced using a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

Truly yours,
MARION DOWLER.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent by the proprietors, on receipt of price by the proprietors.

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