The Carbon Advocate.

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A Bad Cold

If not speedily relieved, may lead to serious issues. Where there is difficulty of breathing, expectoration, or soreness of the throat and bronchial tubes, with a constantly irritating cough, the very best remedy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It removes the phlegm, soothes irritation, stops coughing, and induces repose. As an emergency medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral should be in every household.

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"I suffered severely from bronchitis; but was

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saved my life."—Geo. B. Hunter, Goose River, N. S.

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RUPTURE

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CURE GUARANTEED.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S SONG.

The mother, with her needle,
Is busied and content
While guarding in its cradle,
Her darling innocent;

And thus the young wife singeth,
Her heart's so warm and bright
With the happiness that springeth
From hallowed love's delight:

"Now joy is ever present,
And love is always here,
And earth is fair and pleasant
When loving ones are near!

Sometimes there may be sorrow
And tears bedim our eyes,
But peace we hope to-morrow
Will bring us brighter skies.

Our faith in God will never
Give place to doubts and fears,
We trust Him now and ever
To bless our future years!

O husband love and baby,
What is the world to me?
To others it may be
A source of pleasantry—

Of fashion and its troubles,
Of passion and its sins,
And every ill that doubles
When once its course begins.

Let worldly fashions perish—
But love is ever true,
And will not, darling, perish,
While I am loving you

A DARK DAY

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The incidents of this little story occupy but a few hours, as the reader will see, but as the poet says, lovers "measure time by heart-beats," and the moments of that dark day seemed like years to me.

I had been engaged about a month to Florance Lane, daughter of Joshua Lane, head book-keeper with "Lottner & Brothers," and was very happy indeed, for I had won my betrothed from rather an alarming rival—Melville Lottner, a nephew of the head of the firm, a handsome dandy and a great catch.

Mr. Lane was a serious gentleman, bolt upright in his carriage in all senses, a church member and a Sunday school teacher, and one whose boast was that he had "no small vices."

Flocence adored him, and I fancied that he would make a very good sort of father-in-law, he was so eminently respectable.

He shook hands with me next day and said that I had won a treasure, so that was all right and I felt that fate had used me well.

I went to see my Florence every evening, I bought the handsomest ring I dared indulge in to seal our engagement, and I resolved to make a fortune for her sake. I often looked at Melville Lottner with pity. He was poor, no matter what else he had, in my estimation, having lost Florence.

We had been engaged about a month, when one evening my little treasure, who seemed to have had something on her mind for some days, took me by my upper vest-button, and looking up into my eyes, said: "Edwin, I want to ask you something. I know it is not the proper thing for an engaged girl to go out with other gentlemen, but just for once I will ask your permission to do so.

"Before we were engaged I promised to go to the Charity Ball with Melville Lottner. He has written me that he has procured the tickets and holds me to my promise. I feel as though I owed it to him to go—may I? You know he has been very nice to us, and father has been with the firm so many years. Still, I will refuse to go if you object——"

"My dear Florence," I cried in the heartiest manner, "certainly I do not object. Keep your promise; do as you please. Of course I should not like it as a regular thing, but——"

"Oh, it is the first, last, and only time," Florence cried. "Of course, if it were not an old engagement I should not go even now,"

Then we talked of other things, and I made a great point of being very cheerful, though somehow I cannot say I really liked the idea. It was not natural that I should, I suppose, and I felt that I should be glad when the Charity Ball was over.

The evening came, I sat in own room, feeling angry with myself for being vexed and jealous, which I was. I went out after awhile; and walked about the city and met a friend or two, and was asked by each one what was the matter. Then I went home and went to bed, and dreamed that I saw Florence dancing with Mephistopheles, and that when I rushed toward her and tried to seize her by the arm, she vadished in a blue flame.

The breakfast-bell aroused me from my first good nap, but it cheered me greatly to find a note from Florence lying beside my plate. It had no stamp upon it, and had evidently been brought by a messenger.

"Dear little girl," I said to myself; "no doubt she knew just what a fool I made of myself last night."

I put it in my bosom, for I would not read it before strangers, and I ran up to my own room to enjoy it there—loving words from her would sweeten my whole day.

How carefully I cut the envelope, how tenderly I drew forth the sheet of paper that lay within, and when I had done so these words lay spread before my astonished and horrified eyes:

"Good bye—good bye forever! Scorn me, hate me, never think or speak of me again—for I have promised to marry Melville Lottner.

"FLORENCE LANE."

For a few moments after reading this brief letter I fancied that I was dying.

Then I said to myself that it was an April fool trick. Unfortunately it was not the first of April. Finally I decided to see Florence if I were obliged to break the door down in order to do so.

I telegraphed to my place of business. (It was no falsehood to say that I was ill,) and hastened to Mr. Lane's residence.

A servant was sweeping the front-door steps; I rushed past her and entered the front parlor.

From the back one came a sound of sobbing, I invaded the room, and there was Florence prone upon a sofa, weeping bitterly.

"Florence!" I cried, sinking on my knees beside her, "here I am—that absurd note frightened me—but I am sure——"

I put my arm about her, but she lifted herself on her elbow, gazed at me with a countenance of utter despair, and gasped:

"Oh, Edwin—Edwin, you only break my heart. You must not embrace me, I am engaged to Melville Lottner. I shall be his wife in less than a month—and I—I must see you no more."

"Your father has forced you to this, Florence," I said. "Remember, filial obedience has its limits; I will resist if you do not."

But her answer was this:

"Dear father knows nothing about it; I have not told him yet. He is away from home. It is all my own doing, and here is your ring, and it is all over between us."

Then she sobbed again, and at the end of two hours I had gained nothing more.

I left the house as nearly a madman as I could be, and flew at once to the Lottners' place of business.

I inquired for Mr. Lane, and was told that he was absent in Albany on business.

I inquired for Melville Lottner, and he received me in a gorgeous little office, where he sat smoking a cigar.

I presented my card, he bowed, I looked at him, he looked at me.

"I suppose," said he, "you've come to know why she did it? You need not speak. It is embarrassing, of course, but all is fair in love and in war. I'm the lucky one, and if you hate me for it I cannot help it."

"I am assured that there is something under this," I said. Florence Lane is not one to jilt a man in this cold-blooded manner without reason."

"The reason that she likes me best ought to satisfy you," he answered. I had a great desire to murder him, but refrained—the days of dueling are over.

I departed, feeling that the next best thing was suicide. However, any sane man hesitates to escape from his troubles in this fashion, and in the end I resolved to bear the burden of life, though joy had fled from it forever. However, I could not endure existence where it was possible that I migh meet Florence, see her perhaps with her husband. I must leave New York, I felt, before her wedding day.

Some one had lately offered me a position in Washington. I had refused it, but if it were still open I resolved to accept it.

Accordingly I took my way along Broadway with my hat tipped over my eyes and my hands in my pockets, after the manner of miserable men, when suddenly the air was filled with cries of:

"Extra, extra! Awful calamity! Burning of the Albany night boat! Full list of dead and wounded!"

What did I care for the Albany boat? I envied those who were rid of all life's troubles—but what were scalds or bruises, or even broken bones, compared to the tearing of bonds that bound two hearts together? I kept upon my way until at last I ran into somebody who caught me by the shoulders.

"I see you've heard the news, Meade," he said, "and that you are terribly cut about it. Too bad; such a valuable member of society—and I suppose it has nearly killed poor Florence."

I looked up and faced an intimate friend of the Meade family, in Jones, who held a paper in his hand.

"Perhaps you have not seen the Daily Shout extra?" he said. "The last particulars——"

I grasped the paper—there it was, sure enough. Amongst the drowned we found the name of the Lottner Brothers' esteemed book-keeper Joshua Lane.

"Good God!" I cried.

"Dreadful!" said Jones, "Poor old Lane, I liked him—but I suppose you are in a hurry to go to Florence."

I groaned, I did not go to Florence, of course, but I went home. I entered my room and cast myself on the bed. A minute later there was a knock on the door.

"A telegram," said the girl.

I tore it open, and this is what it said to me:

"DEAR EDWIN,—Come to me.

FLORENCE."

"Please sign the book, sir," cried the girl.

"Oh, hang the book," I cried, and dashed past the messenger and down the street.

Once more I passed the threshold of Mr. Lane's home, once more I knelt beside my Florence, who no longer forbade me to hold her hand.

"My heart is broken," she said, "I am sure I shall die of grief for papa, but now that he is dead and cannot be harmed or shamed, I will not marry Lottner, and though I do not expect you to forgive me, I will tell you why I promised to do so. It was that papa had yielded to temptation, he had robbed the firm, and would be sent to Sing Sing for years if the fact were discovered.

"If I would marry him, Melville Lottner said he would replace the money out of his own pocket, tell papa and never say a word about it. Oh, Edwin—how I hated him! But how could I refuse?"

What could I say? I kissed her and clasped her to my bosom while she wept for her father.

I was ashamed of being happy at such a time, but really, I could not help it, and under such circumstances I could not but believe the departure of my darling's parent for a better world a benign dispensation of Providence. She was sobbing fearfully, but I knew she would recover from the blow after a while, and then a blissful future would begin for us. In the midst of this scene the door bell rang violently—the servant shrieked in the hall—and a man rushed into the room—it was Mr. Joshua Lane, though attired in a pea-jacket and slouch hat, he did not look his usual spruce self. "My daughter! my dear! my daughter!" he exclaimed, "you have believed the bad news!" In a moment Florence was in his arms. "I went overboard," he was saying, "but they picked me up in a tow boat and loaned me these clothes. Thank God! for I'm not tired of life, and I should be loath to leave my little Florence, though I know she would soon have a young protector."

And he looked such a good, upright man as he stood there holding out his hand to me, that a sudden conviction that Melville Lottner had lied in order to trap Florence, rushed upon me, and on the spur of the moment I told him the story just as my darling had told it to me.

The indignation in his face was proof enough that I was right, and a little later I had the satisfaction of going with him to interview that arch liar Mr. Melville Lottner.

A very shame faced cur he looked as he made his confession, and the heads of the firm were as indignant as their book-keeper.

Master Melville has since vanished from our horizon. They say he is in Cuba. And Florence and I, married six months ago, live very happily with my esteemed father-in-law.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska has decided that when a husband is physically unable to support his family, and his wife earns the money to pay the bills, she is the legal head of the family. Few authorities, legal or social, will presume to question that such a decision is in accord with the equities, and, therefore, promotive of the public good. Nevertheless, in its tendency it is calculated to create an apprehension in the more timorous of manly bosoms that the doctrine of legal headship if given an inch may gradually proceed to help itself to an ell; in other words that it might result in a division of authority which would afford lamentable disproof of the adage that two heads are better than one.

This apprehension is premature, to say the least. There is not the slightest warrant for assuming that woman drest in a little brief authority would so abuse it by fantastic tricks as to wring tears from the angels, as Shakespeare tells us man is wont to do. So far as actual headship of the family may go money or the capacity for earning money is by no means the only test of primacy. Talent of various sorts, and especially executive talent, is very often found to serve the same function as authority. This, however, is merely de facto authority; which is a very different thing from authority before the law. Thus far the rights of the husband are entirely secure even in Nebraska.

The decision is not only unassailable from the standpoint of equity, but it is one more proof of the oft-noted fact that the Western Courts are taking advanced ground on questions touching the legal status of woman which the more conservative judical functionaries of the East may as well prepare to keep pace with. Meanwhile, and until the coming of that golden era, we may expect to see a hegira of Eastern wives, with their husbands and families, to the promising Nebraska plains; for the women of the East not only know a good thing when they see it, but, as Ingalls tells us was the case with Washington, they see it a great way off.

"If you want to grow rich," said an aged thinker to a business man who was about to start a factory, "make it a rule to give the largest possible amount of goods of the best possible quality for the least possible sum of money." The business man took the advice, and it worked so well that he soon bought out the factory of a rival whose rule had been to get the largest possible sum of money for the least possible amount of goods of the poorest possible quality.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A FEW THINGS TO KNOW.

It is the untiring, unremitting, everlasting, never-take-no-for-an-answer appeal to the eyes of the people who want their hair to grow, by the people who have something for sale which they say will make their hair grow, that carries the day, splatters the hair tonics over innumerable scalps and puts fortunes in the banks to the credit of the advertiser.

The Philadelphia Record says that the year of 1891 will go down to history as the great baby year. The number of births in that place from January 1st to June 1st was 13,327, while for a corresponding period of 1889 the number was 10,783. Advices show that the increase of the whole country. Well let 'em come, the little dears. We believe almost everyone likes a pleasant and tidy looking baby, but the squalling youngsters are an abomination, the result of careless, negligent parents. It's too bad that other people should be afflicted so.

Equal parts of tincture of opium, tincture of cayenne, tincture, of rhubarb, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor; mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in water, to be repeated if necessary in fifteen or twenty minutes. This has saved thousands of people suffering from colic and diarrhoea. It is the famous New York Sun remedy

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

The Superintendent of the Census Bureau will soon issue a bulletin upon the membership of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States by States and counties. The bulletin will show that the membership now numbers 6,250,000 communications over 15 years of age. This minimum limit of age to 15 years will be adhered to in the statistics of other churches, which are in course of preparation.

Seventy-five million dollars is contributed yearly in the United States to the sustenance of the church, $31,000,000 more being given for purposes purely devotional. Within the century now drawing to a close 150,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed in 226 different languages. Fifty years ago there were 502 missionarys stations in foreign parts; there are now 5,765. Fifty years ago there were 653 ordained missionaries; to-day they are 6,696 such servants of the Lord. Then there were but 1,226 other laborers and helpers abroad: now there are 40,552.

The Pope has acted wisely in rejecting the scheme proposed by Herr Cahensly for the appointment of bishops to represent and preside over the various nationalities represented by Catholic immigrants in the United States. It was clear that the person proposing, and those supporting, such a plan were ignorant of the spirit and principles of American institutions. They desired to perpetuate distinctions of language, training and prejudice, which ought to be effaced as soon as possible, in the interest of the goverment which extends its protection alike over native and adopted citizens. There is room here for only one nation, and that nation is American people.

DIDN'T EXPECT THAT "MOVE."

She was no longer young, and naturally enough she wanted to expedite matters. Either from vanity or anxiety she had become imbued with the belief that he had long wished to propose but did not know how to bring about the subject. So one night she said as she looked with her limpid eyes into his:

"Are you a chess player, Mr. Popnot?"

"I know a little about the game," he replied. "But why do you ask?"

"Because it takes you so long to make a move."

"Well, I do not care for a 'stale mate,'" replied the horrid creature, displaying more knowledge of the game than she had thought him capable of.

THE LATEST DISCOVERY.

It is now some weeks since considerable interest was evoked among archæologists by the discovery of a column by the banks of the Tiber, containing the imprint, not only of the decree regulating certain days of festival in the year 17 B. C., but also of a portion (if not whole) of the secular ode of Horace. In the first enthusiasm of the discovery, it was described to me by one who had himself, under a temporary seal of secresy, been permitted to visit it as being, in point of fact, practically the first edition of the "Carmen Secutare;" and in the light of the controversy which interested our great grandfathers as to where really the productions of mediæval monks—Newman more than once alludes to the discussion—the discovery had a literary interest of a peculiar kind. And though the lady who corresponds for The Standard in Rome speaks of mere allusions to the ode on the columns, that interest is still preserved. It will be a disappointment if we find that there are no actual quotations from the poem on the pillar. Apart from their essential interest, they would add rather unexpectedly to the boldness of Horace's prophecies in his last ode of the third book.

—A musician out west has invented a glass trombone. His object in so doing was to enable deaf people to see the music as it passed through, but for some unaccountable reason the plan has not worked.

—"But I had asked you, darling. Why then didn't you keep our engagement secret for a little while?" I couldn't Edward. That hateful Miss Oldish said the reason I wasn't married was because no fool had asked me, so I up and told you had.

—The Central Railroad Company should certainly place a guard gate at Geisel's lock—it is one of the most dangerous railroad crossings along the line. The proper parties should report this matter at the earliest moment. It is important.

The worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of the blood, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In cooking rhubarb first scald with boiling water, pour off, and add a little fresh water. By this process much of the sour taste will be taken out, less sugar will be required, and the flavor will be more pleasant.

The Great Benefit.

Which people in run down state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, purifies the blood, and assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver.

To freshen leather chair seats, rub them with the well-beaten white of an egg.

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 meat is wanted for itself alone, and not for soup, plunge into boiling water, and salt it when almost done.

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.

Keep butter covered tight when put in the ice chest. It will not then absorb the odor of any food lying near.

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.

For labels put a teaspoonful of brown sugar into a quart of paste and it will fasten them as securely to tin cans as to wood.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, 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 25 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 REHER'S Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c. and $1.00.

To clean sieves quickly scrub them in hot water and washing soda. Immerse several times in clean boiling water and shake dry. Do not use soap.

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 centsper box. For sale by REHER druggist.

Air the spare bed regularly, even when not in use, and remove all covering except a spread. Atmospheric moisture will penetrate all woolen fabrics.

"Oh, if I had only taken this medicine earlier in life, what years of suffering it would have saved me!" was the touching exclamation of one who had been cured of rheumatism by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Scores of such cases are on record.

Vegetables should be put into fast boiling water, salted and placed on the range when they will continue to boil rapidly until tender.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Large bottles at all druggists, 50 cents and $1. Sample bottle free.

To remove paper labels from old bottles, wet the face of the label with water and hold it for an instant over any convenient flame. The steam penetrates the label at once and softens the paste.

Almost Killed.

I was almost killed by the doctors, who treated me for bleeding piles. It cost me over $100 without relief. I took Sulphur Bitters for two months, and now I am well.—Gus Hall, Troy, N. Y.

For cleaning matting, damp corn meal, or wheat bran sprinkled over it is excellent. When the matting requires washing, use hot milk and salt. This solution may also be used on willow goods.

The Greatest Strike.

Among the great strikes that of Dr. Miles in discovering his New Heart Cure has proven itself to be one of the most important. The demand for it has become astonishing. Already the treatment of heart disease is being revolutionized, and many unexpected cures effected. It soon relieves short breath, fluttering, pains in side, arm, shoulder, weak and hungry spells, oppression, swelling of ankles, smothering and heart dropsy. Dr. Miles' book on Heart and Nervous Diseases, free. The unequaled New Heart Cure is sold and guaranteed by Thomas, Lehighton and Biery, Weissport, also his Restorative Nervine for headache, fits, spasms, hot flashes, nervous chills, opium habit, etc.