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VOL XIX., No 42 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., August 29 1891. Single Copies 5 Cents

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Closing Out BARGAINS!

Koch & Shankweiler.

Every part of our store is attractive with Closing Out Bargains Our enormous reductions will make your coming profitable as there never was a time like now for buying.

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Strong Union Cassimere Suits	Formerly $6.00	Now	$ 3.70
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Serviceable All-Wool Suits	Formerly 9.00	Now	5.70
Fine All-Wool Brown, Grey and Yellow Mixed Suits	Formerly 14.00	Now	9.70
Stylish Scotch Suits	Formerly 15.00	Now	10.00

Working Pants—Special.

The lot, 700 pair Good Strong Working Pants, at 85 cents.
Odree lots, comprising 125 pair, having been sold all through the season at $3.00 and $2.50, ex-Hyens one store now at $1.25.
Many small lots, in all wool pants, must go at our price $2.00.

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They are Boomers, at Positively One-Half Former Price.

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We don't make a "blow" about low prices and we have no need to "cut" for the simple reason that our prices are now as low if not lower than those of other Jewelers in this town or in the county. We repeat our invitation: Come and see us and examine our goods and learn prices before buying elsewhere.

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Ice Cream and Confections, In Retail or Wholesale lots. Picnic and festival committees and wedding parties will be promptly supplied at the very lowest price. Don't buy elsewhere until you call and learn our prices. We furnish all flavors of Cream in any quantity at short notice.

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The Cure For

Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alterative extirpates "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the strumous poison from the blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in

SCROFULA

When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in childhood by glandular swellings, running sores, swollen joints, and general feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms.

"My little girl was troubled with a painful scrofulous swelling under one of her arms. The physician being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.

"I was cured of scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—J. C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.

"I was troubled with a sore hand for over two years. Being assured the cause was scrofula, I took six bottles of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

and was cured."—H. Rinkins, Riverton, Neb.

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RUPTURE

Thousands Cured. Treatise sent free. Address

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CURE GUARANTEED.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

[The Wichita Eagle says that this poem was left at that office by an unknown man who came to ask for work.]

Near the camp-fire's flickering light
In my blanket-bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night,
At the twinkling stars on high;
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhood prayer—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whip-poor-will
In the bough of yonder tree
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near
In the canyon dark and deep;
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear,
"I pray The, Lord, my soul to keep."

'Mid the stars one face I see,
One the Saviour called away,
Mother who in infancy
Taught my baby lips to pray.
Her sweet spirit hovers near
In this lonely mountain brake,
Take me to her, Saviour dear,
"If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light,
As each ember slowly dies;
Painfully the birds of night
Fill the air with sad'ning cries;
Over me they seem to cry,
"You may never more awake,"
Low I lisp, "If I should die,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

ALMOST A LIFE.

BY MRS. E. H. HOUGH.

I think I went mad that summer. I know I should have shrunk back in horror at the thought of any one else doing as I did; but like so many of our most bitter, trying, and too often humiliating experiences in life, it came upon me before I was aware of its existence, like a giant full grown, and held me in a hand-to-hand conflict that seemed to rend my very life.

Why had I ever seen him—why had I ever rescued him from the rapids in which he would certainly have been hurled to his death? Far better would it have been for us both, we had often thought, and more than once said, if I had left him to the shorter and more merciful agony that would ended all his bitter heartache and rebellion against fate; for then there would have been but one to suffer—a brief, physical pang simply—for I had not known him then, and—God pity and forgive!—had not given to him in one passionate, resistless tide the wealth of the affection that had been garnered in my very heart of hearts—not, indeed, unsought, but untouched—all these years.

"You better not venture out, Miss Edna," old Peter had told me on that fateful day. I've seldom seen such a heavy sea on—and if you should get caught in the whirlpool down by the sunken rocks yonder, I would not give a fig for your life. There isn't a boat however well-made could live there three minutes to-day.

But you know I'm half mermaid, anyhow, Peter! I laughed back. And I haven't yet seen the storm I am afraid of.

Out there in the boiling waters my boat rocked like a shell, and it needed all my skill and experience to keep it upright. Tired out at length and quite willing to give up the contest, I turned the boat's head toward the channel, when something moved me to glance behind me—to behold a sight that chilled the blood in my veins—a boat drifting before the storm, with one occupant—a man—but without an oar or any means to guide it or prevent its inevitable destiny—to be sucked into the whirlpool that roared around the sunken rocks.

Never shall I forget the look on his face, white with the calmness of utter despair; but in another moment my boat was around and I was rowing with a force that made the oars bend beneath my stroke.

How I fought my way through the seething waters and overtook him, I could never tell, I only know that I gained his side just as his boat gave a final lurch; that as he went over, I caught him by the collar, and with the aid of a friendly wave swept him into my boat, laid him face downward, and began my struggle to return.

I had just struck the extreme outer edge of the whirlpool, and for a time I was half ready to give myself up for lost.

But my efforts finally prevailed, inch by inch I fought my way along, until at last, dripping with spray, and too far spent to speak, I forced my boat into the channel.

Old Peter, standing knee-deep in water, was on the watch, and as soon as I came near enough, a rope came spinning over the water toward me, which I seized and fastened to the boat.

Then, utterly spent, I sunk down also, and knew no more until I opened my eyes to meet those bent so anxiously upon me, and knew that I was at home and in my own bed.

But the stranger—is he lost? I asked as recollection returned.

No, they told me; he had received and was sitting up most anxious to know how I fared.

A lady had been to see him—his wife, with their little girl.

They were staying at the new hotel on the Point for a few weeks, but she had gone back again, as there was to be a ball at the hotel that evening that she did not want to miss, and she had left the little girl to stay with him, as the doctor said he better remain where he was for the night.

She is a handsome woman—Mrs. Carlisle, said a neighbor who had come in to help. But she don't seem to care the least about him. I didn't hear her say one kind or hardly pleasant word. She scolded him for going out alone in the boat, when he did not know how to manage it—said it would be so awkward to have to go to the ball without him, but that she did not intend to miss it for all that, and when she was gone his little girl just crept up to him and put her arms around his neck, and said: "Mamma didn't even say she was glad you were saved, papa, but I am, and then he drew her face close to his, and I knew he was crying.

So the first result of my successful effort was sadness and tears, and as I sat there a strange apprehensive shiver ran through my veins, and for a moment I was disposed to let him complete his visit without even attempting to see him.

Then the feeling passed, and another, equally strong took its place, and in another hour I was up and dressed, and tottered weakly along toward the room where the patient was seated.

He had his little girl on his knee—a lovely child of about seven years—but as I entered, he looked up with a glad smile of recognition and welcome, and said to the child:

This is the lady that saved papa's life, Gladys, darling! and jumping down, the little creature ran to me, led me to a seat beside her father, and then throwing her arms around me, laid her soft cheek against mine, and said:

I shall always love you so much for bringing back my papa!

Ere long I knew the story of his life—the marriage that had been made for him, and into which he had been urged by the combined pressure of parental authority and outside influence, only to to learn that he had yoked himself for life to a woman for life to a woman who had not one thought beyond the prestige and increased social advantage the union would accure to her; that in heart, in mind, in tastes and feelings, they were as far apart as though the poles had separated them.

Mr. Carlisle stayed with us three days; then, at his request, coupled with her own most earnest plea, little Gladys was allowed to remain awhile longer, much to her mother's evident relief, and enjoying, unrestrained, the freedom that the hotel life could not afford her; and with us she was as happy as the day was long, and every day brought her father to see her.

Then it was that the madness came upon me, and I knew that I loved this man—this man, handsome, gifted, but fettered for life to one totally estranged from any interest, or one thought in common with his—a woman thoroughly selfish, seeking her own pleasure always and everywhere, to whom he was merely the purveyor of the luxuries that filled and formed the sole aim and purpose of her life; and looking into his eyes, I read the same madness there!

It came out into speech as we stood together on the day he came to say farewell. Their stay at the hotel was ended; his wife desired to return to the city.

I am going, Edna, he said, but I will come down again in a few weeks—I must see your face, and hear your voice, though fate has so cruely divided our lives. Oh, I could wish you had let me drift to death, rather than live to bring this agony upon us both! Good-bye, darling! I must say it once, for I am leaving my heart, my very life behind me!

He almost crushed my hands in his and was gone, while I sunk down in an agony of such bitter shame as I had never deemed possible.

Full well I knew he would come again—I dared not think what the issue might be—what barriers of stern resolve, of duty, of honor, might not yield before the lava tide that seemed eating into their foundations.

Then I reached the apex end pinnacle of madness, for I resolved to condone one sin by committing another.

It was the second day after his departure, and a second was brewing when I went down to the beach, and, as before, indifferent to Peter's warning, got into my boat and rowed outturning my course toward the whirlpool.

Fit emblem of my own passion, it would receive me and wash away the life that could no longer contend against the evil that threatened it.

I reached the outer edge of the rapids; it caught the boat, then I was whirled madly around, a roaring sounded in my ears, and then—

Was I in heaven?—had we both passed the portal? for Chester Carlisle's arms were around me, his tears dropping on my face.

Oh, Edna! he exclaimed passionately, what monstrous evil would you have wrought? On the very night I left here I was made a widower by a frightful accident to the building where my wife was attending a fancy ball. Some impulse that I could not withstand prompted me to come back here to-day—I seemed to hear you call me in peril. I reached the beach while you were yet in sight, and with Peter's help went over you and pulled you from that awful death. Your mad haste has cost you almost a life, and me well-nigh a lifetime of bitter, unavailing remorse.

Steadying myself against him, I rose to my feet.

Leave me now, I pleaded. Come back in a year—not sooner!

He kissed me once on the lips, and was gone. Then came the day when he stood with me again, and said:

Edna, my probation is over. May I claim my reward?

And I did not need to say him nay.

Carry the news to Mary,
And, pray, be not too long,
For she is fast declining,
And surely, 'twould be wrong—
not to tell her of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. We do want Mary to know, in some way or other, that this world-famed remedy will cure her beyond any doubt! It's just the medicine for young womanhood, and thousands has it bridged over that perilous sea.

From every State, from every city, from nearly every neighborhood in this broad land, comes the grateful acknowledgement of what it has done and is doing for our daughters. The only medicine for the distressing and painful irregularities and weaknesses of woman, sold with a positive guarantee to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. In other words, sold on trial.

HELP US SWELL THE LIST

Within the next few months an earnest effort will be made on the part of the CARBON ADVOCATE to increase our subscription list from 1300 to a high water mark of not less than 2000 copies with each issue. We believe this can easily be accomplished if our many friends over the county aid us in the enterprise. The ADVOCATE now leads all papers in the Lehigh Valley at the price, both in excellence of news and size of paper, but we will do more; in event of our expectations being realized we will increase the size of the ADVOCATE and keep the price the same. Will you help us reach this end? Let us hope so. Get your friends to send 25 cents for a three months trial trip. In that time we will convince them that our paper is a necessity in their household.

The Secret of Success.

At Thomas, Lehighton and Biery, Weissport, druggists, believe that the secret of success is perseverance, Therefore they persist in keeping the finest of perfumeries, toilet articles, cosmetics, drugs and chemicals on the market. They especially invite all persons who have palpitation, short breath, weak or hungry spells, pain in side or shoulder, oppression, nightmare, dry cough, smothering, dropsy or heart disease to try Dr. Miles' unequaled New Heart Cure, before it is to late. It has the largest sale of any similar remedy. Fine book of testimonials free. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is unsurpassed for sleeplessness, headache, fits, etc., and it contains no opiates.

The very art of life, as far as I have been able to observe, consists of fortitude and perseverance.

When your face and ears burn so terribly bathe them in very hot water—as hot as you can bear it. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application.

A 9800-foot tunnel drains a subterranean lake in the Centralia (Penn.) coal basin.

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathizes. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral laxatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

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 proprietors are 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.

The juice of a half lemon in a teacup of strong black coffee, without sugar, will often cure sick headache.

An attempt to produce artificial rain is to be made in Kansas. Balloons filled with hydrogen and oxygen gas will be sent up and be exploded by electricity.

Electricity is to revolutionize mining.

The King of Ashantee is allowed 3333 wives. Many of them are the daughters of the chief of tributary tribes over which the King has jurisdiction, and are sent to him as messages.

New York doctors recently treated a three-legged man for rheumatism in all three legs.

The President

Of the Bank of Waverly, Iowa, says: Sulphur Bitters saved my life. For ten years I suffered from catarrh and Liver Complaint; I lost forty-five pounds and was growing worse rapidly. I had lost all faith in medicine, but hearing your bitters so well recommended, I gave them a trial. Six bottles cured me.—Smith P. Hunt, Waverly, Iowa.

FOUND DEAD.

Out on the waters found floating,
Only a Magdalen's clay—
Only a frail lamb that wandered
From the shepherd's fold away.
Over the fair face disfigured
Cling the wet curls of gold;
Over the passionless bosom
The wan, white hands enfold.

Gather the winding-sheet higher
Over the violet eyes—
That even in death seems holding
A gleam of the June-time skies;
But lay her away to slumber,
Far from our beautiful dead,
Where never a daisy shall blossom
Over her sinful head.

What right has she to the sunshine—
To the songs of singing birds—
She who has wandered in by-ways,
Lured by tempting words?
Give her a place in the shadow,
Where only the dew and the rain
Shall fall like pitying tear-drops
Over her bed of shame.

God may forgive her—but never
Man, who has led her astray,
Can look with a throb of pity
Upon her Magdalen's clay;
The angels who dwell in the Presence
May make for her spirit room,
But earth has nothing to give her,
Even a rose-tree to bloom.

Then bury her under the shadows,
Where only the dew and the rain
Shall fall like pitying tear-drops
Over her bed of shame.

REFLECTIONS.

A man cannot be truly eloquent if he knows not how to listen.

Tact can afford to smile while genius and talent are quarreling.

Both courage and fear owe much to the armed neutrality of prudence.

It is expensive economy to make a part of the truth suffice for the whole.

The seeming length of a sermon is generally proportioned to its need.

Beware of the vicious man who proposes to reform his life on the instalment plan

Virtue and laziness may live together, but they are not usually on the best terms.

Don't worry your brain about the man in the moon, but study the man in your own overcoat.

The true prince will find it easier to disguise himself than the world would have him believe.

Bread cast upon the water purely as a business speculation is liable to sink before reaching port.

When impudence dons the mask of repartee, it is time for the company to disperse for the night.

The dog that bays the moon is wiser than the one that bays a bigger dog that is viciously inclined.

There are plenty of good fish always in the sea, but thousands of worthy inland people can never get to the seashore.

There is many a rogue in the world who objects to the Ten Commandments on account of their hackneyed ideas and lack of originality.

The balloon route to the top of Olympus has never been successfully traveled.

Francois Coppee, the French author, is fond of cats that surround his desk and nibble at his pen when he writes.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

A well known scientist has just published a new theory to account for the variation of the compass. He claims that it is due to an electric circuit that is generated by the motion of the earth whirling between two magnetic fields, and that the varying intensity of the current causes the variation of the needle. The two currents, he believes, are streaming to us from the sun, one being produced by the corona the other coming direct with the sun in straight lines. In other words, according to this theory, electricity is generated by the sun. It reaches us the same way sunlight does, and the conclusion is that it is akin to, if not identical with, sunlight itself. The revolving earth is the gigantic dynamo which excites electric currents and makes them manifest.

Making a Harbor With Dynamite.

An attempt is to be made to deepen the water on the bar at the entrance to Brunswick (Ga.) harbor by using dynamite. That part of the bar where the explosive will be placed is only a few hundred feet in width, and but little trouble is anticipated in working a channel across so narrow a shoal. Divers will be sent down with the dynamite cartridges, who will place them in the desired position and sink them to the necessary depth in the sand. During strong ebb tide the explosions will be confined to the outer side of the bar, so that the sand, when loosened from its compact state, will be washed out into deep water by the force of the outgoing tide. When the flood tide sets in the work will be removed to the inner side of the bar, and the sand on that side blown up so that it can be washed into deep water in the Sound.

When Strychnine was Discovered.

Suicide, by means of strychnine, recalls to mind the fact connected with the discovery of strychnine in 1818, by the French chemists, Pelletier and caverton. They called the new poison Vanqueline, in honor of their former master, the eminent chemist, Vauvuelin. But old Vauquelin, having seen the terrible sufferings of the animals on which the effect of the poison was tried, begged the two discoverers not to connect his name in any way with this terrible "new substance," and it was then that strychnine received the name under which it is now known as one of the strongest poisons.

"Just as Good."

Say some dealers who try to sell a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is peculiar to itself.

Silk furnishes the largest continuous fibre known. One cocoon has been known to yield nearly three-fourths of a mile.

What Shall the Harvest Be?

Why! What can it be, but suffering and sorrow, disease and death, if you neglect the symptoms of a disordered liver? Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It outsells all other remedies. Sold under condition that it must either benefit or cure the patient, or the money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures all diseases arising from derangement of liver, or from impure blood, as biliousness, "liver complaint," all skin and scalp diseases, as eruptions, tetter, scrofulous sores and swellings, fever-sores, white swelling and kindred ailments.

America has 86,000 miles of boundary or more than the coast lines of Asia Africa, Europe, Mexico and South America combined.

A Burglar Captured.

This morning about two o'clock, John Wood, the well-known plumber who resides on Main Street, was awakened by hearing glass break. On getting out of bed he received a blow on the head. He immediately grappled with burglar, and after a terrible struggle succeeded in holding until his wife obtained help. On being searched at the station, Mr. Wood's watch and wallet was found on his person. He gave the name of Robert Terry. The broken glass proved to be a bottle of Sulphur Bitters which had almost cured Mrs. Wood of rheumatism.—Exchange.

A discharged chorister in an Ohio town took revenge on the congregation by sitting in a pew and purposely singing out of tune.

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.

Paulding County, Ga., has a farm horse that drinks two gallons of buttermilk per day, and seems to relish and thrive on it.

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.

The production of iron by the Krupp works at Essan, Germany, is given at 700 tons a day.

"Away! Away! There is danger here!
A terrible phantom is heading near;
With no human look, with no human breath
He stands beside thee—the hunter—Death!"

If there is one disease more than another that comes like the unbidden guest at a banquet, it is Catarrh. Insidiously it steals upon you, "with no human breath" it gradually, like the octopus, winds it coils about you and crushes you. But there is a medicine, called Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, that can tear you away from the monster, and turn the scythes' offer, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for an incurable case of Catarrh in the head.

Thunder storms are gradually decreasing in number in the larger towns of Natal, South Africa, according to th Superintendent of the Natal Observatory.

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.

Many of the big paper-mills have turned out paper belts said to be superior to leather.

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.

London was slow to accept the electric light, but is now making up for lost time.

A young lawyer of Savannah, Ga., swam across the Savannah river five times one day last week for a wager of $50. The river at the point is 205 yards wide and twelve feet deep. Fully 5000 people watched the performance.

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.

Brass bands are not allowed to play in the streets of Nashville, Tenn.

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.

A Parisian cameriet has devised a method of taking panoramic views by causing the camera to revolve on an axis so that the sensitive paper may take in the horizon.

For a sluggish and torpid liver, nothing can surpass Ayer's Pills. They contain no calomel, nor any mineral drug, but are composed of the active principles of the best vegetables cathartics, and their use always results in marked benefit to the patient.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE