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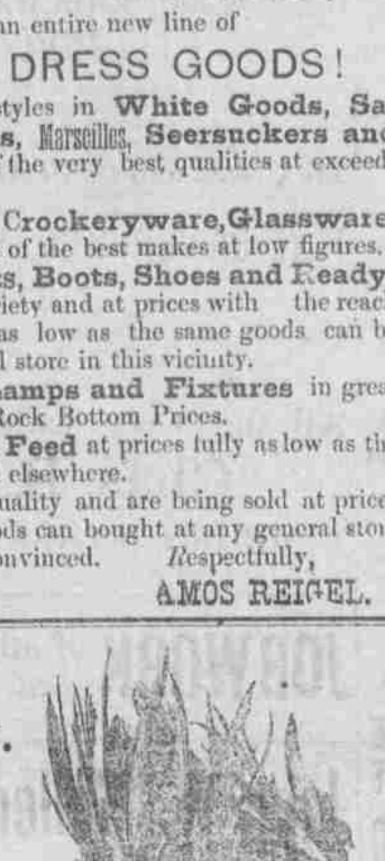

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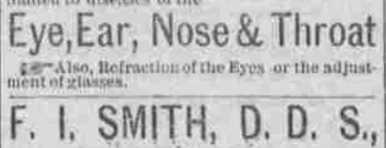

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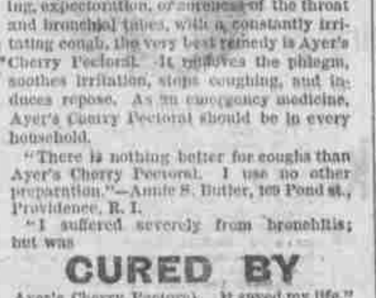
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.



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WHY IS THE
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THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?
It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.
$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.
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$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.
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Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
Adam Mehrkam & Son, Agents
LEHIGHTON.

A HOMILY.

[illegible] and frailest [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] are a green [illegible].

Akin to the uttermost stars that [illegible],
[illegible] the [illegible] they never [illegible],
Is the [illegible] the footsteps [illegible].

In [illegible] potential [illegible]
[illegible] the world and [illegible] as well,
[illegible] of heaven, abysses of hell.

The [illegible] of the earth is fiery young,
[illegible] what may be said or [illegible],
[illegible] brain and a wailing tongue.

[illegible] spent in a narrow [illegible]
Longings each morn for some fair [illegible],
Some boundless grace which thou [illegible].

Dost thou must be not to [illegible],
And [illegible] thou art not [illegible],
The [illegible] by reality far outstretched.

For [illegible] lies at thy very door;
And [illegible] the fire [illegible] sits before,
And [illegible] through every window pour.

Woven the wings of the swift hours be
Of splendor and terror and mystery;
One thing is needful—the eyes to see!
—Cornhill Magazine.

POLLY'S MISTAKE.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"It is a sort of queer color," said Mr. Bobling, as he set his milk pail on the fence and thoughtfully surveyed the artistic olive green which now mantled the old farm house.

"Never saw such a color in my life!" said Reuben Hill, chuckling. "'Taint like nothin' that I ever sot eyes on afore. You don't mean to say that you really like it?"

"She likes it," said Peter Bobling decidedly, "and that's enough."

"Oh," said Hill, "then it's an understood thing?"

Peter Bobling took up his milk pail and started toward the kitchen door, deigning no reply to this question. Reuben Hill chuckled again.

"Guess it'll be a match," said he to himself.

Inside the new olive green house preparations for an early tea were culminating. The kettle sung on the neatly blacked stove, the odor of hot biscuit permeated the room, and Polly Bobling, the farmer's single sister, was filling a glass dish with stewed dried apples, frugally mingled with orange peel to give it a more decided flavor.

"Oh, you've got back?" said Peter, carrying his milk pail through to the cool, shady little milk room beyond, with its shelves painted yellow, and its stone crocks and shining tin pans arrayed in spotless order.

"Yes, Polly answered, "I've got back."

"Emily all right?"

"Yes, Em'ly's all right. Why should'nt she be all right?" tartly demanded Miss Bobling. "She ain't cheeny, to crack, is she? or sugar or salt, to melt? Why don't you ask me if I'm all right! I say, Pete!" she added.

"Eh?"

"Have you asked that widow woman to marry you?"

"I hain't yet," Peter answered doggedly. "But I'm goin' to this blessed night!"

"You're sot on't, be you?"

"Yes, I be!"

"Well," said Polly Bobling, deliberately measuring the thick yellow cream into the blue edged cups, "I guess you'll change your mind when you hear what I've got to tell you."

"Eh?" again uttered Peter.

"There's your tea. Now listen: I left Mrs. Ennis at Griggs's dry goods store to do her tradin', an' I jest tied old Blackey to the lamp post close by the store door, and stepped over to Wilkins's hair store to match my company curls. P'r'aps you've noticed that my hair has grayed up consid'able of late, and the old curls is too brown."

Peter sniffed.

"If folks is too sot up to wear the hair the Lord Almighty give 'em——"

"Yes, yes! but jest hear me out," interrupted Polly, helping herself to some thinly shaved smoked beef. "Well, Wilkins's stock wasn't very big, and the color was hard to match, so Mis' Wilkins and me went up stairs where the hands was makin' up goods to see what we could find. And the first thing I heerd was Widow Ennis's voice a sayin', 'Now, I don't want nobody to know nothin' about this. Mind you, don't breathe it to a mortal soul!' So I jest stepped back, and made a sign to Mis' Wilkins to hold her tongue. 'Is she a buyin' false hair?' I whispered. 'Laws, yes!' says Mis' Wilkins, in the same tone of voice. 'She's one of the best customers we have.'"

Peter Bobling dropped his knife.

"'Tain't true!" said he.

"Says I, 'What's she a buyin' now?' Says she, 'A wig!' Says I, ''Tain't possible!' Says she, 'Well, you can see and hear for yourself.' So she jest fetched me behind the screen where I could peep through a rip in the curtains, and there she was, a pickin' and a choosin' as pa'tickler as you please. And she finally bought it, and paid $4 for it. Not an all round wig, but a front hair wig; an' she put it on, larfin' as silly as could be. An' says she, 'How do I look?' says she. 'Is these crimps becomin' to me?'"

"Be ye tellin' me the truth?" croaked Peter.

"Jest as sure as I set here!" asserted his sister.

"Em'ly Ennis with a wig on!"

"Yes, Em'ly Ennis with a wig on!"

"Wal, then, that settles the matter!" said Peter hoarsely. "I won't marry no woman that wears false hair!"

"Hold on, Peter—hold on!" counseled his sister. "There ain't but precious few of 'em but w'ars curls, or a switch, or false bangs, or suthin.' Don't be rash."

"Can't help it," doggedly asserted her brother. "I've said it and I mean it. Goodness me! the idea of havin' a woman around with her head all covered with goodness knows what all, come out of nobody knows where—burying grounds or hospitals or plague ships, or suthin' o' that sort! Never!"

"I wear false curls," curtly observed Polly, "and I don't b'lieve none o' them things about 'em, neither."

"You're a fool!" civilly commented her brother.

Polly smiled a grim smile. She was used to these little amenities, and they affected her neither one way nor the other.

Nevertheless, she was well pleased when, instead of going to spend the evening at the Widow Ennis's, her brother read the newspaper, made up his accounts, and went to bed before 9 o'clock.

Mrs. Ennis, however, in the pretty white house on the other side of the hill, was not so well satisfied. She had put on her prettiest dress, arranged a bunch of roses in her bodice, and lighted the shaded lamp in the parlor all ready for company. But still no one came.

"I thought you said he was steady company, Emily," said her old aunt, Mrs. Mudge, biting her pretty red under lip. "He sent word he was coming this evening."

"P'r'aps he's changed his mind," observed Mrs. Mudge.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Ennis, jerking her crochet needle with some emphasis through the soft blue wool she was fashioning into a shoulder cape.

"Men are orful onsartin," remarked Aunt Esther in a general way.

"So I have heard," said Mrs. Ennis, with two red spots on her cheeks, while the needle flew to and fro more rapidly than ever.

"There he comes now up the walk," said Aunt Esther.

Mrs. Ennis peeped through the blinds.

"No, it isn't," said she; "it's Captain Clover."

"Another beau o' your'n?" asked Aunt Esther.

"Not exactly a beau," said Mrs. Ennis —"at least not yet. But I'm awfully glad to see him. One don't want to sit stupidly alone all the evening, and you always go to bed so early, Aunt Esther."

Aunt Esther smiled quietly to herself.

"This feller's tall," thought she, "with black hair and slim shoulders. If it's old Hosea Clover's eldest son, I don't see why he shouldn't be a beau. He's enough site better looking than that Bobling fellow!"

Eight o'clock struck; then 9. Aunt Esther, who had fallen into a little doze over her knitting work, finally arose, snuffed out the candle, and betook herself bedward. As she passed the bedroom door, however, she opened it just wide enough to say:

"Oh, by the way, Emily, I forgot to say how much obliged I was to you for selecting that there wig for me to-day. It is a beautiful match."

Captain Clover looked at Mrs. Ennis. Mrs. Ennis burst into a low, pleasant laugh.

"Aunt Esther has quite forgotten that there is any one here," said she.

"So you've been buying wigs?" said Captain Clover gravely.

"Only one," said Mrs. Ennis. "I'm rather used to the business. I always used to select Ennis's wigs for him."

It was Captain Clover's turn to laugh now, but it was rather a nervous laugh, notwithstanding.

"Emily, I wonder how you would get along with a husband that didn't wear wigs?" hazarded he.

"I don't know," observed Mrs. Ennis, intent on a dropped stitch in her work. "I never tried."

"Emily, suppose you were to try."

"Well?" She glanced shyly up.

"Try me, Emily!"

"I don't know what you mean, Henry."

"Well, I mean simply that I love you, Emily, and if I hadn't supposed that you cared for Peter Bobling, I should have told you so long ago."

"Peter Bobling, indeed!" said Emily, with a toss of her head.

"Emily, will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will," said Emily.

The next morning Mrs. Mudge brought a mysterious box over to the Bobling house.

"I just want to show you, Polly Bobling," said she, "what a lovely new head o' hair Emily selected for me yesterday. There can't no one tell it from real, I'm sartin, when I've got it fitted nicely on."

Peter Bobling had just brought in an armful of oven wood. He stood still to hear the rest of the conversation.

"La me!" cried Polly, turning as many colors as a dying dolphin. "Why, I seen her a selectin' it at Wilkins's yesterday, and I s'posed it was for herself!"

"For herself?" almost screamed Miss Mudge. "For our Emily? Why, she ain't 30 yet, and her hair is as thick and soft as brown satin! Oh, is that you, Mr. Bobling? (to Peter who stood transfixed, as it were). "We s'posed you was sick, as you didn't keep your appointment with Emily last night."

"No," said Peter, "I ain't sick. I guess I'll call there this afternoon."

"'Twouldn't be no use," said Mrs. Mudge. "Emily's going up to town this afternoon with Captain Henry Clover. They're engaged."

"What?" shouted Peter Bobling.

"They'er engaged," repeated Miss Mudge, wondering if Peter Bobling's hearing was poor.

And thus ended the last dim gleam of romance that ever brightened poor Peter's life. Polly Bobling declared it was not her fault. But then, as Peter dolefully remarks, "Whose fault was it?"

Good Hands.

That is a good hand which does its work well, whatever it may be.

That is a good hand which knows how to make pain easier and headaches vanish.

That is a good hand which is put out to help some one who has fallen by the wayside.

That is a good hand which helps along the sick and the weak, the helpless and the poor.

That is a good hand which never wrote anything of which it was ashamed, and which never put its hand to fraud and dishonesty.—Atlanta Constitution.

He Had Enough.

"Maria, you've got to take the baby now; I'm tired."

"You only had him an hour, George."

"I know that; but I fastened my pedometer on him, and I've trotted him 53 miles. That's enough."

True friends are like true diamonds—scarce, but precious. False ones, like the leaves of a forest—without number.

APARTMENT HOUSES IN PARIS.

They Are Vast Establishments, Swarming With Life.

We self satisfied Americans boast of our great buildings, and think nothing approaches them, or any other feature of our modern development. Yet the first thing that impresses an American in Paris is apt to be the great size of the buildings in the residence portions of the city. The people live in flats, to be sure, and these great, tall half blocks and whole blocks, faced with yellow stucco, harbor the population of villages, but how tiny our New York dwellings are beside them! How small most of our apartment houses appear by contrast! In the great honeycomb in which I tenanted one cell I got an idea of how this mode of living is ordered. I entered the building by a carriageway that led into a great court.

There was a side entrance to the court, which for some reason was in use after 8 o'clock at night. On either side of either portal were stairs leading to the upper stories—the ground floor being taken up with stores opening on two streets. Exactly opposite the main entrance was the office or headquarters of the concierge, commanding a view of the court and of both entrances. I saw an old woman there always, and she made my acquaintance for the purpose of asking me to call out the name of the family with whom I had taken lodgings whenever I came in after nightfall. I wish now that I had once failed to shout my landlord's name, in order that I might have known what would have happened in that event.

I saw few finer looking, or larger establishments than this, and yet I will not say that it was typical. Speaking for it and no other, I will simply say that grand as its exterior was, and clean and tidy as it looked from the street and from the court, it was none the less a perfect trap for sewer gas and a mine of untidiness. The condition of the closets on every floor was execrable. I can never be brought to believe that I should have escaped typhus fever if I had not kept my windows wide open all the time that I was indoors. The stairs were rude, narrow, uncarpeted, dark, and dirty, and the odors of neglect and carelessness weighted the atmosphere in the public parts of the house.

Let those who have been in other Latin countries say whether this is a general condition in them. I have been in Cuba and France only, and every breath I drew indoors in Paris reminded me of my tour through Cuba. It was the same in the hotels as in the houses in both countries. —Harper's Weekly.

The Great Alaska Gold Mine.

Juneau, the largest town in Alaska, contains about 1,500 white inhabitants and over 500 Indians. Opposite Juneau, on Douglas Island, lies Douglas City, a town of about 1,000 inhabitants. The Treadwell and the Bear's Nest mines are located here, giving the place some prominence, although the Bear's Nest Company has not as yet fully commenced operations. The Treadwell, however, is in full blast, and turns out over $1,000,000 a year. The superintendent kindly allowed us to go through the stamp mill, as well as the mines, which proved exceedingly interesting. The Treadwell Company owns a mountain composed entirely of gold ore, and this is honeycombed with drifts or tunnels leading to a central quarry, where Indians are busily engaged chipping away the rock and throwing it down a chute into cars, which carry it to the mill, where it is crushed under heavy stamps. There are 250 stamps in continual operation, making the largest stamp mill in the world, and the din is so terrific that one can hardly hear himself think, and conversation is only carried on in pantomime.

The crushed ore is mixed with water and passes over long copper plates, covered with mercury, which collects the golden grains. This amalgam is scraped away at intervals and the plates recovered for a new supply. The water containing the remaining gold in the form of sulphides is run over endless rubber belts, which, as they revolve, are agitated laterally with great rapidity, shaking the gold commodities into receivers and allowing the water and refuse rock to pass out through waste pipes into the bay. The Treadwell ore is not particularly rich, only yielding $7 to the ton, but as the supply is practically inexhaustible and the extraction costs only $1.50 per ton, the mine is considered one of the best paying in the country.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Decay in American Manhood.

It cannot be denied that symptoms are appearing in our public and private life of a decay in the character of our people. The only question is, Are they the results of the [illegible] of immigrants, or of other causes which [illegible] the native [illegible] as well as [illegible]? The tendency toward the centralization of wealth and power is the most characteristic symptom that has appeared in the development of our [illegible] and economic life during the last 30 years. It has undermined [illegible] of our citizens and induced them to [illegible] to the Government as a [illegible] power for help and assistance. It has induced them to engage in a [illegible] chase for success, irrespective of principle and virtue. It has [illegible] and habits. It has made them forget that American citizenship is the highest type and has caused them so far to lose their [illegible] that they [illegible] our [illegible] for [illegible] at courts and consider it their greatest ambition to [illegible] in all sorts of extravagance [illegible] certainly cannot be traced to the influence of immigration. A [illegible] adventurers coming over here from Europe, who are introduced into the best circles, who [illegible] the heads of the ladies of society, and [illegible] our "dudes" to imitate their [illegible] more to corrupt the habits [illegible] of the best [illegible] than a million [illegible] immigrants.—Oswald Ottendorfer, in the Forum.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native mettle of a man is tested.—Lowell.

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRIAL.

Chicago has 6,000 saloons.

Steel rail exports increase.

San Francisco has 4,500 saloons.

It costs $1,500 to discharge a Krupp gun.

Denver ice wagon drivers get $65 a month.

France's workingmen average 28 cents a day.

Illinois has adopted the weekly payment law.

Washington, D. C., has lumber inspectors.

A machine gums 20,000 envelopes in an hour.

World's Fair buildings employ 15,000 hands.

Texas sawmills are embarrassed by over production.

Some New York horse car men get $3 for 16 hours.

Drummers in Brooklyn must wear a license badge.

New York machine woodworkers have the 8 hour day.

A New York jockey has been offered $18,000 for 1892.

Only one person in four in London earns over a £1 a week.

The Order of Railway Conductors has 17,000 members.

THE GIRLS OF NINETY-ONE.

They tell me 'twas the fashion,
Oh, long and long ago,
For girls to look like lilies white,
And sit at home and sew.
Forth strode their sturdy brothers,
On many a gallant quest;
But the maids behind the lattice
Their weary souls possessed.

To-day the times have altered,
And pretty Kate and Nell
Are playing merry tennis—
In sooth they do it well.
They ride across the country,
They climb the mountain side,
And with oars that feather lightly,
Along the rivers glide.

If they've not yet been to college,
They are going by and by,
To shake the tree of knowledge,
Though its branches touch the sky.
For all their Greek and Latin,
And poring over books,
With faces smooth as satin,
They'll keep their dainty looks.

Do you want a happy comrade,
In study or in fun?
Be sure you'll find her quickly
'Mid the girls of ninety-one.
She'll keep that bright head steady,
Unharmed in any whirl,
And not a lad will love her less
Because she is a girl.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Books and Their Uses.

Libraries are reservoirs of thought. Books constitute the golden chain that binds all the generations of men together. A people without a literature is also without a history and destitute of hope or aspiration. A knowledge of books gives a distinction among enlightened people vouchsafed by no other possession. In the value of their services to mankind scholars outrank popes, princes, and all the potentates of the earth. The man who writes and prints a useful book becomes the benefactor of his fellows forever; and the benefits of his pregnant labor wax and grow strong as time wanes. In these days of a sleepless printing press there is no reason why any one in this country should be ignorant of books—or, if one has the intellectual capacity to comprehend them, why he should not be thoroughly acquainted with the best books. Of course there are bad and demoralizing books, but the danger of these to the young is probably greatly overrated. A weak or a vile book soon loses its hold upon a healthy mind. It may scorch with a fever for a day on young and developing imagination, but as the body soon recovers from measles and mumps, the moral system in time rights itself, and the evolution of character proceeds.

Like every combined intellectual and spiritual process of upbuilding, the love of books proceeds from the simple to the complex. A youth of 20 rarely comprehends even the simplest lessons of the great poets and philosophers. Their striking utterances and hidden meanings are lost in the unrest of the immature passions and ambitions of the boy or girl. Give the children time. Let them gloat over improbable love stories and impossible adventures while the morning sunshine of life gilds the hills and mountains that skirt and bound their distant horizon if they will. It rests them for the task of climbing these same obstacles to future progress. Time is a schoolmaster as well as a physician, and as the joints of the telescope of years close into each other the instrument ceases to magnify beauties unreal as well as to shorten distances. If the young only learn to love honest books with a real affection the time soon arrives when the ideal or spiritual in their reading becomes the ornament to beautify the actual, and to carry the practical and material in life into the realms of art and beauty. Public libraries are excellent as public aids to culture, but can never take the place of the family collection. The substantial foundation of all good character is laid in the cement of family love and mutual helpfulness at home. The atmosphere of good books should fill the mental lungs of every human pilgrim in every civilized land, from the first wail of new born infancy to the final restful sigh of departing age.

All of the pure spirits of the great departed linger lovingly around the shelves on which the works of their earth life stand as guides, monitors, and friends to those who will partake of the banquet. Of the great writers we only know that they were weak, erring, fallible men and women like ourselves; but their creations are our intimate friends and helpful companions. Of Plutarch we know absolutely nothing, but by his magic touch we are personally present and see Romulus as he places the foundation stones of the Eternal City. Scholarly quacks and literary demagogues destroy with plausible reasoning the identity of the man Shakespeare, but it must be a very cunning charlatan, a miraculously malicious Ariel, who can take from us Lear, Macbeth, Titania, Viola, Caliban, and their immortal lessons of pleasure and helpfulness. Books are to be made useful accessories in the discharge of life's duties; amusing companions in hours of rest and recuperation; partners in the failures and triumphs of existence. That mature man or woman has lost the best sights and sounds of earth's pilgrimage who has not courted their friendship.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Blue Monday.

An explanation of the much dreaded "blueness" of Monday has been afforded by an erudite French observer. He gives it as the result of extended observation that the only nation in which Monday is a day of poor lessons, headaches, scratchy penmanship, and "that tired feeling" generally is the United States. Here he notices that people accustomed to great regularity in eating and other physical habits during the week, make a practice of eating a late and unusually large dinner on Sunday and in lounging lazily around the house a great portion of the day instead of taking necessary exercise. This, of course, leads to temporary dyspepsia on Monday. The theory is ingenious.

Bishop French, of England, who died recently in Arabia, was known as "the many tongued man of Lahore," for he could preach in English, Persian, Hindustani, Pushto, Hindui, Tamil, and Punjabi, and was an eminent scholar in Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Greek, and Latin.

Every tissue of the body, every nerve, bone and muscle is made stronger and more healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A wise man is never less alone than when alone.

Put Me In My Little Bed.

An owl sat up in a hickory tree,
And said in an impudent manner to me,
"Ter-hoot! ter-hoot! ter-hoo!"
I asked her, politely, "You lovely old bird,
"Have you of the 'Golden Discovery' heard?"
She ruffled her feathers and spoke but a word—
That dreary, monotonous "Who?"
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a warranted lung, liver and blood remedy, a powerful tonic and alterative, and a reliable vitalizer for weak persons; a panacea for scrofula, hip-joint diseases, fever-sores, swellings and tumors; contains no alcohol, and is a medicine without a peer. There is no risk in buying a guaranteed article. Your money back if it don't benefit or cure.

No one is positively proof against temptation.

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.

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Reber's Druggists.

Live with wolves and you will learn to howl.

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.

The first blue-bird is the one we notice most.

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.

The dandelions are the spun gold of spring-time.

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.

Benevolence without judgment begets pauperism.

You can never have a really good complexion until the impurity is cleansed from your blood. What you need is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is absolutely free from all harmful ingredients, and therefore perfectly safe.

The beautiful hidden virtues are the most lovely.

Lives of others oft remind us
Married life may be sublime.
We trust to be forgiven this parody of lines from Longfellow's immortal "Psalm of Life." Husbands who are wise and thoughtful, know that the happiness of the home depends largely on the health of the mistress of the home. Many are the tasks which daily confront her. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping, if she be suffering from those distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders. The only remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less.

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.

Flirtation is ably defined as attention without intention.

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 sedatives 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.

Affection and amiability unattended by firm principle lapse into weak concession.

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.

A seal in the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation has given birth to a cub. Both animals are doing well. This is the first time such an event is known to have taken place among seals in captivity. The cub is ten inches long.

The little pacer Richball, 2.12¼, is entered in the free-for-all race at Knoxville, Ia.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE