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The Carbon Advocate.

"INDEPENDENT"—"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

VOL XX., No. 2. Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., November 21, 1891. $1.00 a Year in Advance.

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IN EFFECT NOV. 15TH, 1891.

LEAVE LEHIGHTON

For Newark and New York 5.20, 6.17, 7.30, 9.37, and 11.12 a.m.; 3.06, 5.27 & 7.24 p. m.

For Manunka Chunk and Belvidere 5.22, 7.30 9.00, a.m.; 12.52 and 7.24 p m.

For Lambertville and Trenton 5.22, 9.00 and 11.12 a.m.; and 12.52 p.m.

For Slatington, Catasauqua, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Easton, 5.22, 6.17, 7.22, 7.30, 9.00, 9.57, 11.12 a.m., 12.52, 3.06, 3.37, 5.07, 5.27, 7.24 and 10.43 p m.

For Philadelphia and points south at 5.22, 7.22, 7.30, 9.00 and 11.12 a. m.; 3.06, 3.43, 5.22 and 7.24 p. m.

For Reading and Harrisburg 7.30, and 11.12a. m 3.06, 5.27 and 7.24 p.m.

For Bowmans, Lehigh Gap, Cherryford, Lanry's, White Hall, Coplay, and Hokendauqua 5.22, 7.22, 9.00 6.57 & 11.12 a. m.; 12.52, 3.43, 5.27, 5.07, 5.27, and 10.42 P. M.

For Mauch Chunk 5.22, 7.43, 9.36, 11.00 and 11.48 a.m.; 1.11, 3.36, 4.10, 5.35, 7.17, 8.34, 9.33 and 11.31 p. m. and 12.47 Night.

For Weatherly and Hazleton 6.32, 7.43 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 4.10, 5.35, 7.17, 10.34 p.m.

For Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Ashland 6.32, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 4.10, 5.35 & 7.17 p.m.

For Mt. Carmel and Shamokin 6.32, 7.43 and 11.48 a. m.; 5.35 p. m.

For Pottsville 6.32, 7.36, 7.43, 9.36 11.12 and 11.48 a. m.; 3.07, 4.10, and 7.17, 7.34 p.m.

For White Haven, Wilkesbarre and Scranton 6.32, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 4.10, 5.35, 7.17 and 10.34 p. m.

For Tunkhannock 11.48 a. m.; 4.10, 5.35 and 10.34 p.m.

For Owego, Auburn, Ithaca and Geneva 11.48 a.m.; 10.34 p.m.

For Lacoyville, Towanda, Sayre, Waverly, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, N'agara Falls and the West 11.48 a.m.; and 10.34 p. m.

For Elmira and the West via Salamanca at 4.10 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

For New York 6.00 and 10.07 a.m.; 5.27 p.m.

For Philadelphia 8.02 a. m., 2.52 and 5.39p. m.

For Easton and Intermediate Stations 6.02, 8.02, 10.07 a.m.; 12.52, 2.52. 5.07, 5.27 and 9.02 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk 8.14, 9.56, 10.23 a.m.; 12.26, 3.16, 5.13, 6.54, 9.33 and 10.54 p. m.

For Reading at 6.02 a. m.; 2.52 and 5.27 p. m.

For Hazleton 9.56 a.m.; 12.26, 5.13 & 10.54 p.m.

For Mahanoy City and Shenandoah 12.26 and 5.13 p.m.

For Pottsville at 2.52 p. m.

For White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Sayre, Ithaca, Geneva, Auburn, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 10.54 p.m.

For further particulars inquire of Agents for Time Tables.

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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 principle. 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 smaller takes 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.
Tilton, Ga., Aug. 26th 1890. Dear Sir; The Pills received, they are the best I ever used.
T. W. CLARK.
Lake Crystal Minn., May 14, 1890. Dear Sir: I have taken Pills sent 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.
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TESTIMONIALS.
NEWTOWN, Feb. 17, 1891.
Dear Sir—To those suffering from spinal trouble, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Heart Diseases and Rheumatism, I would highly recommend Prof. Boudrou's remedies; I was a sufferer of these complaints for years at times; was hardly able to move; could not straighten myself. The pain and agony was unexpressible. Doctored with several physicians for years; found but little relief, not permanent, until I was cured by his medicines; his is unsurpassed; would highly recommend Prof. Boudrou's liniment and medicines to all sufferers.
Respectfully yours,
M. J. Vanartdalen,
Newton, Bucks co., Pa.
NEWTON, Feb. 17, 1891.
PROF. BOUDROU,
Dear Sir—Allow me to write you a testimony of your medicine. I can say to all those suffering with ailments of my description, would recommend Prof. Boudrou's medicines. Had terrible pain in my stomach for a long time. My suffering can hardly be described by words; it deprived me of sleep at nights; would lie awake suffering with pain for hours at a time. Doctored with several physicians; their medicine wound for awhile relieve me, but would soon lose their effect, by using Prof. Boudrou's remedies have been entirely cured; would recommend his remedies to those suffering with similar complaints.
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Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities burst in Pimples, Blotches, and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.
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active, and vigorous. To relieve that tired feeling, depression of spirits, and nervous debility, no other medicine produces the speedy and permanent effect of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. F. O. Loring, Brockton, Mass., writes: "I am confident that anyone suffering from the effects of scrofula, general debility, want of appetite, depression of spirits, and lassitude will be cured
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for I have taken it, and speak from experience."
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SUNDAY BY THE SEA.

Beneath the pine trees on the bluff
The hammock swaying to and fro,
The western wind comes whispering
A seaward message soft and low.

Beyond—the sea a tender blue,
Where golden sunbeams kiss and reach,
While lazy wavelets softly lap
Against the thickly shell strewn beach.

Afar against the shining sky,
With sails uplifted clear and white,
A vessel lingers like a bird,
Southward to take its onward flight.

God's day; and his all constant sign
And seal, of sweet abiding love,
Set in unchanging tender care
On earth, sunshine and sky above.

Oh, then, whose waters infinite
Of loving truth forever flow,
Give us the strength that all thy love
We come to recognize and know!

And when above our weary heads,
The many waters ceaseless roll,
Let us lie down in peace and sleep,
Nor fears possess the weary soul.
—Olivia Lovell Wilson in Good Housekeeping.

A CHINAMAN'S BABY GOD

This was told in the council room of the Chong Wah Kung Saw, when the incense sticks of the Sheung-tai were smoldering and the sacred fire of t'aan-heung was burning before the shrine.

Moi Hing, who married a ch'an white woman, had become a father. He had left his Fong-yan wife in K'wang-tung and said he would never go back to the land of his emperor. He married a German girl when he kept a laundry in Brooklyn, and so great was the wrath of her parents that he had to run away to New York with her and leave his laundry in the care of his cousin, Mot Hauk.

He rented one room up near the roof of a four story tenement in Park street, within the throw of a stone by a child from Mott street. It was not a fine place for a white man to live, and white men had not lived there for years. Chinamen do not mind dark rooms, and the German girl who married Moi Hing made the best of her bargain by not complaining.

Around the yat bunlows and in the fan tan shops they call Moi Hing pantim-ke-yat, the Freckled One, because when the disease which the English call smallpox raged in the Kwang-tung district he came back to life like one whom the gods desire to reserve for a different fate. But his skin was no longer smooth. It showed the claw marks of the monster represented in the picture books as having eyes of fire and claws of steel.

The men in the fan tan shops always liked to see the Freckled One come around, for they knew he would not go away until he left them all his money to keep until he won it back. And he never said very long.

They talked of these things because it came before the story told with excited gesture to the forty in the ebony chairs. The Freckled One had, when his face was smooth as that of a Peking belle, learned how to carve curious things out of wood from a master of the art. He had learned so well that he used to carve the gods of the sea and of earth and of heaven for the shrines in the Joss houses.

But the ch'unt-tan monster who left marks upon the faces of his victims when he did not kill, had stricken Moi Hing down while he was at labor, and when he was well again he could not bear to look upon the work done with sharp knives and skillful hands.

The baby which was born to him had blue eyes and hair like the fine threads of gold with which the people of Yat-poon-kwok made wonderful embroidery.

"The American God has smiled upon it," said Moi Hing when he first saw it. "A little god has been sent to me to atone for the work of the Chinese monster," and he passed one hand over his pitted face, and taking off his sandals, salaamed three times before the bed and poured wine upon the floor.

He went out and bought woods that were hard, and when he brought them to the room, which was lighted only by one window, he began to carve as he used to do in Kwang-tung under the master. But he found new subjects for his work, and instead of reproducing on the block of wood the deities of the imperial dynasty or the sea gods with eyes like fishes and scales on their breasts, he carved out the images of children, with round eyes like the blue ones his baby had, and he put wreaths around their heads.

It was a wonderful piece of work, and he kept at it by the yellow light of his tang at night and by the gray light which came through the window during the day. When it was finished he set it on the floor against the wall, and he built a p'aang, or platform, in front of it, and upon this he made the baby's bed. At each corner were burning Joss sticks, and as the incense went up in a straight line he believed the God of the white people were satisfied.

All of his money he spent for incense offerings for the blue eyed one, and he placed gifts before the platform—little tool-haai, made of blue satin, which should be put on the little feet some day—and made garments of brocaded silk and a cap with a red button of the third degree upon it.

The cousin in the laundry in Brooklyn proved unfaithful, and said there was no money there, and the hand of the evil one was laid upon the brain of Moi Hing. Hing saw strange things, and when he walked on the street he talked to himself and cursed the men of his own race. He went into the fan tan shops and demanded the money he had lost weeks before. In order to get rid of him they gave him a few pieces of silver. After the first visit, when they saw him coming, the keepers would say:

"Here comes the crazy Freckled One. Give him some cash or he will bring us bad luck."

The story of the Freckled One's blue eyed baby soon became common report, but no Chinaman ever saw the face of the child, so zealously was that one little room guarded. From want, the little German mother grew thin and pale. They had their bowl of rice three times a day, and sometimes the Freckled One would bring from the restaurant some chan che gett, the feet of a sow, pickled.

But he had no eyes for the suffering of his wife, nor would he listen to her just complaints. He spent most of his time in the worship of his little white god, as he called the baby. The Chinese society would have helped him had he made known his wants, but he scorned all who spoke the language.

This story filled the forty who listened with amazement. They had known nothing of the life of the crazy Freckled One who accused and cursed his own race. And the teller came to almost the last, and said that Moi Hing must be sent back to the hills of Kwang-tung, for even now his spirit was seeking release from a worn out body.

He told how Moi Hing had worshiped all one night before the platform, and called the blue eyed baby a white god, destined by heaven to grow up into a fine woman and deliver the Chinese from the control of the imperial dynasty, in fulfillment of the prophecy made more than a thousand years ago.

Wearied with his devotions, Moi Hing had at last fallen asleep. The little German wife had wanted to take the baby to her bed, but he had said no. So, when he was asleep, she who had been waiting crept out of bed toward the shrine and took the baby in her arms. It was cold and still, and she nestled it close to her breast, as mothers always do, and smiling at her treasure, fell asleep.

Two hours had passed by when she woke up again. The baby had not moved. Its legs and arms were cold and rigid, and the eyes were half open. It was dead. She lifted the wee bit of clay and kissed it as though she would give it some of her own life. She called it ho yeung, and her tears fell upon the wisps of golden hair.

The sounds of her grief came to the ears of her sleeping husband. He crawled to his knees and made an obeisance before the shrine. The Joss sticks had burned down to the wood and had gone out. He jumped to his feet with a cry like an animal at the fatal shot, and began to light new sticks. Then, for the first time, he saw the child was gone. He saw it in its mother's arms. He snatched it from her and felt its cold cheek. Like a lump of lead he went down on the bare floor with the baby still in his arms.

When he struggled to his feet like a man upon whom the yen yen is strong, his wife was gone—she had fled in terror. With a hatchet he chopped the shrine to bits and laid waste the furniture.

The ones who had been told this strange story by the German wife found him in the room with the baby. After the funeral she went to Brooklyn. He will go back to China, but will remember nothing. They call him the Idiot.—Fred A. Wilson in New York Evening Sun.

Telemachus in the Metropolis.

Telemachus, the Hellenist, fell asleep in the grass near the thirteen trees planted by Alexander Hamilton. Telemachus is old and not handsome. His face is tanned and marked like a book worned folio of Stephanus. His forehead, with its thick eyebrows, is exactly similar to a mossgrown overhanging rock. He had been making marginal notes on his rare copy of Pindar, and the book was open by his side. Young men on their way to the tennis ground, so prettily dressed that they were as if made of sugar, marmalade and whipped cream, smiled, not with malice, but amused.

Their companions, the eldest under twenty, charming as are girls not disillusioned by the cooking school, the keeping of house accounts and other commonplace things, stopped. One of them opened her scarlet sunshade over his head, another picked up his precious book and read in soft, enchanting tone until Telemachus awoke, and then she greeted him in Greek that her friends repeated in chorus. There is no happier man than Telemachus, and none so sure that everything is modern.—New York Times.

How the Kangaroo Uses Its Tail.

The common opinion that kangaroos use their strong, muscular tails as a means of propulsion in their flying leaps, which often cover from twenty to thirty feet each, is at once seen to be fallacious by any one who joins in a kangaroo hunt. When sitting erect in attitude of observation the tail is used as an important factor in the support of the body, and when the animal is feeding (at which times it moves about in a lazy, crawling gait upon all four of its feet), it drags limply over the earth.

In running, however, it is curved gracefully upward to clear the ground, and never once touches it during the kangaroo's flight, being seen to fulfill the office of a balancing pole and preserving the animal's equilibrium by shifting positions according to the nature of the ground.—Boston Journal.

The Telephone in New Brunswick.

The telephone has an enviable reputation in one family at least. An old farmer who keeps a summer boarding house on the St. John river, in New Brunswick, was asked by an American how letters should be addressed to reach him. "Oh, don't mind the letters," he said, "there's a telephone up to the house. Whenever you want me, just call me up and my wife will answer you." "But," said the other, "I'm an American, and I may want to write you some time." "Well," answered the old farmer, "haven't you people got telephones in your country?" "Of course, but"— "Well," interrupted the Canadian, "then just call me up when you want me and I guess you'll get us." That settled the discussion right there.—New York Tribune.

The Eye Is the Mirror of the Soul.

The human eye is indeed the mirror of the soul within, and no part of the face betrays so clearly the state of mind as do the eyes. The cold glitter of greedy, cunning avarice; the sneaking glance of the cringing sycophant; the firm, straight look of the brave and strong; the restless motion of the anxious or fearful; the inquiring gaze, the hesitating, the angry, the smiling, the proud, the humble, and lastly, the lover's, combining admiration, feeling and longing, and who knows what else besides!—Chambers' Journal.

Protected by a Child.

The grandson of Count d'Hausonville in La Vie de Mon Pere relates how the noted royalist escaped from the mob on the terrible Aug. 10, 1792:

My grandfather did not emigrate. Louis XVI, who had confidence in his rare courage and entire devotion, had made him promise not to leave him, and he was always one of those who in moments of danger hastened to the Tuileries to defend the royal family. He was with the king throughout the 10th of August. When the royal family left the legislative assembly he found himself in a position of great danger.

He took advantage of the semitwilight in the lobby to destroy his lace ruffles and hid his gold laced hat and his sword under the seats.

Then he joined the crowd which was leaving the hall and the offices. But the difficulty was to pass from the entrance to the assembly hall to the gate of the drawbridge of the Tuileries without being recognized. In this space and at the gate were the people, excited by having taken the palace and by the massacre of the Swiss, which had occupied them nearly all day.

In crossing the garden my grandfather noticed a child who had been hit by a bullet and was moaning on the ground surrounded by several persons. He walked straight to the group, lifted the child in his arms without saying a word, and went on toward the gate, walking slowly and apparently quite absorbed in comforting the little child. His face was thus concealed as he reached the gate and ordered the crowd aside.

He was allowed to pass unsuspected, and still protected by his precious burden he passed through the streets and neared the d'Hausonville mansion. Then he left the child and a sum of money with a physician, with instructions that the little one should be given the best of care.

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

EATERS OF CARBON.

Trees and Plants Grow Out of the Air, Not from the Ground.

Take an ordinary seltzer water siphon and empty it till only a few drops remain in the bottom. Then the bottle is full of gas, and that gas, which will rush out with a spurt when you press the knob, is the stuff that plants eat—raw material of life, both animal and vegetable. The tree grows and lives by taking in the carbonic acid from the air and solidifying its carbon; the animal grows and lives by taking the solidified carbon from the plant and converting it once more into carbonic acid.

That, in its ideally simple form, is the Iliad in a nutshell, the core and kernel of biology. The whole cycle of life is one eternal seesaw. First the plant collects its carbon compounds from the air in the oxidized state; it deoxidizes and rebuilds them, and then the animal proceeds to burn them by slow combustion within its own body and to turn them loose upon the air once more oxidized. After which the plant starts again on the same road as before, and the animal also recommences da capo. And so on ad infinitum.

But the point which I want particularly to emphasize here is just this: That trees and plants don't grow out of the ground at all, as most people do vainly talk, but directly out of the air, and that when they die or get consumed they return once more to the atmosphere from which they were taken. Trees undeniably eat carbon.

Of course, therefore, all the ordinary unscientific conceptions of how plants feed are absolutely erroneous. Vegetable physiology indeed got beyond those conceptions a good hundred years ago. But it usually takes a hundred years for the world at large to make up its leeway. Trees don't suck up their nutriment by the roots, they don't derive their food from the soil, they don't need to be fed like babies through a tube with terrestrial solids. The solitary instance of an orchid hung up by a string in a conservatory on a piece of bark ought to be sufficient at once to dispel forever this strange delusion—if people ever thought; but, of course, they don't think—I mean other people.

The true mouths and stomachs of plants are not to be found in the roots, but in the green leaves; their true food is not sucked up from the soil, but is inhaled through tiny channels from the air; the mass of their material is carbon, as we can all see visibly to the naked eye when a log of wood is reduced to charcoal, and that carbon the leaves themselves drink in by a thousand small green mouths from the atmosphere around them.

But how about the juice, the sap, the qualities of the soil, the manure required, is the incredulous cry of other people. What is the use of the roots, and especially of the rootlets, if they are not the mouths and supply tubes of the plants? Well, I plainly perceive I can get "no forrader," like the farmer with his claret, till I've answered that question, provisionally at least; so I will say here at once, without further ado, that the plant requires drink as well as food, and the roots are the mouths that supply it with water.

They also suck up a few other things as well, which are necessary indeed, but far from forming the bulk of the nutriment. Many plants, however, don't need any roots at all, while none can get on without leaves as mouths and stomachs—that is to say, no true plant-like plants, for some parasite plants are practically to all intents and purposes animals. To put it briefly, every plant has one set of aerial mouths to suck a carbon, and many plants have another set of subterranean mouths as well, to suck up water and mineral constituents. —Cornhill Magazine.

This Dog Knew a Good Thing.

It would be quite impossible for any living being, it would seem, to be insensible to the charms of camp life. One morning when the Listener was in camp, a queer looking black dog of uncertain race, but broad between the eyes, like all intelligent dogs, suddenly popped into the place, evidently upon some journey around the lake. He looked about him in astonishment, and then sat down and locked again. Then he settled instantly down, in a sort of glad, grateful way, which was as much as to say, "This is exactly the sort of place that I've always been looking for!" Not another step did he stir on the journey.

He adopted the camp from that moment and everybody in it. Nobody knew where he came from or to whom he belonged. He was a total stranger to the people who lived on the farm not far away. He slept in front of the tent at night, and barked at any stranger who came that way, and answered amiably to the name of Liberty Moses. No doubt, when the camp broke up, he went back to his more civilized home, wherever it was, but as long as that charming spot remained in existence there was no other place for him.—Boston Transcript.

An Enjoyable Way to Take Tea.

There are people who get more out of life than others by a sort of philosophy of contrast or change. The listener, being invited to tea not long since, found the table set under the apple trees just a few steps from the kitchen door. There were several children seated about the table, expressing by their demure manner that it was not a novel thing at all. "Oh, no!" said the hostess; "we've hardly eaten dinner or supper in the house for three weeks. If it's a possible thing we set the table out here or on the piazza at least. There is only one disadvantage, it makes it harder on the girls, but we all take hold and help, so that they are as pleased as we are."

It was delightful to sit under the trees that flecked the table cloth with moving shadows and seemed to add new flavor to the simple food. The house stood back from the street of course, and yet if it had been near the street there might have been a great gain for the passerby. It would have given a touch of sociability to the street, like that so characteristic of the French, who eat in public so gracefully.

It formed a sort of daily picnic, without the toil and bugs and depressing after effects of that great American institution. It added charm and relish to the meal, and made the summer more distinctly a time for vacations and out of door impressions. It seemed a custom that could be profitably followed by many suburban dwellers and it would be a distinct lengthening of the playtime of midsummer.—Boston Transcript.

He Changed the Day.

The story is told of the late "Pig Iron" Kelley that on one occasion a young woman, the daughter of an old Pennsylvanian, who had been one of Kelley's political lieutenants, applied to him for a position, which he promised to secure for her the next day. On the following morning, when the young woman called on the judge, he had forgotten all about her case, but upon being reminded, apologized profusely and told her to "call tomorrow." The judge kept this up for nearly a month, when the young woman lost her patience. On the occasion of her last visit the judge, who was very absentminded, did not catch her name as the servant announced her presence in the parlor and, walking hurriedly into the room, shook hands with her and began the old formula.

"My dear young lady, I am very busy today; you will really have to call tomorrow." "But, judge," she protested, "that is what you have told me for a month. I have come almost every day, and you have invariably told me to call tomorrow." "I beg your pardon, I am sure," said the judge with great suavity. "Call day after tomorrow."—Sun.

For scrofula in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures

Calvin S. Brice's first labor was over law books in a country law office in Ohio.

Not The Right Word.

"No," said Bertha sadly, "pain" doesn't express what I suffer at these times—it is simply 'anguish!' I know I ought to consult a physician, but I dread it so! I can't bring myself to do it. Then, too, female diseases' always seemed so indelicate to me, I can't bear to have any one know or speak of mine."

"Yes, dear" answered Edith, "but don't you know you can be cured without going to a physician? Send to any druggist for a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and take it, and I warrant you'll feel better in a very few days."

The manufacturers warrant the medicine, too. They guarantee it to do exactly what it claims, viz: to cure leucorrhœa, painful irregularities, excessive flowing, prolapsus, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, and the innumerable other "female weaknesses." It so strengthens and builds up the uterine system, and nerves, that worn-out, run-down, wives and mothers feel rejuvenated after taking it, and they are saved the painful embarrassment and expense of a surgical examination and a tedious, tiresome treatment.

Judge Noah Davis was born on a farm and realized his first coin selling eggs.

A HARD FIGHT.

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.

Henry Clews's early life was spent as a porter in a woolen house at $3 a week.

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. 50 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Bierr's Drug Store.

To think for oneself is not achieved—it is a gift of the gods to a favorite son.

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 cents per box. For sale by N. B. REBER, Lehighton, and W. F. Bierr Weissport.

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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 merits of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and $1.

The recuperative force of nature works wonders—especially upon widowers.

Guaranteed Cur

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on it. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at the drug stores of Reber, Lehighton; and Bierr, Weissport.

The love that gives all and asks nothing will never die of satisfy.

The Secret of Success.

Tanmas Lehighton; and Bierr Weissport druggists, believe that the secret of success is perseverance. Therefore they persist in keeping the finest line 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, or opsy or heart disease to try Dr. Miles' unequaled New Heart Cure, before it is too 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.

Humility is so rare that it usually gets called mean spiritedness.

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