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"INDEPENDENT"—"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

VOL XX., No. 24. Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., April 23, 1892. $1.00 a Year in Advance.

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Rye, Wheat and Vienna Bread
Fresh Every Day. Our Vienna Bread cannot be excelled. We respectfully solicit your patronage. Watch for the Wagon.
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Stoves, Tinware. Heaters and Ranges,
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Lowest prices, good treatment, prompt delivery
Call and See Us.
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MANUFACTURER OF
WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, Doors, Shutters, window sashes, Mouldings, Brackets,
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Very Lowest Prices.
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We are showing something New, Nice, Stylish, Beautiful and Substantial in
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Please mention this paper. 6-27-6m

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DISCOVERER OF
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Liberal Minded Physicians Endorse Them

As being the Greatest Discovery of the Age. Positive cure when used in accordance to instructions, in diseases heretofore so-called incurable, Diphtheria, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, congestion of the brain, the result of sunstroke, anaplexy, and locomotor paralyzed restored to their natural condition. Spine, hip and bone disease cured. Rheumatism sciatica, neuralgia, Bright's disease of the kidneys, liver complaint, dysentery, and so-called heart disease are entirely cured by pure medicine of my own preparing.
During the years over 15,000 persons have used these medicines and are living witnesses of their worth. I will not go into practice myself, being over 72 years of age; will sell my medicines only. I have two eminent physicians connected with me to attend to calling at the residences of the sick if required.
TESTIMONIALS.
NEWTOWN, Feb. 17, 1891.
Dear Sir—To those suffering from bilious trouble, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Heart Disease 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 inexpressible. 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. Vanartsdalen,
Newton, Bucks co., Pa.
NEWTON, Feb. 17, 1891.
Prof. Boudrou:
Dear Sir—I take pleasure 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. He is a true man in my account for a long time, suffering can hardly be described by words. Deprived me of sleep at nights; would be sore, 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.
Respectfully yours,
T. M. Vanartsdalen,
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Office and Laboratory open daily from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. Call or write to
ALEXANDER BOUDROU,
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Philadelphia, Pa
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Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Bronze Clocks, anything in the Jewelry Ling
50c. Per Week.
Join a club in which you only pay the above small sum and your watch, valued at $40 is estimated to only cost $17.65. Certificates are now being issued by
FRANK GERMAN,
GENERAL AGENT,
Weissport, - - Penn'a.
W. F. HOFFORD,
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APR. 16, 1892-3m.

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Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth Extracted without Pain. Gas administered when requested.
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DELIVERED AT
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Leave orders at "Sweny's, Koch's or Leibenguth's.

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The undersigned announces to Contractors and Builders that he has now opened his stone quarry, at Beaver Run, and is prepared to supply
Building Stones
in any quantity at reasonable rates. He also keeps a supply at his residence on SECOND STREET, to supply immediate demand.
HAULING of every description, promptly attended to.
Also, constantly on hand a full supply, of the best brands of
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CHARLES TRAINER,
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WILSON FRANTZ,
The New Jeweler,
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—FOR—
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
of every description, at prices lower than elsewhere. Particular attention paid to
Repairing of Every Description.
A practical experience of over ten years enables me to guarantee satisfaction in every particular. Give me a trial and be convinced. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
oct. 3, 1891 WILSON FRANTZ, Bankway.

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FRESH LAGER BEER,
Finest Brands of Liquors, such as
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Imported Gin and Brandies,
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First-class Free Lunch always on the Bar.

The Robert's Safety Lantern,
J. E SCHOLL, agt.,
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It is Self Lighting, Non-Explosive, with a Self Wick Regulator.
Just Right for Railroad Men!
Price—Plain, $1.50. Nickle, $2.00.
Don't buy any other until you have seen this popular lantern.

The Celebrated
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Guaranteed full Length.
The very best Shingle in the Market,
Manufactured by
RICKERT & SNYDER,
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DEALER IN
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If You Have
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Weissport Business Directory.

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This house offers first-class accommodations to the permanent boarder and transient guest. Parlor prices, only One Dollar per day.
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The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.
This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 12 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not get it confused with other Sulphur Bitters! Your Druggist does not order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use
Sulphur Bitters!
Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once. It will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is
The Invalid's Friend.
The young, the aged and infirm are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life. It has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,
Try a Bottle To-day!
Are you low spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.
Don't Wait!
Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

Ayer's Pills
May always be relied upon as a certain cure for liver troubles, constipation, sick headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, jaundice, and rheumatism. Unlike most cathartics, Ayer's Pills strengthen the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restore to these organs their normal and regular action. Taken in season, they check the progress of colds, fevers, and malaria. Being purely vegetable and sugar-coated, Ayer's Pills are
The Favorite
family medicine, while travelers, both by sea and land, find them to be indispensable.
"We sell more of Ayer's Pills than of all other kinds put together, and they give perfect satisfaction."—Christensen & Haarlow, Druggists, Baldwin, Wis.
"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years, and consider them an invaluable
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I know of no better remedy for liver troubles and dyspepsia."—James Quinn, Hartford, Ct.
Capt. Chas. Mueller, of the steamship "Pelican," says: "For several years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else in the medicine chest, to regulate my bowels, and those of the ship's crew. These pills are not severe in their action, but do their work thoroughly. I have used them, and with good effect, for the cure of rheumatism, kidney troubles, and dyspepsia."
Ayer's Pills
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

J. A. PHILLIPS,
—DEALER IN—
Pianos and Organs,
WEISSPORT, PA.
Four Cardinal Reasons Why You Should Buy Pianos and Organs at Phillips'
Phillips has no Agents!
Phillips has no Collectors!
Phillips has no expenses!
Phillips can time Pianos and Organs!

Dr. C. T. HORN,
—AT THE—
Central Drug Store,
OPP. THE PUBLIC SQUARE
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.,
IS HEADQUARTERS FOR
Pure Drugs and Medicines,
Fine Soaps, Brushes, &c., &c.,
choice Wines and Liquors,
Wall Paper and Decorations!

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When you buy a pair of Shoes you want a good fit. But if you need SPECTACLES it is much more important that the EYE should be accommodated with correct lenses and a properly fitting frame which will bring the lenses directly before the centre of the eye. If you buy your spectacles at Dr. Horn's you will find the above points properly attended to.
—OF—
Prescriptions carefully compounded

SAY!
HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAW?
IF SO, CALL ON THE
Carbon County Improvemeot Co.,
Weissport, Pa.,
Where you can have all kinds of lumber sawed at the very lowest prices
Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular.
Fire Wood!
In all lengths and in all quantities supplied cheaply.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.
We further state it acts gently on the stomach, liver and bowels, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made of herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called
LANE'S MEDICINE.
All druggists sell it at 25c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one bottle "Lane's Family Medicine" moves the bowels each day. It is food to a healthy, but a physic to the sick.

1892		APRIL.				1892
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter	4	1:21 a. m.	Third Quarter	20	1:09 a. m.
Full Moon	12	1:26 a. m.	New Moon	26	4:47 p. m.

JACK'S SWEETHEART.

"Aunt, you must listen to me!" The proud head is thrown back and the blue eyes are flashing like sapphires in the sun. "I will not marry Mr. Chester—I despise him! You know well that if he had no money you would never admit him to your house! Oh, aunt, I never even dreamed you were so mercenary!"

"I am not—for myself. It is for you, child—it is of your future that I am thinking. I must die some time, and you know the conditions of my husband's will make it impossible for me to leave you one penny. Could you bear poverty after enjoying all the pleasures which wealth can give? Ah, child, it is a hard, bitter opponent to battle with when one is so young and lovely as you are!"

"I have a profession, aunt. I shall not starve. And even if I had no way of earning my bread I would not marry a man whom I detest for his money."

"Perhaps you and Jack Dumraven have resolved to try poverty together," suggests Mrs. Thornton.

There is the faintest suspicion of a sneer on the handsome mouth, but she is too well bred to allow it to become anything more than a suggestion.

"Poverty with the man I love would be happiness compared with a blighted life. Aunt, do you believe in mercenary marriages?"

"Why not? I married the man my parents chose for me; a man they knew could give me everything my heart desired, and as whose wife I would be a queen in society."

"Were you happy?"

The handsome brows contracted a little.

"Yes, child—what an absurd question."

"Ah, aunt, I don't believe it! You were not as happy as you could have been. Do you really think that I would be happy as Mr. Chester's wife? Let your heart speak."

But the inscrutable mask is on her face again; that instant's agony is over. She had cast off the young lover who had her love for the wealthy suitor. Well, the world is no wiser.

"Why should you not?" she says. "You would be mad to reject him, Beth. He can give you every luxury—more even than I can. He is old, true, but that is nothing. He would exchange his wealth for your youth and beauty. You could do no better. Even I, with all my ambition, would be satisfied with such a marriage. You have done brilliantly—exceeded my hopes. But you must forget Jack; he is poor, he could never make you happy."

"Is wealth, luxury, pleasure all one must live for? Is love to have no place in one's life at all?" cries Beth.

Mrs. Thornton shrugs her beautiful shoulders.

"When one is young one's heart is apt to take the lead in one's life," she says. "You are young, what is to be expected? Mr. Chester will be here this evening—see that he receives the answer he should."

With this she sweeps gracefully away, throwing a significant smile at her niece as she closes the door.

"Ah, Jack," said Beth Russell, softly, "I will be true to you till death—through poverty, through everthing! You doubt my love now, but some day I will prove to you how even a society girl can love.

* * * * * * *

It has been bitterly cold all day, and for the first time perhaps in many weeks the street corners are deserted. A warm house and a warmer fire is every stray pedestrian's goal. And now, just at dusk, as the lights are just peeping through the gathering gloom, a fine, cutting snow begins to fall.

The usual crowd at the little station is dispersing; the bustle and excitement caused by the arrival of the through passenger train has subsided and the operator is left once more to herself.

She closes her key with a little snap, goes up to the blazing fire in the huge, ugly stove and holds out her slender hands to its warm radiance.

"The petted darling of a wealthy home and innumerable friends in a common serge gown!" She laughs softly and rubs one hand up and down the sleeve of her dress. "I wonder what Mr. Chester would say were he to see me now! Ah, poor aunt, I wish you could have lived! But perhaps it is best as it is, and I am glad—glad you could not leave me one dollar. Poor, proud Jack! When he hears that I—I, the supposed heiress—am poor, even poorer than he is, will he come to me—then?"

The door opens and slams, letting in a cold gust of rain, wind and snow.

"Ah, Lenn, is that you?" she says brightly, as a young giant of a fellow comes toward her, shaking the snow from his clothes like a great dog. "How could you remember me on a night like this? And no overcoat!" she exclaims. "Why, you will freeze!"

His handsome face lights up with a smile that displays a dazzling row of teeth.

"Perhaps I stopped in to get warm," he said roguishly, "and not to see you at all. Why, it was only yesterday that I saw you!"

Then the brightness dies out of his face, and some of the youthfulness goes with it.

"Ah, what an eternity that has seemed to me," he says, his eyes dark with earnestness. "Every minute spent away from you is a blank. I never know what it was to count the minutes before you came. I never had this restlessness before, but with you I am calm; you quiet me; just one glance from your eyes—that is enough."

She lays one soft little hand on his powerful brown one.

"Poor Lenn!" she says softly. "I am sorry."

He turns away and draws one hand across his eyes, then smiles at her in almost his usual light hearted fashion.

"By the way," he says, "I am afraid the bridge across the river just below here will not hold 802 tonight if it is as loaded as usual. Well, I'm off; I may be back this way in an hour to help you keep away the cold."

He buttons his coat about his throat and draws his fur cap over his eyes. At the door he looks back and hesitates.

"I feel strangely reluctant to leave you here all alone," he says wistfully.

"Why, what could harm me?"

"Nothing in all Trenton, that I know of—but—would you like me to stay with you?"

"How good you are!" she says. "But do you think I would allow you to go without your supper in order that you may protect me from unseen peril?" She laughs merrily. "No, Lenn, I am as safe as it—as if—well, nothing can happen to me, at all events. So go with a clear conscience."

And this time he goes and does not look back.

She shivers a little as she remembers what he has said about the bridge. What a sudden chill of terror his words had struck to her heart.

"The bridge will not hold 802!" she says to herself. "It is a through passenger and will not stop unless I signal it. I must find out. It is not due for half an hour yet. I shall have time."

She throws a long, dark cloak over her shoulders and takes down a red light from the wall. With another glance at the clock she rushes out in the stormy black night. Down the track she speeds, the lantern dancing through the darkness like a will-o'-the-wisp. The bridge is about a quarter of a mile from the station, but she knows every step of the way. Suddenly a deep, roaring sound meets her ears.

"The river! The river!" she gasps. "Lenn said today it had risen fearfully. That frail bridge will be swept away as if it were a stick in such a fierce torrent."

Now she is at the bridge—but where is the bridge? The last of it is swept away in the black, seething waters as she reaches the bank, and at that moment, another sound, heard faintly above the roar of the river, sends a new terror to her heart. A distant thundering sound, and she knows the train is coming through the cut half a mile away.

"Oh, God, for some strength!" she groans. "All those souls must not be lost!"

She struggles on through the fearful wind that drives the thin, cutting snow in her face like so many tiny lashes. On comes the express—nearer, nearer. Gradually the roar of the river changes into the roar of the oncoming train. Once she stumbles and falls, and her fingers, stiff with cold, almost lose their grasp on the precious red signal; but she is up almost before she touches the ground.

"Only a few more rods," she breathes, "and they are saved!"

Now she can see the lights from the station, and almost simultaneously there flashes around a curve in the inky darkness the headlight of 802 coming down the track at full speed.

With a last desperate effort she gains the station, and, standing in the center of the track, waves the red light frantically above her head. She tries to cry out—her voice is drowned in the roar of the wind and the approaching train. But the engineer's head is out of the cab window; he sees the slender, wind blown figure on the track, her tragic white face gleaming in the dazzling glare of the headlight. He throws back his lever, and gradually—gradually—the long train comes to a standstill, the engine panting and quivering like a live thing and sending out great volumes of dense smoke.

They are saved! The lantern falls from her numb hand, and she sinks down on the track, shivering and trembling all over. There is a crowd about her in an instant asking questions that she is too exhausted to reply to, but among all the strange faces she sees one familiar one that sends the blood to her white face and the light to her eyes. She holds out her hand with a little faint cry, and it is clasped in both of Jack's warm ones and held close to his heart.

Then she turns to the conductor, who is standing impatiently beside her.

"The bridge is gone," she says. The words come with difficulty through her white, cold lips. "I went down to see and reached here barely in time to save the train."

When they all know what has occurred what a cheer is raised for her! Jack leads her into the station and brings the best chair he can find in the office and seats her before the glowing fire—her own Jack! And she has saved his life! A great throb of exultation goes through her as she sees him standing there, so strong and tall and handsome. Ah, now he knows how a society girl can love!

She is almost dead with cold, but she smiles faintly at him and then the white lids close, but not before she knows Lenn is beside her and has her hand in his and is bending over her, his young face white and anxious, and so, between the two men who love her, she gains consciousness after a little and receives the heartfelt thanks of all the passengers.

Jack and Lenn have shaken hands cordially and Lenn, with a horrible ache in his heart, has gone away and left them together. He knows that is the man that Beth loves, but he bears it bravely. Beth is happy and he tries to be glad for her sake.

Jack has her hands in his and is looking into the sweet, shy eyes.

"You have saved my life, Beth," he says, and the gay voice is very grave now. "Are you going to make me wish that you had not? I had heard of your aunt's death, and my heart ached for you, but I dared not come near you. I waited to hear of your marriage to Mr. Chester, but I did not. Ah! Beth, brave little girl, to face poverty when you could have commanded millions by a single little word."

"It was for you, Jack," she says in a low voice. "I loved you—could I swear to love another? Aunt tried very hard to persuade me to accept Mr. Chester. Poor aunt!" she sighs, and the shadowed eyes brighten with a smile. "I have you, Jack," she says. "You will never leave me again," softly, "will you?"

"No, sweetheart," he says, "never again."—Waverly Magazine.

A Departure in Telephony.

The manager of the telephone exchange in Lisbon achieved distinction some time since by connecting the royal palace with the opera house at a time when the king was in mourning. The telephone man also connected his own house with the transmitters on the stage of the opera, and had wires with receivers attached all around his drawing room. On opera nights he used to invite his friends to enjoy the performance at his house, and it was a curious sight when some ten or twelve people were sitting about the room in comfortable armchairs with receivers to their ears—head telephones were used, so that there was no necessity of holding up one's hands all the time—and listening attentively without uttering a sound beyond an occasional exclamation of delight or surprise.—Electricity.

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

VULGARITY IN DESIGN.

Jewelry, Furniture and Bric-a-Brac That Shock the Esthete.

There is nothing in modern life more discouraging to the person of taste than the deliberate vulgarity in design which is so conspicuous in modern manufactures, and this is especially true in those matters of adornment or luxury where it would be supposed that if anywhere would be found the evidences of refinement and cultivation. If in the articles with which the dwellings and the persons of the rich are adorned one does not find evidences of good taste it is indeed a discouraging outlook for the seeker, and yet it is in precisely in these things that the most flagrant violations of all esthetic canons are encouraged.

One has but to consider the tricks of the makers of jewelry to understand the extent to which this evil has gone. The last whim of the makers of slang is to be seen in the windows of the jeweler wrought out in precious stones. Now the art of the cunning goldsmith is devoted to the making of pigs in gold and gems, now it is some other beast equally inartistic, again it is some idiotic pun, which is enshrined in costly stones or rich enamel, and yet again the paraphernalia of the turf, the gaming table, or what not, absorbs the best skill which the modern world can show in this line. Even worse are the coarse and vulgar designs which are to be seen in the cases of respectable jewelers of the feminine leg or foot, the suggestive and semi-indecent ornaments which appeal to the taste of certain classes, not only of men, but of women, who are apparently perfectly proper members of society.

The designs of furniture and bric-a-brac are, if anything, worse. It is true that there are good designs to be found, but it is no less true that the reign of cheap vulgarity is at its triumphant height. The hard and unsympathetic execution of mechanical means which would be tolerable only when directed by the most delicate and sympathetic taste is made the more detestable by the coarse and forced manner in which it is used. When the designer goes to the past to purloin a design, if he wishes to hit the popular taste he selects some rococo motive of the worst period, and as a rule it is popular in direct proportion to its worthlessness.

When one compares the ornaments of today with those of the times of our grandfathers he may well ask whether our grandchildren will have as much reason to respect their heirlooms as we have to look with pride upon ours. If one takes the so called souvenir spoons with which the shop windows have been filled, how many of them are even tolerable in design?

It is always easier to find fault than to find out a remedy, and it is undoubtedly true that in the present case the matter is largely the result of the increase of material prosperity among those classes where neither taste nor intelligence has had time to be developed. The markets are controlled to a great extent by the new rich, and it is not unnatural that the impress of their vulgarity should be left in a broad mark upon the arts of the time. It is no less true abroad, however, than it is in this country that the designers have apparently degenerated, and the explanation given does not so well apply abroad as in this country.

No doubt the taste of the world is being educated, but the problem today is to educate the taste of the many instead of the taste of the few, and it is far more difficult than any which has ever been presented to the devotees of the esthetic in the history of civilization before.—Boston Courier.

A Snap Shot at Albuquerque.

We were driven through the streets (if they may be called such) of Albuquerque. Past the wretched mud hovels of the stooped and wrinkled Mexicans, who opened their weak eyes in indolent curiosity which scarcely tempted them to turn their heads for a further view. They seemed to have nothing to do but sun themselves in the doorways and on long board benches by the side of their mud walls. The only ones we saw engaged in any occupation were those who sat combing out their long, black hair, and these were the women kind. If there is a spot on the face of the earth without a hint of home or cheer, it is this mudbuilt town of winds and sands and flat topped roofs of Mexicans, Spaniards, Indians and cowboys.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Study Your Own Case.

I always insist on my patients studying medicine to the extent of their disease at least. Of course all patients cannot do this. But where it can be done the disease yields much more readily to treatment. There is nothing remarkable about this. It is reasonable that if a sick man knows something as to the nature of that portion of his anatomy which by reason of its disorder brings on disease, he can the more intelligently assist the doctor in bringing about a cure. This rule, if observed, will materially assist in a general improvement of health.—Dr. Merriman in Chicago Tribune.

Children's Play in Germany.

It is a common belief at the present time in south Germany that if children play soldiers very often in the street there is a war coming, and if they play "funeral" an epidemic will come over the land and many deaths will result. The relator of this tells that, when a boy, he with others played "funeral" in front of the house of an old miser in his native town in Germany. The miser became much excited and exclaimed, "I will not die yet!" and made complaint to the mayor that the boys should be arrested and punished.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Two Women Alike.

Any man who knows much about women knows "all women" never do the same thing. Women are uncertain creatures, and what one has done is no indication what the next will do. There has to be a new rule for each woman.—Cor. Boston Globe.

Songs Not Easy.

Beranger, the famous French poet, whose greatest gift lay in writing little poems which he called songs, was particularly dependent upon the chance visits of the muse.

He was once visited by the author and academician, Viennet, who said to him:

"You must have written several songs since I saw you last."

"I have only begun one," answered Beranger.

"Only one! I am astonished!" exclaimed Viennet.

Beranger became indignant.

"Humph!" he shouted. "Do you think one can turn off a song as one turns off a tragedy?"—Youth's Companion.

How Interest Accumulates.

If one cent had been loaned out at 5 per cent interest per annum with the beginning of the "year of one," that cent and the interest on the first day of January, 1892, would have amounted to the enormous sum of $58,454,185,389,747,568,426,358,965,555.20; in other words and characters, 58 thousand 454 quadrillions 185 thousand 389 trillions 747 thousand 568 billions 426 thousand 358 millions 965 thousand 555 dollars and 20 cents.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

The Best Part of the Music.

"Shall I play the rest?" she asked, as she paused in her performance at the piano.

"Yes," he answered, "by all means. I enjoy the rests very much. I hope you won't think of stopping any."—Washington Star.

KITCHEN TRAINING.

A WORK WHICH HAS HELPED MANY POOR AND RICH FAMILIES.

What "Kitchen Garden Training" Means. How It Was Started and by Whom. Miss Huntington's Great Work for Her Less Fortunate Sisters in a Big City.

"There is so much to find fault with and so much to wish for in such a great big, dirty city as ours that sometimes the good, sweet, modest facts connected with our charitable institutions are overlooked," said a visitor to the Wilson Industrial school and mission as she came away from there the other day. The building at 135 St. Mark's place was turned, nearly forty years ago, from a factory into the pleasant school house which it now is. This school, which was the first institution of the kind in America, is not endowed and is maintained entirely by voluntary contribution. Mrs. Jonathan Sturges is the first director, and many familiar names are on the list of managers.

The matron of the school is Miss Emily Huntington, the originator of the system of kitchen garden training, a branch of work now carried on not only at the Wilson school and elsewhere in this city, but in other American cities and in Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland and France. Miss Huntington has made the mission house her home, and here she watches day by day the results of the methods which she has established.

It is with a fascinating interest that one listens to the tale of how by the merest chance Miss Huntington, at eighteen, just out of school and ready to be ushered into fashion's pleasures, chanced to be taken by a friend to visit a "ragged school," and how the only daughter of fond parents put society and the usual amusements of youth aside, and not in the same manner, but with the same motive as her cousin, Father Huntington, set herself about mission school work.

Nobody could work with Miss Huntington's energy and her capacity for organizing without developing new ideas which should bring forth more complete work, so as time passed on and she gained experience, not only among the poor, but with her own class, she made various discoveries. One was that the leisure of some of the young girls of her acquaintance might readily be put to good account, and another that kitchen gardening might with profit be adapted to the rich as well as the poor.

She obtained the co-operation of some of the mothers and the interest of the girls, so that a meeting was called for the purpose of developing a plan of movement. Fifty girls met at the house of one of the elder women. This was in 1867. It was proved that most of them, no matter how well versed they were in Latin and geometry, knew absolutely nothing about domestic science, so arrangements were made for forming a normal class which should be divided into companies, these companies to go to the mission for regular days of teaching.

These young women, as their paths divided, removed to Boston, Chicago and elsewhere and set up kitchen gardens of their own, with the result that the system has spread everywhere. It might even be said with truth that the other thought, that of the Working Girls' clubs, emanated from this mission, for Miss Grace H. Dodge was one of the fifty young women who joined in the work there, and it was no doubt because of the experience she gained at this time her idea was conceived and developed.

The girls became kitchen gardeners themselves, and afterward, when marriage had placed some of them in homes of their own, they wrote to the founder of the system, "You have no idea how kitchen garden helps me with my servants and my housekeeping," and to others it gave the means of livelihood when unforeseen reverses of fortune made them dependent upon their own resources.

It must be confessed that "kitchen garden" is a rather misleading name, for it suggests to many a place where vegetables are grown for kitchen use. When Miss Huntington was asked about the name, she said: "It means a system by which all the intricacies of domestic science are taught—sweeping, dusting, washing, ironing, waiting at table, etc. I thought a little of changing the name at one time because it was confounded with the term vegetable garden, but I found nothing that quite took its place, and I soon discovered that the fact that the name had to be explained gave it additional importance."

The school hours are the same here as elsewhere—from 9 to 3. There are about 200 girls, ranging in age from five to ten, and there are the usual lessons in reading, writing and arithmetic, which come under the head of study. The training in the kitchen garden branches is little else than a systematized form of play, and this takes up a proportionate part of the school day.—New York Tribune.

Nickel Armored Ships Can't Go North.

The remarkable discovery of the effect of temperature on the density of nickel steel is likely to have an important bearing on its use in the construction of war vessels. After this variety of steel has been frozen it is readily magnetized, and, moreover, its density is permanently reduced fully 2 per cent, by the exposure to the cold. It is stated that a ship of war built in the temperate climate of ordinary steel and clad with say 3,000 tons of nickel steel armor would be destroyed by a visit to the arctic regions, owing to the contraction of the steel by the extreme low temperature.—New York Journal.

A Leading Question.

Mr. Smallbrain (fondling his fuzzy upper lip)—Ah, Miss Belle, I've been, ah, letting my mustache grow, don't you know, for a week.

Miss Belle (significantly)—For a week what, Mr. Smallbrain?—Detroit Free Press.

Use of the Telephone in Surgery.

A remarkable application has been made by Dr. J. Mount Bleyer. In a case of membranous croup intubation was successfully resorted to. When the removal of the tube became necessary it had disappeared. Tracheotomy would evidently have to be performed, but the difficulty was to locate the tube. A delicate metallic probe attached to an electric wire, the other end of which terminated in a telephone receiver, was passed down through the larynx. As soon as it came in contact with the tube a distinct click was communicated to the ear through the receiver. The exact location having th