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"INDEPENDENT"—"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

VOL XX., No. 25. Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., May 21 1892. $1.00 a Year in Advance.

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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 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—Allow me to write you a testimony of your medicine. I can say to all those suffering with ailments of my description, would commend Prof. Boudrou's medicines. Horrible pain in my stomach for a long time, suffering can hardly be described by words, deprived me of sleep at nights; would be always suffering with pain for hours at a time. Doctored with several physicians; their medicine would 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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April 18, 1891-6m

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Careful attention paid to the Delivery of Freight, Baggage and Parcels to all parts of town at the lowest prices. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Leave orders at Sweeny'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
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HAULING of every description, promptly attended to.
Also, constantly on hand a full supply, of the best brands of
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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
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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.
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Just Right for Railroad Men!
Price—Plain, $1.50. Nickle, $2.00.
Don't buy any other until you have seen this popular lantern.

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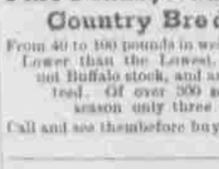

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It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood purifier,
SULPHUR BITTERS.
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The Dose is small—only a teaspoonful. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it, and you will be satisfied.
Get it of your Druggist.
DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE.
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Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alterative extirpates "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the strumous poison from the blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in
SCROFULA
When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in childhood by glandular swellings, running sores, swollen joints, and general feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms.
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Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."
—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.
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Sarsaparilla
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Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

ELY'S
Cream Balm
Cleanses the Nasal Passages Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell
TRY THE CURE.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60c
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Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.,
IS HEADQUARTERS FOR
Pure Drugs and Medicines,
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Spectacles'
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 proper 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.

Prescriptions carefully compounded

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Bargain is sure, at H. R. KREIDLER'S Cheap Cash Carriage Works, he will sell a
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a Carriage, Spring Wagon, Farm Wagon or a Cart, at prices which can not be
Found
in any other shop in the Lehigh Valley; he is going to strike a
Dead
blow at all former prices. On new work as well as on all kind of light and heavy repairs, which he is now ready to execute
At
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bring your Farm Wagons, Fine Carriages, Baby Carriages, Signs or whatever you want Painted. Remember the place Kreidler's New Carriage Factory, Weissport,
Pa.

"AWAKENING."

"I love you, sweet!" you whispered low,
The while your eyes gazed into mine
As if to read love's mystic sign
Within their depths. Dear, was it so?

And lo, into my heart there crept
Some subtle power, so sweet and strong,
Which woke once more to life and song
The love that long therein had slept.

I cannot tell you when or how—
Love does not measure such pure bliss
By hour and moments. Is not this
Sufficient, dear—I love you now?
—Stella G. Florence in Springfield Homestead.

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

The year 1781 was a dark and gloomy one for our forefathers who were then struggling for liberty. In South Carolina affairs were then in a critical situation. General Greene made an unsuccessful attempt on the British post of Ninety-six, and withdrew his men beyond the Tiger and Broad rivers. Lord Rawdon followed him, but could not draw the patriot general into an engagement.

At that period there stood in South Carolina a plain and unassuming house. It was a one story building, neatly whitewashed and surrounded by a fence. The garden contained many choice flowers, and the beautiful honeysuckle shaded the doors and windows. It was the home of Mrs. Heath, who lived with her two daughters, while her son George was in Washington's army fighting for freedom.

Kate, the eldest of the daughters, was a beautiful girl of sixteen summers. Her auburn hair hung in graceful curls down to her shoulders and her face beamed with kindness, while her eyes shone like the stars that light up the azure vaults of heaven.

One evening as Kate was standing at the cottage door she beheld two mounted officers approaching. They were richly dressed, and one of them she recognized as Lord Rawdon, the commander of the British forces in that section of the country. They rode up to her and Rawdon leaned over in his saddle and said in a kind voice:

"Well, miss, can you let me have the use of a room for a few minutes."

"Yes, sir; our house is open to you."

"Come, colonel, let us hurry up business," said Rawdon, dismounting, while the colonel did the same, the latter leading the horses to the stable.

Lord Rawdon advanced to where Kate was standing and said:

"Whose house is this, miss?"

"Mrs. Heath's, sir."

"Ha! her son is in the rebel army under Washington, is he not?"

Kate trembled at the insult and she looked at the Briton with a searching glance.

"My brother is no rebel, Lord Rawdon. He is fighting for his country."

"I am sorry for that. He is a brave boy, and would no doubt make a good British soldier," returned Rawdon.

"Lord Rawdon, you insult me, sir. I would sooner see George die a felon's death than see him in the king's army," was the heroic answer.

"I see you are a rebel, too, Miss Heath. But here comes the colonel," said Rawdon, as he saw that worthy coming from the stable.

They entered the house and went into a small room to hold a consultation. Kate thought they might have something important to say, so she concluded to play the part of eavesdropper. She told her mother of her intention, who approved of it, and Kate placed herself in a position to overhear the Briton's plans.

It was a dangerous undertaking, and she knew that if she was caught in the act of listening she would be treated as a spy, and perhaps executed, for Lord Rawdon knew no mercy. She cautiously approached the door and looked through a crevice. Rawdon and his colonel were seated before a table on which lay maps. They were examining them closely, while Rawdon was explaining them to the colonel.

"Here is Greene's camp," said he, "and here is ours. We must make a bold strike, and if it be successful Greene will be destroyed."

"I don't see why it should not succeed, do you, my lord?"

"No; if our troops fight as well as they have heretofore we shall succeed," said Rawdon, his face assuming a triumphant expression.

"I shall feel happy when the cursed rebels are driven away from Carolina, and then their rule will be over," said Colonel Roberts.

"We must crush Greene, colonel. I do not want to go back to England and let it be said that I was outgeneraled by a rebel. No, never!" exclaimed Rawdon, rising to his feet.

"Then we make that attack at daybreak, do we not?" asked the colonel.

"We do. Have your regiment ready and make your men fight like demons."

"Let us go now. But hold! What is the countersign for the pickets tonight, my lord?"

"England," answered Lord Rawdon, lowering his voice.

Kate listened to the Briton's plan with a wildly throbbing heart, and she resolved to save the patriot army. When she heard the countersign she left the door and busied herself in her household duties, and soon the two officers emerged from the room.

"We must go, Miss Heath, but first let me thank you for your kindness," said Rawdon.

"Your thanks are received," replied Kate.

The horses were saddled and the officers were soon on their way. Kate watched them till they were out of sight, and then prepared for her perilous journey. She threw a shawl over her head and went to the stable. Her fleet footed horse neighed as she entered and she patted him on the head and said:

"Well, noble Selim, you must carry me safely through tonight, for if you do not Greene will be destroyed."

The animal seemed to understand her, for he gave a loud whinny.

Our heroine saddled Selim, led him from the stable and was soon riding toward Greene's camp, which was eight miles distant. She rode swiftly, for she wanted to reach her destination in time to let the patriot general form his men to meet the assault. The British pickets were four miles distant and she would be compelled to pass through their lines, but as she was in possession of the countersign she did not fear the result.

Soon Kate saw the picket's bayonet gleam in the moonlight and heard him cry out:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend, with the countersign."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

She approached the picket and whispered:

"England!"

"All right; pass on. But stop!" cried the picket as he caught a glimpse of her face.

Kate stopped her horse and laid her hand on a pistol. The picket approached and said:

"Is that you, Miss Heath?"

"It is, Guy," returned Kate, for she recognized the soldier to be Guy Jackson, who had often visited their house."

"Where are you going tonight, Miss Kate?" he asked.

"To see Mrs. Blake; she is very sick."

"Just like you, Miss Kate—always visiting the sick; you are a ministering angel," said the haughty Briton.

"Thank you for the compliment, Guy; but I must be going. Good night!" And Kate was again on her journey, while the picket returned to his post.

She had to pass four miles yet ere she would be safe, so she urged on her steed. Before she had gone a hundred yards from Guy Jackson a dozen mounted Britons rode furiously up to the picket, and their leader cried out:

"Did any person pass this post a short time since?"

"Yes, sir," was the picket's reply.

"Do you know who it was?"

"I do; it was Miss Heath."

"Had she the countersign, sir?"

"She had."

"I fear she is safe. Forward, men! If she escapes Greene is saved. A hundred golden guineas and a commission to the man who catches her!" cried the leader of the band as they dashed after the brave girl, leaving the picket in a state of bewilderment.

Kate soon heard the sound of her pursuers and she pushed on faster. It was a race for life or death. The British horses were fresh while hers was beginning to show signs of fatigue.

"Forward, Selim! You must take me to Greene's camp," said Kate to her horse.

But her enemies gained upon her and one of them seemed bent on catching her, for he was some yards in advance of his comrades. Kate heard the ominous tramp of his horse and drew her pistol. Nearer he came until he was at her side and then cried out:

"Halt, you cursed rebel!"

Those were his last words, for Kate fired and the bullet crashed through his brain. The others did not stop to look at their dead comrade, but pressed on. They neared her again and another trooper received his death wound. The remainder halted, and a moment afterward Kate heard the American picket cry out:

"Who goes there?"

"Kate Heath!" cried our heroine as she dashed through the line.

The soldier had raised his gun, but when he heard her name it was lowered and he answered:

"All right!"

The American camp was reached. Kate threw herself from the saddle and placed her faithful horse in charge of a soldier.

"Where is Greene's tent?" she asked.

"To the right there, where you see that light," replied the man, pointing to the place.

She entered the general's tent and found him engaged in writing. He raised his eyes, then arose to his feet and said:

"You come at a late hour, Miss Heath."

"I do, general. You are in danger."

"How is that?" exclaimed Greene.

The brave girl told her story and the patriot grasped her hand, while the tears trickled down his war worn cheeks.

"Thank God! you have saved my army, Miss Heath. I can never repay you."

"I want no payment. The thought that I have done my duty and the thanks of Nathaniel Greene, are worth more than gold or diamonds," was the heroic reply.

"Take my thanks, my brave girl, and may the Great Jehovah watch over and guide you through the changing scenes of life," responded Greene.

"And may he save my country too," added Kate.

"You need rest. Here, sleep in my tent tonight, while I seek a resting place among my men," said the kind hearted Greene.

"I do not wish to rob you of your couch, general."

"You will not. I shall be engaged forming my troops to meet the attack," and General Greene left the tent.

Kate enjoyed a good rest that night, and in the morning General Greene came to her and joyfully exclaimed:

"Good news! Lord Rawdon is in full retreat. We took a prisoner this morning who says you frustrated their plans and saved the army. God bless you for that good act! But I must leave you now, for I am going to follow Rawdon and teach him that we can fight. When are you going home?"

"In a few minutes, general."

"Goodby, and may you have a safe journey," responded Greene, shaking her by the hand. Her horse was led forth, and she was soon on the way to her home, which was reached in safety.
—Buffalo News.

Men with Green Whiskers.

The miners at the Martin White mine, Ward, Nev., all have green hair and whiskers! This wonderful transformation is brought about by the fumes from some mysterious mineral, all the ores from the mine being smelted and roasted by the miners themselves.—St. Louis Republic.

An Antediluvian Joke.

A hardware drummer is responsible for the story that a clerk in one of our hardware houses was informed that the last tailor's goose was sold and to order a dozen more. After puzzling over the matter for some time he wrote on a piece of paper as follows:

12 tailor geese.
12 tailor's geese.
12 tailor gooses.
12 tailor goose.
12 tail——

Then he got rattled, scratched his head, looked in the dictionary and finally formulated the following:

"Gents please send at once one tailor's goose and eleven others."—Burlington Hawkeye.

Monkeys Might Be Made Useful.

Monkeys could be used in certain cases of fire, where expert climbing might be required; they could be used as messengers to some extent, and to do many light chores for man. They could be taught to destroy many vicious insects, such as tobacco worms, cutworms, cabbage worms and many others. They could be taught to do many things on a farm, and I think long domestication would develop many fields of usefulness for them.—New York Independent.

A Stroke of Economy.

The height of economy was that recently practiced by a woman who will move to the suburbs, and who effected the sale of her address die which she has used for her stationary to the incoming tenant of the house she will leave.—New York Times.

Rather Literal.

"That's an angel of a house!" said she.
"Not quite," he replied. "It only has one wing."—Harper's Bazar.

AN ASTONISHED SOUTH SEA KING.

M'Bora of Butaritari Sees Many Wonderful Things in San Francisco.

King M'Bora of Butaritari spent two hours at the Olympic club, and was probably more amused and surprised than by anything else he has seen in San Francisco. The members who were present practicing in the gymnasium gave an impromptu exhibition, which interested his South Sea majesty very much, and he gave evidence of this in grunts and by gestures of surprise, and almost of fear, at some of the feats of the athletes. The tumbling was a surprise to him, and he could not understand, while Professors Tronchet and Chapins were fencing, how it was that they did not drop dead when struck by the foil. A burlesque boxing contest ending in a well "faked" knockout was arranged for the king and his party. Professor De Witt Van Court and Philip Boulo were the boxers, and they gave an exhibition which interested his island majesty more than the genuine fight he saw at the California club. At the end Boulo was apparently knocked out, and he was carried out of the room limp and motionless. Of course he immediately returned, and as he appeared the king allowed a sigh of relief to escape him, and remarked through the interpreter that he was glad the little fellow had not been killed, as he was so plucky.

After the exhibition King M'Bora and his party were shown through the Olympic club building. In the billiard room he had his first meeting with a piece of ice. His dusky majesty was given a glass of ice water in response to a request for a drink. He saw the piece of ice floating in the water and could not understand what it was. He put his royal right hand into the glass and seized the cube of ice, but immediately dropped it and jumped back severely frightened. After an explanation he picked up the ice again and watched it slowly melt in his hand. He seemed to partially understand the philosophy of the thing and gave an order for an ice making machine, which he will take to Butaritari with him to cool his royal throat on hot summer days.

In the ladies' parlor the glass chandelier was lighted by electricity, and the king immediately wanted to know where the oil tank was. He had had some experience with gas before. The first night at his hotel, after having seen the gas turned on and lighted, he nearly terminated his royal career by playing the Farmer Wayback act. He turned on the gas and lay down waiting for the gas to light itself.

One of the members of the Olympic club who was going through the rooms with the party wanted the king to talk through the telephone. His majesty had already had an experience and was so shocked that he did not care for another. It was at Sutro Heights on his visit Saturday. W. Lauterbach, who spent some time on the Gilbert islands, went to the stables on the place while the king was in Mr. Sutro's house. When the telephone connection was made King M'Bora was asked to put the receiver to his ear. As he did so he heard words in his native language, and he dropped the instrument as if struck by lightning. A long explanation could not fully satisfy his mystified majesty. The king and his party remained at the rooms of the club until nearly midnight.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Secret of Happiness.

Not long ago Professor Blackie had occasion to be in the Fair City—Perth. He was waiting for a certain train, and was marching up and down the platform whistling gayly, and for all the world like a schoolboy en route home for his holidays. A gentleman near by, at once recognizing the picturesque figure and wishing to enter into conversation with him, went up to him and asked him:

"Professor, may I ask the secret of your happiness?"

The genial professor smiled and answered:

"Well, here is the secret of my happiness: I have no vain regrets for the past, I look forward with hope to the future and I always strive to do my duty. There," he ended emphatically, "you have it." And he straightway set to and walked up and down again, whistling as before.—London Tit-Bits.

FACTS FOR AN OBITUARY.

The Good Men Do Lives After Them and Is Detailed to the Reporters.

As disagreeable a duty probably as any that ever falls to the lot of a reporter is the getting of facts for the obituary notices of persons who are not especially prominent. Newspaper men always shrink from the work and are loath to enter a house of mourning. The exigencies of the profession demand it, however, and strange as it may seem, sometimes the men actually have comical experiences.

This is best illustrated by the narration of a recent occurrence in New York. A death notice had been received late in the evening, and to the trained eye of the night city editor bore all the earmarks of a "good obituary." These are indicated by the penmanship of the notice, the location of the home of the deceased, the name, the wording and numerous other minor details, such as one unfamiliar with newspaper work would scarcely notice.

The reporter assigned to the task proceeded to the residence given with a feeling akin to a desire to exchange places with the corpse. In response to the ring of the bell an airish young woman, presumably the widow of an elderly man, opened the door of the house, which was in a good neighborhood. The reporter introduced himself and the subject as delicately as possible.

"Oh, I'm delighted to see you," replied the woman effusively, in answer to the deprecating words of the man. "I've always wanted to see a reporter," she added, looking curiously at the specimen before her, as though astonished at seeing a respectably appearing individual.

Then followed the ordinary questions by which the reporter found out when and where the man was born, where he was educated, the list of clubs and fraternal lodges of which he was a member, whether he had fought in the war, and a dozen other things.

"It does seem so strange," remarked the woman. "Here I am telling you all these things, and he will never read your article. He would have been so pleased. You know, he was a literary man himself."

"Indeed?" said the reporter, brightening up at the prospect of swelling his stickful of matter to at least a quarter column. "I had forgotten to ask the occupation. Will you kindly furnish me with a list of his works?"

"Oh, he didn't write books!"

"Magazine articles?" queried the reporter, with wavering hopes.

"No," said the woman.

"Newspaper man perhaps?" asked the reporter sadly, for his imaginary quarter column had again shrunk to an actual stickful.

"He did not write at all," remarked the woman, at last brought to bay.

"What!" said the reporter, his curiosity at last thoroughly aroused, "not even for trade papers, advertising literature, theatrical posters, programmes."

"No. His father was an editor, though," exclaimed the woman, with a pleased smile, "and he worked for a publisher. He had the agency for Long Island of the 'Cyclopedia of Useful Information.' Of course you need say nothing about that. Just write it down that he lived a simple, Christian life and was engaged in literary pursuits."—New York Herald.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ONE, TWO, THREE.

I saw three witches as the wind blew cold,
In a red light to the lee;
Bold they were, and over bold,
As they sailed over the sea;
Calling for "One, two, three!"
Calling for "One, two, three!"
And I think I can hear
It a-ringing in my ear,
A-calling for their "One, two, three!"

And clouds came over the sky,
And the wind blew hard and free;
And the waves were bold, and over bold,
As we sailed over the sea;
Howling for "One, two, three!"
Howling for their "One, two, three!"
Oh, I think I can hear
It a-howling in my ear,
Howling for their "One, two, three!"

And the storm came roaring on,
Such a storm as I never did see,
And the storm it was bold, and over bold,
And as bad as a storm could be;
A-roaring for its "One, two, three!"
A-howling for its "One, two, three!"
Oh, I think I can hear
It a-howling in my ear,
Howling for its "One, two, three!"

And a wave came over the deck,
As big as a wave could be,
And it took away the captain, and the mate,
and a man;
It had got the "One, two, three!"
It had got the "One, two, three!"
And it kept the "One, two, three!"
Oh, I think I can hear
It a-rolling in my ear
As it went with the "One, two, three!"
—Charles Godfrey Leland in Longman's Magazine.

Do You Know Your Letters?

Any man who can read would probably resent such an imputation of ignorance as this question conveys, "Do you know your letters?" is what is asked the little tot when he or she first sets foot in school. But grown up men and women may be pardoned for believing they are speaking the truth when they answer "yes" to the question. The chances are, however, that they don't know their letters. Why has "A" its present shape? Stumped the first time! Every American ought to know that. A takes its shape from a picture of an eagle. B was once the picture of an Egyptian bird. D represented a man's hand. F was the horned viper. The two upper strokes are the remains of the horns and the perpendicular line the upright body of the viper. H was once the semblance of a sieve.

We got our letters from the Phoenician alphabet, which in turn came from the hieroglyphic picture writing of Egypt. So don't be so sure of your knowledge next time you are asked a simple question.—Detroit Free Press.

The Way of the World.

Funny world we live in. A man who has six horses standing idle in a stable walked two miles out in the country on a little matter of business a day or two ago, while another man who had no horses and very little money hired a team to go the same distance. This was an actual occurrence this week, and shows the perversity of human nature. He who has the facilities for driving prefers to walk, while he who could much better prefer to walk and has no team, goes and hires one. Men are crazy to own a team, and it soon becomes a bore to give the horse necessary exercise. It has always been thus, and we presume always will be.—Westchester Record.

Towns with Histories.

The towns and villages of Yamhill county, Or., all have a history more or less interesting. Lafayette is probably the most historic in the county. It was founded by Joel Perkins about 1850, and named after his native town, Lafayette, Ind. Dayton, founded by General Joel Palmer and named after his native town, Dayton, O., was the principal shipping point for the entire Yamhill valley before the advent of railroads. McMinnville was founded by W. T. Newby in 1854, and named after his native town, McMinnville, Tenn.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Worth 2,000 Times Its Weight in Gold.

The Sevres vase, given by Louis XVI to Tippoo Sahib, was sold in London in 1876 for a sum equal to $7,295 in American currency. The vase is very thin, urn shaped and only eight inches high. The gold exchanged as the purchase price of this relic weighed upward of 2,000 times as much as the vase itself. Talk about something being "worth its weight in gold!"—St. Louis Republic.

Simple Rules of Life.

There was once a wise old man named Charles Darwin who said: "If you are warm, take something off. If you are cold, put more on. If you are hungry, eat. If you are thirsty, drink. Always consult your inclinations." This, it seems, in all things might be a brief but comprehensive rule of life.—New York Evening Sun.

Not Prepared.

"Poor Browney fell off the yacht and was drowned."

"Couldn't he swim?"

"Of course he could, but he didn't have his swimming clothes on."—Harper's Bazar.

Pliny the elder mentions a breed of horses "from a land far to the north of Lybia," which was distinguished on account of a woolly mane which extended from between the ears to the root of the tail.

In the city of Belfast women have been allowed to vote since the city charter was amended a few years ago. The right was obtained through the efforts of a woman, Isabella Todd.

It is not merely a common saying that yawning is "catching," but the highest scientific authorities say that it is unquestionably true.

Raise an invalid's head by putting your hand under the upper pillow, and, with as much firmness as possible, lifting it.

More than 100,000,000 Chinese, it is said, are engaged either directly or indirectly in the tea industry.

A bright scholar in a Vermont school stated in a composition that doughnuts were first made in Greece.

The Indian Is Waiting.

The East Indian waits patiently; he is weary of the old theories and old promises; he looks out with sad and quiet eyes; he could rise to worship and to act. There is fire behind the quiet gaze, and he seems to ask, "Tell me of an object worthy of admiration." In reply the government often offers "shows;" the missionaries always offer Christ.—Nineteenth Century.

Unprofitable Game.

City Sportsman—Any game here?

Jerseyman—Plenty o' snipe.

"Snipe! It doesn't pay to hunt them. Too small."

"Too small ter cook?"

"Too small to hit."—New York Weekly.

"Jeminy's Pulpit," an immense bowlder near the village of Noank, Conn., long known as the "Noank rocking stone," has worn away its base and can no longer be moved.

I think you will find that people who honestly mean to be true really contradict themselves much more rarely than those who try to be consistent.—Holmes.

Every baby is the sweetest baby in the world. You were once considered the sweetest thing in the world, although you may not look it now.

It is just as well to make the best of everything when you can't help it, but you can try to give a little assistance at first.

The inducements offered the young bachelor the period to marry are not very alluring.

Blood poisoned by diphtheria, the Grip, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, etc., is made pure and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The American girls who wed titled Englishmen soon wish they had not been so foolish.

That too many men nowadays are anxious to make fools out of themselves by fighting duels.

Good Looks.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at Reber's Lehighton; and Biery's Weissport.

The surest way to become poor in earnest is to try to keep all you get.

Almost Killed.

How much money you have thrown away buying worthless medicines, prepared by unprincipled parties, who care not what harm they may do to your system. You can depend on every bottle of Sulphur Bitters as being a reliable medicine. It searches out and cleanses from the blood all impure matter, and makes you feel like a new person.—Boston Daily Globe.

After a man has met his disappointment he is very apt to confound wit with sarcasm.

Not many physicians make great therapeutic discoveries. For the most part they content themselves with administering judiciously what is prescribed in the books. To Dr. J. C. Ayer, however, is due the credit of discovering that greatest of blood-purifiers—Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Deal in flattery if you would learn how few people are not subject to vanity.

A Solid Knock-down Blow.

The whale blows water while at play;
Trees blow in every clime;
The sweetest flowers blow in May,
But wind blows all the time.

There's lots of blowing in this world. Sufferers from catarrh blow their noses, and quacks blow about their "cures." Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is the only infallible one. Its proprietors back up this claim by offering $500 for every case they fail to cure permanently. This is an unanswerable blow at humbuggery, coming from men of sterling reputation and ample capital. Nasal Catarrh cannot resist the potency of this Remedy. It stops discharges, leaving the senses acute, the head clear, and the breath normal. All druggists, 50 cents.

The best friend a man has is the friend who makes him the least trouble.

Ho! my sisters, see the banner
Waving in the sky,
Are you broken down, discouraged?
Courage! help us nigh.
On that banner read this legend:
"Suffering women, hail!
Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Ne'er was known to fail."

The success of this remedy is wonderful. Its record is unparalleled. It has cured thousands of cases of female weakness, irregularities, and and all diseases peculiar to the sex. It can always be depended on to do exactly what is claimed for it. All the proprietors ask is a trial. That will convince the most skeptical of its wonderful virtues. Price ($1.00) refunded if it fails to give satisfaction. Guarantee printed on every bottle-wrapper.

You can make a martyr of the meanest man on the earth by killing him.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

This would seem a contradiction—is so, in fact, to the eye. But experience has proved its possibility. Take the case of the individual who dwells in a malarious region. A robust constitution is no certain defence against the dreaded chills. What is? Recorded testimony, covering a period little short of half a century, proves that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this. This continent does not limit the field where the medicine has proved its efficacy. In South America, the Isthmus of Panama, Mexico, everywhere in fact where miasma-born diseases takes on its most obstinate and formidable types, the Bitters is a recognized specific in illimitable demand and prescribed by physicians of repute. Potent, too, is it in disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and against that destroyer, la grippe. It improves appetite and sleep, neutralizes rheumatism and kidney complaints.

A woman will give up everything for love except the man she loves.

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.

For every man in love there are 999 men who think they are.

To the victors belong all the spoils they can get.

A recruiting sergeant says that few men have legs of equal length.

There is a man seventy-seven years old studying at Harvard College.

In France and Germany horses are now vaccinated for the glanders.

The temperature of man is ninety-eight degrees; that of fish seventy seven degrees.

Dried fish was formerly and is still to some extent a medium of exchange in Iceland.

The London Gazette is the oldest English paper. It was first published November 7, 1665.

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem to be such, however, absurd they appear to be.

When a small boy gets spanked it may be truly said that there is a woman at the bottom of it.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Reber Lehighton and Biery Weissport.

A man who knows a great deal knows better than to try to tell it.

If you want to feel right do right.

Everybody gains when a bad man dies.

The higher men rise the more dependent they become.

That the troubles of people in fashionable life seem to increase with disgusting rapidity.

That the cheapest boarders at the watering place hotels are the ones who make the greatest trouble.

Many a young girl has for her steady company a young man who is notoriously unsteady.

Burglars deeds are dark because they always "look out."

I am an old man and have been a constant sufferer with catarrh for the last ten years. I am entirely cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It is strange that so simple a remedy will cure such a stubborn disease.—Henry Billings, U. S. Pension Att'y, Washington, D. C.

I suffered for more than ten years with that dreadful disease, catarrh, and used every available medicine which was recommended to me. I cannot thank you enough for the relief which Ely's Cream Balm has afforded me.—Emanuel Meyers, Winfield, L. I., N. Y.

If you want to know the truth you must take off your glasses.

A short sighted man is a money maker for other people.

—David Ebbert's teams—like Henry Nicholas' hair—are always bright. The young fellow who wants to make a lasting impression on his sweetheart always hires teams from the jovial Davy.

—A new and pretty line of clocks at Hock's very cheap.