DARKIES HUSTLING.

ONE WAY OF MAKING THE EASY GOING NEGRO STIR HIMSELF.

A Pleasant Industry for the Charleston Colored Folk Originated by New York Tourists—Scrambling for Silver—Diving for Greenbacks.

A steamer was just leaving Charleston, bound for Jacksonville, Fla. A stop of several hours at the famous old earthquake city had made a pleasant break in the three days' run from New York. Many of the passengers had taken advantage of it to drive about the quaint old town, curiously observing the great cracks caused by the upheaval that still remains in many of the buildings. Others took a sail over to Fort Moultrie or to Fort Sumter, where the civil war was started. Perhaps the most interesting point for the sightseers who remained ashore was old St. Michael's church. Some of the more sturdy climbed far up into the steeple, from whence General Beauregard had watched and directed the battle, until the Yankee gunners had got the range of his observatory and put a cannon ball right through the steeple, not far from the general's head, when he discreetly retired.

These passengers were so much impressed with the historical associations connected with the place that it was almost a relief when a half hour's diversion came to them. As the steamer was moving away from her pier an ambitious little tug that puffed and snorted and tooted enough for a couple of ocean liners missed its hold, and the big steamer's bow drifted slowly around until she lay broadside to the outer end of the pier. Here she was held for awhile by a stiff breeze that pinned her up against the pier and by the mud that griped her keel.

Perhaps it was the cheerful recollection of past experiences which they hoped to have repeated that caused all the darkies, big and little, the six-year-old pickaninny and the grayheaded, stoop shouldered reminiscence of slavery days to hurry down to the end of this pier. There are few things that will arouse the dusky southerner who makes his home along the river front. He is an easy going, happy natured fellow, fonder of a laugh than he is of work, who finds his greatest content in dozing away in some sun sheltered nook upon the wharf, resting to the full from the arduous toil that he fancies he may be called upon to perform in the week to come.

They were of this class who came trooping down to the steamer by the dozen and score. A careful patching into one suit of the attire of half of them would have made a beautiful crazy quilt garb for one. It is doubtful if the most conscientious and painstaking cobbler could have constructed a decent pair of shoes out of the material he found upon that pier.

However, it was a diversion to the passengers on the upper deck to see that motley crowd, and when a dumpy little fellow with a wonderful mouth, that must have created a great vacuum in the atmosphere every time he breathed, pranced to the front and shouted, "Now, ladies and gents, jes' you tro a dime at dis yere hole, 'n if I don' ketch it she don' count," there were instantly three or four dimes aimed at the "hole." But none of them made a bullseye. I fancy the game must have been played before, for the instant the dimes flashed in the sunlight a half dozen stalwart negroes leaped upon the shoulders of the possessor of the mouth and bore him to the ground.

Then there was a scramble! A Yale-Harvard football scrimmage is supposed to contain as much of writhing, contortioning, muscular humanity as it is possible to get into a given space. But a Yale-Harvard tangle would be a sort of kindergarten frolic in comparison. That one scramble lasted more than ten minutes. During that time the pile of dusky humanity was ten feet high at least, and there were twoscore of writhing forms in the heap, all struggling with desperation to get at the unfortunate fellows down below who were supposed to be clutching the dimes. I'll warrant that during that ten minutes there was an individual waste of energy that would have kept the participants in food for a week if otherwise directed.

But that was only the beginning. The sport became as exciting to the watchers as to those who took part. Quarters and half dollars began to shower upon the wharf, which was new thronged with an eager, dark faced multitude, whose eyes glistened. The most sober minded passenger caught the infection and began to feel around in his clothes for silver. A well known Bellevue hospital physician, Dr. J. S. O'Neil, gathered together all the silver dollars that had been given him in change in Charleston, and kept half a dozen heaps of darkies in turmoil at once.

The climax came as the steamer began slowly to move away from the pier. Some one waved a two dollar bill and asked who would dive for it. "I will!" came from two dozen throats, and there was a general peeling of jackets—from those who were foolish enough to wear jackets. The bill fluttered on to the water ten feet from the pier. There was an anxious, hesitating, regretful pause and a scratching of heads. Then there was a plunge, a few sturdy strokes by a young negro, and he clutched the bill. The passengers gave him a cheer and the steamer sailed away.—New York Herald.

The Wonderful Success

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood builder establishes it in your confidence. No other preparation has such a record of cures of scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, or other blood diseases. To try it is to know its merits. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

The wire-wound gun is the newest thing in heavy ordinance.

A Burglar Captured.

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

Cromwell is the ideal, the true lion hearted hero of England.

Across the Deep, to the Far West.

This would seem a contradiction—so to, 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 constitutional no certain defence against the dreaded ague. What is needed is a medicine that, during a period little short of half a century, proves that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this. This contingent 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 thitherto demand, and prescribed by physicians of equal. Potent, too, is it in disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and against that destroyer, in grosse. It improves appetite and sleep, neutralizes rheumatism and kidney complaints.

Ten men can be arranged to march in single file 3,628,000 ways.

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.

Light is the life of truth.

Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was for years a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief until she began to take Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Love is always the gainer by being tested.

It Opens the Eyes.

"My daughter is losing her sight," said an anxious mother, "and just on the eve of marriage, too! What shall I do?" "Let her get married, by all means," responded the doctor; "marriage is a regular eye-opener." A man's eyes open pretty widely, when he finds his wife's charms disappearing. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Experience proves that women who possess the best health, use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Unbelief is all God holds against the sinner.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malaria fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at Reber's Reber's Lehighton; and Biery's Weissport.

No Christian ever backslides when he is in trouble.

"Gentle As the Summer Breeze."

"I'd rather take a thrashing any time than a dose of pills," groaned a patient to whom the doctor has prescribed physic. "I'd as lief be sick with what ails me now, as to be sick with the pills.

"I don't think you'd be taking any of the pills I prescribe, if you couldn't about the prescription so," laughed the doctor. "I never use the old, inside twisters you have in mind. I use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They always make me think of a part of an old hymn—

"..... mild and lowly,
Gentle as the summer breeze."

The best thing of the kind ever invented. No danger of their making you sick. You'll hardly know you've taken them. I wouldn't use any other in my practice."

Everybody is an unbeliever who is not a follower of Jesus.

The President

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

To have faith means to have a bank account in Heaven.

Eyes and Ears

have we that we may see and hear, brains that we may reason and understand, so there's little excuse for much of the suffering that is tolerated. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is fast becoming the one recognized remedy for all diseases resulting from bad, impure and impoverished blood.

Indigestion and dyspepsia, scrofulous affections, liver and kidney diseases, sores and swellings, catarrh and consumption, are blood affections. With purified, enriched and vitalized blood, they flee as darkness before the light. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the only guaranteed blood purifier and liver invigorator. Sold on trial! Money promptly refunded, if it doesn't benefit or cure.

No man can be truly brave who is not seeking to be truly good.

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 391 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at Reber's Lehighton; and Biery's Weissport. Large size, 50c. and $1.00.

The man who knows he is wrong is the biggest coward on earth.

I have been a sufferer from catarrh for years. Having tried a number of remedies advertised as "sure cures" without obtaining any relief, I had resolved never to take any other patent medicines, when a friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm. I did so with great reluctance, but can now testify that after using it for six weeks I believe myself cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable Balm.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Ave., Brooklyn.

God never sends fire upon a broken-down altar. Remember that.

"When your heart is bad, and your head is bad, and you are bad clean through, what is needed?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class. "I know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla," answered a little girl, whose sick mother had recently been restored to health by that medicine.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me."

A little weed has no more right to be in a garden than a big one.

The man who does wrong suffers, but those who love him suffer more.

The devil is satisfied when he gets a man where he can't respect himself.

You can tell about how well a man knows God by the way he treats Him.

It took only one day with Christ to make Andrew an earnest worker of Him.

The train needs the airbrake more than it needs the whistle of the engine.

God never had much to say to people who insist on living in the dark.

To go to God with a promise means to bring Heaven in sight to begin with.

When a Christian gets out of his proper place it is hard to keep him awake.

Between thinking wrong and doing wrong there is not much difference.

God wants to prove by every Christian that He is God. Is He doing it by you?

A GAME WHERE THE WINNER LOST.

He Won His Case, but He Made Up His Mind That There Was No Fun in It.

It makes the man who would rather go to law than go on a good old time hay ride mad enough to lose a suit, but when he brings suit, wins his case, gets damages and then finds that he is out of pocket a fine round sum, he can give the ordinary man points and discount him besides at the Diogenes game of hating the world. One New Yorker got a taste of a legal dose the other day which is likely to make him hesitate about using the same prescription again.

He wanted damages from a man who he declared had injured his property. He wanted all the damages he could get too. He was earnest enough to insist that the damages ought to be run up in the thousands. Now if he had been contented to take his case into a district court this story would probably never have been written. But as he estimated his wrongs not by single, plain, everyday "cart wheel" dollars, but in blocks of 1,000 each, he was forced to take his suit into the court of common pleas. Everything went swimmingly for his side. His lawyer proved beyond a doubt that the defendant had caused damages to the plaintiff's property. The judge believed it, the jury believed it, in fact the defendant himself and the defendant's counsel believed it.

If ever there was a clear case of damages it was right there in the common pleas court. And so the plaintiff got a verdict for forty-nine dollars. But it is one thing to get a verdict and another thing to take what goes with it. It happened in this case that if the defendant received a verdict for less than fifty dollars he was liable for costs. He did not know much about law, and, though he was disappointed at the amount of the damages, he looked triumphantly at the other side. He was disgusted to see the calm smile on the face of the defendant's lawyer. But a moment later there was gnashing of teeth when his counsel told him about the costs.

"I have to pay the costs, do I?" he snapped.

"Yes."

"After I have won my case I have to pay costs for the other side?"

"That is the law."

"Well, it's a mighty nice law that makes the winner lose, ain't it? What do you think I went to law for? Do you think I wanted to spend money for fun? Do you think after that fellow has spoiled my property I want to pay him for doing it? What do you think I am, anyway—a muddy brained, cross eyed, half hearted lunatic? How much are the costs?"

"Three hundred and sixty dollars."

"Three hundred and sixty dollars! I win a case and get damages and lose $311, do I? I can substract the amount of the damage from the cost and make off a check for the balance, can I? Well, I suppose I can so long as I have to. But I want you to understand that the next time I go to law it will be because I am a candidate for a lunatic asylum. The next time I have you for a lawyer it will be when I'm the defendant in a case like this and want to lose.

"Do you hear?" he screamed. "When I want to lose I'll have you, I say, so that I can come out ahead of the game. And the next time a man damages my property I'll invite him to come in and knock the roof off the house. I'll have him use my piano for a toboggan on the hall stairs. I'll invite him to play a game of tenpins in my dining room and will use my great-grandmother's tea service for pins, and if he wants to jump through our $600 Japanese screen like a circus rider he can do it.

"Then maybe he'll want me to sue him, so that I can get stuck for costs again. And I'll sue him; oh, yes, I'll sue him!" and he snorted so loudly that the court usher's afternoon nap was disturbed.—New York Tribune.

Bound to Use a "K."

There was once in eastern Tennessee a judge well versed in the law, but entirely self educated, who had this same obstacle of orthography to contend with all his days. In early life he had lived in Knoxville, and for a long time insisted upon spelling the name Noxville. His friends at last educated him up to the point of adding the K; so thoroughly, in fact, did he learn this lesson that when a few years afterward he removed to Nashville, nothing could prevent him from spelling the name "Knashville."

After a few years' residence there the judge moved again, this time to Murfreesboro. One day he sat down to write his first letter from this place. He scratched his head in perplexity a moment and finally exclaimed: "Well, I'll give it up! How in the world can they spell the name of this place with a 'Kr'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Housewifely English Sparrows.

A loving student of the English sparrow as the bird is to be seen in Brooklyn finds that the little creature has in his domestic relations many human traits. When the sparrows are mating and building, the male sinks into insignificance beside the female. When a nesting place is to be selected the male looks jauntily about and is ready to accept anything that comes to hand, but the hen examines each proposed site with critical care, apparently studies the relations of the place to sun, wind and rain, and finally decides the question with small consideration for the opinions of her spouse.

When the nest is to be built the housewifely character of the hen again asserts itself. She is busy all day long gathering sticks and straws to serve as building material. Nothing is taken haphazard, but every stick or straw fits to a nicety and is admirably adapted to the end for which it is selected. As to the male, he gives moral support and little else. While the hen is devoting all her energies to the task in hand he sits on a neighboring bough and encourages her with music. Nor does she expect or wish more at his hands.

Now and then, apparently pricked by conscience, he leaves his perch, picks up a clumsy stick or straw and carries it to the scene of the building operations. But his contribution is seldom received with favor. The hen usually examines it with the ill concealed scorn that wives sometimes accord to domestic performances of husbands, and in nine cases out of ten she tosses away the proffered material as soon as the back of her spouse is turned.—New York Sun.

A Cowboy's Sense of Humor.

A globe trotting Englishman told me this story: "To show you that the cowboys are not as bad as they have been painted—in fact, that they are opposed to anything like lawbreaking and violence—let me relate an incident. There was a poor clerk standing up over his books at a desk in a shop on the main street, and there was a cowboy riding up and down the street. Well, the cowboy saw the clerk and his sense of humor was aroused by the idea of shooting at him, d'you know. Those cowboys have a very remarkable sense of humor. So the cowboy ups with his pistol, d'you know, and he shoots the poor clerk right through the head, killing him instantly.

"Well, now, that sort of thing is very distinctly frowned upon by cowboys, as a rule, and in this case the cowboys held a meeting and resolved that the fellow with the lively but dangerous sense of humor should be hanged at once. They put a rope around his neck, and there being no tree anywhere in sight they hung him to the side of a Pullman as the train came rolling in. I've seen a number of occurrences of that sort, which makes me quite positive in stating that though they are a very rum sort of beggars they are really not a bad lot."—Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly.

Value of Pain in Surgery.

When ether was first discovered and used in surgery it was said that to abolish pain would be to change the laws of nature herself; that pain is a safeguard; that it indicates, in cases of injury, the seat of injury, and in some instances the cause of injury; that if men learned to minimize or prevent it at pleasure they might amend it altogether and invent a new constitution to which this sentinel of danger would be at all times off duty.—Dr. Richardson in Longman's Magazine.

A CHILDLESS HOME.

Smith and his wife have every luxury that money can buy, but there is one thing lacking to their happiness. Both are fond of children, but no little voices prattle, no little feet patter in their beautiful home. "I would give ten years of my life if I could have one healthy, living, child of my own," Smith often says to himself. No woman can be the mother of healthy offspring unless she herself is in good health. If she suffers from female weakness, general debility, bearing-down pains and functional derangements, her physical condition is such that she cannot hope to have healthy children. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign and *guaranteed* remedy for all these ailments. Worn-out, "run-down," feeble women, need Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It builds them up. It's a powerful, restorative tonic, or strength-giver—free from Alcohol and injurious drugs. The entire system is renewed and invigorated. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, gives refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength.

It's the only *guaranteed* medicine for women, sold by druggists.

Headache

Usually results from a deranged stomach or a sluggish liver. In either case, an aperient is needed. Ayer's Pills, the mildest and most reliable cathartic in use, correct all irregularities of the stomach, liver, and bowels, and, in a brief time, relieve the most distressing headache. These pills are highly recommended by the profession, and the demand for them is universal.

"I have been afflicted, for years, with headache and indigestion, and though I spent nearly a fortune in medicines, I never found any relief until I began to take Ayer's Pills. Six bottles of these Pills completely cured me."—Benjamin Harper, Plymouth, Montserrat, W. I.

"A long sufferer from headache, I was

CURED BY

two boxes of Ayer's Pills."—Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass.

"For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most efficient medicine I ever used."—Robert K. James, Dorchester, Mass.

"For years I was subject to constipation and nervous headache, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They never fail to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. S. Hodge, Wolmar, Texas.

Ayer's Pills

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

More Than Satisfied. XII

60 Cherever Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y., June 19, '90.

For over twelve years my son has been afflicted with spasms; he would have one every two weeks until about six months ago, then even two a week. We took him to a number of first-class physicians and we tried everything and any number of remedies without deriving any encouragement in his case, and had commenced to despair of ever being able to cure him at all, when we heard of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and concluded to give it a trial. The result has *more than satisfied us!* It is more than three months since he commenced to take this Nerve Tonic and he has never been sick since. Please accept our most sincere thanks, for we feel that you have not only cured him of a great affliction but have saved his life as well, as we do not think he would have lived long in the condition he was in before he commenced taking your valuable remedy. Mrs. M. Molony.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and free to any address and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared for the Received Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and hence prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Disobedience Not Unfruitfulness.

A friend once told me that she did not know what to do with her little boy, four years old, who had for the last few days been telling all sorts of untruths, with no reason or sense in them. For instance, that morning she told him she did not want him to carry out, as he had been doing, his little basket of apples to share with his playmates, as the apples were nearly gone. Two or three hours after she heard his little feet on the cellar stairs. She went out, and saw him coming up the stairs with his basket of apples.

"Why, Eben, did I not tell you not to bring up any more apples for the children?"

"Yes'm," answered the little fellow, pursuing his way.

"Why do you bring them, then?"

"I'm not bringing them," said he.

"Is not that a basket of apples you have in your hand?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, then, you are bringing up apples, as I told you not to, are you not?"

"No, mamma," he said, with an honest expression of face.

She was shocked at his deliberate and stupid untruth, and also that he should seem so indifferent about it. The child was, and is now that he is grown, perfectly honest and truthful; but here was a phase of development when the refraction of mental rays produced this crooked result in his mind. The prime element of untruth is deception, and here was no intention to deceive.—Harper's Bazar.

Duties of the Maid of Honor.

She is going to be maid of honor at the wedding of one of her dear friends, and she wants to know what her duties are. Well, they are not very onerous. She walks alone, just ahead of the bride, in entering the church, or wherever the ceremony is to be performed. Her dress must be a little more elaborate than that of the bridesmaids, but not of course as rich as the bride's. When the altar is reached she stands just beside the bride, holding her bouquet. At the moment when the ring is to be assumed she hands the bouquet to the first bridesmaid, and assists the bride in taking off her glove. All this time the bride has been standing with her veil over her face, but just after the service is over, when the bride rises up after having been blessed, the maid of honor throws back the filmy cloud and the bride stands facing the bridegroom and ready for his kiss. The bouquet is then handed back to the maid of honor, by her given to the bride, and as the procession retreats she walks just behind the bride and groom, leaning on the arm of the best man.—Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.

Not So Stupid.

The overbearing ways of drill sergeants with new recruits are a familiar subject of gossip in the barracks of European countries.

On one occasion a recruit—a professional man—showed so little aptitude for military movements that the sergeant broke out at him:

"Blockhead! Are they all such idiots as you in your family?"

"No," said the recruit. "I have a brother who is a great deal more stupid than I am."

"Possible? And what on earth does this incomparable blockhead do?"

"He is a sergeant."—Youth's Companion.

Tell Me to Asia and Africa.

The tallest men of South America are found in the western provinces of the Argentine Republic, of Asia the Afghanistan and Kaposians, of Africa in the highlands of Abyssinia.—Yankee Blade.

To Farmers

—AND—

Housekeepers.

BEHOLD THE PRICES!

I will here state that I expect to have my place of business in shape by June 1st, 1892, however, I carry some of the following goods in stock, and what I have not in stock, I can get at short notice.

I can sell you

Spring Tooth Harrows, all leading makes, at $14.

20 Tooth Hay Rakes, hand dump, at $15.

20 Tooth Hay Rakes, self-dump, at $20

Deering Mower, the best on earth, at $40.

Deering Binders, the best on earth, at $185.

No. 10, Tornado Feed Cutters, at $35.

Corn Sheller, with cleaner, $8.

A Combination Riding Harrow and Cultivator, subject to 5 changes, something quite new, only $28.

Anything in the Agricultural Implement line cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

I Beat the World on Sewing Machines

The time is coming when all high grade Family Sewing Machines will sell for $25, and you can thank me for bringing it about. I am at the present time selling

The White, Cottage, and American, in handsome oak cases, at $25. The New Davis, in oak, 5 drawers, $28; New Davis, in ash, 7 drawers, $35; No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson, handsome oak, $30.

I expect before long to be able to show any machine made, and sell them at $25, in 5 drawer oak cases. I have no wings, but get there just the same.

WESTERN WASHERS. Square or Round, complete with wringer, $7.50. Every family can afford to buy one. You run no risk, you get them on trial.

I am headquarters for PUMPS, in Iron and Wood—Chain, Force, Lift or Elevators. I sell Wood Pumps at $5, others get $6.50

Come and see me before buying, you will find me around, and when my store room is finished I will be there or have some one in attendance who will be able to name rock bottom prices on anything.

Why did G. C. Aschbach remove his stock of pianos and organs to Allentown? I presume it is getting too hot for him, and I expect in the near future to convince him that he must come down to fair living prices. I can show the public that they have been paying outrageous prices for organs and pianos.

Come and see me before buying elsewhere. I remain

Yours respectfully,

Aaron Snyder

Weissport,

$10,000

will be paid for a recipe enabling us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that the retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. At present the retail price is 20c.

This offer is open until January 1st, 1893. For particulars address the undersigned.

ACME BLACKING is made of pure alcohol, other liquid dressings are made of water. Water costs nothing. Alcohol is dear. Who can show us how to make it without alcohol so that we can make ACME BLACKING as cheap as water dressing, or put it in fancy packages like many of the water dressings, and then charge for the outside appearance instead of charging for the contents of the bottle?

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

PIK-RON

is the name of a paint of which a 25c. bottle is enough to make six scratched and defiled cherry chairs look like newly finished mahoganies. It will do many other remarkable things which no other paint can do. All retailers sell it.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE

POWDERED AND PERFUMED

(PATENTED)

The strongest and purest household lye. Will make the best soap in 20 minutes. Will not injure the most delicate fabric. It will make the best disinfectant. It softens water for washing, cleansing, scrubbing, making soap, paints, etc.

PENNA. SALT MF'G CO.

Gen'l Agts., Phila., Pa.

VIOLA CREAM

The Chain of evidence is now complete—that DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM is the only preparation that positively does all that is claimed for it. It removes Freckles, Liver-moles, Black Heads, Pimples, Tan, and all imperfections of the skin, without injury. A few applications will render a rough or red skin soft, smooth and white. It is not a cosmetic to cover defects, but a cure, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 50c. At druggists, or sent by mail. Send for testimonials.

G. C. HITTNER & CO.,

TOLEDO, - - OHIO.

WHY IS THE

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a question often asked, with no one able or willing to tell. It is the best shoe in the world for the money, because it is the best shoe in the world for the money. It is the best shoe in the world for the money, because it is the best shoe in the world for the money.

$5. 00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $6 to $12.

$4. 00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom work costing from $4 to $6.

$3. 50 Police Shoe, Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers will wear these Boots for service, and find them the most satisfactory shoe they ever put on their feet. Over 1,000,000 sold in 1890. Over 1,000,000 sold in 1891.

$2. 50 fine calf, no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

$2. 25 and $2.00 Workingman's shoes are very strong and durable. These will save you from a trial 100 other makes.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are the best wearing shoes you ever put on your boys' feet.

Ladies $2.00 Hand-sewed, the best imported shoe ever offered for $2.00. Ladies, $1.50, $1.00 and $1.75 shoe for misses are the best fine shoes, stylish and durable.

Caution—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Sold by shoe dealers everywhere. If your dealer will not supply you, we will supply you direct. Send for Catalogue, showing how to order. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Adam Mehrkam & Son, 1st St

Lehigh Coal & Hardware Co.,

LIMITED,

First Street, Lehighton.

Specialties.

Myer's Pumps—

A complete line, including repairs for the same.

Cucumber Pumps—

A complete line including repairs for the same.

Coal Oil—

At wholesale and retail

Usual line of Hardware, Oils, Coal, Sand, Cement, Plaster, &c.

KOCH & SHANKWEILER,

—SAY—

Spring Greeting for 1892!

"He who is well pleased is well paid."
It is a magnificent combination for the people.
Be fair with yourself and see Our Spring Stock.

we start the season with an assortment of styles that will surely please every man who likes to dress well. The houseover, Spring newness mingle with a price charm bound to strike your fancy and prove resistless. Popular Styles, Late Novelties and Newest Attractions are found in abundance in every department of our elegant line of

Men's Youth's and Children's Clothing, Gent's Furnishings and Special Line of Confination Suits.

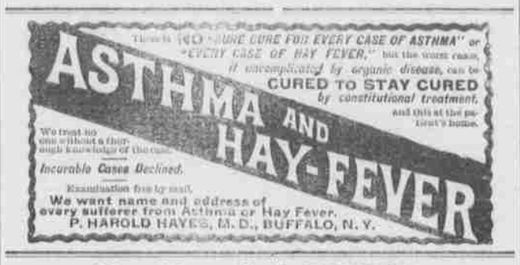
TAKE NOTICE. Our new department to make to order Ladie's fine Tailor-made Coats. Upon the recent return of one of our leading cutters, after taking a complete course in the largest Ladies' Garment Cutting School of New York, we are ready to offer to the Ladies, well cut and perfect-fitting Spring Coats, over 100 choice and newest fabrics to select from.

Take five minutes while in the vicinity of our store and see our special line of sensible and moderate in price **SPRING OVERCOATS.**

Koch & Shankweiler.

Largest and Finest Clothing House in the Valley,

CENTRE SQUARE, ALLENTOWN, PA.



J. L. GABEL'S

—IS HEADQUARTERS FOR—

GENERAL HARDWARE,

Paints, Varnishes, Glass,

ALL KIND OF COAL, &c

OPS. PUBLIC SQUARE,

Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa

Kline, Laros & Muschlitz,

—DEALERS IN—

BOOTS :-: AND :-: SHOES,

714 Hamilton St., Allentown, Pa.,

offer the finest and completest line of Ladies and Gents

Fine Shoes for Spring,

IN ALL STYLES AT THE

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

There is something of interest for all in our Magnificent Stock. You can make no mistake by calling and examining it.

Look for the BIG BOOT SIGN.

The most reliable machines the world has ever had are made for 1892 by

WALTER A. WOOD MOWING & REAPING MACHINE CO.

WOOD Binders	WOOD Twine	WOOD Mowers	WOOD Reapers	WOOD Rakes

CALL QUICK AND EXAMINE THEIR FAULTLESS QUALITY.

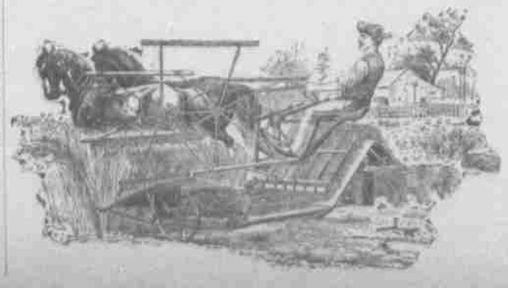
DENNIS NOTHSTEIN,

—DEALER IN—

ALL KINDS OF FARMIMG IMPLEMENTS,

NORMAL SQUARE, PA.

PRICES LOWER THAN THE LOWEST. CALL AND LEARN PRICES.



LIZARDS IN SINGAPORE.

The Cold, Clammy Creatures Get Into Bedrooms by Scores.

There are lizards in Singapore—large, scampering, suddenly dropping things, of all sorts of colors. You see them on the walls of your hotel, in the sunshine, and admire them. At evening, sitting with fan and iced drinks, one suddenly falls on you, and it is colder than your toddy. How can any organism bred in this seething spot be so cold?

You go to bed, you and your wife. Each has a canopied couch, rods remote from the other, for sleeping apartments are ample. You stretch out on a light mattress over which is one sheet. For upper covering pull up the darkness and draw the mosquito nets. There is no need of a sheet over you any more than there is for a warming pan.

The night orchestra, strange sounds of tropic insects and trees and airs outside, finally lulls you asleep. Presently—plunk! and then a scampering of some nimble clawed thing on the floor near your bed. My lady, over at the other side of the vast waste of chamber, squeals, "A mouse!"

You assure her that it couldn't be mice. "Mice don't fall from the ceiling like a lump of mud. It's only the lizards!"

This cheerful information elicits no squeal. With mice out of the question, what woman would not be brave? There is a hush in the distant couch, a silence too still for sleep. You know your partner lies over yonder listening hard for more lizards. Presently there are more little dull thuds. The lizards seem to be falling in several places. They seem to be chasing each other or some venomous prey or possibly making away with your shoes.

When one is fagged out with sightseeing, to lie awake in inky darkness in the midst of a lizard carnival is a little hard on the nerves. Ah, something is pulling at the canopy of your bed, as if a young kitten were trying to climb it!

There comes a very subdued voice from the distant corner: "This is awful. Won't you get up and strike a light?"

"And step on the bloomin cold beasts with my bare feet! You try it; you're nearer the matches than I!"

"But we can't lie here like this. Call somebody!"

And one of the omnipresent "boys," who seems to have been on guard at the threshold, comes softly in. "The lizards will not hurt you, lady. They catch the mosquitoes and spiders. Sometimes they get under the nets on the bed; but don't you mind." Reassuring, very; but madame was ready for one tropic dawn hours before it came.—Buffalo Express.

Dr. Talmage Tells a Story.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage tells with great gusto the following experience, which he attributes to his brother, also a clergyman:

"He had just recovered from a long spell of sickness," says Dr. Talmage, "and weak in body, emaciated and pallid, he was walking slowly along a street near his home when he was accosted by a big, burly fellow, who said to him cheerfully:

"'Say, is your name Smith—Jim Smith?'

"'No,' replied my brother, 'my name is Talmage.'

"'Well, I didn't know. I'm looking for a man named Smith. They say he lives near here. He's dying of consumption, and I thought as soon as I clapped eyes on you that you might be the man.'

"'Sir,' said my brother, 'I am a clergyman, and I may look thin and pale, but you must not judge of consumptives by that. In my time, now, I've preached funeral sermons over scores of fellows just as big as you. Apoplexy, you know, catches you big fellows every time. I hope I shall not be called upon'—

"'But,' says Dr. Talmage, "the big fellow did not wait to hear my brother to the end."—New York Herald.

A Woman's Revenge.

One of the leading residents at Rainey, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, was the Widow Tardiveau, wealthy, fat, fair and forty. Among her special favorites was young Raoul Gaillin. He was not enamored of the widow, but found it profitable to allow her to suppose that he was. In time she set him up in business. Raoul fell in love with Rosalie Bertol, and an engagement and betrothal soon took place. The widow at first was furious, but by degrees she grew more calm and then professed herself heartbroken. She soon f