NATURE'S SOLILOQUY.

How Nature's sinny messings feed our sense,
Her voice into the heart of all things stealing!
How dream-spelled ears drink her utterance,
Each entranced lover than mortality feeling!
Glazed in a whirl of sunshine while it blazes,
The earth sees heaven transfigurous proclaim,
And as the charm to move than language glistens
They seem to call each other by their name.
Death, too, has messings while he lies in state,
One thought upon his merciless lips repeating:
It is of Peace beyond the range of Fate,
His pledge of Ever to his dead disclosing.
Lest than a breath these fingers yet to die,
'ut, oh, how deathless his soliloquy!
—Thomas Gordon Hake in London Academy.

THE TWO VISITS.

It was on a cold night in November that I drew up my comfortable chair before a cheerful blaze in my simply furnished, pleasant library, and with my head resting on the pillow of the chair fell to meditating. I had just returned home after paying two short visits to dear old friends of my happy school days, who for ten years had been mistresses of their own homes. I was trying, as I sat there, to answer the question why it was that I had enjoyed my visit so much more at Mrs. Van Dyke's than I did at Mrs. Barstow's. Both ladies were bright, cordial, entertaining, intelligent and exceedingly hospitable, and I had looked forward for two years to the pleasure of visiting them in their own homes.

They were living in inland cities about 200 miles apart. Both of these friends had married lawyers, who were already earning good incomes, and both families had the entree to the best society.

The homes of these friends were not only comfortable but exceedingly tasteful and pleasant, and the children in both homes were bright, handsome and merry, with plastic minds ready to be molded by their parents.

Yet with all this similarity in the social position of both families, in the incomes they received, in the homes they had built, in the education of the parents and in their church relations the atmosphere of these two homes was very different, and a visit in the one was a great contrast to the other.

I recalled many incidents of the two visits, and they convinced me, and more strongly than ever before, that the mother makes the home. Her taste, her methods, her ideas, her example, her influence, her spirit are all impressed upon the household and create its atmosphere.

At Mrs. Van Dyke's not only was all the household machinery so well oiled that its running was noiseless, but there was no friction whatever in the family. The household arose betimes, in the old fashioned way, and all the children were ready for breakfast when the meal was announced, and they appeared appropriately dressed, and each with happy face bidding their parents, each other, and the guests a pleasant good morning. Then after morning prayer, in which the servants participated, each of the older children quietly disappeared from the sitting room to attend to a few practical duties before getting ready for school, appearing ere long, with books in hand, for a goodby kiss and to hear the last cheery word from mother as they started out.

With perfect composure, and with no apparent trouble, a few friends were asked to dine one evening, and a most delightful visit enjoyed. The flowers, the glass, the silver, the table linen were exquisite, and the dinner of only four courses was well cooked, homelike and well served, while the feast of reason, the quick repartee, the witty stories, the bits of political, social and literary talk were not only a pleasure to all the older ones, but a source of education and culture to the children. Several such informal companies were entertained at Mrs. Van Dyke's while I was there.

In every department the household seemed to move along harmoniously and without apparent exertion or undue care on the part of the mother. The home was at all times in perfect order, and yet without stiffness or angularity visible anywhere.

I remembered going into one of the children's rooms to look at a gift of a pretty picture, and as little Mary opened a bureau drawer I noticed how neat and orderly it was as was also her closet, where the shoes and rubbers even were set back against the baseboard with regularity and precision. I asked Mrs. Van Dyke when we were alone if Mary, who was nine years old, arranged her closet and drawers herself, to which question her mother replied:

"Certainly. I taught all my children before they were two years old to be orderly. Even at that age," she said, "you know they are very imitative, and they love to do little services for their mothers. I showed them just how to put their clothes and shoes away in an orderly manner, and how to lay things in their drawers and keep them neatly. Those early lessons they will never forget. I believe," she added, "no matter how many servants one can afford to have it is well to teach children to be self reliant, and to do everything promptly and well. Such teaching saves a vast amount of work and of unnecessary friction through life. True it is that some children seem to have naturally more of a bump of order than others, but the orderly habit can be cultivated. If the hanging loop of Mary's coat should give way, so orderly has she become she would not for a moment think of hanging it upon the hook until the loop was mended."

All this I recalled as I sat there, and also what my friend said about her husband when I had remarked that I had never seen a gentleman who seemed to make so little trouble about the house.

"He was a surprise to me in that respect," said Mrs. Van Dyke. "I told him soon after we were married that I had been accustomed to see men leave everything about for some one to pick up, and asked him how it happened that he was so neat and orderly. He said that when he was about thirteen years old he noticed that his mother picked up and put away what he had left carelessly about, and when he had tossed up his bureau drawers his mother, without a word, came and regulated them, and he concluded one day that he was somewhat better able to do all this than his mother, and from that time on he made her no trouble in such ways. And of course Mr. Van Dyke has been a great help to me in the training of our children."

One of the pleasantest memories of the visit was then recalled, that of the children's hour, which Longfellow has immortalized in that sweet poem, beginning:

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
Which is known as the children's hour.

How beautiful it was to see that mother gather her little flock about her and tell them a good story, or read to them, or recite some pretty poems, and talk with them about their lessons, and after dinner play a few merry games with them. Then when bedtime came she excused herself for half an hour and staid with her children as they prepared for bed, singing sweet little hymns to them, and with unclouded effort guiding their thoughts aright and bidding them happy good nights. That, she said, was one of her precious half hours which was seldom interfered with.

I could not but contrast with all these sweet memories my visit at Mrs. Barstow's. While she was as attractive and intelligent and more witty than Mrs. Van Dyke, she had no repose of manner, no facility in keeping things in order, no quiet control over her children and much less enjoyment with them. There was continual friction in her household, and while there was no lack of love and confidence there was a lack of unity, and consequently continual conflict.

Two or three children were frequently late to breakfast, morning prayers were often omitted because all the family were late, at school time books could not be found, and shoe buttons and mittens were missing, and there was a general scurry and commotion until the children, with hurried and often reproving words, were started for school. Then Mrs. Barstow had many little things to do which the children should have done, for the entire house was in confusion. This hindered the mother from attending to her own duties at the proper time, and throughout the household this lack of promptness and order was felt, and much which otherwise would have been easy to accomplish was made difficult.

To Mrs. Barstow, therefore, it seemed a great undertaking to give a dinner party. Then, too, she attempted an elaborate affair with seven or eight courses, with decorated menus and much expense, a dinner that required most of her time and thought for several days, and the time of her servants, as well as the expense of hiring extra help. All these preparations so exhausted the hostess that she could not enjoy her guests with the zest she might otherwise have had, and the effort made was unconsciously felt by the guests, and it hindered perfect ease and unaffected pleasure.

I meditated, too, on the constant friction which engendered discussions, harsh criticisms, hasty words and fretted spirits. All this led the children, interesting as they were, to grow disrespectful toward their parents, which did not tend to increase the love and interest of friends.

It was seldom that the evening hour was a happy or restful one, for the mother, worn and weary with the many perplexities and cares of the day, was too often unable to be merry with or attentive to her children. Their voices and their noise disturbed her and the mother's fretted spirit was contagious. The little ones were hurried off to bed with an uninterested nurse, and Mrs. Barstow's sigh of relief was significant. When I left the home with reluctance, where the order, the repose, the easy hospitality had cheered and delighted me, I was ready to leave the other, where even my own spirit became fretted before the day set for my departure.

In the quiet of my own home, and by that cheery blaze in the twilight hour, I said aloud: "And all this difference which made one home so delightful to visit and the other so much less agreeable, can be accounted for by the order and promptness and harmony in the one, and the disorder and disharmony and friction in the other. The good cheer and respect shown to parents in the one and the lack of it in the other; the ease of entertaining in the one, the burden of it in the other; the time which the parents devoted to their children in the one home, the absence of such devotion in the other; the happy, peaceful spirits in the one, the fretted spirits in the other; the close fellowship between parents and children in the one and lack of such sympathy in the other; all this," I said, "is the result of good early training, or a lack of it, in such habits as must have a powerful influence in every home, which will be felt through life."

Fair days brighten round the household hearth,
Young hopes bounce in melody of mirth,
The old musically thrill to his story,
And the children of age find wealth or joy;
Alone make the home like some sweet lyre given,
To sound out joyful the harmonies of heaven.

The Commander-in-Chief

of the Grand Army of the Republic, Major George S. Merrill. Few remedies known in this vicinity than Sulphur Bitters; their sale has been very general throughout this section, and the number of reliable and well attested cases of beneficial results and recovery by them are, in large and beyond dispute.

Temptations are a file that rubs off the rust of self-confidence.

O, woman, despairing and wretched,
Dreading yet longing to die,
Hearing the glad chorus that rises,
Follow the music of the sky:
"Others, be glad, there's help to be had;
No longer be miserable, shame and sad;
Cold health's gone, 'wake and the rebuke,
Clear complexion, be healthy and happy again."
Hear! By taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the world's greatest remedy for all female weakness, pain or suffering. It brings back tone and vigor to the system weakened by those distressing complaints known only to women, which make life such a burden. It restores relaxed organs to a normal condition. It heals the ulceration and the approach of diseases which often terminate in untold misery, if not in death—which is preferable to the pain and humiliation of living in many instances. It is the great gift of science to the sick and wretched women, and for it she cannot be too grateful. It cures her life which nothing else can. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money is refunded. Absolutely sold on trial.

The society of good people is always good society.

A gentleman, under forty years of age, whose hair was rapidly becoming thin and gray, began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in six months his hair was restored to its natural color, and even more than. Before growth and richness.

The man who is shadowed is under a cloud.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Lighthouse.

J. B. Wilson, 301 Clay St., Bloomsburg, 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.

Flax was first planted in England, where it was directed to be sown for fishing nets, 1572.?

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 testify that after using 3 of six weeks I believe myself cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable balm.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Ave., Brooklyn.

It is the parachute performer who runs the greatest risk of taking a drop too much.

"Your Money or Your Life!"

Such a demand at the mouth of a pistol, or, "a note to the order of bearer," would be considered a robbery. But if you will think a little more thinkingly, there would be less robbery.

Think of the terrible results of neglected consumption—which might easily be averted by the timely use of Nature's Great Specific, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Consumption, which is lung scrofula, is a constitutional disease, and requires for such a deep-seated and obstinate constitutional remedy. Taken in time, before the lung tissues are wasted, it is guaranteed a radical cure. Equally certain in all obstinate, long-standing and dangerous coughs. Large bottle, one dollar, of all druggists.

Admiration Among Indians.

"Man lives by admiration," and the Indian can admire. His favorite tale, listened to with ever fresh interest, is of a hero who would not enter heaven if his dog were excluded. He has placed among his gods an English general who was both true and brave, and I heard from East Indians of differing views how, comparing European races, they placed the British highest. They admired their devotion to principle. "The British are the only foreigners who die for what seems right." But the same man, criticising what they admired for its want of tenderness and sympathy, often added, "The British, and especially the women, keep themselves aloof and alienate the admiration they might hold."—Nineteenth Century.

Courage and Faint Heartedness.

I once saw a woman faint in a carriage when her coachman was driving past a steam drill and the horses wheeled swiftly as if they would overturn the carriage. That woman on a yacht, when a squall struck it and when every man on board thought his last hour had come, did not even cry out, because her husband had said to her quietly, "Don't be afraid; there is no danger."—Interview in New York Tribune.

"Pat Doctor Bills Make Lean Wills."

but Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cuts less than one dollar a year. Catarrh is a loathsome, dangerous disease, and the loss between cause to suffer more than is its distress. No person is cured and subsequent cures to suffer upon the intimate relationship, depositing bacteria and spitting and discoverable effects to be easily as a clear the throat and nose—see the "Added and added use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. And as you and brother, sister to join the club of Dr. Sage's, lately without a cold or, to bring the right remedy can be made to so long thread and hard breathing, save the wire and present use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this remedy are so confident of its curative properties, that they have made a standing offer of a reward of $500 for a case they cannot cure.

Decaying Customs.

"The observance of Old World anniversaries and customs is rapidly becoming less marked in this country," said an old New Yorker. "It seems a little singular, too, that the more the immigration the quicker and more thoroughly the amalgamation. I remember the time when St. Patrick's Day was made the occasion of the greatest street demonstrations ever seen in New York from one year's end to another. The entire city participated in a measure, and the streets were scenes of turbulence and wild hilarity from early morning till late at night. A good many now living remember the big rows that occurred in those days. Of recent years all that sort of thing has disappeared.

"The annual St. Patrick's Day parade has dwindled down here to mere formalities and lacks the element of enthusiasm. In many American cities it is no longer even formally observed by the mass of Irishmen. In other respects the same thing may be said of other nationalities. A few dozen persons will make a pretext of the queen's birthday or the Bastile day, or something of that kind, to help out a pleasant evening, but there is no longer any seriousness to it. All we usually see is some signs of a holiday among the Chinese, the Italians, the French or some other nationality, mostly confined to their respective neighborhoods. The fact is this country is getting too big and too important for such things."—New York Herald.

English Boys and the Public School.

In England, while a boy is still in the unreasoning age of childhood, good natured people will ask him playfully what he is going to be. At a little later stage the inquiry takes another and more serious form—"What school are you going to?" There is no playfulness in the question now. Hereby hangs a whole social history. In one family the tradition is for Eton, in another for Rugby and to those traditions father and son are as a rule absolutely loyal, except under especial emergencies of typhoid or scarlet fever. In after life he meets with the question, "What school were you at?" And here again he is apt to feel at a disadvantage if he cannot fasten upon one of the important public schools the credit or blame of his youthful training.

It matters nothing that he was only there for half a year, that he never rose above the lowest form, that he was flogged half a dozen times in as many weeks, that he was promptly expelled for outrageous insubordination—he was at a public school, he has the cachet of an English gentleman. To have been at the university is as nothing compared with this. Many a man is compelled by army examinations or by business opportunities to forego the pleasures of the alma mater. With the public school it is otherwise; to this they must all come.—Harper's.

Appealed to His Vanity.

During the agrarian riots, which disturbed England in 1830, a mob of rick burners and machine breakers appeared at the old mansion of two elderly maiden ladies. The walls of the hall were decorated with suits of armor and antique weapons—pikes, halberds, swords and battleaxes. The mob clamored for the weapons. The ladies refused their demands, and when the mob seemed ready to resort to violence Miss Betty, the elder of the ladies, went up to the leader, a hideous looking man, and said:

"You, too, of all the people in the world! I'm not surprised at these poor misguided creatures. But that such a good looking, intelligent man as you should attack two defenseless women does astonish me! You are the man I should have looked to for protection. But you are not the man I took you for! Never again will I trust to good looks!"

There was no standing up against that compliment. The man took off his hat, and said: "Come, old lady, we aint so bad as all that! We would not harm a hair of your head!"

"No; I know that," retorted Miss Betty. "You can't afford to wear a wig!"

The mob roared with laughter and retired without another word.—Youth's Companion.

GOVERNOR SEWARD'S LOST BET.

He Fails to Establish His Identity and Loses Twenty Dollars.

The other afternoon, when the shadows were growing longer in the streets and the day was taking on a rosier hue, a little group of politicians sat in the city hall regaling each other with ye stories of ye olden time. Among these reeled off was the following regarding an experience of William H. Seward, who was then governor of the Empire State. It seems that while traveling around through the rural districts and making sure that his political fences had no very bad breaks in them, he came one evening to the humble abode of a farmer.

It was too far from the town where he was stopping to go back that night, and so he asked permission to stop there. This was cheerfully granted, and after partaking of an old fashioned country supper the old farmer invited his unknown guest to take a ride across the country with him, he having an errand to do in a neighboring village. With all the suavity for which Mr. Seward was justly famed, he accepted the invitation, and as they drove along in the gathering twilight he entertained the old farmer with all manner of campaign experiences and stories.

The old farmer's native shrewdness caused him to wonder why the stranger should show him so much attention, and at last he blurted out:

"Say, be you a book agent?"

"Not that I know of," was the governor's smiling rejoinder.

"Perhaps you're a lightning rod man, eh?"

"No, sir; you are wrong again."

"Then you be a sewing machine man."

"No, sir."

"Well, then, by gosh, you must be a politician."

Mr. Seward at once acknowledged the soft impeachment, and then informed the inquisitive old fellow that he was the governor of the state of New York. This quieted the old fellow for awhile, but at last he could hold in no longer, and he quietly informed Mr. Seward that he thought he was a liar. Mr. Seward, however, insisted on the truth of his story, and the dispute finally resulted in a wager of twenty dollars. The money was placed in an old lantern that was carried in the wagon to be used in case of emergency, and it was agreed that the first person they met was to decide as to the ownership of the money. Should he fail to recognize Mr. Seward as governor the former was to win, and vice versa.

The test soon came. Driving by the shop of a wayside blacksmith, the proprietor himself stood in the doorway. The farmer stopped his wagon and Mr. Seward said:

"My friend, my veracity has been questioned by the gentleman with me, and I should be pleased to have him convinced as to who I am. Will you be kind enough to tell him?"

The man of brawn and muscle peered at Mr. Seward long and earnestly. Then turning to the farmer he said, in awe struck tones:

"He's all right, Bill! I know him! He's Thurlow Weed, by gosh!"

The farmer took the twenty dollars and Mr. Seward was poorer by that amount than when he started out.—Chicago Mail.

Accurate.

In a breach of promise case, the other day, the lady on the stand said that when a friend suggested that she would make him a good wife, he answered: "Hem!" "Did he really say 'Hem'" inquires the counsel for the defense. "He did," she averred, "or something of that kind." This reminds one of the accurate witness who swore that some one had called over the bannisters, "Tom, Tom," or words to that effect.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Thumb as Index to Character.

The way in which the thumb is held is a true sign of character. The man who turns it in under his fingers is always weak. That is the position in which it is always held by a child. The thumbs of great men are large and point out conspicuously from their fellow members.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Don't be a spider and *crawl* in these days! Why not keep up with the nineteenth century? *You* would not buy a steam engine made like those of a century ago. Then why should you buy the old-fashioned, big, drastic pills that gripe and debilitate your system?

As great improvements have been made in pills as in steam engines. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated granules, or pills, are easiest to take, and never gripe or shock the system.

They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless.

One little Pellet's a laxative, three to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels—quickly, but thoroughly. They're the *cheapest* pill, sold by druggists, because you only pay *for the good* you get. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, every time, or your money is returned. That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

Can you ask more?

SINGERS

Public speakers, actors, auctioneers, teachers, preachers, and all who are liable to overtax and irritate the vocal organs, find, in **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**, a safe, certain, and speedy relief. It soothes the larynx, allays inflammation, strengthens the voice, and for whooping cough, croup, sore throat, and the sudden colds to which children are exposed, this preparation is without equal.

William H. Quartly, Auctioneer, Minlaton, Australia, writes: "In my profession of an auctioneer, any affection of the voice or throat is a serious matter; but, at each attack, I have been

BENEFITED BY

a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy, with ordinary care, has worked such magical effect that I have suffered very little inconvenience."

"Having thoroughly tested the properties of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a remedy for bronchitis and throat affections, I am heartily glad to testify to the intrinsic merits of this preparation."—T. J. Macmurray, Author and Lecturer, Ripley, Ohio.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has cleared and strengthened my voice, so that I am able to speak with very much more ease and comfort than before."—(Rev.) C. N. Nichols, Pastor of Baptist Church, No. Tisbury, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Rather Be Without Bread, Xi

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquette, Mich., Nov. 5, 1890.

The Rev. J. Kessler, of above place, writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I now feel a nervous attack coming I take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

Better Than the Best Doctor.

MANCHESTER CITY, VA., December, 1890.

I deem it my duty to say that I was treated for ten years by the best doctors in Pennsylvania, but never got any relief until I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I am cured of my nervous troubles; have never had the slightest symptoms of those spells since I commenced taking the first bottle.

MRS. SARAH McGUIRE.

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

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Danger in Crowding the Toes.

It is well known that the connection between the nerves in the feet, and especially those in the great toe, and the brain and general nervous organization is strong. Dr. Brown-Sequard mentions a patient who, whenever he bore the weight of his body on the toes of his right foot, became violently insane. He also speaks of another case where pressure on the toe caused severe nervous paroxysms.

These cases simply show the importance of a proper care of the feet, a portion of the body that many people neglect. They think that they can crowd their feet into tight shoes and abuse them without serious results. They can't do it, however. This crowding of five toes into a space not large enough for three, results in pressing the joints out of shape and sometimes making them inactive and powerless. No man with his toes half paralyzed can walk properly. The control of the toes is necessary for a springy step. Broad soles and low heels give room for all the toes and allow perfect freedom of action to every muscle. People who have false standards of beauty for the feet, however, insist on wearing a shoe that is not natural in shape, and the result is great discomfort, and in some cases death.

As a consequence of these abuses we are forgetting how to walk properly. Perhaps you don't believe it, but just watch the parade on Broadway some fine afternoon and see how few men and women walk on the street as if they were not conscious of tight shoes and deformed feet.—Interview in New York Sun.

The Age of Coal Burning.

I have heard that when King Rudolph, in the zenith of his fame, was asked as to what his railways were to do when all the coal was burned out, he replied, that by that time we should have learned how to burn water. Those who are asked the same question now will often reply that they will use electricity, and doubtless think that they have thus disposed of the question. The fallacy of such answers is obvious.

A so called "water gas" may no doubt be used for developing heat, but it is not the water which supplies the energy. Trains may be run by electricity, but all that the electricity does is to convey the energy from the point where it is generated to the train which it is to run. Electricity is itself no more a source of power than is the rope with which a horse drags a boat along the canal.

The fact is that a very large part of the boasted advance of civilization is merely the acquisition of an increased capability of squandering. For what are we doing every day but devising fresh appliances to exhaust with ever greater rapidity the hoard of coal.—Robert Hall in Fortnightly Review.

Peculiar Pronunciation.

Lander always pronounced yellow as yaller. We have heard Mr. A. R. Wallace, the eminent naturalist, during the course of a lecture, repeatedly sound it thus, a mode of pronunciation said, indeed, to be traditional in many good old English families, and which includes the substitution of laylock for lilac. Room for Rome, gould for gold, and wonderful for wooderful.

A homely old rural dean, long since dead, used always, like Sam Weller, to leave out the "w" in woman, and his "Wait then have this woman to be thy wedded wife!" was apt to mar the solemnity of a marriage service.—London Tit-Bits.

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 $135.

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, 5 drawers, $28; New Davis, 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 whim, but get these just the same.

WESTERN WASHERS. Square or Round, complete with wringer, $7.50. Every family can afford to buy one. You can not lose, 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,

We Can't do it

but we will pay for learning how to make a good tan article as Weyer's Acme Dressing of **cheap** material so that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c.

Our price is 20c.

The retailer says the public will not pay it. We say the public will, because they will always pay a fair price for a good article. To show both the trade and the public that we want to give them the best for the least money, we will pay

$10,000.00 Reward

For above information; this offer is open until January 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Pik-Ron is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint can do. Structures painted with it looks like the battered wood when it is stained and varnished.

PAINTERS AND BUILDERS

will find it profitable to investigate. All paint dealers sell it.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE

POWDERED AND PERFUMED

(patented)

Will make the best soap in 20 minutes, cleanse foul closets and vaults, disinfect and deodorize, destroy all animal and vegetable matter in a few minutes, and for all cleaning purposes is unequaled. Sold everywhere. Ask your grocer for it. Take no other. Send 2c. stamp for 1893 Lewis' Calendar, 64 pages, with Cooking Receipts, Toilet Hints, etc.

FRANK WEST. PENNA. SALT MFG. CO. Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

VIOLA CREAM

The Chain of evidence is now complete that DR. HEBER'S VIOLA CREAM is the only preparation that possesses all that is claimed for it. It removes Freckles, Liver spots, Sallowness, Wrinkles, Tan, and all Imperfections of the skin, without injury. A few applications will render a rough, red skin soft, smooth and white. It isn't a cosmetic to cover defects, but a cure, and guaranteed to be harmless. Price 50c. At druggists or by mail. Send for testimonials.

C. C. BITNER & 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 seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best calf, stylish and easy, and is warranted to wear more of it than any other manufacturer. It equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5. 00 Gents Hand-sewed Welt Shoe, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French and Calf shoes costing from $6.00 to $8.00.

$4. 00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, the stylish, comfortable and durable shoe that has been offered at two prices more than its price as a fair trial will convince those who wear it that it is worth more than other makes.

$3. 50 Police Shoe, Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear this heavy, durable, solid shoe; it is the best shoe in the world for the money; it holds its shape and keeps out water; one pair will wear a year.

$2. 50 fine calf, hand-sewed, the finest shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe to fit tight and easy.

$2. 25 and $2.00 Workingmen's shoes are very strong and serviceable. Those who have worn them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are the best shoes ever offered for the money; they hold their shape, stand the rough usage of boys, and are very durable.

Ladies $3.00, Hand-sewed welt, long tip, the most stylish and easy shoe; equals French and hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

Ladies' $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for misses is the best shoe ever offered at these prices; it has no equal.

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

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you any shoe you want, delivery free, on receipt of price. Catalogue free. Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Sold by 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 & SHANKEWILER,

—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 Confimation 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, a 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 1893 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,

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ALL KINDS OF FARMIMG IMPLEMENTS,

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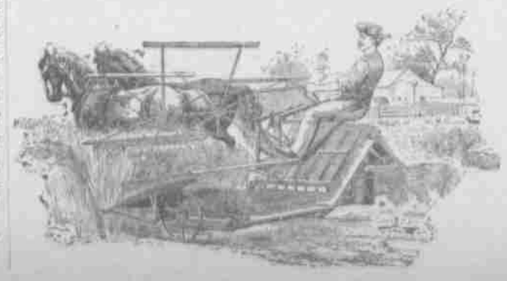
PRICES LOWER THAN THE LOWEST. CALL AND LEARN PRICES.



A CLUB FOR WORKERS

A NEW YORK CLUB THAT IS LIKE LONDON'S TOYNBEE HALL.

An Enthusiastic and Willing Lawyer Has Started a Work That Is Already Producing Good Results—Workingmen Have Advantages of Real Club Life.

The nearest approach to a Toynbee Hall in America is the East Side club. The movement originated in the Church club, an organization consisting of about 400 representative Episcopalians.

Instead of an Oxford tutor, a New York lawyer, Everett P. Wheeler, conceived the idea of a hospitable home, with liberal minded men in residence, where the workingmen of the east side might meet. Mr. Wheeler had just returned from London when he read his paper to the Church club, showing the magnitude and magnificence of the work accomplished in Whitechapel by university extension.

The laymen were so very favorably impressed by the strength of the appeal and the earnestness of their associate that as individuals they agreed to give any project he might formulate their support. That was in March, 1891. In June Mr. Wheeler had rented an old frame dwelling house at the foot of East Seventy-sixth street, once the country residence of a prominent New York physician, to which he gave the name of the East Side club. His family had gone abroad, and when it was learned that Mr. Wheeler had closed his house at the corner of Seventy-first street and Park avenue, and taken up his residence in the club for the summer, his friends in the Lawyers' club, the Church club and society generally were amazed. From chance acquaintances he made friends, and the few who were welcomed to the freedom of the turf and the cool shade about the house welcomed others on their own responsibility. In this simple and cordial way the men were drawn to the East Side club every evening, and on Sundays they brought their children and their lunches and newspapers and picnicked on the grass.

Mr. Wheeler talked to the people. He had every newcomer introduced to him, and he sat on the grass with them; he smoked and read with them, and he not only got their ideas on political, social and industrial questions, but frankly gave his own. Some of these friendly discussions lasted a week, and news of them drew new visitors. When one evening "the club gentleman," as he was called, invited two men to dine with him, his sincerity of purpose was established, and since then the work has prospered.

Associated with Mr. Wheeler were the Rev. Mr. Theodore F. Bacon and Mr. L. D. Hughes, graduate and student of divinity. Notwithstanding the religious tendency of these gentlemen and the support of the Church club, the work was conducted on purely nonsectarian lines. Not a Scripture quotation was seen on the walls, and neither hymnal nor book of common prayer was visible.

The old fashioned dining room was converted into a billiard hall, and here the men smoke and chat, play billiards, chess and checkers whenever they like. At a small expense the conservatory was converted into a gymnasium. On the same floor is the lavatory and bath.

Every day in the week from 9 a. m. until 10 p. m. the clubhouse is open and the attendance in the billiard room and gymnasium is greater Sunday than at any other time. When exception was taken to this unusual plan of operation Mr. Wheeler took the ground that a gentleman might play a game of billiards in his private club Sunday afternoon if the notion pleased him without exciting any comment among the members. Granting this privilege to a merchant, banker or professional man, why should it be denied his truckman and clerks? It also occurred to him that a game of cards in a private club was not only less baneful, but less expensive than in a saloon or beer garden.

Another innovation is a monthly dance to which all the members are invited to bring their wives, sisters and friends. Good music is provided, simply printed dancing cards are distributed and in the middle of the programme hot chocolate and cake or coffee and sandwiches are served. The young clergyman is always present, and no group, however small, is unattended in the club, and in consequence noisy harangues, profanity and discord are unknown.

Now there are five club residents—Mr. W. S. Brush, also a lawyer; Mr. Paul Reynolds, editor of a religious paper; Mr. Willis B. Holcom, Mrs. Virginia Gookin, the kindergartner, and her little son.

The janitor and his wife take care of the house and John Codet, aged sixteen, is custodian of the playgrounds. During the day Mrs. Gookin teaches all the children who come to the kindergarten. Last October an epidemic broke out and the school had to be closed. Several deaths resulted from measles and fever. The work was resumed recently with a membership of fifty. At the start these toddlers had to be washed and scrubbed; now they present themselves clean and tidy.

Any self respecting man may become a member of the club by paying fifty cents a month. This fee entitles the member to all the privileges and advantages of a social and friendly organization. It gives his children the freedom of the playgrounds seven days in the week and provides kindergarten training for them. It welcomes his wife to the m