ADVERSE FATES.

"I am listening to you," said Annella, bending her blond little head and Mario felt that her slender hand trembled in his.

Who was Annella?

The beautiful widow of Count Giumni had found her one day, pale, desolate and exhausted, beside a dead woman in a squalid, dark room. That dead woman was the aunt of the countess and the mother of Annella, and the poverty which surrounded her was the sole inheritance of the fair young girl.

Countess Giumni, rich, admired and courted by the fine flower of aristocratic salons, lived upon vanity and coquetry. But in spite of that she had a morsel of heart, and poor Annella's little white face had the power to draw two beautiful tears, more lucent than pearls, from her great, black, enchanting eyes. If the baron, the viscount or the marquis could have seen those two pearls, surely they would have loved her even more than they did—so compassionate and tender did she seem amid the triumphs of her happy youth.

That same evening Annella reposed in a soft bed, under a counterpane of pink silk, while at the balcony window, that she had left partly open, the moon peered in and laid a tint of pallid light upon the rose red divans of the elegant little room.

Two years passed after that first tranquil sleep. Annella's beauty, which early privations and sorrows had almost withered in the bud, bloomed again as if by magic. It was a pleasure to see the radiant girl; a slender little person, but with perfect curves of outline, the bust full, the throat of admirable softness, and the little head—oh, that dainty little head was like an artist's thought! Like a golden wave, the curling hair, which she wore unbound and floating, rippled down her shoulders; her eyes laughed with the color of the clear heavens under arching, delicate eyebrows that were black against the whiteness of her forehead and gave a resolute expression to her beautiful countenance. Her small, rosy mouth was always smiling; it was but a languid smile and tinged with an expression of melancholy or bitterness.

Now, after having sketched Annella's graceful figure, it seems strange not to be able to give it a background of bright colors. We know how much a brilliant setting adds to a gem, and certainly the Countess Giumni's beauty gained greatly by the luxury and richness of her dress and surroundings. A fashionable dressmaker, an artist in his line, dressed her with Parisian taste; a skillful young woman, who was mild and confidante together, combed the wealth of her dark hair that touched the floor and adapted to her shapely person stuffs, colors, flowers and jewels. From their hands the countess issued a true goddess of love, and her shrine gleaming with silks, marbles, silver and crystal increased the enchantment and rendered her marvelous to the eyes of visitors.

Poor Annella! so simple in her little muslin gown; so timid in that rich house, not her own, how could she contend for the palm with that superb queen? And it is no new thing that the bright rays of the moon dim the placid light of the quiet stars. So the hundred gentlemen that flocked into these gilded rooms had eyes only for the beautiful countess, and if they deigned to bestow a passing word or look on the timid girl, that was merely an act of homage to the reigning lady, homage that showed their admiration for her charity to a dependent. They all knew, and from her own mouth, too, the countess had taken the forsaken orphan to this beautiful home and changed her sorrow to happiness.

But was Annella really happy?

Her young heart thirsted for love. In her childhood she had been the one treasure of her poor mother, and though she had often lacked bread, air and sunlight, caresses were never wanting. She knew the sweetness of a kiss into which is transfused all a loving soul; she knew the dual life, the breath mingled with another breath from a breast palpitating with tenderness. Yes, her mother's love had taught her all these things, and taught them to her in poverty. Then came fine times, abundance of everything, new amusements every day and every hour, noisy gayeties and the luxury of carriages and dinners. But strange to say, amid all this laughter of life, her heart was narrowed, closed. She indeed no longer suffered from hunger, cold or fear of worse misfortunes but henceforth she had no one to love her, not a simple object to call forth her own love, though she felt an overpowering need to bestow on some one all her warm, impassioned soul.

At first she had tried for this exchange of affection with her cousin, the magnificent countess. Alas! she had found her kind, courteous, generous, but frivolous, full of herself and her attractions, and incapable not only of feeling love, but even of comprehending it.

Discomfited, Annella had looked about her, and amid that array of faces, coats and decorations that made a circle around her beautiful cousin she had sought and sought. An old girl! She had actually found those polished gentlemen empty and unsympathetic, although finely clad and unexceptionable from top to toe. How could she have dared to raise seven her thoughts to the heights on which they moved? Which of them would have deigned to descend to her, a poor little orphan, sheltered by the pity of her cousin?

Thus set apart and averse to all flatteries, she led her own life, amid the festivities and the constant noise and confusion of the house.

But one evening she discovered among the crowd a newcomer—blond and handsome like herself, and like herself sad, timid and embarrassed. At once a secret sympathy attracted her toward young Mario. It seemed to her that she might be able to comfort him with her words, for surely he cherished a deep sorrow in his heart, since his fine face never brightened with lively color, and his eyes often glistened as if with restrained tears.

He welcomed sympathy so eagerly that it appeared as if he sought her, as if he came solely for her sake. And they soon talked freely together. After their first meeting, which was full of embarrassment to both of them, they passed all the reception evenings of the splendid countess together. Annella always awaited him with indescribable emotion, and when she saw him appearing in the doorway, diffident and shy, all her life was concentrated in her heart, that beat, beat as if it would burst its bonds. Then with studied carelessness he wandered through the rooms until he succeeded in placing himself at her side, from whence he did not stir until the last guests were about to leave.

Mario had told the story of his life—his poor life of discomfort and isolation. He, too, was an orphan, brought up by strangers who had speculated upon his talent. By force of study and effort he had at last made for himself a position that had enabled him to demand his liberty in exchange for a monthly payment. Never, poor soul, had he tasted the sweetness of mutual love.

Annella, in her secret heart, rejoiced at all this. For would it not be her privilege to give him the delights that he had never experienced, her task to make him forget the bitterness of so many years, and to reward him for all his sufferings? At night how many dreams of this kind peopled the virginal little room of the young girl, and in fancy she saw herself already an adored wife, clasped to the gentle and noble breast of her beloved Mario.

One thing, however, preoccupied her mind. When she met Mario for the first time a cloud of sadness had veiled his attractive countenance, a sadness behind which she had perceived a deeply wounded heart. Of that wound Mario had never spoken to her, but the cloud had not passed away, notwithstanding the love that Annella breathed toward him from her eyes, her smile, her entire personality. And then, too, there was something else that she would have wished—indeed, she expected it every evening, and always vainly—the final outburst of Mario's love. He loved her—of that she was sure of that—but why did he not tell her so? Of course, strange timidity—the fear of troubling her simple life. He was so noble, her Mario! But finally he must explain himself. Oh! and she would not stammer in giving him a favorable answer; such a yes would escape her lips—and then what mutual joy, what warmth in their future talks! Then she would be obliged to tell it to her cousin, and the kind countess would willingly consent. But why did he not speak to her?

One evening when they were alone in the shadow of the little yellow drawing room Mario suddenly let himself go, seized her trembling hand and murmured to her, "I will—I must speak to you—at last!"

And Annella, bending her fair head and almost suffocated with emotion, replied, "I am listening to you!"

"Dear Annella," Mario began, "have you never asked yourself why I first came to this house?"

"How should I? Chance perhaps," murmured Annella, hardly able to contain her joy, while her heart cried out the answer, "For me, for me alone!"

"It was not a chance, no—I came here conquered, led by passion alone. I loved and was wild with pain before I set foot inside the house," declared Mario.

Annella trembled, not daring to interrupt him, but she would have liked to fling herself upon his neck without letting him finish, and to say to him amid a world of kisses, "Here is joy for you!" But he continued, "I loved, and today I love more than then; I suffered, and today I suffer more than ever."

The girl started and looked, wild eyed, at his face. Why did he speak of suffering? Had he not understood her great love? Or was he feigning, perhaps, in order to hear her confess it?

"Dear girl," and here Mario caressed her hand, "you indeed have comforted me, you have helped me to bear my grief; but now my anguish has reached the last degree—I know that my love will never be returned."

"No, no; you mistake!" Anella involuntarily interrupted, bending toward him.

"I mistake?" he exclaimed, with hope beaming in his glance. "Why do you say so? Do you know who it is that I love?"

And Annella, shamefaced and confused, stammered, "I imagine."

"Well," continued Mario bitterly, "if you know whom I love you will have seen for some time that she not only does not even dream of this tempest in my soul, but she would never imagine that one so low would dare to lift his eyes to her."

What! Was he going mad? Why did he talk of descending? And the girl, profoundly troubled, asked him quickly: "She! Who?"

"Your cousin, the countess, of course."

"Do you love her? Her!" And Annella could say no more. She felt a chill like ice through her veins, a ringing in her ears; she saw sparks, shadows, before her eyes—then nothing.

When she came to herself she was upon her bed, with the beautiful countess bending a little uneasily over her.

"Oh, what was the matter?" asked the countess; "have you quarreled this evening?"

"With whom?" said Annella, not yet quite herself.

"With Mario, with your impassioned Mario, who, I hope, will decide to ask me for your hand."

"Ah!" exclaimed the poor girl. "Mario loves only you."

"Me!" replied the countess, with a haughty mien. "What a stupid man!" And she went to the mirror to arrange the corsage of the scarlet gown that set off the marble whiteness of her perfect shoulders.

Annella buried her face in the pillow, and drenched it with scalding tears.—Translated from the Italian of Erminia Fuzzocchi, for Short Stories, by E. Cavazza.

A Women Hotel Clerk.

The most gorgeous creature ever evolved in the way of an American hotel clerk is far less pleasing to look upon than the petite girl in black who takes your pounds, shillings and pence in the office of a hotel in London.—New York Sun.

Joseph Rutz, of Columbia, Pa., suffered from birth with scrofula humor, till he was perfectly cured by using Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Don't lose sight of an honorable enemy; he'll make a good friend.

A cold of unusual severity developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, Rochester, N. Y.

When I began using Ely's Cream Balm my catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. That has almost entirely disappeared and I have not had headache since.—J. H. Summers, Stephney, Conn.

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.

'The man born in a cabin may some day name a cabinet.

Mr. Van Pelt, Editor of the Craig, Mo., Mercury, went to a drug store at Hillsdale, Iowa, and asked the physician in attendance to give him a dose of something for cholera morbus and looseness of the bowels. He says: "I felt so much better the next morning that I concluded to call on the physician and get him to let me up a supply of the medicine. I was surprised when he handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. He said he prescribed it regularly in his practice and found it the best he could get or prepare. I can testify to its efficiency in my case at all events." For sale by N. S. Reber and W. F. Birey.

The roughest roads are those we have not traveled over.

Specimen Cases.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits at Reber's Drugstore, Lehighton, and Birey's Drugstore, Weissport.

No man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want.

How She Became a Missionary.

"I'm doing missionary work a good deal of the time," was the reply to one of the most charming women of New York, by a friend, who asked how she looked herself. "I see by your looks you wonder what I mean by that. I'll tell you. A few years ago life was a burden to me. I had been a victim to female weaknesses of the most aggravated character for a long time, and the doctors failed to help me. Finally my life was long, steady, hopeless battle—a lingering living death, one day I saw Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription advertised in the newspapers, promising to the prudent and hopeful some relief for every case. I caught at the chance of hope it held out as the drowning man is said to catch at a straw. I did not much care to hope, but I got the medicine, and behind the result I feel so well, so strong, and (I, so thankful, that I go about telling other women what saved me. In no other way can I so well show my gratitude to God, and to the man who has proved such a benefactor to women, and my love for my sisters sisterhood."

Even vinegar has to work in order to be worth anything.

A Much Married Woman.

Mrs. Fowler, of this city, was married last January to her fifth husband, and strange as it may seem, five of them died exactly two years from their marriage day. Her present husband has been sick for the last four months with chronic jaudice, and was given up by four of our best physicians as a last resort he began using Sulphur Bitters, and yesterday told our reporter that they had saved his life, smilingly saying that he guessed Mr. Fowler would be unable to take a seventh better half for some time to come.—Exchange.

Around the World in Fifty Days.

But Jules Verne ever think that his imaginary Phileas Fogg would be eclipsed by an American girl, who once made the circuit in less time, and yet it says. Bob Burdette, had to take second money. The fame of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has spread around the world long ago, and left its record everywhere as a glorious boon to every nation. In the whole world of medicine, nothing equals it for the cure of scrofula in the many (which is Consumption), coughs and bronchial troubles towards which it exerts a marvelous and controlled by it, until all unsightly skin eruptions are driven away. Don't be skeptical, as this medicine is guaranteed to every purchaser. You only pay for the good you get.

A Leaky Sausage Apparatus.

A little lady walked into a butcher shop and asked for two pounds of beefsteak. When it had been weighed she told the butcher to put it in the mincing machine and chop it up so that she could make meat balls out of it for dinner.

The meat expert, quite an ordinary looking man, entirely unsuited to be the hero of a story like this, followed the instructions, minced the meat and handed it in a paper to the customer. When he turned in his matter of fact way to attend to a man new to housekeeping who was inquiring if he had any nice mutton steak, and if so how much it was a yard.

The little lady looked at the minced meat and asked the butcher to weigh it again. He did so, and there was just 1¾ pounds.

"There!" said the little lady indignantly. "Your sausage machine has stolen a quarter of a pound of my steak. I've suspected that machine for a long time. You've got to make it good."

"I will not," retorted the butcher. "It's a case of natural wear and tear. Maybe some of the weight of the steak has vanished in the process to which it has been subjected, but there's two pounds of nourishment there."

"The machine either leaks or there's a secret trap that steals my steak," the little lady insisted. "I won't take the meat till it weighs two pounds."

And she didn't.—New York Herald.

The Saltest of Salt Lakes.

A lake with a salt roof isn't frozen salt, and it isn't underground. On the contrary, this remarkable lake may be seen at any time during the year, fully exposed, being even at its best when the sun is shining directly upon it. This wonderful body of water is one of the saltest of the salt lakes, and is situated near Oblorsk, Siberia. The lake is nine miles wide and seventeen long, and within the memory of man was not entirely roofed over by the salt deposit. Originally evaporation played the most prominent part in coating the lake over with salt, but at the present time the salt springs which surround it are adding fast to the thickness of the crust.

In the long ago rapid evaporation of the lake's waters left great salt crystals floating on the surface. In course of time these caked together. Thus the waters were finally entirely covered. In 1878 the lake found an underground outlet into the River Obl, which lowered its surface about three feet. The salt crust was so thick, however, that it retained its old level, and now presents the curious spectacle of a salt roofed lake. The salt coat increases six inches in thickness every year. The many islands with which the lake is studded are said to act as braces and to help keep the arched salt crust in position.—St. Louis Republic.

The Innocent.

She stood looking up at him so innocently from under the sprig of mistletoe that still hung in the parlor as a reminder of the Christmas season; she was so pretty, and she was under the mistletoe, and he couldn't help it—he had kissed her.

It was an unmanly and unmanly thing to do. He knew that now, as he remembered her frightened, startled look, and the miserable excuses he had tried to stammer out; yes, and the tears in her eyes, and the little choking sob with which she had received his stumbling apology.

"Who could think she would feel like that about it?" he thought: "dear little innocent!"

And she—after he was gone, she lay down on the sofa and cried. "I like him—so much and now—to think that he should kiss me at last—and then say he didn't mean anything by it. What does he think I stood there for?—the little idiot!"—Life.

A Parrot Seldom Forgets.

A maiden lady once had a fine talking bird, but, being subjected to headaches, she often put him in the kitchen. The cook objected and said to Polly, "You horrid thing, I wish you were dead."

Polly soon learned this, and when his mistress got better and took him to her own room, he said, "You horrid thing, I wish you were dead."

This shocked the delicate little lady. One day she met her rector, and, after he had inquired about her health, he said, "How is Polly?"

Then she told him how Polly had affected her nerves. The rector said: "Send him to spend a month with my bird. He may forget it."

She immediately accepted his offer. In due time Polly was sent home, and, as soon as his mistress went to the cage, Polly saluted her with:

"You horrid thing, I wish you were dead. We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"—New York Recorder.

In an English Railway Train.

First Artist—Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used.

Second Artist (in a hoarse whisper)—Well, I was at Stodge's yesterday. He'd just knocked off three little girls' heads—horrid raw things! a dealer came in, sir, bought 'em directly—took 'em away, wet as they were, on the stretchers and wanted Stodge to let him have some more next week.

Old Lady (putting her head out of the window and yelling)—Guard, guard, stop the train and let me out, or I'll be murdered.—London Tit-Bits.

Deposits of Loadstone.

A Kansas City paper says that there is a bowlder in the Ozarks which will attract a jackknife dropped nine feet away, and that along the line of the fifth principal meridian, in the counties of Carter, Reynolds, Iron and Washington, the lines of east and west surveys are deflected from the true course several degrees, the needle being affected by the deposits of loadstone.

Hebrew tradition says that the tablets of Moses were of sapphire. In Hebrew the word sappir means the most beautiful. It symbolizes loyalty, justice, beauty and nobility.

A South African Animal.

There is a curious looking animal in South Africa that looks for all the world like a piece of toast with four legs, a head and a tail. It resembles a pussy cat about the forehead and ears, but its nose is distinctly that of a rat, while its tail is not very dissimilar to that of a fox. This strange animal is called the aardwolf, and doubtless dwells in South Africa because, judged by his looks, he would not be admitted into good animal society anywhere else.—Harper's Young People.

Never Poultice the Eye.

It is the prevailing custom among ignorant people to put a poultice on an inflamed eye, a thing which should never under any circumstances be done. It is sad to see the vast number of men, women and children made blind for life by this one thing.—Jenness Miller Illustrated.

The Delights of a Honeymoon.

She—Look here! This is the third handkerchief I have wet through with bitter tears!

He (very coolly)—Nothing but useless expense! That's how the washing bill runs up.—Pepole Romana.

Do not draw a check unless you have the money in bank or in your possession to deposit. Don't test the courage or generosity of your bank by presenting or allowing to be presented your check for a larger sum than your balance

Mr. Stanford has endowed the Leland Stanford Junior university, which is really a sort of home school for poor children, with property and money amounting to about $10,000,000

A certain duration of a luminous impression is necessary to produce an effect on the retina; hence it is that we do not see a very rapidly moving object, such as a bullet fired from a gun.

Without its atmosphere, which serves as a coverlet to protect it against the fearful cold of space, the surface of the earth would be frozen like that of the airless moon.

A device that works well in keeping loose waste paper out of the parks of Chicago is the placing of big trash baskets about on the lawns and paths.

Balzac's Servant.

When Honore de Balzac, the novelist, stated in early life his wish to become a literary man, his father, who had destined him for the bar, was shocked and disappointed. Still he gave the lad two years in which to prove his fitness for a literary life, and Honore was accordingly installed in an attic near the library where he proposed to work.

His mother believed that a little hardship would soon bring him to his senses, but the correspondence which he thereupon began with his sister shows that the man who was afterward to attain distinction in his chosen work could afford, as a youth, to scorn such trifles as waiting upon himself. In the very first letter he confided to his sister the news that he had taken a servant. He writes:

"He is named Myself! And a bad bargain he is, truly! Myself is lazy, clumsy, thoughtless. His master is hungry or thirsty, and often enough Myself has neither bread nor water to give him; he doesn't even know how to shield him from the wind which whistles through the door and window. As soon as I am awake I ring for Myself, and he makes my bed. Then he sweeps the room, and clumsy he is at it.

"'Myself!'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Look at that cobweb with the big fly buzzing in it till I am half giddy with the noise, and the fluff under the bed, and the dust under the window panes!'

"The lazy beggar gazes at me and doesn't stir, and yet, in spite of all his defects, I can't get rid of that unintelligent Myself!"

And the same stupid "Myself" it was who afterward enriched French literature with a series of wonderful works.—Youth's Companion.

Number of People Since Adam.

Did you ever make a calculation of the probable number of people that have inhabited our globe since the beginning of time? No doubt you will say that such calculations involve a loss of time, and are after all barren of results. But let us take a few minutes' time and approximate, with a certain degree of accuracy, the number of souls that have been ushered into this wicked world since the time when it was "not good for Adam to be alone."

At the present time it is believed that there are 1,400,000,000 human beings on the globe; but let us suppose that there has been but an average of 900,000,000 living at any one time since the creation. Next, to give room for any possible doubt, we will put the average length of life at fifty years. (It may have been much longer than that 5,000 years ago, but has been much shorter for the last 1,000 years.) With the average length of life as above, we have had two generations of 900,000,000 each every century for the past 6,000 years.

Taking this for granted this globe has had 66,627,842,237,075,366 human inhabitants since the beginning of time. To even bury this vast number the whole landed surface of the globe, every inch of it, would have to be dug over 120 times!—Philadelphia Press.

How a Chameleon Looks.

Upon a crimson cloth the chameleon becomes almost crimson; move it upon a gray surface and the bright tints will quickly subside. But at night, whether disturbed or not, it invariably assumes its palest tints. Two which I caught in the Cape Town garden, which were of a very brilliant metallic green, were splendidly decorated. On the back or sides, sometimes saddlewise and sometimes lengthwise, were slashes of red. The markings vary in the individuals. The crest and decorations on the head and back are like fretwork, the whole body and limbs are dotted with very fine warts or tubercles like shagreen, and when angry all these distinctive features are exaggerated, the gills and crest are swelled, and the skin of the chin is puffed out so as to show white stripes, while the creature opens its mouth wide, displaying the yellow, fleshy interior, and closing its teeth on your finger should you provoke it to do so.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Makes an every-day convenience of an old-time luxury. Pure and wholesome. Prepared with scrupulous care. Highest award at all Pure Food Expositions. Each package makes two large pies. Avoid imitations—and insist on having the NONE SUCH brand.
MERRELL & SOULE, Syracuse, N. Y.

A MAD POET

rushed into a newspaper office recently, and threatened to "clean out" the establishment, because they printed his verses wrong. Said he: "I wrote, 'To dwell forever in a great of peace,' and you idiots put it 'a pot of grease.'" The mortified editor presented him with a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, a year's subscription and an apology.

The little "Pellets" positively cure sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangements of the stomach, bowels and liver. It's a large contract, but the smallest thing in the world do the business.—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They cleanse and renovate the liver, stomach and bowels thoroughly—but they do it mildly and gently. You feel the good they do—but you don't feel them doing it.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, because they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for the good you get.

That's the premier plan of Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.

Physicians Couldn't Cure. X

BELLEFONTAINE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889.
One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried unsuccessfully for eight months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. HUNNEFELD.

DETMI, Ont., Jan. 14, 1891.
My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, she has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy." JOHN GRANT.

BROCKTON, Mass., June 17, 1890.
About a year ago I lost the use of my right hand suddenly shaking. I tried different medicines but they all had no effect. * * * After using three of your bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my hand ceased to shake and I found myself gaining every day. I think this medicine is one of the greatest blessings. THOS. O'REILLY.

FREE. A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address. All your symptoms and your health into numbers free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

A FEW WORDS ON PIANOS.

I have made arrangements with the Cable Piano Co., to handle their Upright Pianos, and will sell them at such prices, that no one need do without a Piano, and you will get a guarantee with every Piano for 5 years, and the tone will compare with the best. I will have samples of these Pianos on hand after July 25th, 1892, and some one in the office, who will play for you, and you can judge for yourself.

BEHOLD THE PRICES!

The 6 500 grade in Walnut for $160
The 8 600 grade in Walnut for $180
The 2 650 grade in Walnut for $170
The 3 750 grade in Walnut for $190
The 8 900 grade in Walnut for $200

The last named Piano must compare with any $300 and $350 dollars ever sold in this town or vicinity.

The reason I can sell these Pianos at such prices, I buy for spot cash, have no rents to pay, and am satisfied with a small margin. The public has been imposed upon long enough, high prices must come down. Call at the store any time after next week, and I will be in shape to show you a beautiful $800 Piano for $200.

Come and see me before buying elsewhere. I remain

Yours respectfully,

Aaron Snyder

Weissport,

THOMAS'

Drug :: Store,

FIRST STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

To the Farmer!

The hot weather brings out the old pest—the Potato Bug.

—USE OUR—

Pure Paris Green!

It will save your crops!

New Bee Hive,

ALLENTOWN, PA.

1892. 1892.

SPECIAL

Announcement!

For the next few weeks we will have a special selling sale in every department. Watch for dates. We offer you during this sale 5 lbs of Fine Dress

GINGHAMS

worth 10 and 12½ cents, at 10 cents a yard. A

OUTING FLANNELS

new styles worth 10 cents, are we selling a yard. Another lot 6½ and 6 cents, now 5 cents a yard. One lot of Dress Goods, new styles, 20 cents a yard, another lot worth 8 cents, at 5 cents a yard.

We sell you Silks at Reduced Prices at 5 cents a yard.

These are but a few of the many bargains that we offer during this sale in the different departments. Our carpet department is especially crowded with rolls of patterns that cannot be duplicated and therefore must be sold regardless of price before the Fall Goods arrive. Remember the place where these bargains are offered is

☞ This store will be closed at 8 o'clock p. m., daily, during July and August, Saturdays excepted.

H. W. Hunsicker's

Cor. 8th and Hamilton,
ALLENTOWN.

RUPTURE! We the undersigned were entirely cured of rupture by Dr. E. D. Mayer, 33 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.—S. Jones Phillips, Kensington, Pa.; T. A. Kretz, Harrington, Pa.; E. M. Smith, Mount Airy, Pa.; Rev. S. H. Doerner, Sunbury, Pa.; B. I. Dodge, 918 Tenth St., Reading, Pa.; Wm. Dix, 1836 Morris St., Philadelphia; H. L. Rowe, 10 Ike St., Reading, Pa.; Oliver and Ed. Bickel, 423 Locust St., Reading, Pa. Send for circular.

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At wholesale and retail

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

TERRIBLE SACRIFICE !!

$100,000 Clothing Sale

NOW COMMENCED.

The Greatest Reduction Sale ever known in the Lehigh Valley. Pure Honest Goods at Almost One-Half Former Prices.

Remember these goods are all our own make and as the time of this Great Sale is limited to the next 30 days every thing will go rapidly.

DON'T

Buy until you have seen the Wonderful Reductions in our Annual Clearance Sale of

Men's Suits, Boys' Suits, Children's Suits and Suits made to Order !!

SEE THE ASTONISHIG LOW PRICES!!

Bear in mind a chance like this you should positively not miss. Call and judge for yourself.

Koch & Shankweiler.

Largest and Finest Clothing House in the Valley,
CENTRE SQUARE, ALLENTOWN, PA.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

J. L. GABEL'S

—IS HEADQUARTERS FOR—

GENERAL HARDWARE,

Paints, Varnishes, Glass,

ALL KIND OF COAL, &c

OPS. PUBLIC SQUARE,

Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

A genuine sewed shoe, *that will not rip*, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $5, and is the

Best in the World for the price.

For GENTLEMEN.
$5.00 Genuine Hand-Sewed.
$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe.
$3.50 Police and Farmer.
$2.50 Extra Value Calf Shoe.
$2.25 Working man's Shoe.
$2.00 Goodwear Shoe.

For LADIES.
$3.00 Hand-Sewed.
$2.50 Best Dongola.
$2.00 Calf and Dongola.
$1.75 FOR MISSES.
For BOYS & YOUTHS.
$2 & $1.75 SCHOOL SHOES.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES.

IT IS A DUTY you owe to yourself and your family, during these hard times, to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your footwear if you purchase W. L. Douglas' Shoes, which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other make.

CAUTION. W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe, which protects the consumer against high prices and inferior shoes. Beware of dealers who acknowledge the superiority of W. L. Douglas' Shoes by attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent, and subject to prosecution by law, for obtaining money under false pretences. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by Adam Mehrkam & Son, Agents, Lehighton.

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

THE LAST DESIRE.

When the time comes for me to die,
Tomorrow or some other day,
If God should bid me make my
"What wouldst thou?" I shall say

"Oh, Godlike world was great and fair
You give me to forget it when,
Nor let me more with things that were
And things that might have been!

"I tired and tilted, strove ill or well—
Lived certain years and murmured not,
Now grant me in that land to dwell,
Where all things are forgot!

"For others, Lord, the outgoing fleet,
The loves remain, the crowns, the pales
For me, the death of all desires
In everlasting calm."

—Lyndon Academy.

Royal Flute Player.

Frederick the Great made generous presents to all musicians except flute players. He played the flute remarkably well himself, and his proficiency sometimes led to acts that caused disappointment to his brother artists. A famous flutist once visited Potsdam and asked permission to play to the king, hoping that Frederick would show his appreciation of his skill by some valuable gift.

Frederick received him graciously and listened attentively while he played a difficult piece.

"You play very well," he said, "and I am very glad to have heard a virtuoso of such ability. I will give you a proof of my satisfaction."

So saying he left the room. The musician waited, guessing at the probable nature of the "proof."

Presently the king returned with his own flute and played the same piece which had just been executed for him. Then he bade his visitor good day, saying:

"I have had the pleasure of hearing you, and it was only fair that you should hear me."—Youth's Companion.

How the Continents Attract Seas.

The effect of gravitation in heaping up the sea waters upon the shores of continents is one of the most interesting, as well as the most curious and least considered, facts in connection with old ocean's history. Thus the continents are all situated at tops of great hills or mountains of water, and to cross the Atlantic or any other ocean the ship has to first go down the sloping sheet, cross the valley and then climb the mountain of water on the other side before it safely reaches a harbor.

In this connection the interesting calculation has been made that in mid-ocean on the Atlantic the depression is about three-fourths of a mile below the level of the water at coast line, while a ship in traveling from San Francisco to Yokohama, Japan, must cross a valley at least a mile in depth.—St. Louis Republic.

A Storage Battery Locomotive.

A storage battery locomotive has been put into operation in Wurtemberg, running from some paper mills at Ravensburg to the station on the steam railroad, about 2½ miles away. This locomotive, which hauls passengers as well as freight, weighs eight tons and carries 160 cells of a gelatinous storage battery, which supply current to the motor. The cells weigh two tons. The line has no very heavy grades. The locomotive makes on an average four trips daily and hauls a load of twenty tons between the two points in twenty minutes. It seems to do the work.—New York Telegram.

W. C. T. U. Booming Suffrage.

Mrs. Lizzie Hill Mills, president of the Orange county (Cal.) W. C. T. U., writes: "We are 'booming' suffrage. Our local W. C. T. U. meets every week, and has given this last month entirely to suffrage and will give the coming one to the same topic. We are taking up the United States constitution and state laws. We send out written invitations to those who are not members of the union, and people are getting aroused and enthusiastic."

Where the Proof Was.

Lawyer—Of course I don't know what his defense is, madam, but we can use him for branch of promise and see how we come out. The proof of the pudding is the eating, as they say

Aggrieved Fair One (pensive, but businesslike)—The proof of the pudding, sir is these here love letters.—London Tit-Bits.

Women One Man Hates.

One of the meanest of conversational tricks is a favorite one with women. A fellow has something real nice and clever to say. He is rounding up nicely to it, when some chit of a woman takes a gasp and says, "Oh, yes! I know what you mean," and, by jingo, says it. Of course she gets all the credit. He hates a woman like that. She is the kind of woman who says, "Ah, yes!" and then goes off into a poetic illustration of the fact you have announced—something nice and dreamy that she never could have said by herself. I hate that sort of woman, making herself seem so clever and bright and poetic and all that from your brains.

She laughs before you have got your funny story out and says, "Yes, isn't it funny?" It makes it so easy for you to go on, that does. Actually, sometimes she will finish it for you. That is the kind of woman I hate too. She is always coming in with a "Yes, but," and upsetting what you have said, or else hauling out another side of it that you didn't mean to have brought up. I hate women like that. I say let women learn to cook and sew frills, not talk like idiots.—Washington Post.

Street Car Companies Not Responsible.

An incident of special interest in connection with the electric street car line of Halle, Germany, is that the German government stopped the running of the electric cars immediately after the opening ceremony, because they interfered with the proper working of the telegrams and telephones. The case came before the law courts and the judges decided in favor of the railroad company, stating that the streets of a city were intended for general traffic, and that their course could not be altered, but that the postal authorities could easily make any necessary deviation in the line of the telegraph and telephone wires so as to place them beyond the influence of the electric lines, which use the rails and earth for the return circuit.—New York Telegram.

Deaths in January.

It has often been noticed at the beginning of January the death is announced of a number of prominent men. The reason is probably found in the fact that great men are more prone to die in January than at any other time of the year, but that the weather in that month is unsettled, and consequently hard on the constitution alike of great and humble. Great men are only human after all, and a great man physically weakened by hard work or disease is just as likely to die from a change of weather as though he were a day laborer.

The mortality tables show that the month of January and the first month of exceedingly hot weather in the summer are more fatal than any other time of the year, and the great must take their chances with other people.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Labouchere's Narrow Escape.

Labouchere was in Mexico during the rebellion, and he thought he might serve humanity by secretly giving both belligerents good advice. One night, as he approached the tent of one of the two generals, he heard the voices of these rival pretenders in converse. Creeping close to the canvas he listened, and discovered that they had agreed upon a truce in order to hang him in the morning as an example to both sides. In the morning, however, the intended steel mutual friend had naturally disappeared.—Cor. New York World.

Told Him Why.

(Fr. Nicefelle (pathetically)—Why are you so cold and distant?

Sweet Girl (quietly)—The fire has gone out, and this sofa is too heavy for me to move up to your chair.—New York Weekly.

Marriage Records in South Carolina.

South Carolina is the only state in the Union in which no official record of marriages is kept.—Charleston News and Courier.

$10,000

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