ORGANIZATION.

THE PROBLEM THAT HAS AGITATED WOMEN FOR MANY YEARS.

What Organization Has Done for Females—One Writer Says That It Is a Mistake for Women to Regard Men as Enemies—Men Have Helped Them.

The problem of organization is one which has agitated women who work ever since the sex has been regarded as a factor in industrial competition, and it is apparent, from the almost daily discussions of the subject, that it is no nearer solution than it was at its inception. The relative sides of the controversy, whether organization assists in the amelioration of the sex from the evil effects of prejudice, have many champions who argue the question of principle with much wisdom and enthusiasm. To a casual observer, or even one who is interested in the outcome of the agitation without taking part in it, the affirmative side of the proposition would seem to be the most logical and popular, and there are many evidences to substantiate this view.

It is scarcely ten years since organization was tried by industrial women, and an observer summarizes the result in these words: "Organization has in the first place compelled the recognition of female workers as competitors by the males, who previously usurped the fields into which women have since ventured and succeeded; organization has demonstrated the capabilities of woman more than individual merit could have ever done; it has rendered women independent of the influences of men in the adjustment of labor and social difficulties and in the matter of compensation."

Taking this view of the matter, which it may be explained, is advanced by a Wisconsin lady who is much interested in the subject, it would seem that organization has not only done much to promote the advancement of women, but has in addition opened up a broad field for discussion as to the claims of women for recognition in other than an industrial sense. Our correspondent argues that "a woman who, in the face of the strong opposition of men engaged in similar industrial pursuits, succeeds in elevating herself by her own efforts to an equal plane with them, is certainly entitled to consideration as a factor in both the social and official spheres of life."

The argument is so logical and patent to the student of the social and industrial status of women that it needs no comment. The assumption, however, that men oppose the progress of women and in any way seek to retard their advancement and restrict their capacity as competitors is ungenerous and, in a large measure, will do much to inspire prejudice in men against women. The facts all tend the other way.

Men are not only not opposed to women as fellow workers, but would, if encouraged, do more to assist women in their struggle for supremacy than any other influence could possibly do. The developments of the agitation in the past few years have shown this. Working women have appealed to the national congress and to the legislative bodies of several states for recognition and have obtained it, purely through the assistance of men who realized the justice of the demands. Without the assistance of these men the recognition could never have been secured.

Further than this, women have found, when seeking to obtain the questionable benefits of organization achieved by men, that they had only to be sincere to secure the same. If men are once satisfied that female workers are sincere in their efforts to secure independence, and are willing to render all social propositions subservient to the purpose, women will have no cause for accrediting antipathy to men, but on the other hand will precipitate the millennium of their ambitions much sooner than by working alone.

The natural conclusion to be deducted from these conditions is, That women shall combine their own (as yet disorganized and incomplete) interests with those of men. Organization under such circumstances will obtain for a woman what she wants. Men are to be made friends, not enemies. To obtain recognition from their admirably organized systems of industrial pursuits is as much of a triumph for working women as they will ever secure. This can be done by working with them, not against them.—A Club Woman in Jenness Miller Illustrated.

The Colored Lights in Roman Candles.

In making Roman candles a cylindrical case is taken and packed with a lot of stars. At the bottom of the case they put some of the composition they put in rockets, and on top of each star is some more of it. By mixing certain chemicals green and red lights are produced. Green lights like those used in death scenes on the stage at the theater are made by mixing a great quantity of nitrate of barytes with small quantities of sulphur, chlorate of potash, charcoal pulverized and arsenic.—New York Evening Sun.

What a "Doublet" Is.

The doublet is the imitation of a jewel, the lower part of which, the culet, is an appropriately colored paste, while the upper part, the table, is an inferior genuine gem, both being fastened upon the culet with a water clear cement. These doublets can readily be distinguished by the expert.—Jewelers' Circular.

The Cook Was All Right.

"Do you like the dinner, John?" anxiously inquired his wife. "I cooked it all by myself."

"Ye-es," said John, trying to be kind and truthful at once, "but I'm afraid, dear, that there must be some misprints in the cookbook you use."—Free Baptist.

Lake Erie, it is said, produces more fish to the square mile than any body of water in the world. This is because of the result of the good work done by the fish commissioners.

No Title for Whittier.

I notice that you refer to the poet Whittier as "Mr. Whittier." This, I take it, is in bad taste. Call him Whittier, John G., John Greenleaf or Friend Whittier, but never "Mr." Whittier. He belongs to that pure democracy of Quakerism that permits no prefixes or titles to proper names—no "Mr.," no "Rev.," no "Hon.," no "Esq.," but plain John, James, Charles, Dora, Rebecca, etc. It does not accord with the generally accepted feeling toward him. The good Quaker poet is nearer to the hearts of our American readers than any other living poet, and those readers are emotively exacting in the particular of the treatment accorded him by others.—Cor. Chicago News-Record.

An Accomplished Parrot.

On Sacramento street, near Kearny, on any sunshiny afternoon one can see hanging in front of a Chinese store a large cage containing a green parrot, which bird is a most distinguished linguist. He possesses the faculty, so rare among foreigners, of speaking Chinese. He also speaks Spanish and English. To a singsong question addressed to him in Chinese by his owner the parrot gravely replied, "Pretty Polly, goddy," while in answer to the stereotyped query, "Polly want a cracker?" he burst into a flood of Chinese. He evidently scorned to reply to the time honored query, there being no cracker in sight.—San Francisco Examiner.

An Exception.

Professor—To contract is to make smaller; to expand is to enlarge. Cold contracts, heat expands. The operations cannot go on at the same time in the same thing. If——

Pupil—Beg pardon, professor, there are some things the more you contract the more they enlarge.

"Ah, indeed. Name some of them."

"Debts, sir."—Exchange.

Bound to Keep Up.

Commuter—Any time tables out?

Ticket Agent—I gave you one this morning.

Commuter—But that was six hours ago.—New York Weekly.

Condolences Out of Place.

"Don't condole with a friend or congratulate a friend until five years have tested the reality of his grief or joy," says somebody. But my certie! It's a good idea, after five years or considerably less, to find out how apropos your remarks are going to be before you offer 'em. Instance in point. I met Vachant, of New York, in the street the other day. I've been meaning to write to Vachant—college friend of mine, you know—ever since his wife died, two years ago; brutal of me not to have done it, for she was a sweet little soul, and I could guess what her loss must have been. Well, I rushed up to him, and pressed his hand, and stumbled out a plea for forgiveness for not having sooner expressed my very real sympathy for his wife's loss and all it must have meant to him.

I noticed he went rather red and murmured something and hurried off as soon as he could, and when I told my wife of it and how I thought it rather queer, she said she didn't think it queer at all, inasmuch as he was on from New York on a wedding journey with his second wife. Cards on my desk, in unopened envelope. Thought from their size they were an ad.—Boston Commonwealth.

Swiss Nobility.

A few years ago the question was asked, "Does nobility still exist in Switzerland?" And no one was able to answer it. Of all the thousand of English folk who haunt the Swiss hotels in summer not one, it would seem, had inquired whether that Rudolph von Erlach, whose equestrian statue they must have seen, has any living descendants; not one had ever heard of the Barnese nobility—a nobleese which holds itself so high that it thinks but slightly of the British legation. Yet from the Jura to the Lugano there is hardly a canton—there is perhaps no canton—in which noble families are not to be found.

Some of these, such as the Plantas and the Buols of the Grabunden, have turned their energy into modern channels and make their fortunes, like the Hauzers or the Sellers, out of the English and the American tourists. Others, like the Von Allmen, have sunk into a humbler rank. But the greater part remain in statu quo, still enjoying in the towns or in the country a social prestige that varies with their wealth and their intelligence.—Temple Bar.

Early Methods of Curing Skins.

The original process of curing skins was probably the simple one of cleaning and drying them. Removal of the hair by maceration in water seems to have been common among the very early tribes, and one writer has suggested that the idea was obtained from the natural process of depilation. They must certainly have been familiar with it in the case of drowned animals, where maceration can be plainly observed.

Following this, smoke, sour milk, oil, and the brains of the animals themselves were found efficacious. Many of these primitive methods are employed at the present time, thus bringing into novel conjunction the days of the roving Massagetæ and those of the thrifty American.—George A. Rich in Popular Science Monthly.

One Year's Sale of Stamps.

The number of postage stamps used in a year is something enormous. For instance, the ordinary postal revenue for the year ending June 30, 1891, exclusive of the money order business, was $65,065,293.87. Of this $41,432,129.50 came from letter postage. The bulk of this is of course in two cent stamps, and it is safe to put the whole number of this denomination used at more than two billions per annum.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Temptation

To go out of doors in rough weather is not strong, but we are, many of us, compelled to face rough weather frequently. Diseases which arise from a chill are peculiar to no season of the year. This is true, therefore there should be in the closet of every household—what? Not an immediated stimulant, absolutely devoid of anything but an excitive action, but a tonic combining, in the effective form of an invigorant and an alterative, the quality of defence against changes of weather. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has three or four properties that no other article of class possesses. Not only does it relieve the complaints which it eventually cures, it fortifies the system against the bad effects of changes of temperature, latitude and too often shaken in the deadly form of "la grippe." It produces a radical change in the weakened condition of a system peculiarly liable to be attacked by it, and it tends to provide against the danger resulting from an imperfectly healthy condition of the blood and a disordered state of the liver or bowels.

If there is no song in your heart listen to David.

Doctor Yourself.

and save money, and perhaps your life. Send three 2 cent stamps to pay postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy of Dr. Kaufman's great Medical Work, 100 pages, elegant colored plates.

Have a pair or two of fresh gloves in reserve.

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 Beber Lehighton; and Siery Weissport.

The brilliant daughter makes a brittle wife.

All for a Barley Corn.

LaFontaine, in one of his fables, tells of a barnyard fowl that scratched up a gem, while scrtching for corn. Not knowing its value, he gave it to a stone-cutter for a barley corn. Thus do many persons throw away the priceless pearl of health. A "trifling" cough is neglected, then comes Consumption, then death. Stay the cough, or look out for a coffin. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure catarrh in the head, bronchial or throat affections, or lung scrofula (commonly known as the consumption of the lungs). If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, or the money paid for it will be refunded. It is the only guaranteed cure.

Subscribe for the ADVOCATE.

Now Try This.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lung or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial Bottles free at Beber's Drugstore, Lehighton, and Siery's Drugstore, Weissport.

Respect the rights of your feet.

As an after-dinner pill, to strengthen the stomach, assist digestion, and correct any bilious tendencies, Ayer's Pills are considered the best. Being sugar coated, they are as agreeable as any confection, and may be taken by the most delicate.

Constant trust gives constant strength.

Worn and Wan and Weak and Weary.

He's tired out, and no wonder, with wan faces and so indescribably weak. Those distressing, dragging-down pains, and that constant weakness and nervous and sleepless nights are cured. For all such sufferers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a panacea of inestimable value. As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For "overworked," "worn-out," debilitated teachers, sewing women, seamstresses, "shopgirls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unrivaled as an appetizing cordial and invigorating tonic. As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

—The ADVOCATE job office. All kinds of work cheap.

During the epidemic of flux in this county, in 1886, I had hard work to keep a supply of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy on hand. People often came ten or twelve miles in the night to get a bottle of the remedy. I have been selling potent medicines for the past ten years and find that it has given better satisfaction than any other. "diarrhœa" and flux than any other medicine I have ever handled.—J. M. Beeman, Druggist, Gutenvila, Pine Co., Ill. Over five hundred bottles of this remedy were sold in that county during the epidemic referred to. It was a perfect success and was the only remedy that did cure the worst cases. Dozens of persons there will certify that it saved their lives. In four other epidemics of bowel complaints this remedy has been equally successful. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by S. D. Beber and W. F. Biery.

THE AGE OF PAPER.

The Time Is Coming When Paper Will Be the Only Useful Thing.

The world has seen its iron age and its brazen age. But this is the age of paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing, and sit on paper cushions in paper cars rolling on paper wheels. If we lived in Bergen, Norway, we could go on Sundays to a paper church.

We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them with paper money, and deal in paper stocks on paper margins. We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to paper theaters where paper actors play to paper audiences.

As the age develops the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing of his paper bed and put on his paper dressing gown and his paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets, down paper stairs, and seating himself in a paper chair will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cloth on a paper table. He will wipe his lips with a paper napkin, and having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat, and then taking his paper stick (he has the choice of two descriptions already), he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will organize paper enterprises and make paper profits.

He will sail the ocean on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons. He will smoke a paper cigar or paper tobacco in a paper pipe, lighted with a paper match. He will write with a paper pencil, whittle paper sticks with a paper knife, go fishing with a paper fishing rod, a paper line and a paper hook, and put his catch in a paper basket. He will go shooting with a paper gun, loaded with paper cartridges, and will defend his country in paper forts with paper cannon and paper bombs. Having lived his paper life and achieved a paper fame and paper wealth, he will retire to paper leisure and die in paper peace. There will be a paper funeral, at which the mourners, dressed in paper crape, will wipe their eyes with paper handkerchiefs, and the preacher will preach in a paper pulpit. He will lie in a paper coffin; he has a chance of doing so already if he is a paper—we mean pauper. He will be wrapped in a paper shroud, his name will be engraved on a paper plate, and a paper hearse, adorned with paper plumes, will carry him to a paper lined grave, over which will be raised a paper monument.—Paper Record.

About What to Eat.

If asked what I would place of highest importance in family diet I would answer without hesitation abundance of fruit. The apple is far more invaluable than we have yet estimated. It should be eaten before meals, and not after. Not a member of my family, myself included, but eats one, two or more before breakfast so long as they are obtainable, and as many before dinner—about half an hour before the meal. As soon as the fruit is begun we stop all study or work, and spend the half hour in sport or walking or conversation.

After meals we rest in the same manner for one hour. No child is allowed to study during this time. Nothing is lost, for the head is thus kept out of conflict with the stomach. Cereals, next to fruit, are of prime importance. I recommend highly such preparations as parched farinose—any food where the cooking is done before the grinding. Goffa and granules are of this sort. As for meat, it must be at each one's option to be sure, but let us be sparing in our carnivorous tastes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fraudulent Jewels.

Since solutions of aniline dyes possess the property of imparting to genuine jewels as well as glass paste a deep, rich color if left long enough immersed in them, and since they possess also the property of imparting precisely the characteristic color of a genuine jewel, the swindler has it not only in his power to dye cut glass paste, but also inferior cut gems, of the color of a ruby, an emerald or a sapphire, since fuchsine is the handsomest ruby red shade, while bleu de Paris imitates absolutely that of the sapphire, and aniline green that of the emerald.

Such a fraud, however, can be made still more complicated by using genuine off colored rubies, sapphires or emeralds and dyeing them with the correspondingly aniline dyes, thereby raising their value tenfold. It is exceedingly difficult to recognize this fraud, because the color of such a well corroded jewel can no longer be washed off, even with hot water. Only the bleaching power of sunlight might after a time assist in revealing the swindle.—Jewelers' Circular.

How Wade Hampton Used Cigars.

Wade Hampton never smoked cigars in a rational way like the rest of mankind. Instead, he took the cigars as he bought them and crushed them to powder between the palms of his hands and made use of the fragments as the old regime use snuff. The coarse bits were thrown away, and in the military committee room, of which he was so long an occupant, there was always a pile of cigar shavings on the floor beside his chair. The finest cigars in the market were none too good to be treated this way, and more than one genuine cigar smoker has been moved to expostulation as he has seen Hampton dispose of a fine weed in such an unceremonious way.—Kate Field's Washington.

The rapid progress of photography in the discovery on the one hand of new wonders in the heavens, and the revelation on the other hand of many hitherto hidden facts concerning familiar objects upon the earth, is one of the most notable phenomena of this distinctively scientific age.

A Scared Animal.

Swift footed animals that have been tamed, with abundant facilities for making a living of their own, are apt to take French leave in spite of kind treatment, although in moments of danger such renegades will sometimes remember an old protector and volunteer to renounce their habits of truancy. The post trader of the Forbin de San Pablo, near Mazatlan, raised a young ocelot, which hung about the house, or rather the ranch, for a couple of years, but at last ceased to recognize the authority of its landlord. Juanita would absent herself for weeks together and visit the post only as a guest, or a privileged member of an inspecting committee, for she rummages the premises, appears and disappears without asking anybody's leave, and resents every attempt at familiarity on the part of her former owner. But one evening she had just entered the store when a troop of horsemen alighted at the gate, and a minute later a government scout with a big wolf dog stepped up to the counter, while his companions deposited their saddlebags near the open door.

Juanita cast an uneasy glance at the blockaded door and in the next instant caught sight of the dog and he of her, when the attitude of both parties became so disagreeably suggestive of an impending set-to that the scout reached for a stick to chase the dog out. But Juanita either misconstrued his motive or had already made up her mind to secure a vantage ground, for just when he faced about she leaped upon the counter and with the next jump upon the shoulder of her old master, and there proceeded to "get her back up," growling viciously and bristling up to twice her natural size, like a cat.—San Francisco Chronicle.

First Wheat in America.

The first wheat raised in the New World was sown on the Island of Isabella in January, 1494, and on March 30 the ears were gathered.—St. Louis Republic.

When you send your check out of the city to pay bills, write the name and residence of your payee thus: "Pay to John Smith & Co., of Boston." This will put your bank on its guard if presented at the counter.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Sad Evening Primrose, with your silken stole
Hung delicately onward, what a soul
Looks from your patient eye! How frail and pale
You stand among the flowerets! and your bowl
Shows like a vanishing phantom of the grail.

Young buds that point a finger to the blue
Crowd on your stem, and youth and hope are new,
While the sap runs; yet scarcely has the sun
Warmed twice upon your petals ere their hue
Falls into pallidness of death begun.

And strewn about the grass the blossoms hide
The poor discolored fragments of their pride,
Or hang disconsolate with draggled vest,
And clinging, sodden raiment, to abide
The gradual workings of the Alkahest.

Was it for this you struggled into light
That one brief day should crown a tedious night?
Was it for this you felt your way along
The paths of natural growth, that from their height
Shrill death should echo in your triumph song?

It may be so. There are who say the bliss
Requites the pain; yet could it be for this
(God knows you opened your sweet, patient eyes
To see the sun's face once and die in his kiss)
For me—you bloom again in Paradise.

—Nina Layard in Longman's Magazine.

Names and Businesses.

There is at times a peculiar coincidence as regards the name of a man and his business. Such an appropriateness of name to calling is frequently quite accidental. "Sexton Brothers, Undertakers and Upholsterers," is the wording of a sign at Long Branch, and a dressmaker on Clinton street, New York, bears the name of N. Nadel (the German for needle). To those who understand German, Schneider will seem an equally appropriate name for a dressmaker, and there are plenty of butchers in town named Metzger, while at least one barber glories in the name of Scheerer. But it seems odd that a Baecker should deal in meat, or that even an Avenue A. Barber should sell beer.

However, when we hear of "Taylor & Cutter," a firm of clothiers, or find that "Stickwell & Co." are mucilage makers, there is a strong suspicion of an intentional manufacture of appropriate firm names. And that story about the broker firm of "U. Ketcham & I. Cheatham" has been told so often that one hardly knows whether to credit it or not.—New York Times.

Chinese and the Telephone.

According to a telephone authority, the easiest language for telephoning is Chinese. It is principally monosyllables, and is made up of simple rising and falling inflections. German, it seems, is not as bad a language for telephoning as might be thought. French is not bad, but it is almost as sibilant as English.—Yankee Blade.

CATARRH

Is a most loathsome, dangerous, and prevalent malady. It is a blood disease, usually of Scrofulous origin, and for which local treatment is useless. Before health is possible, the poison must be eradicated from the system, and to do this

SUCCESSFULLY

the disease must be treated through the blood. For this purpose no remedy is so effective as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"For the past eight years, I have been severely afflicted with Catarrh, some of the many remedies I tried affording me any relief. My digestion was considerably impaired, and my sleep disturbed by phlegm dropping into my throat. In September last I resolved to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla began to use it at once, and am glad to testify to a great improvement in my health."—Frank Tesson, Jr., engineer, 531 West Fourth street, New York City.

"My daughter, 16 years old, was afflicted with Catarrh from her fifth year. Last August she was

TREATED WITH

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after three months of this treatment she was completely cured. It was a most extraordinary cure, as my druggist here can testify.—Louis L. S. Barnes, Valparaiso, Ind.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

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

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

None Such CONDENSED Mince Meat

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.

Gone mad—

the person with bad blood who's not taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. You are bereft of judgment and good sense if you allow your blood to get out of order, your liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, for you may soon find out that you're in the grave—or next to it—because you did not procure the G. M. D. soon enough, and some dread disease, may be influenza or consumption, may be typhoid or malarial fever, has taken you. Consumption is Lung Scrofula. For Scrofula in its myriad forms, and for all Liver, Blood and Lung diseases, the "Discovery" is an unequaled remedy. Everybody, now and then, feels "run-down" "played-out,"—with no power to generate vitality, in fact, just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of medicine comes in, and the "Discovery" does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten.

We claim that nothing like it has been discovered for a blood-purifier. It's *guaranteed* by the makers. Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

PASTOR KOENIGS NERVE TONIC

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritability, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and invaluable as a nervine.

Epileptics Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Mental Depression, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Loss of Memory, Premature Decay, Baldness, Blotches on the Face, Pimples, Blisters, Eruptions, Pain in the Back and Spinal Weakness, Impotency, Nocturnal Emissions, Leucorrhœa, Prostration, Dysmenorrhœa, Irregularities, Sterility, Blood Poisons, Exhaustion from Excessive Venery, Self-Abuse, Over-Work, Worry, Grief, Anxiety, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Wakefulness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Constipation, Paralysis, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Convulsions, Locomotor Ataxia, Partial Paralysis, Brain Exhaustion, Premature Old Age, Loss of Power in either Sex, Impotency, Wasting Diseases that lead to Insanity and Premature Grave, Consumption, Insanity, Death.

A SPECIAL AGENCY FOR

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

This remedy has been prepared for the Keystone Drug Journal, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under the direction of 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 $550 grade in Walnut for $150
The $600 grade in Walnut for $160
The $650 grade in Walnut for $170
The $750 grade in Walnut for $190
The $800 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 price, 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 genuine clearing sale in every department. For instance, We offer you during this sale a lot of Fine Dress

GINGHAMS

worth 10 and 12½ cents, at 6¼ cents a yard. A lot of

OUTING FLANNELS

new styles worth 10 cents, now 6¼ cents a yard. Another lot 12½ and 15 cents, now 8 cents a yard. One lot of Chalis worth 6¼ cents, now 3½ cents a yard, another lot worth 8 cents, at 5 cents a yard.

We sell you Hill's 4-4 Bleached Muslin at 7 cents a yard.

These are only a few of the many bargains that we offer during this sale in the different departments. Our carpet department is especially crowded with ends 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 6 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. J. H. Mayer, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.: S. Jones Philipps, Kensington Square, Pa.; T. A. Keyte, Shillington, Pa.; E. M. Smith, Mount Airy, Pa.; Rev. J. G. H. Sauer, Sunbury, Pa.; H. J. Deibler, 1149 Twelfth St., Reading, Pa.; Wm. Dix, 1826 Montrose St., Philadelphia; H. L. Roth, 66 Elm St., Reading, Pa.; George and Ph. Barnert, 430 Locust St., Reading, Pa. Send for circular.

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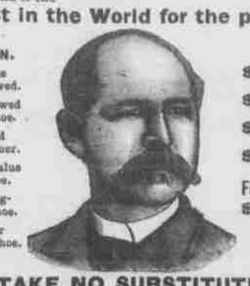

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RIVER INHABITANTS.

A FLOATING VILLAGE WHERE PEOPLE PASS THEIR LIVES.

A Wandering Settlement of Strange Folks Who Make Their Homes on One of the Tributaries of the Mississippi—They Pay No Rent and Spend Little.

Up where Wolf river, treacherous and fugitate as the animal for which it is named, empties its yellow waters into the great flood of the Mississippi, is a cluster of odd looking craft, half house, half boat, that lie moored to the bank and form a part of a great floating suburb of Memphis, of whose existence the average citizen is totally unaware. Nevertheless, strange as it may seem, the inhabitants of this floating village are born, live, marry and die in their movable homes in much the same manner as people in similar walks of life whose houses have a firmer foundation, and, stranger still, they like their river life and would be extremely loath to give it up.

Who they are and where they came from, whither they go and how they live, were questions that aroused the curiosity of the writer and induced him to make a tour of inquiry among the houseboats, as they are called.

These are of all shapes and sizes, from the more pretentious home of the well to do shipbuilder to the humble abode of the itinerant fisherman. Some of them are named and some are not. Many are neatly painted and show glimpses of interiors in which lace curtains, carpets and pictures combine to make not inharmonious settings. Social lines are not very tightly drawn in the village of the houseboats, and the homes of whites and blacks lie mixed indiscriminately, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude.

Wanderers by nature, the term water gypsies may be applied not inaptly to the inhabitants of the village. It is not to be wondered at therefore that the colony is by no means composed of those who are to the manner born. On the contrary, it is made up of representatives from nearly all of the twenty odd states that are drained by the Mississippi or its tributaries. Were a census of the floating village taken tomorrow it would show some interesting statistics concerning the birthplaces of its inhabitants. Here one can find a man who has drifted down from the Black Hills of Montana side by side with a native of Pittsburg or Cincinnati, while their next neighbor may be from St. Paul or Knoxville.

From far up the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Tennessee rivers they come, resting here like birds of passage for a time, till, moving ever southward with the current, they become merged with the cosmopolitan population of the Crescent City, hundreds of miles below, even as the waters of the Mississippi become lost in the great Gulf of Mexico.

There is but little doubt that the dweller in the Mississippi houseboat has successfully solved the problem of living on next to nothing. Believing that the river is free, and that it owes him a living, the waif of the father of waters does not find it very difficult to collect the debt. Just what the ice fields are to the Eskimo, the desert to the Arab, the plains to the Indian, the river is to him. It is at once his place of abode and his means of support. Landlords, or, more properly speaking, waterlords, are unknown to him, and rent day, that nightmare of the poor, is fraught with no terrors to his mind, because he pays no rent.

The law provides that any one mooring a boat to the bank of a river is subject to a rental at the option of the owner, but in the case of the houseboat dweller this is rarely enforced. For fuel he catches the driftwood brought down by the river or gathers that which accumulates along the bank. His principal article of food is fish, for which he turns once more to the river, and from its yellow bosom draws the juicy catfish, the buffalo, the perch and innumerable other varieties that abound therein.

Only his clothes and a few other bare necessaries of life are not supplied by the river, and the means to obtain these is readily secured by the thousand pursuits open to the sturdy longshoreman. Scattered among the houseboat colony are here and there a family who have virtually taken to the river out of necessity. These are refugees from the flooded districts of the upper Mississippi, who have been rendered homeless by freshets.

Ruined by the encroachment of the river, they have collected such of their effects as the waters left and embarked on a hastily constructed craft, built as likely as not from the debris of their former homes.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

The Record of Pigeon Flights.

Major Allatt warns us against some stories regarding long flights by trained pigeons which have been put forth on high authority. It was at his suggestion that an apocryphal tale of pigeons sent out to and returning from the arctic regions, which has even been imposed upon Yarrell, was expunged from the last edition of that writer's "British Birds." An equally false account of a pigeon flying 1,500 miles in America is also extant.