A NIGHTMARE.

I had a vision; sought for miles and miles
But shattered columns, shattered walls of gold
And precious stones that from their place had roll'd
And lay in heaps, with litter'd golden tiles,
While here and there amid the ruined piles
Of gold and sardius and their glittering mould,
Wild tufts of amaranth had taken hold,
Scenting the golden desert like sweet isles.

And not one soul and not one step nor sound,
Until there started up a haggard head
Out of the gold from somewhere underground.
Wildly he eyed me and the wreck all round;
"Who art thou?" saith I. He shrilled a laugh and said,
"The last of souls, and this is what I found."

Aye, aye, the gates of pearl are crumbling fast,
The streets of beryl topple stone by stone,
The thrones of souls in white and gold are gone,
The jasper pillars lie where they were cast,
The roofless halls of gold are dumb and vast,
The courts of Jaoheth are forever lone,
Through shattered chrysolite the blind winds moan
And topaz molders into earth at last.

And earth is the reality; its hue
Is brown and sad, its face is hard to till;
Upon man's brow the sweat must hang like dew,
But grain takes root in valley, plain and hill,
The' never here the amaranth yet grew,
And grain breeds grain, and more and more grain still.

—Eugene Lee-Hamilton in Academy.

UNJUST SUSPICION.

The Lesters were not rich people. Still they maintained a certain style and kept up a fashionable appearance and lived as much like their friends and neighbors, who were fortunate enough to have an income double or treble that which they possessed, as possible.

In particular, Mrs. Lester had determined at the outset that she would dress as well as anybody, and by dint of careful shopping and divers maneuvers only known to people who, like the Lesters, sacrifice everything to outward show, accomplished her object and had as many new bonnets, cloaks and dresses as fashion deems necessary.

But the pride of Mrs. Lester's heart was vested in her diamonds. She had a ring, pin, earrings and bracelets, handed down, so far as the stones went, from Mr. Lester's family and reset for his bride shortly after their wedding day. On state occasions these were produced to enhance the splendor of the lady's appearance, and at other times were kept under watch and ward in a casket which was locked in a box, the key of which, suspended from a ribbon, reposed day and night next Mrs. Lester's heart.

Without these diamonds, Mrs. Lester often remarked, "she would feel like nobody."

Consequently, when Miss Arabella Tiptop espoused Mr. Augustus Highflyer, and the pair gave their grand reception prior to their European tour, Mrs. Lester donned her jewels and in gala attire proceeded to make her call. It was a formal affair and soon over, and Mrs. Lester returned home anticipating no change in her domestic arrangements, but to her surprise the moment she entered the hall her eye encountered, perched on the two hall chairs, a mammoth valise of dingy yellow and a large basket with two handles.

"What are those, Bridget?" she said faintly. Bridget tittered.

"They're luggage, mum," she said. "You've got company, an ould gintleman and an ould lady. They're in the back parlor, and they bid me say nothin, bekase they'd like to give ye a pleasant surprise."

"A pleasant surprise!" muttered Mrs. Lester, and with anything but a happy expression on her countenance she sailed toward the back parlor.

There on either side of the fire sat an old lady and gentleman—certainly very clean and tidy and perfectly respectable, but with as little pretense to fashion as Noah and his wife.

Mrs. Lester summoned up a smile.

"Aunt and Uncle Trotters, I declare," she said.

"I knowed you'd be astonished," said the old lady.

"Well, how are you both?" said Mrs. Lester.

"Oh, we're middlin," said the old lady; "but Aunt Jenkins, she's had rhe'matis a year, poor soul, and Tom's children have got the whoopin cough awful, and Mary's boy tumbled off the barn, where he hadn't no business to be, and put his shoulder out, and Pete Brown, he's lost three cows and a calf and half his chickens."

After this remark there was a pause. The old gentleman broke it.

"When a thing has got to be got over, it's best done. You won't be offended, I hope, Augusta?"

"At what?" asked Mrs. Lester.

"You see 'twas better'n not coming at all, but we've got to run away right after tea. My wife says, 'Lor, Timothy, what will Gusty and her partner think of us after not bein to see 'em for a year.' Says I, she'll excuse us, seein we hain't no time, but have got to go by the night train. Next time, says I, we'll stay a week. Now you ain't offended?"

Mrs. Lester rang the bell.

"Take my cloak and bonnet up stairs," she said to the girl, "and tell cook to have dinner early."

Then Mrs. Lester smiled and sat down in all her splendor before the fire to listen to accounts of the Smith's pigs and Brown's cow, and how Sally Sprigg's help stole the best tablecloths, until a well known ring at the bell announced Mr. Lester. Thereupon his lady for once played the affectionate wife and ran to meet him.

"Aunt and Uncle Trotters are here," she said.

Mr. Lester scowled.

"Gracious heavens!" he ejaculated, "and the Atwoods are coming to spend the evening with us. They are stopping at the Fifth Avenue hotel for a few days."

"Uncle and aunt are going immediately after dinner," said Mrs. Lester, "and fortunately I've ordered it early. Don't be cross, George, for you know they haven't chick or child, and for all their shabbiness are very well off."

As far as an early dinner went Mrs. Lester did her part; but the Trotters were slowgoing folk.

When at last the bonnet strings were tied and the gloves on, Aunt Trotters bethought her of a new cause for delay.

"Poor Aunt Jenkins will never forgive us if we don't take a letter from you," she said. "Jest set down, Gusty, and write a line."

Mrs. Lester smiled down her indignation and sat down to pen the note.

The gilt edged paper, pens and ink were arranged, thoughts collected and polite sympathy for Aunt Jenkins' rheumatism expressed, when Mrs. Lester found the bracelet exceedingly in her way, and impatiently unclasping it flung it on the table.

It was the first time the diamonds had ever been treated with such contempt.

Just as Mrs. Lester had turned the face a ring at the bell startled her. She felt instinctively that the Atwoods had arrived, wound up her letter with regrets that "fear of detaining Aunt and Uncle Trotters prevented her writing at length," folded it, sealed it, exposed the room for an envelope and returned to write the address—all with as much speed as was consistent with quantity—and finally had the pleasure of proffering a parting salute from the Trotters to the hall.

A moment more Mrs. Lester rolled back the sliding doors and welcomed her fashionable guests. There was no lack of sociability no warming up—everything was cold and formal. In due season the water brought in wine and cake, and the party nibbled and sipped a little. Mrs. Lester played a waltz; the Atwoods said, "Charming." Mrs. Atwood and her friends remarked, "Lovely, indeed."

Then Mrs. A. "really must go," and the Lesters "must be sure to spend an evening with them," and adieus were exchanged the guests departed and Mrs. Lester came to the fire yawning behind her handkerchief. As she lifted her face Mr. Lester uttered an ejaculation.

"Where is your bracelet Augusta?"

"(Exclaimed) Oh, how stupid I am!" [illegible] "I took it off to write to that tiresome Aunt Jenkins and left it on the table in the back parlor."

And she arose to find it. In a moment she called out:

"George, the bracelet's gone!"

The gentleman came to her aid. They searched the floor—the whole room—both rooms—all in vain. The bracelet was gone.

"It has been stolen," said Mrs. Lester.

"One of the servants must have it," said Mr. Lester.

Mr. Lester rang the bell.

"Sam, send all the servants here an I come yourself."

In five minutes the kitchen cabinet appeared, looking as though a storm were brewing.

Mr. Lester arose to address them.

"I have something very serious to say," he said. "I address everybody but cook; cook has not been up stairs and cannot be suspected.

"A bracelet has been lost," said Mr. Lester, clearing his throat; "a diamond bracelet. All of you have been in the back parlor, where it was left upon a table, and all of you are consequently implicated."

At this a tumult equal to that of Donnybrook fair arose.

"None of us touched your bracelet," and fists were shaken and language not to be recorded was used. In the midst of the tumult Mr. Lester opened the window.

Some one in brass buttons was passing, and he called:

"Policeman, step here a minute, if you please," and the next moment admitted the official designated.

Rage and tears were now mingled, and amid the partial lull Mr. Lester explained.

"You make a charge against all of 'em, then," said the policeman.

"Certainly," said Mr. Lester.

"No other mortal could possibly be suspected," said the lady.

"Then I'll proceed to business," said the policeman. "My comrade is outside. Get your bonnets, young women, and don't make a fuss, because you see it's no use."

Bridget shrieked, Ann tore her hair, Sally sat down upon the floor, Sam roared and cook wept aloud from sympathy, and at that juncture came a ring at the bell.

The policeman opened the door and in rushed Uncle and Aunt Trotters out of breath.

"We've run the hull way," gasped Uncle Timothy. "Openin my valise for to find my specs I took out a lot o' things, and I must ha' put this back among 'em. If I hadn't been a relation I'd 'a' died."

And out upon the table came from the depths of the yellow valise Mrs. Lester's diamond bracelet.

The Trotters staid all night, and at 9 o'clock descended to the kitchen to find Mr. Lester blowing frantically at the fire, and Mrs. Lester staring ruefully at the coffeepot, and trying to make themselves useful in getting breakfast. The help was gone!—M. K. D. in New York News.

The Shape of a Glass Eye.

An artificial eye is not made in the form of a globe, as many people imagine, but is much the shape of a half walnut shell, though not so deep, and very thin and light. Even this, however, causes irritation if kept in the socket constantly, and a case lately came under my observation in hospital of a young man who had worn a glass eye continuously, night and day, for several years, with the result that an inflammation started in the socket, which will probably prevent his ever wearing one again.—London Tit-Bits.

How She Regarded Him.

"What do you take me for, anyhow?" queried Chappie when Ethel asked him to swim out in the surf and get her parasol, which had blown away.

"I don't take you for anything," said she, "and wouldn't if you proposed a million times."—Harper's Bazar.

A Clever Defense.

Sea captains have many adventures, and the stories of their wonderful escapes seldom lose by repetition. Many years ago pirates cruised up and down the English channel to the great peril of the merchantmen. The story is told of a Captain Davis, who was noted for his quick wit as well as for his skill in navigation, that he was returning from Ireland with a cargo consisting mainly of butter.

He had not been out very long when a pirate was seen coming down upon him. In vain all sails were spread; every moment brought the pirate nearer.

The men were at their wit's end, but the captain knew a trick or two. He ordered his men to take off their boots and stockings, and directed that a score of butter barrels be brought on deck.

In a few minutes the barrels had been knocked to pieces, and the butter was thickly spread all over the deck and outside the ship. Not a rope nor a spar that was not slippery. Even without their boots and stockings the sailors could scarcely keep on their legs.

On came the pirate, not dreaming how smoothly he was to be received. Captain Davis assumed an air of submission and allowed the enemy to come alongside quietly.

But lo! when they jumped over, fully armed, with pistol in one hand and sword in the other, they slipped about and tumbled over each other on the buttered deck like so many rats.

One fellow shot head foremost down into the cabin, where he was immediately set upon by the boy; another slid across the deck and shot out into the sea by an opposite porthole.

Not one of them could stand on his feet, and as pirates are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed of the devil. They hurried back into their own vessel, cast loose, and Captain Davis got safely into port at the expense of a few pounds of butter.—Youth's Companion.

Where Most of Us Are Alike.

Every one has a secret hope that would cause him to be laughed out of town if he told it.—Atchison Globe.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

Really beautiful turquoises are very rare.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Lighthouse.

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 as Reber's Drugstore, Lehighton, and Biery's Drugstore, Weissport.

The American gooseberries require pruning every year.

Capt. W. A. Abbott, who has long been with Messrs. Percival and Malton, Real Estate and Insurance Brokers, Des Moines, Iowa, and is one of the best known and most respected business men in that city, says: "I can testify to the good qualities of Salvation Oil's Dough Remedy. Having used it in my family for the past eight years I can safely say it was no equal for either colds or croup." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by N. S. Reber and W. F. Biery.

The New Testament was first printed in 1092.

Little Things That Tell.

It is the little things that tell—little mothers for instance, who slide away in the sunrise to sister entertaine her beau, sis, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are little things that tell. They tell on the liver and take up the system, so small and yet so effectual, they are rapidly supplanting the old style pill. An indisputable remedy for Sick and Bilious Headaches, Biliousness and Constipation. Put up in vials, convenient to carry. Their use attended with no discomfort or inconvenience.

Jewelers report that gold dollars are extremely scarce.

How Unpleasant

it is to see a beautiful child's face disfigured with vile humors, bursting through the skin in pimples, blotches, and sores, and sadder still, when the young and innocent are laughed at and twitted in all such cases. Parents should give them that good and pure remedy, Swisher Bitters, which will search and drive out of the blood every particle of humor.—Health Gazette.

THE FAREWELL.

Not going abroad? What, tomorrow?
And to stay, goodness knows, for how long?
Really, Jack, 'twould appear that dry humor
Had done even you, sir, a wrong.

It has? Ha! ha! ha! what a joke, sir!
Is it Mabel or Jenny or Nell?
I'm sure you are wrong, hold my cloak, sir,
Am I not an old friend? Come now, tell.

The prince of our set broken hearted!
What a joke! Who rejected you? Speak!
Did you look like that, Jack, when you parted?
Was that pallor of death on your cheek?

You interest me. Tell me about it,
And let your old chum, sir, console.
Hard hit in the heart, I don't doubt it;
You were made for that sort of a role.

Did you bend on your knee like an actor
Hardly knowing just where to begin?
Was dear mamma's consent the main factor?
What a fool the poor girl must have been!

Who was she? What! I—you were jealous?
Oh, Jack! who'd have thought such a thing?
You've been certainly not overzealous,
But, kiss me, and where is the ring?

—Hartford Chat.

OLD TIME FUNERALS.

WHEN LEADVILLE DID THE "PROPER THING" FOR DEAD MEN.

When "Texas Jack" Was Buried the Whole Town Turned Out—There Was a Brass Band, a Chorus from an Opera Company and a Long Procession.

To one who passes along the streets of Leadville now there is just one feature in particular which serves as a mark of comparison of the Leadville of today with the mining camp of thirteen years ago. Leadville now is respectable, staid and as solemn as a mining city can be, but it isn't the solemnity in the abstract which strikes one now. It is a specific solemnity which concerns itself with funerals.

To one who has lived in the past, when every funeral was an occasion for as much celebration as a circus, the quiet and sedate cortege moving along Chestnut street today is something not to be considered. It is too gloomy to suit the old timer; but, alas! the old timer is no more.

In 1879 the town was wild. Everybody carried a "gun"—not in his pocket, mind you, only the natural born fool did, and he rarely lived to repent of it. The weapon was stuck in his belt right handy for immediate action. As a consequence rarely a day passed without a violent death. Added to this the work of pneumonia kept the gravedigger over in the valley at work night and day. This may sound like exaggeration, but it isn't. The twinkling lights in the valley presented a grewsome appearance at night and more so when their purpose was known. They lit the gravediggers at work. Pneumonia was a fearful enemy. Men were strong, fearless, healthy in the morning, and when evening came with it was the physician and the next day the undertaker. No accommodations fit to be called such were obtainable, and men after days of hard work in the mines were obliged to sleep in that frosted atmosphere wherever they could.

Rev. T. J. Mackey was the most popular clergyman in town at that time. He was loved by the good people and respected, almost venerated, by the gamblers and the miners, which doesn't imply that miners were not in themselves reputable people. Whenever a miner or a sporting man or woman died it was Parson Mackey who was called in. There was one day in particular when the parson held four funerals, and that was the record. Four was frequently equaled, but it stood as the top notch for one clergyman.

Mr. Mackey, who was an Episcopal clergyman, held services in the Tabor opera house. Fifty dollars a day was the rent, and the collection never fell short. It was necessary to close the doors then long before the time for the beginning of the service to keep back the crowds. This four funeral day spoken of was the day on which J. B. Omohundro, known all over the world as "Texas Jack," was buried.

Leadville never did funerals by halves. A brass band was a regular thing. No funeral was held without one. The band attending upon Jack was made up of fifty pieces, being a combination of several. Fay Templeton's opera company was playing an engagement in Leadville then, and Fay agreed to supply her company to act as choir. The coffin was set upon the stage loaded with flowers, and flowers were rarer than mines in Leadville, and Rev. Mackey appeared in his regimentals as chaplain of the Tabor Light Guards to preach the funeral sermon. As he proceeded, whenever he made an illusion to any good quality in Jack the congregation applauded as vociferously as though they were approving a fine feature of a play. There was no disorder—these people meant it all. They wept at the preacher's words and stamped their feet in approval of his hope for Jack's chances over there.

Before the services Mr. Mackey had been waited upon by the Tabor Light Guards. They recited to him the fact that all the senior officers but the chaplain were absent from the city, and told him that as he was ranking officer of the day he must don his regimentals and lead the company. At first he demurred vigorously, but finally, equipped with blue and gold and a sword that knew not its place and the propriety of keeping it, he marched upon the stage to help Jack along. When the services were over he found they had provided a horse for him to lead the column.

The preacher wasn't the most remarkable horseman in the world, but he was game, and he mounted and started away. Directly the band struck up the "Dead March in Saul" the preacher and his steed became almost as prominent as the corpse—or they would have been elsewhere than in Leadville. Here everything went. The dominie waltzed to the graveyard on his fiery charger—actually waltzed, but nobody noticed that. That was a regular thing, or at least not a striking innovation.

At Omohundro's funeral, as at all funerals in Leadville, work of all kinds was suspended. Men and women thronged upon the sidewalks—packed them. One could really have walked on the heads of the people and nobody would have noticed it. In those days the undertaker took great pride in the turning out. Riding in the carriage with the preacher he would look back lovingly and say:

"Ah, now, this is a funeral that is a funeral. This is something like. Look at the crowds, parson, and we've got seven more pieces in the band than attended the Swede that McCloskey buried yesterday."—Cor. Omaha World-Herald.

Due to Carelessness.

By being a little careful and thoughtful you can preserve the beauty of form in your shoes; running them over at the sides and heels is a matter of pure carelessness only and a habit that is a rather expensive one, as it makes the shoes look worn and old long before they would if properly cared for.—Detroit Free Press.

Improving.

Aunt Hilda—Think this world is improvin, do ye? Folks lie as much as ever, don't they?

Mr. Jinks—N-o, not by a good deal. Mighty few epitaphs put on tombstones nowadays.—New York Weekly.

Cuffing the ears of children is a wicked and dangerous practice. The concussion of the air in the ear passage is extremely likely to fracture the tympanum of the ear and thus render the child permanently deaf.

Every boy expects to be eaten up by a panther or "painter," which is the ordinary mountain lion. These lions are the only sneak thieves in the mountains.

The chief tools of the old time shoemaker consisted of his hammer, his awl, his lapstone, his knives and his harness for "setting up" his boots or shoes.

Books kept in ordinary bookshelves, and thus exposed to the air will keep much better than those in bookcases with closed doors.

The river approaches to Lake Nicaragua abound with the only species of fresh water shark known to scientists.

The Current Before It Is Dried.

I must confess that I have always blindly supposed (when I thought of it at all) that the currant of the plum pudding was the same fruit as the currant of our gardens—that slightly acrid red berry which grows on bushes that follow the lines of back fences—bushes that have patches of weedy ground under them where hens congregate. I fancied that by some process unknown to me, at the hands of persons equally unknown (perhaps those who bring flattened raisins from grapes), these berries were dried, and that they then became the well known ornament of the Christmas cake.

It was at Zante that my shameful ignorance was made clear to me. Here I learned that the dried fruit of commerce is a dwarf grape, which has nothing in common with currant jelly. Its English name, currant, is taken from the French "raisin de Corinthe," or Corinth grape, a title bestowed because the fruit was first brought into notice at Corinth. We have stolen this name in the most unreasonable way for our red berry. Then, to make the confusion worse, as soon as we have put the genuine currants into our puddings and cakes we turn around and call them "plums!"

The real currant, the dwarf grape of Corinth, is about as large as a gooseberry when ripe, and its color is a deep violet black; the vintage takes place in August. It is not a hardy vine. It attains luxuriance, I was told, only in Greece; and even there it is restricted to the northern Peloponnesus, the shores of the Gulf of Corinth, and the Ionian islands.—Constance Fenimore Woolson in Harper's.

Strange Applications.

The Salvation Army has in London a bureau of information, where ladies may obtain servants and those in need of employment find work. It has been extraordinarily successful. During the first year 1,800 employers found servants, and a thousand girls applied for work.

Strange applications come to the office. One lady recommended her departing servant as "clean, tidy, honest, sober, truthful and a good worker." Wondering why maid and mistress should part under these conditions, the bureau found that a terribly bad temper was the cause of separation.

"But, strangely enough," said the chief, "it happened that a lady had just applied to us for a servant with a bad temper, believing that such girls make the cleanest handmaids. So that we are able to meet every requirement."—Youth's Companion.

Why Meerschaum "Colors."

Meerschaum would not color at all but for the fact that it is boiled in wax. If used in its natural state it would quickly become soiled, the material being so porous that it absorbs the slightest moisture from the hand or anything it comes in contact with. But the wax fills up the pores and gives the meerschaum a sort of enamel. A pipe that has been spoiled by overheating, so that it will not color, can be rebodied in wax and restored to some extent. This kind of work is done in the trade by experts, for it requires great skill.—Interview in Washington Star.

A Tow Horse That Knows Something.

A Washington driver says that there is an old gray hill horse there that sometimes cannot get back to his accustomed place at the foot of the hill in time for the next car. This horse has nothing to do with the blue line, and knows the difference between the blue and the brown cars. If he is on his way back to the starting point and sees a brown car coming, this shrewd animal will turn around and stand alongside the track waiting for the car to reach him. No amount of coaxing can induce him to move, but after the car reaches him he will "pull like a major" until he reaches the top. Then he returns to his post, and when he again sees his car coming turns and gets into position.

A day or two ago the hill boy, instead of walking back with the horse or riding him, as was his usual custom, jumped on a car and rode down. The horse saw this and stopped half way up the hill and would not move until the boy came after him. Whenever the boy rides on the car the horse stops half way down the hill, but when the boy remains with him the old gray pursues the even tenor of his way until he reaches the bottom.—Our Animal Friends.

THOMAS'

Drug :: Store,

FIRST STREET, LE HIGHTON, PA.

LOOK OUT!

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Colic, &c., use Dr. Boyd's Cure.

For Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, &c., use Dr. Boyd's Pills.

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.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Perfect Success. VII

The Rev. A. Antoine Refugio, of Texas, writes: I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 7, 1891.

Before I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I could not sleep nights and had a numbness of the legs, arms and sometimes all over the body, but after taking the second dose of your Nerve Tonic I could sleep well, and in three days all numbness was gone and have not felt it since.
FERDINAND DIEKS.

376 So. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, March, 1891.

A young man of 22 years, affected with epilepsy for over 20 years and a very bad case, battling at least 15 to 20 fits daily, after using all kinds of medicines without benefit, used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the desired effect.
N. QUINTAL.

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

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

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle, 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

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is the only illustrated paper in the world containing all the latest sensational and spicy news. No school keeper, father or club room can afford to be without it. It always makes friends wherever it goes.

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Richard K. FOX, 1 Park Place, New York City.

NEWS FOR ALL

2-3rds of the Piano manufacturers don't make any scales but merely the case, THE SCALES THEY BUY.

One firm in New York claims to make one-third of those actions pet you allow agents to swell your heads with such noncence, that because an article is cheap it cannot be good. I can sell you fifteen different makes of Pianos and none will go over $200, and I can show you that Cable Pianos are sold by 14 dealers in Philadelphia, and from one to one hundred and fifty dollars above what I ask for them. Think of it $150, for a good upright Piano, sold everywhere at $250. Come and see for yourself. Good Organs from $25 to $80, the very best, a guarantee goes with every one and you know who you are buying from. People have been deceived right along: You can have six months or a year to pay for them. Come and see me.

How about Sewing Machines I am after those War Price Agents, and they must come down, unless people find pleasure in paying high prices. It will you well to come and see my variety of $25, Sewing Machines, I can sell you any style. Round or Square Washing Machines at $6 I must be cheaper or don't want you to buy from me.

Come and see me before buying elsewhere. I remain

Yours respectfully,

Aaron Snyder

Weissport,

New Bee Hive,

ALLENTOWN, PA.

1892. 1892.

SPECIAL

Announcement!

For the next few weeks we will have a general 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 9½ cents a yard. A lot of

OUTING FLANNELS

new styles worth 10 cents, now 6½ cents a yard. Another lot 12½ and 15 cents, now 9 cents a yard. One lot of Cloths worth 6½ cents, now 3½ cents a yard, another lot worth 8 cents, at 5 cents a yard.

We sell you this 44 Bleached Muslin at 5 cents a yard.

These are only a few of the many bargains that we offer during this sale in the different departments. Our shoe department is especially crowded with rows of patterns that cannot be duplicated and therefore must be sold regardless of prices 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. B. Mayer, 621 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. N. Jones Phillips, Kensington Square, Pa.; T. A. Krebs, Slatington, Pa.; E. M. Small, Mount Alto, Pa.; Rev. S. H. Sorver, Washington, Pa.; J. Behr, 114 N. Twelfth St., Reading, Pa.; Wm. Ick, 1826 Montrose St., Philadelphia; H. L. Rowe, 108 4th St., Reading, Pa.; George and Fr. Burkert, 459 Locust St., Reading, Pa. Send for circular.

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Subscribe for the Advocate.

KINDLY DONE.

A Pretty Story of a Clever French Critic and His Two Friends.

Many odd and amusing stories are told of the clever French critic, Jules Janin, and his friends. None is more pleasing or more to their credit than one in which Janin, Theodore Burette, the historian, and Leon Satayes, the composer, author and critic, figured. One of Janin's best friends was an old aunt, who sent him to school when he was a boy, kept house for him and took good care of him when he, a young man, was making his reputation, but not much money, in literature.

It was perhaps in memory of her that he made a protege of a poor old woman whom he noticed one day in the street. He placed her in a home for aged persons, and until her death years afterward was her thoughtful and generous friend. The good woman was very ill once, and when she was convalescing she said:

"I want to go and call on M. Janin. I must see him once more before I die."

One of the women of the institution went with her. Janin was living then in the top of a house which commanded a beautiful view of the garden of the Luxembourg. His "garret" was filled with books and pictures, but like any other garret it was reached by climbing a great many stairs. Slowly and painfully the old woman toiled up the long flights. She had to sit down often to rest. It took her nearly two hours to reach the top. Janin was breakfasting with Theodore Burette.

He received her with great cordiality and affection, and the three had a happy breakfast. The two men devoted themselves to entertaining her. They inquired all about the home, the rules, the diversions, the food, her recent illness, and listened with genial interest to all she had to say. She said goodby, and they made ready to escort her down stairs.

"We will return your visit soon," they said, and placing themselves on either side of her they began to descend the stairs. But the effort and excitement had been too much for the feeble old lady. Her limbs failed her and she could not take a step.

Just then Satayes appeared on the scene. "We must carry her down," he said. So they placed her comfortably in an armchair, Janin and Burette, who were small men, took the back, Satayes took the front, and they went down flight after flight of the many storied house—breathless but cheerful.

"Well, my good woman," gasped Satayes, "I don't know of any queen who has a carriage like yours."

The three literary workers were hardly in training for their achievement, but they placed her safe and sound on the sidewalk, and saw her go away with her attendant, her old heart deeply touched and pleased with the attentions she had received.—Youth's Companion.

Good Fellowship Among Ants and Bees.

Never among mankind can we find so absolute and complete an absorption of the individual by the social group as in the cities of ants and bees, where individual property has never, it seems, been imagined. In these republics what one citizeness has for herself belongs to the others. Does a hungry bee meet one laden with booty returning to a city, she lightly taps her on the head with her antennae and instantly the latter hastens in a sisterly way to disgorge part of the nutriment provisionally stored in her own stomach.

Ants proceed in the same way as bees, but in addition the ant thus sustained is very careful to show her gratitude. "The ant who feels the need of food," says Huber, "begins by tapping her two antennae, with a very rapid movement, upon the antennae of the ant from whose she expects succor. Immediately they may be seen approaching one another with open mouth and extended tongue for the communication of the liquid which one passes to the other. During this operation the ant who receives nourishment does not cease to caress the friend who is feeding her, continuing to move her antennae with singular activity."—"Property: Its Origin and Development."

Discovered Their Loss from a Friend.

A small boy recently brought a ladies' gold watch into a Lewiston jewelry store and desired to have a broken crystal replaced. The dealer had repaired the watch a few days before and he had its number and at once recognized it. The rightful owner of the watch, as it happens, lives neighbor to the jeweler, and when he went home to snipper that night he called and asked them if they had sent the watch to the shop for repairs. They said they had not. He asked them if they had lent the watch to any one and the answer was in the negative.

They were quite sure the watch was in the case where they had left it. At the request of the jeweler they looked and to their great surprise the watch was not there. The jeweler then produced the property and told of the boy's coming to the store to have the crystal put in. That was the first intimation the family had of being robbed.—Lewiston Journal.

The Birdnests That Men Eat.

The swifts arrive in the Andaman islands toward the end of November, but they take their time in building the nests, which are formed from a gelatinous secretion from the salivary glands of those beautiful members of the swallow tribe.

If there has been a wet December the first crop of nests is generally a poor one, being soiled by the damp and drippings from the roofs of the caves. Collectors, however, beg