A Herald of the Infant Year.

Which will ye have? It does seem as if some folks prefer to have the last condition of the liver rather than the first. They perpetually dose themselves with purgatives loudly without virtue as alteratives of liver trouble. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the successful candidate for the people's choice, and yet, rapidly and well known as it is, there are unfortunates who keep on trying the drastic remedies of former days. It is to the intelligent portion of the public that the well known and beneficial properties of the Bitters appeal. Reason should be guided by experience in the matter of medication. "The best guide to our feet is the lamp of experience," said a great patriot of the early revolutionary period, and the exclamation is pregnant with truth. For over a third of a century the Bitters daily has met with the endorsement of people suffering from liver complaint, malaria, constipation, rheumatism, debility and troubles accompanied by dyspepsia. Latterly it has decided itself and been thoroughly approved as a remedy for "la grippe."

For inflammatory rheumatism dissolve into a pint of sweet oil one ounce of pulverized saltpeter, and thoroughly rub the parts affected.

DRUNKENNESS, or the LIQUOR HABIT, Cured at Home in Ten Days by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address the GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Oct. 8—ly.

In laying knives away apply a little sweet oil on very lightly, and wrap them in tissue paper; this will prevent their rusting.

I Am Proud

to say from personal experience that Sulphur Bitters, which advertisement will be seen in another column, is the best spring and blood medicine to be found. It is prepared by an honest firm, who scorn to use cheap and worthless medicines, but use the best that money can buy.—Editor.

Sweet oil will clean bronzes. After being carefully rubbed on they should be polished with chamois skin.

All persons are not asleep when you are.

O for an eye more clear to see,
A mind to grasp more earnestly,
For every good intent,
That to the sick and despairing
I bring thee a careless cure.

Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, 25 and 50 cents. Sold at T. D. Thomas' Drug Store.

To remove warts apply frequently sweet oil and cinnamon, which will in time cause them to disappear.

God is in a dancing room as much as in a church, as He is everywhere.

Success in everything depends largely upon good health. De Witt's Little Early Risers are little health producing pills. See the point? Then take an "Early Riser." T. D. Thomas.

Sweet oil clean Britannia metal. Rub it well with a flannel cloth and then wash off the warm suds.

The tattling busy body is the snake of the neighborhood.

2,238,672.

These figures represent the number of bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which were sold in the United States from March '91 to March, '92. Two Million, Two Hundred and Twenty-Eight Thousand, Six Hundred and Seventy-Two bottles sold in one year, and each and every bottle was sold on a positive guarantee that money would be refunded if satisfactory results did not follow its use. The record of its success is plain. It never disappoints and can always be depended on as the very best remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc. Price 50c. and $1.00. At Reber's Drugstore, Lehighton, and Biery's Drugstore, Weissport.

For sunburn sweet oil and limewater—two parts oil to one of limewater—will be found very efficacious.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief. T. D. Thomas.

—It won't cost you a cent. Read it.

Every dish placed before the poor is tasted by Our Father who is in Heaven.

Don't put in a room unsteady little tables loaded wite meaningless bric a brac.

A son of Mr. M. D. Pusser, a merchant of Gibralter, N. C., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism for a year or more as to be unable to work or go to school. His father concluded to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm on the boy. It soon cured him and he has since walked one and a half miles to school and back every school day. 50 cent bottles for sale by N. H. Reber, Lehighton, and W. F. Biery, Weissport.

—Read our premium offer. It won't cost you a cent.

Every person is in his own hell and there is none other than man makes for himself.

A contemporary sententiously says: "Boll's-Head Flavoring Extracts are good enough to be used by anybody and cheap enough to be used by everybody." That's it, good and cheap.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied De Witt's Witch Hazle Salve, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burns, bruises, sores and a sure cure for piles. T. D. Thomas.

—It won't cost you a cent. Read it.

The grave is a cushion of comfort compared to what some folks endure at their home.

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and stomach disorders. Remedy these by using De Witt's Little Early Risers, and your headache disappears. The favorite little pills everywhere. T. D. Thomas.

—Read our premium offer. It won't cost you a cent.

A greater coward than he who dare not express his opinions need not be looked for.

The laws of health are taught in the schools; but not in a way to be of much practical benefit and are never illustrated by living examples, which in many cases might easily be done. If some scholar who has just contracted a cold was brought before the school so that all could hear the ary loud cough and know its significance; see the thin white coating on the tongue and later, as the cold developed, see the profuse watery expectoration and thin watery discharge from the nose, not one of them would ever forget what the first symptoms of a cold were. The scholar should then be given Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely, that all might see that even a severe cold could be cured in one or two days, or at least greatly mitigated, when properly treated as soon as the first symptoms appear. This remedy is famous for its cures of coughs, colds and croup. It is made especially for these diseases and is the most prompt and most reliable medicine known for the purpose. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by N. H. Reber, Lehighton, and W. F. Biery, Weissport.

IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT.

We are pleased to announce that we have made arrangements by which we are prepared to supply FREE to each of our subscribers a year's subscription to that well-known monthly Home and Farm Journal, the AMERICAN FARMER, published at Springfield and Cleveland, Ohio. We make this offer to each of our subscribers who will pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance, and to all our subscribers paying one year in advance. The AMERICAN FARMER is strictly National in its character. It is a high class illustrated Journal filled with entertaining and instructive reading matter, containing much much more information that is invaluable to agriculturists and of special interest to each member of every home. It is not a class publication and is suited to all localities, being National in its scope and character, thus meeting with favor in all localities. It is strictly non-political and non-sectarian. It has a distinct corps of contributors and is ably edited. The express departments of Farm, Horticulture, Stock and Dairy, The Home, The Horse, and The Dairy, are filled with bright and useful matter. The readers of the AMERICAN FARMER are interested in its praise and look for its monthly visits with keen anticipation. The regular subscription price to the AMERICAN FARMER is $1.50 per year, but by this arrangement it costs you NOTHING to receive that great publication for one year. Do not delay in taking advantage of this offer, but call at once or send to your subscription and get the ADVOCATE and the AMERICAN FARMER for only $1.65.

N. H. Downs' Elixir
WILL CURE THAT
Cold
AND STOP THAT
Cough.

Has stood the test for SIXTY YEARS and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases in young or old. Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
HENRY, HUMPHREY & LOEB, Props., Burlington, Vt.

Sold by W. F. Biery.

THOMAS'
Drug :: Store,
FIRST STREET, LEHIGHTON, 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.

Recommended as the Best. IX
LE MARS, PLYMOUTH CO., IA., May, 1890.
I suffered from temporary sleeplessness from overwork for two years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.
F. BORNHORST.

Extract From a Letter
of the Rev. J. McGowan, Cedryville, New York: "I recommend you to send for six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and let her use it as directed. It cured several in my parish."

EAST GLENVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1890.
I used one bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for dizziness and nervous headache, and it did all you claim for it and even more. I had been suffering for years. MRS. P. RANCE.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to sick and poor patients who send this medicine free of charge. This remedy has been prepared for the U. S. and German markets, of Fort Wayne, Ind., where it is now prepared under his direction for the
KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
Sold by Druggists at $1 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Large Size, $1.75, six times as much, $5.

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Fresh Beer and Porter.
FREE LUNCH every day from 9:00 to 12:00 a. m., and every Saturday evening. Call and see me. I will treat you right.
Opposite the Carriage Works,
North First Street, Lehighton.

RUPTURE! We, the undersigned were entirely cured of rupture by Dr. J. H. MAYER, 811 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.: S. Jones Phillips, Kennet Square, Pa.; T. A. Kreitz, Slatington, Pa.; E. M. Small, Mount Alto, Pa.; Rev. S. H. Shearer, Sinking Spring, Pa.; D. J. Deibler, 214 S. Twelfth St., Reading, Pa.; Wm. DIX, 1828 Montrose St., Philadelphia; H. L. Rowe, 539 Elm St., Reading, Pa.; George and Fd. Burkart, 429 Locust St., Reading, Pa. Send for circular.

FRENCH LIVER PILLS
Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. Dr. Miles' Pills quickly cure biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Sample free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

To Contractors and Builders.
The undersigned announces to Contractors and Builders that he has now opened his stone quarry, at Beaver Run, and is prepared to supply
Building Stones
in any quantity at reasonable rates. He also keeps a supply at his residence on SECOND STREET, to supply immediate demand.
HAULING of every description, promptly attended to.
Also, constantly on hand a full supply, of the best brands of
Flour and Feed,
which he will sell at Lowest Market Prices.
CHARLES TRAINER,
SECOND STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA

Now is Your Time!
---20---
Building Lots For Sale!

Don't wait, but come at once and buy one of these beautifully located lots. You will be surprised at the view they afford and the price will be sure to please you. No trouble to show you around. Call on either
A. F. SNYDER,
or R. J. HONGEN,
East Weissport Pa

WANTED Wide-awake workers everywhere for "Sheppy's Photographs of the World," the greatest book on earth and the biggest seller at $1.50, cash or installments; 200 monthly illustrated circulars and terms free; daily output over 100 agents. Agents wild with success. Sheppy's Photographs of The World. Address H. J. Martin, Gainesville, Texas. Wonder, O. cleared $711 in 7 days. $72 in 6 days. $37 in 3 days. Address Howard Malinson, Lynn, N. J. $125 in 7 hours a business much better than any other. Address Eclipse Publisher's Co., 726 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., or 324 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

A POINTER to Buyers.

We offer just now a special invitation to our friends and patrons to come and see us. The summer is fast fleeting and we will make special prices to sell out our summer goods in order to have a full swing on our fall and winter stock of Dry Goods, Notions and Ready-Made Clothing. We have no room to quote prices, but they are low enough. Don't miss this opportunity but come at once. Then too, we are the recognized headquarters for for all kinds of
Groceries,
Fruits & Vegetables in Season
at the lowest of very low prices. Prompt and corteous treatment to all and it is no trouble to show goods.
Over Canal Bridge. Kuntz & Co.
East Weissport.

FURNITURE, UNDERTAKING FLOUR & FEED.
Robt. N. Anthony,
(Successor to J. P. Rev, East Weissport.)
WILL CONTINUE TO BE THE BEST PLACE TO BUY
Furniture, Flour & Feed.
at the Lowest Prices.
Give us a call. No trouble to show Goods.
R. N. ANTHONY.

PRIVATE SALE
OF VALUABLE
DOUBLE HOUSE.
A three story double frame dwelling house containing two fine store rooms and twenty other rooms on north First street in Lehighton is offered for sale CHEAP and on easy terms. The building is suitable for a hotel plant and has stable and other out buildings. For further particulars and terms call on or address
ALEXANDER KISTLER,
Kistler's Restaurant,
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FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
The wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

Instructions on the Piano and Organ given by
MISS ANZIE AUER,
Third St., - - - - - Lehighton.
All the new and improved methods of instruction. Satisfaction guaranteed.
FOR TERMS call on or address as above.

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OFFICE North First Street,
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We have also opened a first-class
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Department
in Aaron Snyder's new block, at the Eastern end of the Lehigh Bridge, in the BOROUGH OF WEISSPORT, where all orders for Job Printing will be expeditiously and cheaply executed.

Subscriptions for the Carbon Advocate also received and receipted for.

H. V. MORTHIMER,
Propr.

GREAT BARGAINS THE HEADLIGHT OF OUR ENGINE.

Magnificent assortment of Men's Youths' and Children's Overcoats of every description, all of them selling at exceedingly low prices. Ask to see them.

Fine Neckwear just received. A variety of pretty shades and rich designs. Nothing nicer ever seen in puffs, scarfs, four-in-hands, ascot and strap bows, and ascots. Such an assortment is rare to miss.

A combine of high quality and low prices. Unusual advantages are offered in our immense assortments of stylish and well made suits of men and boys. Here's a chance to be in style at our Special Bargains we offer.

Our weather predictions. If the days are clear you may expect to see our Children's Department crowded with people guarding their interests by selecting from our handsome stock of Little Boys' Clothing.

Latest Novelties in Winter Underwear, Gloves, Shirts, and Hosiery. We believe this to be our largest and finest display ever shown. Large variety and good qualities always at the lowest prices.

Our Specialty—Ladies' Tailor-Made Coats to Measure. Elegant Suitings and Trouserings at unusual prices. We invite inspection to our Special Attractions in our Custom Department. Our Stock is unequaled for beauty and extra qualities at most Moderate Prices.

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

The Cheapest Place in Town
For Wall Paper, Borders and Decoration is at
Owen Rehrig, Corner of Second and Iron Streets.
The Biggest Assortment in the County to select from.

Consumption
That dreaded and dreadful disease! What shall stay its ravages? *Thousands say* Scott's Emulsion of pure Norwegian cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda has *cured* us of consumption in its first stages. Have you a cough or cold acute or leading to consumption? Make no delay but take
Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.
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—IS HEADQUARTERS FOR—
GENERAL HARDWARE,
Paints, Varnishes, Glass,
ALL KIND OF COAL, &c
OPS. PUBLIC SQUARE,
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GOTH,
Beautiful Pictures
The crowning glory to Parlor, Sitting Room or Bed Chamber.
At Low Prices.
Just The Thing For Christmas Presents.
BOWER'S BLOCK, Opposite P. O., LEHIGHTON, PA.

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

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 Workingman'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 makes.
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.

Subscribe for the Advocate

THE CLAMBAKE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Ho, for the sea, the moss green grove,
Where the rocks in a glowing pile,
With rockweed make a fragrant bed,
For clams to rest awhile.

With bluefish from the briny deep,
With sweet corn from the field;
And sweet potatoes from the south,
Their fragrant breath will yield.

The ambrosial feasts of the fabled gods
Are as naught compared with thee,
Thou delicious, fragrant, delightful thing,
Thou clambake by the sea!
—Rita A. Brow in Providence Journal.

THAT MIRROR.

It was altogether queer, and Jingleberry to this day does not entirely understand it. He had examined his heart as carefully as he knew how, and had arrived at the entirely reasonable conclusion that he was in love. He had every symptom of that malady. When Miss Marian Chapman was within range of his vision there was room for no one else there. He suffered from that peculiar optical condition which enabled him to see but one thing at a time when she was present, and she was that one thing, which was probably the reason why in his mind's eye she was the only woman in the world, for Marian was ever present before Jingleberry's mental optic.

He had also examined as thoroughly as he could in hypothesis the heart of this "only woman," and he had—or thought he had, which amounts to the same thing—reason to believe that she reciprocated his affection. She certainly seemed glad always when he was about. She called him by his first name, and sometimes quarreled with him as she quarreled with no one else, and if that wasn't a sign of love in woman, then Jingleberry had studied the sex all his years—and they were thirty-two—for nothing. In short Marian behaved so like a sister to him that Jingleberry, knowing how dreams and women go by contraries, was absolutely sure that a sister was just the reverse from that relationship which in her heart of hearts she was willing to assume toward him, and he was happy in consequence.

Believing this, it was not at all strange that he should make up his mind to propose marriage to her, though, like many other men, he was somewhat chicken hearted in coming to the point. Four times had he called upon Marian for the sole purpose of asking her to become his wife, and four times had he led up to the point and then talked about something else. What quality it is in man that makes a coward of him in the presence of one he considers his dearest friend is not within the province of this narrative to determine, but Jingleberry had it in its most virulent form. He had often got so far along in his proposal as, "Marian—er—will you—will you"—and there he had as often stopped, contenting himself with such commonplace conclusions as "go to the matinee with me tomorrow?" or "ask your father for me if he thinks the stock market is likely to strengthen soon?" and other amazing substitutes for the words he so ardently desired yet feared to utter.

But this afternoon—the one upon which the extraordinary events about to be narrated took place—Jingleberry had called, resolved not to be balked in his determination to learn his fate. He had come to propose, and propose he would, ruat cœlum. His confidence in a successful termination to his suit had been re-enforced that very morning by the receipt of a note from Miss Chapman asking him to dine with her parents and herself that evening, and to accompany them after dinner to the opera. Surely that meant a great deal, and Jingleberry conceived that the time was ripe for a blushing "yes" to his long deferred question. So he was here in the Chapman parlor waiting for the young lady to come down and become the recipient of the "interesting interrogatory," as it is called in some sections of Massachusetts.

"I'll ask her the first thing," said Jingleberry, buttoning up his Prince Albert, as though to impart a possibly needed stiffening to his backbone. "She will say yes, and then I shall enjoy the dinner and the opera so much the more. Ahem! I wonder if I am pale—I feel sort of—um— There's a mirror. That will tell." Jingleberry walked to the mirror—an oval, gilt framed mirror, such as was very much the vogue fifty years ago, for which reason alone, no doubt, it was now admitted to the gold and white parlor of the house of Chapman.

"Blessed things, these mirrors," said Jingleberry, gazing at the reflection of his face. "So reassuring. I'm not at all pale. Quite the contrary. I'm red as a sunset. Good omen that! The sun is setting on my bachelor days—and my scarf is crooked. Ah!"

The ejaculation was one of pleasure, for pictured in the mirror Jingleberry saw the form of Marian entering the room through the portieres.

"How do you do, Marian? Been admiring myself in the glass," he said, turning to greet her. "I—er"——

Here he stopped, as well he might, for he addressed no one. Miss Chapman was nowhere to be seen.

"Dear me!" said Jingleberry, rubbing his eyes in astonishment. "How extraordinary! I thought sure I saw her—why, I did see her—that is, I saw her reflection in the gla— Ha! ha! She caught me gazing at myself there and hashidden."

He walked to the door and pulled the portiere aside and looked into the hall. There was no one there. He searched every corner of the hall and of the dining room at its end, and then returned to the parlor, but it was still empty. And then occurred the most strangely unaccountable event in his life.

As he looked around the parlor he for the second time found himself before the mirror, but the reflection therein, though it was of himself, was of himself, with his back turned to his real self, as he stood gazing amazedly into the glass; and besides this, although Jingleberry was alone in the real parlor, the reflection of the dainty room showed that there he was not so, for seated in her accustomed graceful attitude in the reflected armchair was nothing less than the counterfeit presentment of Marian Chapman herself.

It was a wonder Jingleberry's eyes did not fall out of his head, he stared so. What a situation it was, to be sure, to stand there and see in the glass a scene which, as far as he could observe, had no basis in reality; and interesting it was for Jingleberry to watch himself going through the form of chatting pleasantly there in the mirror's depths with the woman he loved! It almost made him jealous, though, the reflected Jingleberry was so entirely independent of the real Jingleberry. The jealousy soon gave way to consternation, for, to the wondering suitor, the independent reflection was beginning to do that for which he himself had come. In other words, there was a proposal going on in the glass, and Jingleberry enjoyed the novel sensation of seeing how he himself would look when passing through a similar ordeal.

Altogether, however, it was not as pleasing as most novelties are, for there were distinct signs in the face of the mirrored Marian that the mirrored Jingleberry's words were distasteful to her and that the proposition he was making was not one she could entertain under any circumstances. She kept shaking her head, and the more she shook it the more the glazed Jingleberry seemed to implore her to be his. Finally Jingleberry saw his quicksilver counterpart fall upon his knees before Marian of the glass and hold out his arms and hands toward her in an attitude of prayerful despair, whereupon the girl sprang to her feet, stamped her left foot furiously upon the floor and pointed the unwelcome lover to the door.

Jingleberry was fairly staggered. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary a freak of nature? Surely it must be prophetic. Fate was kind enough to warn him in advance, no doubt; otherwise it was a trick. And why should she stoop to play so paltry a trick as that upon him? Surely fate would not be so petty. No, it was a warning. The mirror had been so affected by some supernatural agency that it divined and reflected that which was to be, instead of contenting itself to what Jingleberry called "simultaneity." It led instead of following or acting coincidently with the reality, and it was the part of wisdom, he thought, for him to yield to its suggestion and retreat, and as he thought this he heard a soft, sweet voice behind him.

"I hope you haven't got tired of waiting, Tom," it said, and, turning, Jingleberry saw the unquestionably real Marian standing in the doorway.

"No," he answered shortly. "I—I have had a pleasant—very entertaining ten minutes; but I must hurry along, Marian," he added. "I only came to tell you that I have a frightful headache, and—er—I can't very well manage to come to dinner or go to the opera with you tonight."

"Why, Tom," pouted Marian, "I am awfully disappointed. I had counted on you, and now my whole evening will be spoiled. Don't you think you can rest a little while, and then come?"

"Well, I—I want to, Marian," said Jingleberry, "but to tell the truth I—I really am afraid I am going to be ill. I've had such a strange experience this afternoon, I"——

"Tell me what it was," suggested Marian sympathetically, and Jingleberry did tell her what it was. He told her the whole story from beginning to end—what he had come for, how he had happened to look in the mirror and what he saw there, and Marian listened attentively to every word he said. She laughed once or twice, and when he had done she reminded him that mirrors had a habit of reversing everything, and somehow or other Jingleberry's headache went, and—and—well, everything went.—John Kendrick Bangs in Chicago Post.

An Appropriate Hymn.

A good old time member of the Methodist church, whose keen appreciation of humor is only one of many pleasing characteristics, relates with rare gusto the following story: For a meeting of the congregation a certain subject was announced for discussion. The members were invited and expected to participate in the debate or consultation. When the hour for adjournment was almost reached a male client of the creed arose. He was notoriously long winded. When delivering an address or opinion he treated the possibility of eternity with contempt. In this case the audience could not escape. He held it there some time over an hour, and finally sat down to the great relief of the people.

The pastor glanced at the programme for the evening. Unfortunately for him, perhaps, the preacher had designated on the written slip only the number of the hymn to be sung. Consequently he announced, "We will sing hymn number three." And number three turned out to be no less a triumphal selection than the grand old "Hallelujah, 'Tis Done." Perhaps never before in the history of that congregation was the moving melody sung with more meaning and enthusiasm.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Why the People Smiled.

There is an honest and jolly butcher who does business in Eighth avenue not far from the Central park entrance. He is a large and heavy man, his wife is almost as heavy, and his grown daughter weighs nearly 200 pounds. It is customary for this weighty family to take a ride in the butcher's delivery wagon every Sunday afternoon, and the trio, dressed in Sunday finery, present a very imposing appearance. The women are particularly fond of bright colors. One or two Sundays ago this party arrived on Riverside drive and attracted much attention. The complacent butcher and his female companions seemed to more than fill the stout wagon, and doubtless they were wholly unconscious of the reason for the merriment caused by their appearance. On each side of the wagon was painted in bold, black letters, "Dressed Beef."—New York Times.

Mirrors Many Years Ago.

A historian has it that as early as four centuries before Christ these metal mirrors were in such common use among the Romans that any maid servant could have as many as she could hang at her girdle, which probably accounts for the fact that they gradually fell into desuetude among ladies of the higher classes and led to the introduction of substitutes. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that it was this fact which induced some ingenious person so to cut and burnish the inside of drinking cups as to reflect the face of the drinker many times in a highly warning manner.

In addition to the small hand mirrors which it used to be the particular duty of some unfortunate young slave to hold before her mistress, there were panels of stone set in the walls and so highly polished as to serve as mirrors. It was this use of dark stone that first suggested the use of glass for reflecting purposes, which according to Pliny, was first manufactured at the glass works of a gentleman named Sidon. Black glass was first used; afterward clear glass with black foil on the back replaced it. Pliny tells us all about this, and from this time on no mention is made of glass mirrors until the Thirteenth century, when a Franciscan monk, Johannes Peckham, speaks of mirrors, not only of polished marble and steel, but also of glass covered with lead on the back.

By this time the amalgam used in making glass mirrors was much like that of today, the difference being in the method of its application. The process was to spread tinfoil on a plain surface, to pour mercury over that and rub the two together with the hand or with a hare's foot. The amalgam thus formed was then covered with paper, over which glass was laid. The paper was then withdrawn and weights pressed on the glass, pressing out the excess of mercury.—New York World.

Didn't Know Its Value.

A few days ago I met a man from Baltimore who tried to persuade me that some people down that way do not know as much about things pertaining to civilization as the average Indian does, and he told me the story to prove it. Said he: "I'm very fond of horseback riding, and I go off on trips for a week sometimes. On one of these journeys I stopped for a minute at a drug store in a Maryland village and flung the reins of my horse to a colored boy who was standing on the sidewalk. On returning I thanked the lad, handed him what I supposed to be cent and galloped away. Half an hour later I discovered that instead of a cent I had given him a five dollar gold piece. I had not taken much money for my trip, and was quite a way from home, and I couldn't spare my pocket piece just then; at least I didn't want to. I turned back over the road and re-entered the shop. Said I, 'Have you seen anything of the boy that held my horse here about an hour ago?'

"The druggist laughed. 'I guess,' said he, 'I know what you have come for. It's a five dollar gold piece, isn't it?'

"'Yes,' said I, a little surprised.

"'Well, the boy came in here and showed it to me, and asked if I would give him a good cent for it, "'cause he didn't know nuffin 'bout dat kin' o' money." I saw that there was a mistake and gave him a penny for it.'

"You can guess I was pretty glad at the amount of ignorance there was in the world just then. I refunded the cent, pocketed my gold piece and rode off."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Pronunciation of Stage People.

Mr. G. W. Dancy complains very bitterly of the disregard by actresses of the value of the vowel sound.

He says that "poetry" (ot diphtong) was the sound recently given to "poetry," and immediately "diary" became "diry," while that pitfall of cockney rhymesters "sure" inevitably delights the expectant ear as "shore." He has also heard "obsurd" given for "absurd," "commission" "comission" and "cour" are frequent rendering of "omission," "commission" and "occur," and "secret" masquerades thinly disguised as "secrit." Elisions and clippings are favorite errors, particularly among rapid speakers. Take as recent illustrations "intimit" for "intimate," "s'port" and "s'pose," for "support" and "suppose."

In the matter of "h's" actors and actresses are commendably sound, and "the very rare lapses in that quarter are invariably due to nervousness."—London Telegraph.

IN THE SHADOWS.

As the shadows filled the room with peace,
We spoke of our absent friends;
How some were dead and some were sped
To the faraway earth ends.

And by some magic of yearning hearts
The lost seemed warm and near;
Yes, loved so much we could almost touch
Their hands and feel them here.

And when the lamps were lit, and speech
Waxed merrier, yet the place
Felt strangely bare, and each one there
Missed some beloved face.
—Richard Burton in Harper's Weekly.

New York's Women Authors.

Among the exhibits presented at Chicago by the women managers will be a compilation of the names of all the women authors who are natives of New York state or hold residence therein. The list already embraces over 200 authors of either books, articles or pamphlets of acknowledged merit. In the list thus far collected are to be found the names of Mrs. Isabella Macdonald Alden (Pansy), Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, Mrs. Amelia Barr, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Susan Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Croly (Jenny June), Mary E. Mapes Dodge, Mary J. Holmes, Mrs. Sarah Jane Lippincott, Mrs. Anna Katharine Green Rohlfs, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan Warner, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Julia Wright, Eliza Ann Youmans and more equally familiar names.—Albany Letter.

Moore's Greatest Poem.

"Lalla Rookh" was read universally and translated into several European languages. The poem has no lofty Miltonic flights—no hall of Eblis reaching the height of the sublime—but it is calculated to suit the taste of every order of the mind. Young and old, educated and uneducated, comprehend its luxurious imagery, sweet passages, fascinating descriptions and gorgeous voluptuousness; hence the uncommon popularity of the poem. Those who have hearts for the deeper things of humanity—what enjoyments come not from emotional color, orient hues and Tyrian purple—will prefer the heart which is shown in many of Moore's other productions.—Westminster Review.

Apples as Medicine.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyl, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lecithin, of the brain and spinal chord. It is perhaps for the same reason, rudely understood, that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body.—Medical Age.

Why They Wouldn't Cash It.

A well known broker presented one of John Jacob Astor's checks at a down town bank the other day and was surprised beyond measure when the paying teller refused to cash it, remarking with a significant smile: "That man's checks are no good here. He gives us more trouble than all our depositors put together. We won't touch it."

"What!" exclaimed the broker, "won't cash that check? Why, man alive, d'ye know who Mr. Astor is? Great"——

"Hold on," interposed the teller; "the check isn't signed. We get 'em that way every day. They are the most troublesome of all our depos"— But the broker had fled.—New York Times.

A Clergyman Cobbler.

An old fashioned Yorkshire Baptist preached every Sunday for fifty years, and repaired shoes throughout the week. The good man, who knew his Bible by heart, studied Jonathan Edwards, Matthew Henry and Dwight, and paid his way. Some of his brethren sneered, and respectable persons turned up their noses at his leather apron, but the common people heard the old man so gladly that he did more real good than did many a pulpit thumper attired in the bravery of gown and bands. He was one who knew how to make the best of both worlds, and at his death left his widow a house and money in the bank.—National Review.

All for Five Cents.

A steam knife grindery is one of the odd concerns of the French quarter. The main business of the place is the sharpening of tools, and the manufacture of the small instrument with which screw threads are cut, but you may step in, hand out your pocketknife to be ground, and have the satisfaction of seeing a 4-horsepower steam engine started to perform a service at the price of five cents.—New York Sun.

Why the Hair Grows Gray.

As to the hair growing gray, it results in the majority of cases from the partial closing of the hair cells and the reduction of the quantity of natural coloring matter which the closing produces.—Albany Express.

A Theory About Man's Beard.

There is a theory favored by the disciples of Darwin that the beard is merely the survival of a primitive decoration. Man, according to this view, was originally as hairy as the opossum itself, but as he rolled down the ages he wore the hair off in patches by sleeping on his sides and sitting against a tree. Of course the hair of the dog is not worn off in this way, but a great theory is not to be set aside by an objection so trifling. By and by our ancestors "awoke to the consciousness that they were patchy and spotty," and resolving to "live down" all hair that was not ornamental they with remarkable unanimity seem to have fixed on the eyebrows, the mustache and—unfortunately, as the self scrapers mostly think—the beard as being all that was worth preserving of the primitive covering.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Snap Shots at Royalty.

King George is to Aix what the Prince of Wales is to Homberg. He is remarkable for extreme assurance, tempered with reserve, and wears his hat slightly on the side of his head as he strides along the streets, looking straight at people as if to invite them to get out of his way. He is an habitue of the casino and the cardroome. On alighting from his carriage yesterday a number of photographers ran up to take snap shots at him.

Seeing this the king good naturedly stopped and "stood fire," turning his face toward them. On returning to his carriage when the visit was over he did the same, saying aloud when he thought they ought to have done, "Ça y est" (It's all right, is it not?)—a remark that elicited great laughter.—London News.

Three Views of Mars.

M. Flammarion, the French astronomer, regards it as very probable that the dark areas of Mars are water and the bright ones land. Professor Schaeberle's observations with the greatest telescope in the world (the Lick) under the best possible conditions, lead him to precisely opposite conclusions. Mr. Brett (the English artist astronomer) doubts if land and water exist on Mars at all, and gives good reasons for deciding that the planet is in a heated state—as we suppose Jupiter to be, for example.—Professor E. S. Holden in Forum.

The Area of Canada.

The United States, when Alaska is included, has a greater area than Canada has. The areas are as follows: The United States, with Alaska, has an area of 3,602,990 square miles. Alaska's area is 577,390 square miles. Canada has an area of 3,466,690 square miles.—New York Sun.

A gentleman who had gone to watch with a sick friend opened a door which led to the cellar, but from which the stairs had been removed. He fell and was killed. What a wicked neglect to have such a door unbarred in the front hall!

Antiochus Epiphanes died suddenly under circumstances which gave the Jews, whose temple he had profaned, occasion to regard his death as a