The First Law of Nature.

Which will ye have? It does seem as if some folks prefer to have the sick condition of the liver rather than the first. They perpetually dose themselves with purgatives totally without virtue as alterative of liver trouble. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the successful candidate for the people's choice, and yet, popular 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 long tried 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 declared itself and been thoroughly approved as a remedy for 'la grippe.'

The people in certain parts of Germany say that the devil invented brandy, citing a legend to prove it.

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 thoroughly acted with the specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page books of particulars free. Address the GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Oct.8—1y.

The electric car is literally astonishing the natives of Singapore, India. They call it the wind carriage.

Success in everything depends largely upon good health. De Witt's Little Early Risers are little health producing pills. Try the pills? Then take no "Early Riser." T. D. Thomas.

At the present moment the police system, in all its branches, costs England close upon $20,000,000 a year.

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.

Le Petit Journal of Paris has a sale of nearly 1,250,000 copies daily. Who would not like to own it?

The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years, which were sure to lay him up if not doctored at once. He finds that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is reliable. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs and restores the system to a healthy condition. If freely used as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the attack and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold.—Northwestern Hotel Reporter, Des Moines, Iowa. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by N. B. Reber, Lehighton, and W. F. Biery, Weissport.

It is said that more murders occur in Paris in six months than in London Berlin and Vienna in a year.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Many Canadian papers are now boldly advocating a political union with the United States.

Simple Questions Simply Answered.

Why do people very often allow a Cold to run on? Because they think it will wear away. Why does the Cough that at first caused no alarm become deep seated and chronic? Because the proper remedy was not used. The way to break up any Cough or Cold, no matter if other medicines failed to benefit you, is to try Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, 25 and 50 cents at T. D. Thomas' Drug Store.

The domestic relations of both Thackeray and Dickens were unhappy.

A Good Record. "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for ten years," says druggist E. B. Legg, of Vial, Ind., "and have always warranted it and never had a bottle returned. During the past 90 days I have sold twelve dozen and it has given perfect satisfaction in every instance." It does not dry up a cough, but loosens and relieves it. It will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. 25 cent, 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by N. B. Reber, Lehighton, and W. F. Biery, Weissport.

Roebilling's railway bridge at Niagara has a span of 831 feet, with fifty-nine feet deflection.

Two Valuable Friends.

1. A physician cannot be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises and Burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil, 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at T. D. Thomas' Drug Store.

Leonard Getchell, of Winslow, Maine, owns a wallet which he claims is 110 years old.

Good Looks.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at Reber's Drug store, Lehighton, and Biery's Drugstore, Weissport.

At the beginning of the Eighteenth Century all European armies had pontoon trains.

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

Hotel proprietors, bakers and housekeepers cannot afford to be without Bull's Head Flavoring Extracts. It is not equalled by any similar brand and is sold at 10 cts.

The weight required to crush a square inch of brick varies from 1200 to 4500 pounds.

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.

"I have been using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for some time. It cured my baby of a very bad cough. I believe it was the means of saving his life. Mrs. Thomas Hinton, Centreville, N. S."

—There are orange trees in Malta over 200 years old.

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.

—Over 1700 different kinds of soap are known.

A Much-Married Woman.

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

THE DEATH OF A WEALTHY MAN.

High though his titles, power and pelf,
Humbles his wealth as with one claiming
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concerned not all to self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.
—Sir Walter Scott.

THE THREE CHUMS.

When I was in college I had two very dear friends, Marsden and Masterson. We were always together, despite the fact that there could hardly have been found anywhere in the world three men whose ideas on most subjects so radically differed. Perhaps it was the intellectual pleasure we derived from debating among ourselves, with an acrimony only possible among the fastest of friends, the pros and cons of every question that came up that was the bond of our union.

Whatever the bond was, we were certainly inseparable, and I think, on that last night in New Haven, when after four years of most intimate association we parted, each to walk alone his path through life, there were three very tear stained pillows beneath our respective heads before Morpheus claimed our allegiance. I know that I for one was compelled to change mine, so saturated did it become with those salt evidences of a sincere grief which were copiously shed by my eyes that night.

The parting between Marsden and Masterson and myself was geographical rather than spiritual. Marsden's lines fell in the pleasant places of Boston; Masterson's in those of Baltimore, and mine in New York. Marsden studied medicine, Masterson became a professor of psychology without a chair, and I drifted through a period of misery as a student of law into literary, sharp shooting; but through it all we kept up a three cornered correspondence in which the hopes and fears of our lives were freely confided, with the result, I think, that we all took a more cheerful view of existence than would otherwise have been possible. It was the perfect candor of our intercourse that helped us. What I did not like about Marsden I frankly told him, and when I disapproved of Masterson, Masterson was the first to know it, and vice versa. It was helpful; it was delightful. We lived in a palace of truth, which, alas! is no more.

Five or six years was the duration of our post graduate alliance, which was broken by death first, and then by that which is worse than death—madness; and it all came about through the too close application of Marsden and Masterson to their work. Marsden had always been noted for his love of the mysterious and morbid. In the old college days it used to trouble Masterson and myself not a little to find how exceedingly fond of the depressing things of life Marsden was—that is to say, he liked to hear and talk about them. He liked to read stories not only bordering upon but plunging into the middle of the supernatural, and while Masterson and I were compiling scrapbooks of clippings showing how easily Yale crows defeated Harvard crews, and other matters of alma maternal interest, Marsden was filling envelopes with horrors—stories of vampires, tales of hallucination and other unnatural things.

While Masterson and I were reading such light and airy stories as "Pelham" and "Pendennis," with Herrick as our ideal poet, Marsden would devote his hours of outside reading to Hoffman, Poe and Monk Lewis, and any versifier whose sentiment smacked of malaria could be his poet for the time being. I think the only point on which Masterson and I ever really agreed was in regard to Marsden's unhealthy passion for the grotesque, and we were unremitting in our efforts to bring him down to the real sunshiny things of life, but I cannot say that we were ever sanguine of the result of our efforts.

It was Marsden's horrible addiction to such matters that led Masterson into the study of psychology and Marsden himself into medicine, and if Marsden would have gone at it in the coldly scientific manner of Masterson I think he would have been all right, although Masterson carried his coolness a degree too far in that he did not recognize the fact that minds, like machines, speedily go to pieces if not kept in repair. It was while trying to comprehend Marsden's mind that Masterson became interested in mental science, and it was Marsden's passion for the insane that decided him to become a physician, so that he might come into actual contact with those who suffered the things of which he read.

Each succeeded in reaching his goal. Masterson at the age of thirty found himself an accepted authority on psychological matters. Marsden at twenty-nine was actively connected with the medical staff of an asylum for the insane in Massachusetts, and then the end came. Masterson's candle had been burned at both ends, and he was nigh unto death. I was the first to hear of it, because my duties were such that I had been able to visit Masterson at Baltimore—which Marsden, owing to his more or less confined duties, could not very well do, and so was known to Masterson's family, who immediately wired me of the precarious condition of my old friend. The telegram I received at 9 o'clock in the morning of a September day, and I immediately repeated it to Marsden in Boston, adding that it was my intention to leave New York for Baltimore that night.

Two hours later I received a message from Marsden saying: "Wait for me. He must not die."

This was more or less unsettling. To wait for Marsden was the very thing it would please me most to do, but to have him bring his message to a close with those four words grated on my nerves. They did not sound exactly right.

An hour later a second telegram arrived from Marsden, which read: "Am just leaving Boston. For God's sake wait for me!"

And so it went all that afternoon. At every stopping place along the line from Boston to New York Marsden forwarded to me the most nerve disturbing messages the mind could well conceive of, beseeching me to await his coming always, and in four separate instances assuming a power on my part to avert the expected death of Masterson that made me suspect that Marsden himself was in a precarious state mentally anyhow. I dreaded meeting him, but was nevertheless on hand at the station on the arrival of his train—and what a shock it was to me when I caught sight of Marsden! His face was white as a sheet; his shoulders were bent as with some load by far too great for them to bear, and his hands trembled as though they were palsied. When he saw me he threw his arms about my neck, and burying his pallid face on my shoulder cried like a child.

"Don't take on so, Tom," I said, giving him an affectionate tap on the arm and drawing away. "It may not be so bad as we think."

"Not if he lives!" he replied, shaking his head sadly and looking nervously about him. "But I fear Jack is on the verge of dissolution. I feel so faint now that I believe—I believe it is nearly all over."

He staggered slightly as he spoke and would have fallen if I had not caught him by the arm.

"Brace up, my dear boy!" I cried. "Don't make a scene here. Come. Get into this cab and we'll ride down to my rooms."

He was so limp by this time that I bundled him almost head over heels into a convenient hackney, and giving the driver directions as to where to go followed and sat down beside him. He lay back against the cushions, his eyes closed, his lips quivering like a child's under punishment. To an ordinary observer it would have seemed as if Marsden had taken too much strong drink—to me, who knew that he did not drink, his condition was unaccountable. Moved we both were by the imminent death of a dear friend, but the emotion of Marsden was out of all proportion to the situation.

Suddenly he grasped me by the arm and sat up stiffly and groaned.

"Ah!" he sighed in a moment. "I thought it was all over then. By heavens, Hartly!" he shouted as he turned his eyes to me—eyes big, bulging and seemingly full of some terrible dread. "How can you sit there so unmoved? How can you—how can you—how can you?"

For some time to come my mind was in a shriek, and I became convinced that Marsden and I could not go on to Baltimore that night unless I was willing to constitute myself the guardian of a maniac.

"I—I am quite as upset, Tom," I replied. "Quite as deeply grieved over the possibility of Jack's death."

"Don't speak of it—don't . . . of it!" he shuddered, cowering . . . into the corner of the cab and hiding his face with his hands.

"Hartly, I don't believe you understand," he added, gravely, after a minute or two of silence. "Do you understand that it means oblivion? Do you comprehend that it means absolute annihilation, destruction, a blotting out forever? Do you—do you realize that?"

He fairly shook me with his grip on my arm as he gasped this out.

"No, I do not," I answered shortly. "I believe, as you used to believe, in a God in heaven, and I have not changed, and I know that Masterson has no reason to fear death. His soul is the purest"—

"I am not thinking of Masterson," he cried, and then, his voice sinking into a whisper, he muttered. "I refer to ourselves. We shall vanish; we shall be blotted out. Masterson's soul is all right, but ours—we have no souls. With his death we are plunged into formlessness—we become zeros."

"My dear Marsden," I said, trying hard to conceal my perturbation, for I was now convinced that he was mad, "my dear Tom, don't talk that way. Keep quiet. All will go well. All"—

"It cannot," he retorted, "if Jack Masterson dies. If Jack Masterson dies we—Hartly, do you realize what you are, what I am? I, with all my hopes, all my ambitions, my loves, my hates, every thing, am but a flingent in the brain of Jack Masterson. You are the same, I know. I have studied—I have seen. When that mind ceases to work and that imagination to fancy, you and I, John Hartly, cease to be!"

As Marsden spoke the cab stopped at my door and we entered the house. I was simply appalled at the horror of Marsden's hallucination and at the new responsibility for his welfare that had temporarily devolved upon me. He was mad; but how mad? Was it curable or not? I feared. I felt that but one thing was needed to upset his mind altogether, and that was Masterson's death. Now I had I any hope that that was a blow to be averted. What to do was the question, and my own feelings were that unless that question were speedily solved I should myself stand in mental peril.

We went to my apartments, and shoved under the door I found a telegram awaiting me. To open it was the work of a moment, and then Marsden, feeling that it must be from Baltimore, snatched it from me and tried to read it, but fortunately he could not, his eyes were so filled with the fears of fear.

"Read it!" he cried, trembling with excitement. "Read it!"

I took it, and casting my eyes over the line saw the announcement of the fatal termination of Jack's illness. "Jack died at 5 o'clock this afternoon," it said; but I did not dare read it aloud.

"What does it say?" gasped Marsden. "The danger is over, and there is no need of our going to Baltimore."

"Thank God!" cried Marsden, falling on his knees and then with a groan sinking in a faint to the floor.

* * *

Marsden is still connected with the asylum in Massachusetts, he thinks as a consulting physician, but as the world knows, as a patient, and I—I bear the burden of my deceit in that brotherhood night by conducting the correspondence of two corners of our triangle of love—my own corner and that of Masterson, of whose death Marsden has never heard, for the experts say that were he ever to hear of his friend's decease, so strongly does he believe himself a part of the dead man's day dreams, the small remainder of his once strong mind would be utterly blotted out.—H. W. Harkness in Frank Leslie's.

The Number "Three" in the Bible.

When the world was created we find it and its surroundings composed of three elements—air, water and land—the whole lighted by the sun, moon and stars. Adam had three sons mentioned by name, and so did Noah the patriarch. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for the crime of praying three times. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were rescued from the fiery furnace. Job had three special friends. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Samuel was called three times; Elijah prostrated himself three times on the dead body of the child; Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the secret of his great power, and the Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day.

Jonah was three days and nights in the whale's belly. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Paul makes mention of the Three Graces—Faith, Hope and Charity. The famous allegorical dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days. Then we have the Holy Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the sacred letters on the cross were three in number, they being I. H. S.; so also the famous Roman motto was composed of three words—viz., In hoc signo.—St. Louis Republic.

A Tale of Two Barns.

There was a man named Hibbs who bought a farm, built a large, stately dwelling at the end of a long, shady avenue of maples and settled down to enjoy the comfort and independence of a farmer's life. He built a cozy little barn of logs and shingled it with clapboards.

There was another man of the name of Hubbs who bought a farm in the same neighborhood, built a cozy little dwelling of logs, shingled it with clapboards and settled down to the hard, grinding monotony of a farmer's life. This man Hubbs built a large, stately barn at the end of a long, shady avenue of maples. At the end of ten years Hibbs' big house had broken him up, and Hubbs' big barn had enabled him to buy Hibbs' stately dwelling for about half price and move it over on his own farm.

Hubbs has a big dwelling and a big barn and represents his county in the state legislature. Hibbs has a little log cabin and a little log stable and is trying to sell out to Hubbs. He wants to quit farming and travel with a peddling wagon.—Toronto Mail.

Unconscious Feminine Cruelty.

"Let me off at Thirteenth street, conductor," said a woman as she paid her fare on a Broadway car at Cortlandt street.

The car was packed, the place just two miles away and the woman a New Yorker. From 50 to 100 people would get on and off, half a hundred stops were to be made and something like a half to three-quarters of an hour would be consumed before reaching Thirteenth street.

Yet this woman, who bore evidences of more than ordinary intelligence in her face and from her easy self assurance every indication of being able to take care of herself, expected the conductor to remember her request and to put her off at the right street.

The Broadway conductors are the hardest worked, most abused and criticised railroad officials in this city, but this is the sort of thing they are called upon to endure every hour in the day. It is usually at the hands of women, and is unnecessary, foolish and cruelly inconsiderate.—New York Herald.

The Height of the Atmosphere.

Calculations, based on the observation of the refraction of light, have caused it to be supposed that the air becomes so rare at the height of about sixty miles that that distance may be regarded as the limit to its sensible extent; but other calculations, made during the present century, of the distance from the earth at which meteors ignite indicate that the atmosphere extends to upward of a hundred miles.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two Striking Heights.

Sir William Don, when quartered with his regiment at Nottingham, was walking in the market place, and was met by two mechanics, one of whom thus addressed him: "Sir William, me and my mate wa got a bet of a quart of ale about yer, and we wants to know yer 'ight." Sir William answered, "My height is 6 feet 7, and yours is the height of impudence."—London Journal.

AT THE BABY'S BEDTIME.

This is baby's bedtime.
My little one comes to me
In her snowy little nightgown
And kneels down on my knee.
And I fancy a cherub child angel
Is for a time my guest
As she says her little prayers over
With her hands upon her breast.

"Now I lay me," she whispers
In low voice, "down to sleep.
I pray the Lord"—and the blue eyes
Half close—"my soul to keep.
If I should die"—oh, the shiver
At my heart!—"before I wake,
I pray the Lord"—and the eyelids
Droop low—"my soul to take."

Then I lift up the little one, clinging
Her close to my loving heart,
And give her warm, good night kisses
Till the closed lids break apart
As the leaves do, folding a flower,
And the violets of her eyes
Look up in their dewy fashion
And smile at me anew.

"Good night," she whispers me softly
And quietly, with a kiss
That lingers with me in slumber,
And stirs my heart with bliss.
As I think of the little one dreaming
With her head pillowed on my breast,
Till my sleep is as full of rapture
As her dreaming is of rest.
—Ellen E. Boxford.

A Strange Death.

Thomas Odell, a young man of twenty-two years, living seven miles back of Greenup, Ky., has met death in a strange manner. He had been a puzzle to physicians for several years. He was affected by what he ate to such an extent that when he indulged in beef eating about an hour afterward he would become restless and wander out in search of cattle and bellow as an ox, and would get down on his hands and knees and eat grass like a cow. When he partook of mutton his actions were those of a sheep, and he would plaintively bleat like a lamb. When he ate chicken he would go out and scratch for worms, which he would devour with apparent relish.

After eating fish he would wander to the creek and go in swimming. One day his father killed several squirrels, of which the son ate heartily for dinner. He left the house shortly after and was followed by the father. The latter saw him enter an oak grove, and soon saw his son jumping nimbly from limb to limb, at the same time barking like a squirrel. He called for him to come down, but this only seemed to make the boy want to escape, and he attempted to jump from one tree to another, but missed and fell to the ground, a mangled, breathless mass of humanity, and expired in less than five minutes.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Military Handkerchief.

Permission for soldiers to carry pocket handkerchiefs will now probably be given, for I see the war office authorities have sanctioned a military handkerchief being patented by Lieutenant Colonel Fulton.

On this handkerchief is printed all sorts of useful information concerning the use and construction of the Lee-Metford rifle, the alphabet used by army signalers, general rules to be observed in any position in which a soldier may find himself on campaign, the various bugle calls and other things, many of which are so nicely illustrated that it would be a thousand pities to use it in the manner naturally prompted by a cutting "nor'easter."—Leeds Mercury.

In a Railroad Wreck.

"Say, these things are mighty funny afterward," said the baggageman, "but when they happen it's nothing to laugh about. When we bumped into that freight just out of Chicago three years ago I was sitting back in the car checking up. It threw me down and then I started to crawl for the back door. The tender telescoped and came through at me. It didn't stop till I was within four feet of the back of the car, and I sat there waiting for it to catch me. I remember it had '487' in red figures, and as it came grindin through at me every figure looked ten feet high. When it stopped I could reach out and touch it."—Chicago News-Record.

A Beautiful Toast.

On a grand day in the old chivalric times, when the lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, when it came to St. Leon's turn he lifted the sparkling cup on high and gave them this: "I drink to one," he said, "whose image never may depart, deep carven on the human heart, till memory is dead." With that he paused as if he would not breathe her name in careless mood thus lightly to another, then bent his noble head as though to give that word the reverence due, and gently said—"my mother!"—London Tit-Bits.

English Law and Hidden Treasure.

It may be some encouragement to English treasure seekers, if any such there be in these enlightened days, to know that the laws of treasure trove only apply to such as is discovered by accident. Treasure discovered by systematic search would not come within this description, neither would finds discovered by astrological or cabalistic sciences or by the potent influence of the divining rod.—All the Year Round.

Modern Matrimony.

Jones (calling on Smith in the evening)—I thought I would find you at home. You don't go out much at night now?

Smith—No. I've given up all my clubs and societies. I should be glad to have you come up and spend an evening with me occasionally.

Jones—But your wife might think me in the way.

Smith—Oh, she's never home at night till late. Tonight she's at a meeting of the Ladies' Society for Supplying Thimbles to the Destitute Poor. Tomorrow night she goes to the Queen's Daughters, next night to the sociable of the Royal Women, and so on every night. Come up and see a fellow. It's awfully lonely to be married, I can tell you.—New York Press.

Suffocated by Sweet Odors.

The Sybarites slept on beds stuffed with rose leaves; the tyrant Dionysius had his couch filled with them; Verres would travel with a garland on his head and around his neck, and over his litter he had a thin net, with rose leaves intertwined. Antiochus luxuriated upon a bed of blooms even in winter days and nights, and when Cleopatra entertained Antony she had roses covering the floor to the depth, it is said, of an ell.

We are told that Heliogabalus supplied so many at one of his banquets that several of his guests were suffocated in the endeavor to extricate themselves from the abundance—victims of a surfeit of sweet odors.—Philadelphia Times.

Ammonia in Coal.

Some 15,000,000 tons of coal are burned in London yearly. About 3,000,000 are utilized by the gas manufacturing companies; 9,000,000 are burned in household and industrial fire grates. Each ton contains sufficient ammonia to produce, if treated with sulphuric acid, twenty-two to twenty-eight pounds of sulphate of ammonia. The total loss of this fertilizing agent is therefore, say, 9,000 tons. As the price of sulphate of ammonia is £9 10s. the ton, the monetary loss is £94,905 every year. If we were less wasteful we should not be so much obliged to ransack Chili and Peru for artificial manures.—National Review.

Hard to Find.

Walter Satterlee, the artist, says one of the greatest difficulties he meets is the lack of models in this country whose hair is so black that it has blue or purple lights in it. He adds that what he wants is common in Europe, but almost unattainable here.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Great Purse.

He was in his study on a Saturday night when a visitor was announced, and there entered one of his subterranean parishioners, who, having cautiously looked round to see that there were no listeners, addressed his clergyman with an air of grave, mysterious importance: "Mester Whitworth, you've been very kind to my ould girl when she wor sick so long abed, and I want to do yer a good turn, and I can do yer a good turn. There's going to be the greatest dog fight in this place tomorrow, and I can get yer into the inner ring!"—Dean Hole's "Memories."

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, JOHNSON & LOSS, Props., Burlington, Vt.
Sold by W. F. Biery.

$10,000
will be paid for a recipe enabling us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that the retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. At present the retail price is 20c.
This offer is open until January 1st, 1895. For particulars address the undersigned.
ACME BLACKING is made of pure alcohol, other liquid dressings are made of water. Water costs nothing. Alcohol is dear. Who can show us how to make it without alcohol so that we can make ACME BLACKING as cheap as water dressing, or put it in fancy packages like many of the water dressings, and then charge for the outside appearance instead of charging for the contents of the bottle?
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

PIK-RON
is the name of a paint of which a 25c. bottle is enough to make six scratched and dulled chairs look like newly finished mahogany. It will do many other remarkable things which no other paint can do. All retailers sell it.

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