THE APOLOGY.

Chide not if here you haply find
  The rough romance of country love;
I sing as well the brook and wind
  The green below, the blue above.

Here shall you read of spreading trees,
  The velvet of the sparrow's neck;
Sometimes shall glance the glowing tress,
  And Laura's snow without a speck.

The crab that sets the mouth awry,
  The chestnut with its douse of pink,
The splendid palace of the sky,
  The pool where drowsy cattle drink.

The stack where Colin hides to catch
  The milkmaid with her beaded load;
The singing lark, a poet's match,
  That travels up the great blue road;

The cherry whence the blackbird bold
  Steals ruby mouthfuls at his ease,
The glory of laburnum gold,
  The valiant piping of the breeze—

All, all are here. The rustic Muse
  Shall sing the pansy and the thrush.
Ah, chide not if she sometimes choose
  The country love, the country blush!

—N. R. Gale.

THE BLACK PEARL.

The harbor of Acapulco is an ideal one for shelter, and after the steamer is once at anchor it is a source of mystery to the passengers who have not been on deck how she ever entered the quiet little bay. The high, blue mountains in the background, the tall palms and tropical green down to the water's edge, along the shore the tiled and thatched houses—among the oldest on the coast—and on the rising ground to the right the ancient fort and military prison—all these make a sight that fills a lover of the picturesque with enthusiasm.

The waters about the steamer are thick with the boats and dugouts of the bumboat women and dirty native boys peddling fruit, shells, pearls and a world of indescribables, all keeping up a constant din of jabbering jargon, that, with the hundreds of half naked natives passing from the ship to the lighters discharging cargo, makes an exciting scene, in sharp contrast to the peaceful outlook on the shore beyond.

From the ship the city seems but a collection of small adobes, scattered here and there along the hillside, with an occasional long, low white building in view. But no sooner has the traveler passed the gates of the custom house than a little city of 12,000 inhabitants lies before him under the shelter of the hill, with thriving stores thronged with dark eyed senoritas and men in white linen or bespangled velvet, many of the latter with the flaming serape hanging over the shoulder.

Edmund Warren represented an American house. He had taken the place of the traveler who for years had made the annual visit to the Mexican seaports. He had never seen Acapulco before, nor had Henry Sanford, who accompanied him on this trip. They had only just landed and become settled in the miserable excuse for a hotel in time to enjoy a delicious comida, when they felt an impulse to join the throngs which filled the clean paved streets as evening came and night soon followed the footsteps of the sultry day.

Passing down the street leading by the stores, the market and the plaza, just back of the custom house, a small space under sheltering palms opened to view, where night after night the lower classes assembled to watch the fandango. The crowd of dark skinned men and women, all dressed in the garb of the locality, stood out in the dim light of the long torches planted here and there among the throng, like ghosts of departed senoritas and caballeros. All were watching the couples dancing the monotonous clog quadrille on the low platform to the music of drum, tambourine and guitar. With hands on hips and heads thrown back, the dancers faced each other on the boards arms' length apart, and the constant stamping of little feet and the changing from side to side was kept up until all were exhausted and others took their places.

The Americans had mingled with the throng about the dancers, watching alternately the platform and the groups of girls about. Soon soft eyes had discovered the strangers, and coquettish glances went out from beneath long lashes. Warren was never happy unless in love and in love with every pretty face that came across his path. His heart beat faster as he caught the glances shot at himself and and Henry, and he nearly pinched the latter's arm off as a smile came from a dark eyed beauty on the edge of the throng.

"Gad, Henry! Such eyes! Did you ever see their like?" he exclaimed. "I must see where she lives. Are you with me?" and he rubbed his hands in anticipation of an adventure. Henry was quite as ready for a lark as his companion.

Ten o'clock. The dancing was over, and the crowd scattered through the dark streets.

"You had better look out for that tall Mexican with your beauty, Ned. He may stick a knife into us," cautioned Henry.

"Nonsense. Come on," was the other's rejoinder.

They did not notice the native police, not uniformed, but armed, following some distance behind as the Americans dogged the footsteps of the first conquest of the amorous Warren, nor did they know their custom of "running in" the foreigner on any pretext whatever for the revenue of the paltry fine. Muriella Narvaez knew full well that her new admirers were close behind, and so did her tall lover. He bade her good night as Warren and Sanford passed, and went back toward the plaza. If the Americans could have heard his consultation with Old China, the bumboat woman and character of Acapulco, they might even now be back in their native city.

The young men retraced their steps and found the olive skinned beauty still in the door. They saluted. The bow was returned.

"Adelante, senors," a pretty voice said, and they accepted with alacrity the invitation to enter. Candles burned dimly in a corner filled with bottles—mescal aguardiente and aquilla. Several other girls, quite as pretty as the captor of Warren's transitory affections, were seated about, some on stools and some on a low couch in the corner. Two had guitars.

"Here's luck, Henry," whispered Warren, and they were soon quite at home in the little white adobe, though to Henry there seemed something uncanny about the place. To the Americans, used to the luxurious fittings of a metropolitan home, the bare walls and dirt floors, covered with palm patates, were a new experience.

While laughter and song came from the little house, and the Americans were whispering love nothings in the ears of newly found amorenx, in another house not far from the water more serious words were passing between Old China and the tall lover of Muriella. The old dealer in green cocoanuts and occult mysteries was listening with ill concealed pleasure to the man who was begging a favor at her hands. No love scrape about the shores of that pretty bay ever escaped her notice, and nothing pleased the stout old bumboat woman so much as to be sought out by the amorous of the upper classes to listen to such information from her lips as is sought from the "second sight" mediums of our own country.

"So you want to buy the Black Pearl! To buy it! You fool!" shrieked Old China when the Mexican had finished his story. "What do you know about it?"

"I know what was said when the comandante was found dead, and that the police were afraid to search for it. Five hundred pesos for its use tonight—that is all I ask."

"The police are fools, and you are a fool. I know nothing about the Black Pearl."

"Come, China. A thousand pesos for its use and the knowledge how to use it."

"A thousand pesos," muttered the old woman. "Have you the money with you?"

"Aye, that I have, and I want its use for only this one night."

China waddled into an adjoining room, whence after much delay she brought forth a package carefully wrapped and sealed. "You must not undo this, senor," she said, "or you, too, will suffer if you see the pearl."

* * * * * *

The laughter and song in the adobe casita stopped at a knock on the outer door, and Ned Warren's pretty Acapulcan answered the summons. A neat parcel was handed her by the messenger, which she eagerly unfolded. "With the compliments of ——," it said, but she knew the handwriting.

"How funny at this hour!" she thought, but her snapping black eyes danced with glee as she undid the parcel and found it to contain an immense black pearl set in beaten yellow metal of quaint workmanship. At her exclamation of delight the others grouped about, and the object of their admiring glances was laid upon the table for inspection.

An instinctive shudder passed through Sanford as Muriella laid it under the candle light. It seemed to emit a peculiar light, and a queer, pricking sensation went through his veins as he viewed the jewel—the largest of its kind he had ever seen. As he looked a feeling of exhilaration came over him, such as he had not felt during the evening.

"That last drink of tequila was too much," he thought, but the others, too, were beginning to evince signs of liveliness even greater than all the hilarity of the night had brought forth. A faint blue haze seemed to cover every object in the room. The figures of the girls at intervals looked far away and then near by, while a feeling of utter recklessness pervaded his whole being. All the phantasms of the opium eater could not be more weird than those which came into Sanford's brain as his gaze was riveted on the jewel lying among the candles grouped around it on the table. In their dim light it seemed to grow and grow, emitting a demoniacal glow that, but for the spirit of recklessness which possessed him, would have filled his soul with dread.

"The fandango," cried one of the girls, with a wild burst of laughter. "Let us dance once more, for I feel as though my feet were on fire," and when the guitar sounded the notes of the dance the dancers seemed to enter into it with fiendish delight and boisterous enthusiasm. Back and forth they crossed, swaying like willows in the wind, with hands on hips and heads well back, their feet pattering and stamping to the twanging of the guitar. Faster and faster their movements became, as the music seemed to fill every fiber with its wild action.

* * * * * *

Five bodies were found in the adobe casita next morning, but with no marks of violence or other signs to show the cause of death.

The gossips of that quaint Mexican seaport tell a weird tale of a black pearl, taken from the gulf, that acts upon beholders as does the loco weed upon all who taste that evil plant, and they tell, too, of a mad dance of death years ago when two foreigners and three beauties of the place fell exhausted about the jewel, whose demoniacal fire kept them treading the fandango till every energy was gone and life went from them.—John Craig in San Francisco Argonaut.

A New Class of Compounds.

The "nitro metals" are a new class of compounds discovered by Sabatier and Senderens. They have found that reduced copper absorbs, in the cold, the vapors of nitrogen peroxide, heat being disengaged during the process. The product is a maroon colored compound, the composition of which is represented by the formula Cu2NO2. This is nitrocopper. A similar compound has been obtained with cobalt.—New York Journal.

The Most Magnificent Array of Diamonds.

Mrs. John Bloodgood is said by the most noted of the London jewelers to have a more magnificent array of diamonds than any woman extant. She was one of the four Americans who were able to secure a box at the opera in London during the summer of 1892, and her diamonds even in that show excited the greatest comment.—New York Recorder.

Using the Hand In Counting.

The natives of Erroob and some of the Cape Yorkers of Australia have words for "one," "two" and "three," but for "four" they say "the whole." In western Australia they have words for "one," "two," "three" and "four," while the word for "five" means "the fingers being on one hand," and "ten" "being on two hands."

One author gives a word for "fifteen"—"mehr-in-belli-belli-gudgir-jura-banga," the exact meaning of which is "the fingers on the hand on either side and half the feet." The Lower Murray nations have words for "one" and "two" only; for "five" they say "one hand;" for "ten" two hands." Very few Australian tribes can count beyond "four," their terms for "five" merely implying a large number.—Chicago Mail.

Both Parties Pleased.

A Portland lawyer says that not long ago a man came into his office thoroughly angry—as men usually are when they go on such errands. He had called upon a debtor and asked him politely for the payment of a bill of $2.50 and had been abused for his pains. Now he wanted the lawyer to collect it.

The lawyer demurred. The amount was too trifling. It would cost the whole of it to collect it.

"No matter," said the client. "I don't care if I don't get a cent, so long as that fellow has to pay it."

So the lawyer wrote the debtor a letter, and in due time the latter appeared in high dudgeon. He didn't owe any $2.50, and he wouldn't pay it.

"Very well," said the lawyer, "then my instructions are to sue. But I hardly think it will pay you to stand a suit for so small a sum."

"Who'll get the money if I pay it?" asked the man.

The lawyer was obliged to confess that he should.

"Oh, well," said the debtor, "that's another matter. If Mr. —— isn't going to get it, I am perfectly willing to pay it."

The debt was paid, the lawyer pocketed the amount, and, what is very unusual, all parties to the suit were perfectly satisfied.—Portland Argus.

She Got a Seat.

A very pretty girl stepped into a crowded car on the College avenue line. She belonged in the high school and wasn't in the habit of standing up. The car was full, but everybody else had a seat. Seven men held down the most available ones, and, strange to relate, not one of them appeared to be aware that a young woman was compelled to stand.

The pretty girl, with a quick glance of disgust about the car, took in the situation and blushed somewhat indignantly. She had a long distance to ride and couldn't cling gracefully to a strap. Two squares had been traveled when an idea took possession of her classical mind. Out came the miniature purse from the embroidered silk reticule, and the little hands fumbled among a few silver coins. A nickel dropped to the floor and rolled to the far end of the car. This is part of the plan, but it is executed dexterously, and the passengers pity her. She blushed and murmured, "How awkward of me." Unsteadily she started after the nickel, but seven men intercepted the movement and rushed to the point, as the artful maiden dropped into a comfortable seat with a sigh and deftly hid a roguish smile. The 5-cent piece was tendered by a man who assumed her place at the strap. She thanked him and looked all innocence.—

An Ingenious Reason.

The excuses which are resorted to by European tradesmen to make American tourists pay higher prices than any one else pays are often more curious than ingenious. An American who had a fine pair of boots made by a London cobbler was astonished at the price which was demanded.

"Three guineas for a pair of calf boots! It is preposterous," said the American.

"Indeed, sir," said the cobbler, "if you'd a-knowed the calf that was in that leather! It was a blooded hanimal, I assure you, sir, and bred on the hestate of the Duke of Buckingham."

The customer paid the charge at once.—Youth's Companion.

Now that the French have distinguished themselves in building canals, some Parisian engineers propose to span the English channel with a bridge 24 miles long.

DEATH'S CONQUEST.

I so loved once, when Death came by I hid
  Away my face,
And all my sweetheart's tresses she undid
  To make my hiding place.

The dread shade passed me thus unheeding, and
  I turned me then
To calm my love—kiss down her shielding hand
  And comfort her again.

And, lo! she answered not, and she did sit
  All fixedly,
With her fair face and the sweet smile of it,
  In love with Death, not me.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Poetry That Pays.

A poet, to have a successful sale for a book of verse, should bear in mind one potent fact—that the poetry for which there is the greatest general demand today is that which appeals to the heart, rather than to the mind. That is the secret of the greater sale of Longfellow's books over those of Walt Whitman; that is why Whittier outsells Browning, why a thousand copies of Dr. Holmes' poetical works are sold to one of Swinburne; why Will Carleton outsells Thomas Bailey Aldrich; why James Whitcomb Riley's poems sell as fast as they are put on the shelves, while those of Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson stand year after year looking at each other from the same relative position on the same shelves.

The cynical literary critic may sneer at Will Carleton, he may pick flaws in James Whitcomb Riley's verse, he may tell you that Eugene Field is only a newspaper poet, but does the public listen to the all knowing critic and buy the works of the long ago buried poets whom he chooses to call immortal? Ask the booksellers; ask the publishers. To defy the reader's easy conception of a thought in a poem may be to have your name included in the intense literary set, but it will not sell your poems.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Curing an Insane Patient.

A patient entered the consulting room walking backward, under the delusion that his head had got a twist round and that his face was turned the wrong way. Instead of laughing at him as I expected, the doctor entered into the case with the greatest gravity, tapping his patient's head all over, looking into his throat and ears and sympathizing with him. The patient was at once won over and placed the utmost confidence in the doctor's assurance that a complete cure would be effected in a few days, voluntarily exercising the greatest care in carrying out the medical directions, which consisted in elaborate nothings to keep the patient occupied.

A day or two afterward the doctor met him with feigned surprise and congratulated him. "On what?" asked the patient. "Judge for yourself," replied the doctor, handing him a mirror. The man surveyed his corrugated countenance intently for a few seconds, when with the dawn of conviction there stole a grin into his stern features. Thanking the doctor, he skipped out of the room in a frenzy of delight.—London Tit-Bits.

Of Course You Read

The testimonials frequently published in this paper relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are from reliable people, state simply facts, and show beyond a doubt that Hood's Cures. Why don't you try this medicine? Be sure to get Hood's.

Constipation, and all troubles digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

Henry VII. of England was a miser.

Every town in Lexico has a public bath house.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazle Salve will cure them. T. D. Thomas.

Friederich the gran of Prussa was a musician.

Subscribe for this paper $1 a year.

It is truth in medicine the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform the cure, and are the best. Thomas, Druggist.

We feel sorry for the home that is not enlivened by a sister's presence.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

In Japan women work a stevedores.

The most intelligent people of our community recognize in DeWitt's Little Early Risers pills of unequaled merit for dyspepsia headache and constipation. Very small, perfect in action. Thomas, Druggest.

Cherubini, the great Italian opera writer, was the son of a theater violinist.

Love Sunshine & Co., is the name of a Jahnstown, Penn., firm.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Cornes, 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.

A live cottonwood tree with petrified roots is growing near Atchison Kan.

Texas permits high toned convicts to hire substitutes to work for them in the convict camps.

The Boston Star

and how to deal with them, and other valuable medical information, will be found in Dr Kaufmann's great Medical Work; elegant colored plates. Send three 2-cent stamps to pay postage to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

An Independence, Ind., woman is said to have become paralyzed by eating popcorn.

The wind from the North blows sharp and keen, and bad effects of colds are seen. One Minute Cough Cure so safe and sure, will quickly perform a wonderous cure. T. D. Thomas.

Most men are attracted their mental equals; most women to their mental superiors.

The breaking up of the winer is the signal for the breaking up of the system. Nature is opening up the pores and throwing off refuse. DeWitt's Sarsaparilla is of unquestionable assistance in this operation. Thomas, Druggist.

USE DA NA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

More mushrooms are raised in the vicinity of Paris than in any other place in the world.

Bad complexion indicates an unhealthy state of the system. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are pills that will correct this condition. They act on the liver, they act on the stomach, they act on the bowels. T. D. Thomas, Druggist.

The best dressed man in the house of representatives is Henry H. Bingham, of Pennsylvania.

Some of the Grand Army boys may be interested in the following from Alex B Pope, A. D. C., Commander Dep't, Tenn, and Ga, He says: "We have had an epidemic of whooping cough here (Stewart, Tenn,) and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been the only medicine that has done any good." There is no danger from whooping cough, when this remedy is freely given. It completely controls the disease. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Reber, Lehighton, and Biery, Weissport.

Subscribe for the ADVOCATE.

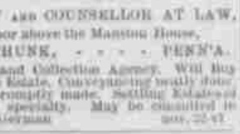
Touthern factories are making paper from palmetto.

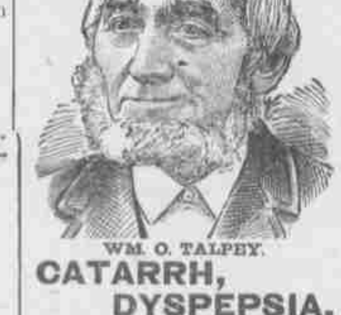
A SAFE INVESTMENT.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Carter, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Free Trial Bottles at Reber's Drug Store, Lehighton, and Biery's Drug Store, Weissport. Marge bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

A man's second childhood begins when a woman gets hold of him.

"COMMUNICATED."





PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned offers at Private Sale the following articles—

One Blake Stone Crusher, 100 Ton Capacity.

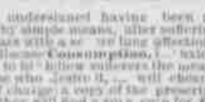
One 16 H. P. Engine and Boiler.

A variety of Plows and Tools suitable for Road making. Apply to

W. H. REBER, Harrity, Pa.

A load of sorrow doesn't wear one so much as a swarm of annoyances.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."



AT SEA IN A SAILBOAT

BATTLING FOR TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS WITH ADVERSE WINDS.

Part of a Ship's Crew Undergo a Terrible Experience After Being Wrecked In the Pacific Ocean—A Brave Woman Was One of the Sufferers.

Captain Peterson of the bark Lady Lampson, his wife and five seamen arrived in Honolulu in an emaciated condition. They came in an open boat only 18 feet long and reported that they had been 28 days tossing about on the Pacific. While the occupants of the frail craft were not entirely without provisions during their long battle with the elements, the effects of short commons and lack of sleep and shelter were palpably apparent. Mrs. Peterson, who was clad in a thin black gown, was worn nearly to a shadow, and her strength failed her completely as she was lifted from the boat and taken into the Eagle House.

The men were sunburned, leaden eyed and listless. Their heads drooped, and it was with difficulty that they could be got to speak, but Captain Peterson told in a few words that the Lady Lampson had been wrecked at night on a reef near Palmyra island when 44 days out from Sydney, and the crew were compelled to take to the boats. He was very weak and spoke in a whisper, at the same time begging that his wife be taken where she could get nourishment and a little rest.

The Kanakas lent willing hands to help the waifs of the ocean into hacks and carriages, and they were quickly driven to where they could command attention. The little boat in which they had journeyed over 1,000 miles became an object of interest for hundreds of people. It was partly decked in with canvas, and strips of the same material had been stretched above the gunwale on either side to prevent her being swamped. In the boat were a couple of nearly empty water kegs and a small quantity of biscuit and canned goods.

"I haven't had my clothing off for 28 days," said Captain Peterson when seen at the Eagle House. He was hollow cheeked and unshaven and looked indeed as if he had suffered both mentally and physically. "The Lady Lampson," he said, "was from Sydney, and we were bound to this port with 600 tons of coal for Wilder & Co. We left Sydney last November and were 44 days out when the vessel struck. We had had bad weather near Feejee, having been in a hurricane for 24 hours, but after that we had fine northeast winds until we got near Palmyra island, when the weather became dirty. It was 5:30 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 16 when we struck. I had not had an observation for two days. The night had been dark and stormy, but the water was smooth then. I knew I was to the east of the island, and that there was a sunken reef somewhere around. I was on deck myself and had two men on the lookout aloft. There is a strong westerly current there, and I guess we were going about five knots an hour with all sails set.

"Five minutes after she struck she began to break up, and I ordered the boats out. We lowered the two boats. I took charge of one, and First Mate Harry Miller took the other. In my boat there were, besides my wife and myself, Second Mate C. Brown and Seaman W. Carloon (both Swedes), Cabin Boy W. Hayden of Liverpool, F. Weller, the cook, who is a German, and E. Everson, a Norwegian sailor. The mate's boat contained a German sailor named Snyder Oscar Magnersen, a Swede; J. Jorgensen, a German, and a seaman named Martin.

"We started for Palmyra island in company about 7 in the morning, having only five gallons of water for the two boats. The island is only 40 miles from the reef, but the current and tide were so strong that we were trying for nine days to make headway against them, but couldn't. We drifted to the westward, so I resolved to put back to the bark. We suffered greatly through want of water, and we had barely enough to moisten our tongues, which were swollen and dry.

"We found the bark settling down and the water washing over her, so we got aboard quickly and put some canned goods, biscuit and water into the boats. We rigged the boats with canvas and then started again for Palmyra island. We tried for two days to make headway, but the heavy swell and wind baffled us. Thinking I would lose sight of the mate's boat, I told him to steer for Honolulu, and I steered for here myself. We lost sight of the other boat and have had heavy gales ever since. I have only had an hour's sleep at a time during the day, and have never laid down. At nighttime the spray came over, wetting us all to the skin, and in the day we dried our clothes in the sun, if there was any. The men have been quiet and uncomplaining, even though on short allowance of food and water, and, thank goodness, we lost nobody from our boat. It was a terrible experience, though, the worst I have met with during 14 years of seafaring.

"After we passed the island of Maui we struck a storm, and the boat half filled with water. We thought then it was all over after passing through so many other dangers, but we managed to bail her out and keep her right. The first vessel we saw since we struck, 28 days ago, was a steam schooner off Diamond head this morning. I hope the mate's boat is safe, and if he steered to the eastward I think they are all right."

The Lady Lampson was well known in San Francisco. She belonged to J. J. Moore. Captain Peterson owned a quarter share in her and had his interest insured for $10,000 in the Fireman's Insurance company. He reckons that he has lost $8,000 in instruments, furniture, charts and short insurance.—Cor. San Francisco Examiner.

Hop Growing In England.

Hops are chiefly grown in Kent, which yields more than one-half of the annual crop. Nevertheless there has been a diminution in the acreage during the last 20 years to the extent of nearly 4,000 acres.—Gardener's Chronicle.

The Lawyer Has the Deed.

A young lawyer in the city had as a client some time ago a negro charged with assault and battery, and the accused now owes his liberty to the fine work done in his behalf by his counsel, who put up the plea of insanity as his defense and was sustained by the jury. It was a hard fight. The fee was a good one, but the negro had no cash. In lieu thereof he deeded a building lot in the suburbs to his lawyer, who accepted the deed, duly signed and delivered, and locked it away in his safe.

A short time ago he bethought him that with the help of a building and loan association he might put a house on that lot and increase its value, so he offered the property for a loan to one of the home building and loan associations. His application was duly received, but when he went around to hear the result the secretary told him that the committee had rejected the application.

The astonished lawyer asked the reason; the lot was good, the loan small and title good, for he had examined into that part of it. The secretary said that the committee differed with the lawyer as to the title, because while they themselves were not lawyers they failed to see how a negro who had been released by a jury on a plea of insanity could give a good title to property. The young lawyer still has the deed.—Macon Telegraph.

A manifest bit of wisdom is to refrain from criticism of food. The sauce may not be quite piquant enough, the salad may be wilted, but in the name of decency say nothing about it in either case.

The carnation by reason of its real merit has since 1860 rapidly forced itself into an important place in the flower trade of the northern and central parts of our country.

Professor Bell, of telephone fame, is a large, strongly built man who looks as though he enjoys life. He has a most contagious smile.

It was not until 1826 that the New England mackerel fisheries were prosecuted with any appreciable success.

FOR SALE.

A farm situated in Towamensing township, Carbon county, Pa. about [illegible] miles from Weissport, on road leading from said place to Kresgeville containing [illegible] acres of [illegible] land [illegible] A TWO STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE [illegible] Terms of sale will be made known by

JOHN REBER,
Harrity, Pa.