AN INDIAN WIND SONG.

The wolf of the winter wind is swift,
And hearts are still and cheeks are pale
When we hear his howl in the ghostly drift
As he rushes past on a phantom trail.
And all the night we huddle and fear,
For we know that his path is the path of death,
And the dames burn low when his steps are near
And the dim fire reeks with his grave cold breath.

The fawn of the wind of the spring is shy,
Her light feet rustle the sere, white grass,
The trees are roused as she runs by,
In the pattering rain we hear her pass.
And the low muttering we cast aside
While we winnow the golden, hoarded maize,
Or the earth awakes with a thrill of pride
To deck her beauty for festal days.

The hawk of the summer wind is proud;
She circles high at the throne of the sun,
When the storm is fierce her scream is loud,
And the scintillating glances of her eye we shun
And oftentimes when the noon is bright
Silence falls on the choirs of song,
And the partridge shrinks in a wild affright
Where a searching shadow swings along.

The hound of the autumn wind is slow;
He loves to bask in the heat and sleep
When the sun through the drowsy haze bends low
And frosts from the hills through the starlit night creep.
But oftentimes he starts in his dreams
When the howl of the winter wolf draws nigh,
Then lazily rolls in the gold warm beams
While the flocking birds to the south drift by.
—P. McArthur in Youth's Companion.

THE SLIPPER TRICK.

This varnished dancing pump was slipped off the foot of an exquisite young man at a reception at one of the leading salons of Paris. My eminently correct appearance need not turn up their aristocratic noses at the vulgar lack of delicacy betrayed by my exquisite young man. Let him among you who does not adore a dainty foot cast the first stone.

Octave Latournelle—that is my exquisite young man's name—was not only a perfect dancer. He possessed not only two very nimble legs, but two very nimble hands, whereof the adroitness was the admiration of all his friends. Indeed the most expert conjurer would not have been ashamed to own him for a pupil. At his word of command watches passed from one pocket to another, gold coins vanished into thin air, flowers grew upon him as if on a magical bush—he drew them forth from his pockets, his sleeves, his waistcoat, his cravat, in quantities sufficient to decorate the corsages of all the ladies present, and this after having, by way of preamble, turned his pockets inside out, rolled up his sleeves and opened his waistcoat. In a word, he was the enchanter of the best drawing rooms and the spoiled child of the ladies.

Perhaps, rather than the spoiled child, he considered himself the petted darling. At any rate he was in love, and he made that fact known with the audacity love often gives success.

The object of his adoration was the young wife of General Pascalon—it is certainly the husband's rank that restrains me from mentioning the disparity of their ages. But all generals have young wives, which is only another proof that the truly brave do not recoil from danger of any kind. It is traditional in cases of this kind that the husband should be jealous, but General Pascalon was not so. But if he was not an Othello, neither was he a fool.

Trusting in the loyalty of his young wife, he cherished no illusions. He enjoyed many a Palais Royal farce—with his wife by his side more often than not, to which was imprudent perhaps—but he also escorted her to balls, never pleading his age as an excuse, and waited patiently for her till after the cotillion, and to all appearances his wife was quite content.

Perhaps she was so. But there were plenty of young fellows who would look down at you from the high superiority of their 25 years if you ventured to express such an idea and say:

"With an old fellow like that! Really you are too refreshing."

The general was not to be laughed at. He knew his danger, not only before all the world had seen it, but before any one else suspected it, and he saved his honor like a man of intelligence—which indeed he could have done in no other way.

And this brings us down at last to the varnished slipper of the exquisite young man.

I have said that the affair took place in the midst of a reception. Dancing going on in the larger rooms. The general was chatting with some of the older guests in a small room adjoining the one set out with card tables. He happened to glance carelessly toward the players and started suddenly in surprise.

"Bless me," said he, putting up his glasses, "there's my wife at a whist table. I certainly thought she was waltzing or polking or something, and there she is playing whist. She must be very tired, for she never plays cards and is always dancing. I shall have to scold her," he added, with a laugh, "for indulging herself so much in her favorite pleasure that she has to do penance at the card table," and he strolled leisurely toward the players.

A bottle knocking his glasses from his nose as he reached the whist table, he stooped to pick them up and saw beneath the table a slipper, a patent leather pump, from which its tenant had escaped, and now, shod only in fine black silk hose, was pushed against the little foot of the general's wife. But he also noticed that the latter constantly avoided the foot that so persistently pursued her own.

"Hum," said the general, taking in the situation at a glance, "the fortress is attacked, but it is well defended. I have arrived just in time." Then, smiling calmly as if he had seen nothing, of discussing over his wife's chair, questioning and advising her play, he devoted himself to a feat that would have furnished a dramatist with an irresistibly comic theme, considering the difficulties of the situation. The general had undertaken to draw toward him with the tip of his boot the abandoned slipper, provoking every instant sudden jerks from jostled neighbors, protestations from disturbed players, astonished looks from those who would see the extraordinary movements of his leg and the remonstrance from his wife:

"My dear, what makes you knock my chair about so? You are giving me a headache."

At this moment the mistress of the house came up to ask Latournelle if he would not perform some of his amusing tricks.

"Certainly; I shall be delighted," he answered nervously, preoccupied as he was by the extraordinary movements of the general, who stooped down just then to pick up something and immediately got up and left the group.

"Well, sir," said the lady, "give me your arm, and I will introduce you. Your audience is growing impatient."

"Certainly, madame, in just one moment," said Latournelle, feeling with chagrin for his slipper, and so recommencing the remarkable jig executed by the general a few moments before. Now the other players laughed outright—which they had not dared to do the first time. And the mistress of the house stood there, surprised at being kept waiting so long and wondering how much longer her escort would keep her in that attitude. Impatient ladies came in shoals to add their solicitations to those of their hostess.

Our young man positively had to get out of the predicament some how. He did get out of it, but with only one shoe. He also had stooped down and discovered the disappearance of the missing slipper, and he marveled in deep dismay how he was going to explain such a state of affairs.

His one shod foot provoked general mirth, then delighted applause and cries of "It's a trick! It's some trick!" The petted darling of the ladies smiled a weak smile and stammered:

"Yes, ladies, it is a trick."

Applause, accompanied by a general clapping of hands, greeted this announcement, while Latournelle kept saying to himself:

"Oh, yes, it's a great trick, but some one has played it on me, and I don't find it so very funny. If I only knew who it was—then, struck with an idea: "Hourrah! If it could be the general—his singular performance just now—and I saw him stoop down—if it was really he, it would be a pretty uncomfortable joke on me. How can I make a—?"

As he escorted the lady through the room he tried to get near the general. He managed to do so, and with the back of his hand he cautiously knocked against the pocket of the general's coat which he suspected contained the slipper. There was nothing there! He tried to sound the other pocket, but a slight move on the general's part carried him out of reach. To touch it, it was necessary to pass around on the side where it was.

"Where in the world are you taking me?" demanded the lady on his arm.

"Why—or—to the head of the room," and as he was now on the right side of the general he wanted to try the other pocket. Here was a new obstacle that he had not foreseen. The fact that the lady had the arm nearest the general made any attempt at exploration impossible. He offered the other on the pretext of an old wound which was paining him and was able at last to repeat his former tactics. This time he was satisfied. "It's there!" he murmured, and he did not enjoy the reflection that the husband of his adored one had discovered his maneuvers under the table.

"Well, I'm in a pretty mess," he concluded.

Everybody had crowded into the room, there was an expectant hush, and all were on tiptoe for the promised trick. There was no way to retreat.

"Here goes," said the imprudent lover. "I must take the plunge, come what may." And he plunged.

"Ladies," he said, "I have lost my slipper. I have not got it concealed about my person; my pockets are empty"—he turned them inside out—"nor is it in my coat"—he held it open—"nor in my waistcoat"—he unbuttoned it—"nor in my sleeves"—and he turned them up to his elbows. "You see, ladies, I have nothing in my hands or my pockets. I must find out, then, where the lost article is. Nothing is more simple. I have only to make a slight cabalistic calculation." With this he covered his face with his hands and assumed an attitude of profound cogitation. Then, without removing his hands, he counted: "One, two, three, four, five. My slipper," he cried, "is in the left pocket of the sixth person to my right."

This person was the general.

"Not bad!" the latter exclaimed under his breath, and in obedience to the universal cries of "Search yourself, search yourself, general," he drew the slipper from the pocket indicated.

A storm of applause was evoked by the brilliant success of the trick. Then, after much whispering, several voices cried, "Oh, the general is his confederate."

"Yes, yes," came a chorus of voices, "he's a confederate."

The conjurer protested.

"Do it again, then!" some one demanded, and everybody took up the cry: "Yes, yes! Do it again!"

"Oh," said a lady, "the general has just been whispering to M. Latournelle." And the cry went up again that he was a confederate.

The general affirmed that he was in no sense furthering the conjurer's devices.

"But you were just now whispering with him," insisted the witnesses of the conference.

"The exact truth is this, ladies: You asked the conjurer to repeat his performance. I just this moment told him that it was one of those tricks that should not be tried a second time. Did I not, sir?" said the general significantly.

"Precisely, general, and I shall follow your advice," replied Latournelle. "It shall not be repeated."

And it never was.—Translated For Argonaut From the French of Jules Moinaux by L. S. Vassault.

Pessimistic.

"Do you believe the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust?"

"Nixie! The unjust swipe the umbrellas."—Exchange.

Some Brilliant Sword Strokes.

Elephants are completely disabled by one blow from the Arab's two handed sword, which almost severs the huge hind leg, biting deep into the bone. This feat is varied by slashing off the trunk, leaving it dangling only by a piece of skin. A ghoorka has been seen by the late Laurence Oliphant to behead a buffalo with a single blow of his cookrie. And Sir Samuel Baker, a man powerful enough to wield during his African exploration the "baby," an elephant rifle weighing 22 pounds, once clove a wild bear with his big hunting knife almost in halves as it was making a final rush, catching it just behind the shoulder where the hide and bristles are at least a span thick. Sir Walter Scott relates how the Earl of Angus, with his huge sweeping brand, challenged an opponent to fight and at a blow chopped asunder his thighbone, killing him on the spot.

There is a story current in Australia that a Lieutenant Anderson in 1852, during an encounter with bushrangers, cut clean through the gun barrel of his adversary with his sword. And at Kassassin it is related that one of Arabi Pasha's soldiers was severed in two during the midnight charge. But in the opinion of experts this is very improbable, even had the new regulation saber then been in use.—London Globe.

German and English Weavers.

Mr. D. F. Schloss gives the following instructive contrast between English and German weavers: The well fed English weaver can without difficulty look after four looms and can with the aid of a juvenile assistant ("tenter") manage as many as six. But, as Dr. von Schulze-Gaevernitz tells us, notwithstanding that the continental manufacturers run their looms from 20 to 30 per cent slower than ours are worked, in Mulhouse and in Switzerland each weaver can only tend three, and in Germany you will seldom see a weaver able to tend more than two looms. The effect of the superiority of the English operatives upon the cost of production is shown by the fact that, although the rate of remuneration of our English weavers is about 100 per cent higher than that received by the Swiss and German "hands," yet we are able to turn out cotton cloth at a labor cost distinctly lower than that which obtains in Switzerland and Germany.—London Letter.

Caught Napping.

Uncle—Dear me, Carl, what a poor memory you have!

Nephew—A poor memory, you say? Why, I can repeat four pages of the names in the directory after reading them through only once!

Uncle—I'll bet you a hamper of champagne that you can't do it.

The nephew sends for a directory, attentively peruses four pages and shuts up the book.

Uncle—Well?

Nephew—Muller, Muller, Muller, etc., ad infinitum.

All the four pages of the directory being taken up with this familiar patronymic, our student won his bet in fine style.—Seifenblasen.

Not an Unlucky Number.

"Jason," said Mrs. Calliper to her husband as they sat at dinner, "do you think that 13 is an unlucky number?"

"No, Cynthia," said Colonel Calliper. "I can't say that I do, and I don't believe that any of us would if the subject were presented to us in a proper light. Now we fortunately are rich; we don't need money. But suppose we did, and that somebody should offer us $13,000. Would we, would anybody, my dear, decline those thousands as unlucky because they numbered 13? No, Cynthia, no, we wouldn't—not to any large or appreciable extent."—New York Sun.

For the Use of the Right Hand.

The buttons on coats, etc., are placed on the right side and the shed of the hair in boys to the left evidently to suit manipulation by the right hand. The great philosopher Newton records that at first he confined his astronomical observations to his right eye, but afterward he managed to train his left. But there are persons who could not do this, owing to the unequal strength of their eyes.—Chambers' Journal.

His Own Make.

Travers—Look here, those shoes you made rub my corns.

Shoemaker—They always creak at the end of 30 days, sir, if the bill isn't paid.—New York Herald.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
Her bounteous, golden corn!
Eons ago of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth 'was born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and tasseled sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest,
And by dew and shower from its natal hour
With honey and wine 'twas fed
Till the gods were fain to share with men
The perfect feast outspread,
For the rarest loan to the land they loved
Was the corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven sent maize—
Grains wrought of gold in a silver fold
For the sun's enraptured gaze,
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift: a seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields, but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And lavish as leaves and flowers the sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold,
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold,
But the shield of the great republic,
The glory of the west,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled corn,
Of all our wealth the best.
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the north may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the south adorn,
But the wide republic's emblem
Is the bounteous golden corn!
—Edna Dean Proctor in Century.

Instincts That Lead to Death.

Professor Mivart proved that there are "instincts" that lead to death by failing to adapt themselves to a change of circumstances. Migratory quail by thousands perish in the deserts of northern Africa, where their ancestors used to find a comfortable winter resort, abounding with forests and even with grainfield; if we shall credit Pliny's account of the Numidian coast lands. The forests are gone, but myriads of quail still follow in the same route at the risk of starvation.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Altogether Too Expensive.

Husband—I think I shall go out and catch a few fish for our dinner tomorrow.

Wife—No, Edwin, we must economize. Buy them of the regular dealer.—Detroit Free Press.

When you feel all tired out and broken up generally you need a good tonic. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best. Try it.

Camille Flamarion has arrived at the conclusion that in less than ten million years the land on our planet will be covered by water.

Forest fires in this country destroy every year $12,000 worth of timber.

Little vegetable health producers. De Witt's Little Early Risers cure malarious disorders and regulate the stomach and bowels, which prevents headache and dizziness T. D. Thomas, Druggist.

A dash of saltpetre in the water keeps cut flowers fresh.

We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. DeWitt's Witch Hazle Salve is the best Salve that experience can produce, or that money can buy Thomas, Druggist.

It scares a man who has done wrong to be told that he has an expresive face.

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

In Japan women work a stevedores.

Invorance of the merits of DeWitt's Little Early Risers is a misfortune. These little pills regulate the liver, cure headache dyspepsia bad breath, constipation and billiousness, T. D. Thomas, Druggist.

A 68-year-old resident of Leavenworth, Kansas, is cutting a new tooth.

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.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in aid of need.

Base ball is one business which can't flourish without strikes.

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.

Idle men do not think; they only dream.

All that honesty, experience and skill can do to produce a perfect pill, has been employed in making De Witt's Little Early Risers. The result is a specific for sick headache, biliousness and constipation.

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All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve for scalds, burns, bruises, skin affections and piles.

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Hon. W. V. Lucas, Ex-State Auditor of Iowa says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and have no hesitation in saying that it is an excellent remedy. I believe all that is claimed for it. Persons afflicted by a cough or a cold will find it a friend." There is no danger from whooping cough when this remedy is freely given. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale at Reber's Lehighton and Biery's Weissport.

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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 Cookport, 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. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

Too many folks are fine talk and bad walk.

The following item, clipped from the Ft. Madison (Iowa) Democrat, contains information well worth remembering: "Mr. John Roth, of this city, who met with an accident a few days ago, spraining and bruising his leg and arm quite severely, was cured by one 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm." This remedy is without an equal for sprains and bruises and should have a place in every household. For sale by Biery Weissport and Reber, Lehighton.

The improved industrial Dwelling Company of London, England, has a capital of $2,500,000. The death rate is low in its properties.

Yale's Young Men's Christian Association has the second largest membership of the twenty-four city and college associations in Connecticut.

The emeral improves in color on exposure to the light. Pearls kept in the dark loose their lustre, but regain it on exposure to the sun.

A woman never loses faith in a man who treats her well.

De Witt's Witch Hazel salve cures piles.
De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cures burns.
De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds.
De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cures sliders.

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"Strictly Pure White Lead?"

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would say that before you take your wagon to the shop for repairs look over the painting! did last year, see whether I use inferior Paint and Varnish. Then compare prices, also in the purchase of a new one, Buy of a Carriage Man! And buy where you get the same article for, Oh! so much less money, for my place is noted for that, namely, to sell cheaper than any other, because I sell for the ready stuff you see.

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DRUNKENNESS and MORPHINE HABIT can be cured at home, and without any effort on the part of the patient, by the use of our SPECIAL FORMULA GOLD CURE TABLETS.
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Send for particulars and pamphlet of testimonials free, and shall be glad to place sufferers from any of these habits in communication with persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS.
HILL'S TABLETS are for sale by all FIRST-CLASS druggists at $1.00 per package.
If your druggist does not keep them, enclose us $1.00 and we will send you, by return mail, a package of our Tablets.
Write your name and address plainly, and state whether Tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or Liquor Habit.
DO NOT BE DECEIVED into purchasing any of the various nostrums that are being offered for sale. Ask for HILL'S TABLETS and take no other.
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DEAR SIR:—I have been using your cure for tobacco habit, and found it would do what you claim for it. I used ten cents worth of the strongest chewing tobacco a day, and from one to five cigars; or I would smoke from ten to forty pipes of tobacco. Have chewed and smoked for twenty-five years, and used two packages of your Tablets cured me so I have no desire for it.
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AT BATH, FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
Office Hours—From 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Practice limited to diseases of the
Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat
Also, Refraction of the Eyes or the adjustment of glasses.

THE CARBON HOUSE,
Henry Drumbore, Prop'r,
FIRST STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
The Carbon House has been renovated and improved throughout; it is electric lighted and well ventilated, and is among the finest hotels in this section of the State. The patronage of the public is solicited. Best accommodations for permanent and transient custom. Charges very moderate. Fine Liquors, Fresh Beer and Porter and Good Cigars, for sale at the Bar.
June 18, '97-1 y

W. M. Rapsher,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
First door above the Mansion House,
MAUCH CHUNK, - - - - PENN'A.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents A specialty. May be consulted in English and German
nov. 22-97

F. I. SMITH, D. D. S.,
Office opposite the Opera House.
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Filling and making artificial dentures a specialty. Local anæsthetics used.
Teeth administered and Teeth Extracted WITHOUT PAIN.
OFFICE HOURS—From 8 a. m. to 12 m., from 1 p. m. to 5 p. m., from 7 to 10 p. m.
Consultations in German or English.
Office Hours at Mauch Chunk every Tuesday.
jan 15-97 —ly

AGENTS WANTED To canvass for the sale of our Home-Grown Nursery Stock. New Fruits Shade Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Seeds, Bulbs, Roses, Plants, Etc. Liberal terms. Salary and expenses paid. Catalogue free. Stone & Wellington, Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y.
W. & T. Smith Co. Geneva, N. Y.
Established 1845. One of the Largest, Oldest Established and best known Nurseries in the United States.

—AT—
Seidel's Bakery,
First Street, Lehighton, you will always find Freshest and Best
BREAD AND CAKES.
Rye, Wheat and Vienna Bread
Fresh Every Day. Our Vienna Bread cannot be excelled. We respectfully solicit your patronage. Watch for the Wagon.
Seidel's Vienna Bakery,
Opp. Obert's, FIRST ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.

M. J. Hartzell,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
HARNESS!
Whips, Fly Netts, Robes Blankets,
And everything else usually kept in a first class store of this kind.
REPAIRING
Of all kinds attended to neatly, cheaply and promptly. Special attention paid to the manufacture of Harness to order.
STORE IN LEUCKEL'S BLOCK.

FURNITURE,
UNDERTAKING
FLOUR & FEED.
Robt. N. Anthony,
(Successor to J. F. Rex, 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.

REV. G. W. H. CLARKE.
A Remarkable Case!
Rev. G. W. H. Clarke, Chaplain of the Vermont Senate, cured of
VALVULAR AFFECTION OF THE HEART!
THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL FROM A GENTLEMAN SO WIDELY KNOWN, AND BELOVED BY ALL, AND WHO HOLDS THE POSITION OF Chaplain in the Vt. Senate, SHOULD BE REGARDED AS THE MOST positive proof OF THE wonderful medicinal power OF DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. AND WE WOULD HERE STATE THAT HIS father AND brother both died OF Kidney Disease.
ST. ALBANS,
KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,
That I, G. H. W. Clarke, of St. Albans, Vt., a Preacher of the Gospel in the M. E. Church, Member of the N. H. Conference 34 years, and of the N. E. Conference 16 years, have been afflicted with the KIDNEY COMPLAINT FOR 15 YEARS, and for the last 8 years so badly as to not permit me to take a regular Charge, but, reading of the wonderful cures of Kidney Trouble by DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, I was induced to procure it for myself. I have taken six bottles with very satisfactory results, and I feel quite sure that perseverance in taking it will bring a permanent cure. In fact, I am so much improved that I expect to take another Charge.
I will also state that one year ago last Spring I was attacked with
VALVULAR AFFECTION OF THE HEART
caused by overwork, and my breath became so short that it was very difficult for me to walk, even with a cane. The Physicians said I must be very careful about walking or exerting myself. DANA'S SARSAPARILLA very soon relieved me, and I am now entirely FREE from HEART TROUBLE. I feel that DANA'S SARSAPARILLA has produced this happy result. To the Great Head of the Church be all the glory. I am 70 years of age, and have been in the Master's service more than half a century.
Gratefully yours,
G. W. H. CLARKE.
No. 23 High Street.
LATER.—Under date of Oct. 1st, Mr. Clarke writes that he has taken a Charge at Fairfax, Vt., and attends three meetings on Sabbath, two meetings during the week, visiting his parishioners on foot, walking some day's 8 or 10 miles. This is wonderful for a man 70 years old, that has been a victim of disease for years. He closes by saying "It is to my heart to 'praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"
Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Me.

SALESMEN WANTED
To sell Nursery Stock. We grow all the best seed varieties, old and new, repack all goods that die, and guarantee satisfaction. Highest salary or commission paid from the start. Write for terms. H. E. Hooker Co., Nursery Stock, Rochester, N. Y. Established 1866. Incorporated 1886.

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

It Will Build You Up
Are you all run down? *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will build you up and put flesh on you and give you a good appetite.
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.
Scott's Emulsion

READY FOR THE BORE

CONVERSATION OF A MAN WHO WAS PRIMED FOR A DYSPEPTIC.

A Chronic Invalid, Bent on Relating His Own Case, Hears of a More Remarkable One and Is Able to Get In but a Few Words in the Course of a Long Talk.

"You are so burly and robust," said the orgulous dyspeptic, with scornful scorn, to his casual traveling acquaintance, "that I presume you are never troubled with dyspepsia. You have much to be thankful for. I am often in such a state that"——

Was the burly acquaintance to endure the garrulity of a chronic dyspeptic? He was not.

"On the contrary," he immediately replied, for, never having suffered a moment in his life from any physical ailment, his mind was active and vigilant "On the contrary, I have suffered untold torture from dyspepsia, and as you are interested in the subject I will willingly give you my experience. I began with the finest digestion in the world, but while engaged in the military service of the country, being 10 years scouting on the frontier, the character of the rations, together with the quality of the confections of soldier cooks previously engaged in driving hacks and slugging castings"——

"Oh, my trouble was not with cooks," interposed the dyspeptic loftily, but nevertheless much chagrined to find the burly acquaintance prepared to talk on on the subject. "As I was about to tell you, I am often in such a state that"——

"And the irregularity of the meals," purried on the burly acquaintance, "served, you understand, in camp, al fresco and a la fourchette sans ceremonie, threw me into such disorder that I had indigestion, then dyspepsia, then non-assimilation. I submitted my case to the army surgeons. They advised me"——

"Doctors are of little use. I will tell you"——

"To confine myself to the simplest and most digestible edibles and esculents to be found in the military commissary. But I grew worse, and the surgeons ordered me back to civilization, where I could obtain the delicate nutriment which my disordered and seriously impaired system required. I went to Chicago and began a diet of chicken broth, fresh fruit, stale bread made from newly ground graham, steamed oatmeal"——

"Oh, I tried all those. Five years ago"——

"The result was that I grew worse, as before, and the local doctors advised me to go to—to go to New York, where I should be able to find foods better suited to my parlous state. Accordingly I went to New York and laid out a diet of the finest and purest of the selected foods that that metropolis affords"——

"Plain country food taken as the system requires"——

"My physician advised exact regularity. I had two ounces sea food, two ounces of the juice of fresh imported fruits and two ounces coagulated albuminoids every two hours. Growing steadily worse, I consulted higher medical talent. One doctor kept me on clam broth, another on tangerines, another on shredded broiled frogs' legs, another on distilled alfalfa"——

"Five years ago"——

"Growing steadily worse, I consulted still higher authority. I was now told that my diet was at variance with nature. The doctor told me that nature was proportion, rhythm, music—foods must be taken in harmonious proportions. He prescribed the same sea foods, cereals, meats and fruits as the others, but in a chromatic scale of the decreasing seventh, throwing in occasionally a few vegetables by way of variation of the fugue and double extracts as overtones"——

"Of course you recovered, your case being merely temporary"——

"Growing steadily worse, I consulted a doctor who had had great success among the millionaires—financial success. He was a man of blunt speech and plain common sense. He said I had overworked my stomach and must give it entire rest. What I was to do for a living in the meantime he did not say, but he took a large fee with great scorn. Rightly despising me for the small amount of money that he left me. My stomach was now worse than ever. It refused to be cajoled and despised my offers of peace. Excuse me a moment. Once I had spent over 48 hours fasting. I then drank two drams of soda mint with four ounces of aqua pura—everything was now drams, scruples and ounces with me, and the zigzag symbols of those distressing quantities appeared in my nightly nightmares like a procession of Daniel Quilps and Humpbacks of Notre Dame—as I say v drams of sterilized milk at 70 degrees centigrade, with iv wiggles of bismuth and ii jiggle jaggles of soda, with a couple of glasses of wine and pepsin to aid in the mysterious processes of digestion.

"The large amount of actual food contained in the ounce of milk began to distress me exceedingly, but the wine, to which I was not accustomed, gave me courage. I took several more doses of it immediately, increasing the doses rhythmically. I had not felt so well in months, I said. 'Wine is undoubtedly a mocker, but it is a good rubifacient, besides possessing valuable qualities as an antiaseptic and merrymaker. Now, very well, Mr. Stomach,' I said, 'you are unamenable to gentleness, unmoved by kindness and irresponsive to the concord of swe