Are You a Sufferer From Catarrh, Hay-Fever, Etc.?

If you are, go to your druggist or if you can't get it where you live, send to us. Get a bottle of Meyers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure, which we will entirely guarantee to cure any case of Catarrh, Hay Fever, etc., otherwise your money will be returned. For one dollar, one bottle to last for three months' treatment and one bottle to cure. I has never failed, and will cure you. Give it a trial. No cure no pay.

THE MEYERS DRUG CO.,
Oakland, Md

One dollar for a three months' treatment and an absolute guarantee for a cure is what the Meyers Drug Co., of Oakland, Md., offers to sufferers of catarrh hay fever, etc. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Meyers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure. It has never failed and will cure you. For sale by all druggist or address the above firm.

Ask your druggist to show you a bottle of Meyers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure. One bottle to cure any case, no matter how severe, and will last for 3 months' treatment. For sale by C. T. Hirn.

PROF. ALEXANDER BOUDROU
DISCOVERER OF
Boudrou's Miraculous Remedies.
Liberal Minded Physicians' Endorse Them

As being the Greatest Discovery of the Age. Positive cure whatever in accordance to it here cons, in diseases incurable. Specified Antidotes. Diphtheria, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Lungs congestion of the throat the result of sunss parasyphery and limbs paralized restored to their natural condition. Spine, liver complaint, dysentery, as also called secret disease are entirely cured by the medicine of my own preparing. Having nine years over 10,000 person have had these medicines and are living witnesses of their worth. I will not go into practice myself, being over 74 years of age; will sell my medicines only. I have two eminent physicians connected with me to attend to calling at the residences of the sick if required.

TESTIMONIALS
From Patrick Burke.
PHILADELPHIA, April 6, 1891.

Professor Boudrou—Dear Sir—Allow me to send you my sincere thanks for the good that your medicine done me, and you can publish this letter if you choose, for the benefit of the sufferers, in which I will state I had my hand crushed coupling the cars, and doctored for it, and was in the hospital about six weeks, and my hand became so swollen, and inflammation making place, some of the doctors thought I would have to get my hand amputated to save my life, but I was told by one of my friends to go to Prof. Boudrou's office, and get some of his medicine for it, and that he knew it would save my hand.

I went there and got the medicine, and in two weeks the swelling all went down, and I had the use of my fingers. Then I went to work, and consider myself well, and earnestly recommend the remedy to all afflicted like me. There is nothing in the world like it to destroy blood poison, reduce swelling, assuage pain, restore lost action in the nerves, and circulation in the blood; there is nothing to compare to it.

Respectfully yours,
PATRICK BURKE,
1703 N. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

From Joseph Kirkner.
43 Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please allow me to add my testimony to your list. Having been sunstruck three times during twenty years, the last time it was so bad that I was bed fast for four months; had the very best of doctors but was still pining away, with apple peck, and great pain all over me. Attempted to go out, but could not stand the sun, would often drop down while attempting to walk the case was considered a very bad one. It was inclined to run on congestion of the brain, was then recommended to Prof. Boudrou's medicine and I made out to get to his office, 127 N. 10th street, and I got the medicine and in three weeks time I was able to be out and tending to my business, though one of my horses died in the meantime from the head, while I stood it and am able to attend to business now. Thanks to God, Almighty and to Prof. Boudrou's medicine, which I will recommend forever to any poor sufferer as I was, would be pleased to have any one call and see me for further information.

Respectfully yours
JOSEPH KIRKNER.

Office and Laboratory open daily from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. Call or write to
ALEXANDER BOUDROU,
127 North Tenth Street,
Dec. 16, '92-1y. Philadelphia, Pa.
Send 2 cent stamp for valuable book.

FRANTZ,
The South End Jewelcr.

Watches, Clocks, Scarf Pins, Watch Chains, Necklaces, Ear Rings, Gold Pencils, Rings, Bracelets, Silverware, Society Emblems, Charms,

Repairing
in all its branches carefully attended to at low prices.

Wilson Frantz,
THE SOUTH END JEWELER,
Bankway, - - - - - - - Lehighton.

KOONS' LIQUOR STORE
IS HEADQUARTERS FOR
Fine Brands of Wines, Brandies, Gins, Whiskies &c., in quart bottles.
also for
THE CELEBRATED MILWAUKEE BEER
in Quart Bottles
AND BERKENSTOCK'S SUNRISE BEER
Goods Delivered to all parts of Town Free of Charge.
If you need anything in our line we would be pleased to have your order

J. H. Koons'
Lehigton Liquor Store,
Gaudenbush's Old Stand.
First Street, - - - Lenighton.

Both Graham Standard and Benn Pitman Systems of
SHORT HAND.
(The two leading systems throughout the world,) together with all the essentials to become a practical reporter are thoroughly taught at the American Business College, Allentown, Pa. We treat all the leading
Type Writing
machines on the market.
Students of this department are also entitled to three lectures every week, delivered by prominent lecturers.
Six SEPARATE DEPARTMENTS Nine COMPETENT INSTRUCTORS.
Most Practical Courses at Honest Rates.
Students assisted in paying positions. Send for catalogue or call at office.
No more thorough or finer equipped Business College in America. Catalogue Free.

PRESIDENT.

AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL
CONSULT
DR. LOBB
329 N. 15TH ST. Between Vine and Callowhill
PHILADELPHIA'S FAMOUS SPECIALIST
'30 Years' Continuous Practice in the Cure of
Self Abuse and Loss of Power
Nervous Prostration Caused by Self-Abuse.
Dr. LOBB is the only specialist that permanently cures. He has no patent nor secret nostrum to advertise. Private Consulting Rooms for each patient. Advice Free. Everything Confidential. Send 4 cent stamp for Book explaining marvelous remedies, etc.
Office Hours—9 A. M. till 8 P. M., and 9 to 1 on Sundays. Only one door from corner. Entrance Monday, Only and Sundays.

A BUNDLE OF OLD SERMONS.

The ink is brown, the paper soiled,
How long ago the writer toiled
Upon these pages;
And as we read their old world love,
Their quaint allusions—they remove
The past to us we live once more
In bygone days.

We hear as if by magic charm
Once more the "Tate and Brady" psalm,
Which pleased so vastly.
The church and rustic flock grow plain,
The high oak pews, the lattheed pane—
We hear the sermon preached again
From the text to "lastly."

No novel views of ancient sense,
No daring flights of eloquence
Were here embodied.
The placid hearers felt no thrill,
But sat in sleepy comfort still,
While Jack demurely glanced at Jill
And parents nodded.

Indeed, none listened much, I fear,
To all these periods, painting clear
The saint and sinner,
Until at length there came the close
To stir the drowsy from repose,
And priest and people both arose
And went to dinner.

Ah, sermons of the long ago,
Yours was another age, we know;
And now our preachers,
Each furnished with his special plan
To benefit bewildered man,
Denounce as loudly as they can
Their rival teachers.

Yet, as your pages we retrace
In this our age of cultured grace,
The question lingers:
If all of us are happier men
Than those who filled our places when
Your sage designer took the pen
Between his fingers?
—Anthony C. Deane in Temple Bar.

The Cause of the Pause.

Scene—A grand dinner party.

Fraulein Helene from Berlin enjoyed herself famously, for her neighbor at the table was Baron von Adlerklau, a gentleman of refined manners and brilliant wit.

"Then you are opposed to the agitation for the emancipation of women?"

"At least I should like it to take some other form than that contemplated by its present leaders, mein fraulein."

"How do you mean, Herr Baron?"

He, the baron suddenly turned away and made no reply. Helene repeated her question and anxiously waited for an answer, which did not come, for the baron now seemed entirely oblivious of her presence.

Deeply hurt, the young lady rose and left the table. Mrs. Schinkle hastened after her:

"What is the matter, child?"

In a tone half stifled with sobs Helene related to the hostess what had passed and ended by saying:

"Can I have offended him?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mrs. Schinkle, laughing heartily. "This baron was obtained from an agency for the hire of dinner guests, and as we thought that dinner would be over by 9 we engaged him only till that time—the clock struck when he ceased talking."—Boston Globe.

In Physical Etuchtion Dr. Luther Gulick argues that by exercising certain muscles it is possible to develop certain sections of the brain. His argument has special reference to feeble minded persons, whose mental condition, in his opinion, might be improved by the right kind of muscular exercise.

The Fountain Head of Strength.

When we recollect that the stomach is the grand laboratory in which food is transformed into the secretions which furnish chyle to the system after entering and enriching the blood; that it is, in short, the fountain head of strength, it is essential to keep this important supplying machine in order, and to restore it to activity when it becomes inactive. This Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does most effectually, seasonably, regulating and reinforcing digestion, promoting due action of the liver and bowels. Strength and quietude of the nerves depend in great measure upon thorough digestion. There is no nervine tonic more highly esteemed by the medical fraternity than the bitters. Physicians also strongly recommend it for chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, sick headache, and want of appetite and sleep. Take a wine glassful three times a day.

A farmer in Estell, Ky., owns a young chicken which has four legs and five wings.

Kansas farmers have discovered that kerosene will kill chinchbugs—also the corn.

The total tonnage launched in Great Britain in 1893 was 1,300,142 tons.

A Western paper says warm weather accelerates the growth of whiskers.

Electricity travels about 90,000 miles a second faster than light.

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the Best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose. 25c., 50cts. and $1.00.

A barber in Brooklyn, N. Y., gives a free shine with every shave.

Horses are said to be particularly fond of the skin of the banana.

Cail's Clover Root will purify your Blood clear your complexion, regulate your bowels and make Head clear as a bell 25c 50c.

Guinea pigs allowed to roam freely in a house will keep away rats.

The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from twelve to 202 in number.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's catarrh cureds taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Little Girl (after waiting some time for dessert) "Grandma, what do you has after dinner?"

Grandpa—"Dyspepsia, my dear."

Little Girl—"Oh, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will cure that.

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

An iron railway lasts sixteen years; a steel one lasts forty.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, tenn. says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer Saved my Life. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used" For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excells. Price 75

Many small animals eat their own weight in food a day.

Artistic coffins are nowadays made out of wood pulp.

Very full cheeks indicate great digestive powers.

Pigmies were once numerous in Iceland.

Shiloh's Cure, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses only 25c. Children love it. Sold by Druggists.

I have been a sufferer from catarrh for years. Having tried a number of remedies advertised as "sure cures" without obtaining any relief, I had resolved never to take any other patent medicines when a friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm. I did so with great reluctance, but can now testify that after using it for six weeks I believe myself cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable Balm. Joseph Stewart, 524 Grand Ave., Brooklyn.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Ma ailes. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address

Rev. Edward A. Wilson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

One man out of every four is troubled with detective vision.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life Away

If you want to be cured of any form of tobacco habit, make yourself magnetic, healthy, vigorous, full of life, nerve and vigor, take no other but Notobac. Notobac makes weak men strong. All druggists, or address, Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York. Book free.

LOVE'S DESPAIR.

Why should I waste my life in hoarding sighs
For her whose love I know can never be mine?
What, though her eyes with sweetest glances shine,
And in her face the rarest beauty lies,
Let some one else her loveliness now prize,
For I shall sadly sigh for her to pine,
Although my heart with longing pangs is sore,
And even with love's sweet lingering memories,
I'll try to drive her from my fancy's eye.
And in the future I'll forget the past.
Our joys and sorrows cannot always last,
But like all things of earth must surely die;
And so I'll sadly sit and sigh no more,
But laugh through life, a breath which soon is o'er.
—John J. McIntyre in New York Sun.

BRAVE BETTY.

There was a clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard road in front of the little wooden jail at the county seat of an interior county of West Virginia, and then a prisoner was brought in by half a dozen officers and chained to a ring in the wall. The prisoner was a broad shouldered young man, with long, black hair and piercing eyes. As he passed into the jail part of the building Betty Rainsford, the pretty wild flower daughter of Jailer Rainsford, caught sight of him. She sprang forward with the word "Jim" trembling on her lips, but instantly restrained herself and turned away with apparent unconcern.

Jim Springston was a moonshiner. In other words, he manufactured liquor without a government license and was therefore hunted by United States detectives. He had a still among the dark recesses of the mountains, where for years he had pursued his unlawful calling. At last, however, he had been trapped by Detective Johnson and his deputies, but his capture was effected only after a hard fight, in which Springston had wounded two deputies slightly and had himself received a flesh wound in his left arm.

"Well, we've got another desperado, and the court will soon make short work of him," said Johnson to the jailer as he came out from securing the prisoner. "I shall look to you to see that he does not escape," and the officer twirled between his fingers the key of the padlock which secured Springston, at the same time striding out. After placing his deputies on guard around the insecure structure to prevent recapture by the prisoner's friends, or to circumvent any efforts on the part of the prisoner himself to escape, Captain Johnson went to the only lodging house in the village, where he put up for the night.

The reader has already surmised that the members of the Rainsford family were at least acquainted with Jim Springston. He was, in fact, the affianced husband of Betty, who had already resolved to rescue her lover at all hazards. Her father was, to say the least, morally responsible to the law for the safekeeping of Springston, and she knew it would be of no avail to turn in that direction for relief. In fact, she would not have released Jim from jail if she could have done so with her own hands, as it would have brought censure and disgrace down on the head of her father and created the suspicion that the Rainsford family was in league with the illicit distillers.

Jim Springston had been a frequent visitor to the Rainsford household for the previous year or two and had won his promised bride over numerous rival suitors, but the head of the household did not know he was a violator of the law until brought in that evening. Neither had Betty known of this fact, but the moment she had learned of the arrest she decided in favor of Jim.

At supper that evening the elder Rainsford stated that, while he sympathized with Springston, he could see no way but that he would have to go to prison.

Betty acquiesced meekly, but her brain was busy with a plan of her own.

A passing country doctor had dressed the wounds of the deputies and the prisoner. Betty looked down at the latter operation, but not even a look of recognition passed between herself and lover. They seemed to pursue that course intuitively. They were as strangers, and thus darkness settled over the quiet country village.

Just after midnight, when the alertness of the guards was benumbed by drowsiness, a dark figure stole to the window of the jail. A voice almost as still as the night itself called: "Jim! Oh, Jim! Don't stir or make a noise. It's Betty." There was a soft answer denoting that he heard her, and she went on thus, "Read this note when daytime comes and obey instructions carefully," thrusting the paper through the bars and into the hands of the prisoner by means of a long stick.

After breakfast the next morning the prisoner was taken out and mounted on a horse, and the officers also mounted their horses, and the party set off for the nearest railroad station, a distance of 50 miles. Just as the horsemen cantered away a glance from Betty to Jim assured each that both understood the programme.

Captain Johnson felt elated over the capture of Springston for the reason, first, that there was a handsome reward awaiting his safe delivery into the hands of the government and, secondly, because the capture added another large feather to the already well decorated cap of the detective.

It was a delightful summer morning, and as the party rode along the birds chirped and the dew sparkled like nothing had happened or was about to happen among the lonesome mountains.

The road was little more than a bridle path in places, and for two miles from the Rainsford house it bore around the foot of a mountain, forming a semicircle and coming back to within half a mile of the starting point on the opposite side of the range. For a long distance at this point the roadway was overhung with thick branches, producing twilight except in the middle of the day.

In a few moments after the departure of the officers and their prisoner, a slight, boyish figure, wearing an ill fitting suit and a slouch hat half concealing the face, disappeared into the forest in the rear of the Rainsford residence. It somewhat resembled Betty's younger brother, who was absent from home at the time. In a belt were two revolvers, and a winchester rifle was grasped firmly in the right hand. The figure hurried across the mountain by way of a foot-path, and on reaching the public road at the dark, shady spot disappeared behind a log among the laurel underbrush along the roadside.

In 10 minutes there was heard the sound of the tramping of horses' feet. The figure behind the log became alertness itself in an instant. The winchester was trained on the road, where a small opening would reveal the passing horsemen. As they came up it could be seen that by some means Jim Springston had succeeded in getting five of his captors in advance, riding single file, and was talking in a cheerful tone to the one in the rear. As they came on Jim cautiously gathered up the slack of his bridle reins and scanned that laurel thicket with bated breath. For an instant a feminine like finger pressed the trigger of the sleeping winchester, and then came a sharp report, the scream of a horse, and down went the rear guard. Bullets came from that thicket like hail and seemed to take effect entirely among the horses.

The greatest confusion prevailed among the officers. Two were entangled in the trappings of their slain horses, and a third was on the ground in danger of being trampled to death by the excited animals of those yet mounted. In less time than it takes to tell it the firing had ceased and the cloud of powder smoke floated away on the lazy atmosphere.

At the beginning of the firing Jim had dashed into a side path and disappeared. He had come back in a few moments, however, intimating that he had dismounted and died in the thick woods. Two minutes later he was joined by the boyish figure, who landed him the winchester and one revolver, which they vanished into the underbrush.

When Captain Johnson had restored order, he found all of his men safe, but three of his horses were killed. It seemed that the attack from ambush had been made on the horses. A search of the woods was made for the escaped prisoner and the attacking party, but it was a vain search. Behind the log in the laurel thicket were a half dozen cartridge shells and a small footprint in the loose earth. That was all.

Two hours later, when the officers returned to the village with chagrin pictured on their faces to get a couple more horses Betty was going about her household work singing blithely.

As the officers came up, two of the horses carrying double, she went to the door in apparent great surprise and was an interested listener to the story of the attack as related by Captain Johnson. He said the onslaught was made with such fury and suddenness that the horses became unmanageable to such an extent that himself and men were unable to use their firearms. They left the country without again seeing Springston.

Springston gave up his unlawful business, and a year later he and Betty commenced housekeeping in a neighboring settlement as man and wife. He sometimes tells their children how a disguised young woman once rescued her lover by shooting the horses of his guards. He calls that woman "Brave Betty, the Jailer's Daughter."—Charles A. Hartley in Cincinnati Enquirer.

They Saw the Fair.

"Been to the World's fair?" asked the man who had not been shaved for six months.

"Saw it by moonlight—me and Jerry Raggles," replied he of the vermilion nose. "Me and Jerry was out in Denver for our health. Jerry's left lung is off bad. 'Let's git to Chicago,' says Jerry one night when we was laying off on a track in Waxee street. 'All right,' says I, fo' I was anxious to be in society once more. The next night we jumped a freight fo' as far as Omaha without gettin turned down once. It got warm then, and we changed for an empty cattle car on account of the ventilation. It was on a Sunday morning when we struck Chicago. 'Let's lay off and recuperate after the trip, Jerry,' says I, 'and we'll make a sneak on to the fair grounds at night.' 'All right,' says he, but we kept a talking until it was almost dark about what we'd do when we got in the grounds.

"Well, as I was sayin, when I woke up the car was joggin along kinder slowlike. I looked out through the slats. We was passing the fair. 'Hay, Jerry,' I says. 'Hay, there, here's the fair; let's jump!' We both made for the door. I got there first. 'Open it,' says Jerry. 'I can't; it's locked.' 'Let's take it in through the slats,' he says. And we looked for all we was worth. In 10 minutes we was past."

"How did you get out?"

"Get out? We didn't get out until we got to Buffalo. We would 'a' starved if Jerry hadn't had a loaf of bread in his hat."—New York Herald.

A Chilly Duel.

A duel of an original character was fought in front of the Antwerp railway station. Two gentlemen from Liege, after a hard day's sightseeing, refreshed themselves so effectually at a cafe that from beer to brandy and from arguments to insults they came to blows. Blood alone could wash away the stain of their mutual insults, but as deadly weapons were not kept on the premises for the use of customers the proprietor of the cafe suggested that as the street was deserted the adversaries should annihilate each other with "douches," and he handed to each a portable water pipe. Cold water being anything but an exciting medium, the combatants after a thorough drenching shook hands and hurried to change their garments.—London Tit-Bits.

A Chump.

Little Willie—Jack, what's a chump?

Little Jack—A chump is a boy that doesn't know wot a chump is.—Good News.

A Game Hunter's Last Effort.

M. de Cherville had a dog which had become wholly deaf and almost blind with old age, as well as most helplessly lame with rheumatism. The dog slept almost all the time, but he retained a keen passion for the chase, and it was impossible for his master to get away from the house with a gun on his shoulder without the old dog unless the animal was locked up.

On one occasion when M. de Cherville thought he had eluded the old dog he found when in the field that the faithful creature was limping after him, whining with the pain of moving his old limbs, but keenly on the alert, as well as his eyesight would permit, for game.

Presently the master saw the dog "pointing" at a partridge. De Cherville could not resist the temptation to kill one more bird for the veteran. He fired, the partridge dropped, and the dog, with the one-quarter of an eye which remained to him, hunted it out and brought it to his master.

Bringing the bird at a limping, lumbering gallop, the dog did what he had never done before in the field; he got upon his hind legs, planted his forepaws on De Cherville's shoulders and dropped the bird on his breast. Then the dog fell to the ground, rolled over two or three times and was dead. His last supreme effort in his master's behalf had killed him.—Youth's Companion.

Gem Peddlers of Ceylon.

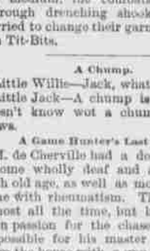
I was sitting one afternoon on the beautiful wide veranda of the Galle Face hotel, Colombo, in Ceylon.

A light hand touched my shoulder, and a barefooted Cingalese stood before me.

"Would you like to buy some stones?" he asked in his pleasant voice.

These peddlers of gems are very numerous in Ceylon and threaten to become a nuisance to the traveler. They are not allowed to enter the hotels, and I once saw one of them actually beaten out of the Oriental in Columbo. Hence it was that before addressing me my Cingalese friend glanced furtively up and down the long veranda to see that he was unobserved by the minions of the hotel.

He took from beneath his blouse a bundle of white cloth, which he opened, displaying about a pint of rubies, carbuncles, moonstones and cat's eyes. As I had nothing to do, I looked through them, after explaining to the spiel merchant that I had no intention of buying. The collection must have been worth many thousands of dollars, judging by individual specimens, but apart from his merchandise the man looked tender, costume and all, might have been assessed at about 5 shillings.



A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN

A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of school are effectual. The following is an example: I had been troubled with heart disease 8 years, which of late grew very bad. For two years I was tortured by one physician continuously. I was in inactive, but enabled to walk about by means of my health. A friend told me my friends that I could use Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and said that he knew of many cures it had made. Some such had been cured by the family and he made a great healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the New Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the action of my heart. Would that I could tell more my sudden astonishment at the change in my health and to tell the thousands of sufferers that there is a remedy that will do them good. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the attacks of pain in my heart were almost entirely gone. I was soon able to do my work. On my recommendation several of my friends have purchased and found the New Heart Cure to be a wonderful medicine. Mrs. Hannah M. Clark, Mt. Holly, N. J.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is a discovery of an important specialist in heart diseases, and is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists in the U. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. or address for free book. It is positively free from all opiates or dangerous drugs.

Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Colic
or something in the stomach ever since I was a young girl; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared. It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged, sick with the spitts and rheumatism. I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Wherever I went I could not walk ten blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Evanston, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true, I confidently said yes and sent testimonial. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla
and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best cathartic and family pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

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

A PUBLIC INDORSEMENT.
Thomas' Sarsaparilla is double the strength of any other.
Purify your blood, take Thomas' Sarsaparilla.

Henry Miller,
LEHIGHTON,
PLANING - MILL.
MANUFACTURER OF
WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,
Doors, Shutters,
window sashes,
Mouldings, Brackets
AND DEALER IN
All Kinds of Dressed Lumber
Shingles, Pailings,
Hemlock Lumber, &c., &c.
Very Lowest Prices.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
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Arrangement of Passenger Trains.
SCHEDULE IN EFFECT
June 25 1893.
TRAINS LEAVE LEHIGHTON
For Newark and New York 8.50, 7.46, and 9.25 a. m.; 2.54, 5.22 & 6.34 p. m.
For Manunka Chunk and Belvidere 7.46 a. m.; 12.37, 4.37 and 6.42 p. m.
For Lambertville and Trenton 8.28 and 11.15 a. m.; and 12.37 & 4.37 p. m.
For Slatington, Catasauqua, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Easton, 6.45, 7.46, 9.25, 11.12 a. m.; 12.37, 2.26, 3.54, 4.37, 5.22, 6.42 and 8.32 p. m.
For Philadelphia and points south, 6.45, 6.42, 7.46, 9.25 and 11.12 a. m.; 2.26, 3.54, 5.22 and 6.34 p. m.
For Reading and Harrisburg 4.36, 7.46 and 11.12 a.m., 2.54 and 5.22 p.m.
For Bowmans, Lehigh Gap, Cherryford, Laurys, White Haven, Quakake, and Hickory Run 6.45, 11.12 a. m.; 12.37, 3.26, 4.37, 5.22 and 8.32 p. m.
For Mauch Chunk 6.45, 7.46, 9.25, and 11.12 a. m.; 1.10, 2.26, 3.54, 4.16, 5.15, 7.25, 8.32 p. m.
For Weatherly and Hazleton 6.45, 7.46 9.26 and 11.36 a. m.; 4.16, 5.15, 7.25, 11.46 p. m.
For Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Ashland 6.45, 7.46, 9.26 and 11.36 a. m.; 4.37, 5.19 & 7.27 p. m.
For Mt. Carmel and Shamokin 6.45, 7.46 and 11.36 a. m.; 5.15 p. m.
For Pottsville 6.45, 7.46, 7.46, 9.26, 11.12 and 11.36 a. m.; 4.16, 5.15 and 7.27 p. m.
For White Haven, Wilkesbarre and Scranton 7.46, 9.26 and 11.36 a.m.; 1.10, 4.16, 7.25, and 11.46 p. m.
For Pittston and L. & H. Junct., 7.46, 9.26, and 11.36 a.m.; 2.26, 4.16, 7.25, and 11.46 p. m.
For Tunkhannock 7.46 and 11.36 a. m.; 4.16, 7.25 and 11.46 p.m.
For Hazen and Geneva 7.46, 11.36 a. m.; 11.46 p. m.
For Sayre, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 11.36 a.m.; 2.26 and 11.46 p. m.
For Elmira and the West via Manunka at 4.16 p. m.
SUNDAY TRAINS.
For New York 4.50 5.52 and 11.15 a.m.; 2.51, 5.17 and 8.32 p. m.
For Philadelphia 4.50 5.52 7.37 a. m.; 2.51, 5.17 and 8.32 p. m.
For Easton and Intermediate Stations, 5.52, 7.37, 11.15 a.m.; 12.37, 3.54, 5.17, 6.42 7.32 and 8.32
For Mauch Chunk 9.01, 11.26, 11.36 a. m.; 2.26, 5.15, 7.25 and 8.56 p. m.
For Reading at 5.52 a. m.; 2.51 and 5.17 p. m.
For Harrisburg 9.01 and 11.36 a.m.; and 11.36 p.m.
For Mahanoy City and Shenandoah 9.56, 11.36 a. m.
For Pottsville at 5.52 p. m.
For White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Sayre, Elmira, Geneva, Ashland, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 11.36 a. m. 2.26 and 11.46 p. m.
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