## Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

50 CENTS & $1.00 THE GREAT SHILOH'S CURE. COUGH CURE 25c 50c & $1.00

**Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat.** Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

**SHILOH'S VITALIZER.**

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 excels. Price 75 cts.

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Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cts. This Injector for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

For sale by C. H. Hagenbuch.

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.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

**PENNYROYAL PILLS**

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE. Always reliable. LADIES, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. Philada., Pa.

## N. H. Downs' Elixir

WILL CURE THAT

**Cold**

AND STOP THAT

**Cough.**

Has stood the test for *SIXTY YEARS* and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of *Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases* in young or old.

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LOVE, Props., Burlington, Vt.

## THE BEST

S.S.S. Is the best Blood Medicine, because it assists nature to throw off the impurities of the blood, and at the same time tones up the entire organism. This is just contrary to the effect of the various potash, mercury, sarsaparilla mixtures, which battle up the impurities in the system, thus producing much sickness and suffering. Therefore, for a

**BLOOD MEDICINE**

you cannot do better than take S. S. S.

"As a physician, I have prescribed and used S. S. S. in my practice as a tonic, and for blood troubles, and have been very successful. I have used a remedy which gave such general satisfaction to myself and patients.

"L. B. Bryant, M. D., Maclay, Ind."

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

**Wm. Ramer**

Begs to announce to his friends and patrons and the public generally that he has purchased the barber shop lately occupied by B. J. Yost,

**No. 12 West Centre Street**

SHENANDOAH, PA.


her husband, and of too delicate a mane to endure the hard life the Connecticut farmers must or do lead. She was pronounced by the Plainfield doctor to have successively "a spine in the back," a "rising of the lungs," and a "gitteral complaint of the lights" (was it catarrhal?). Duly she was blistered, plastered and fomented, dosed with Brandreth's pills, mullen root in cider, tansy, burdock, bitter-sweet, catnip and boneset teas; dried rattlesnake's flesh, and the powder of a red squirrel shut into a red hot oven living, baked until powderable, and then put through that process in a mortar, and administered fasting.

Dearly beloved, I am not improvising. All these, and sundry other and filthier mediaments, which I refrain from mentioning, did once, perhaps do still, abound in the islands of this Yankeedom, and slay their thousands yearly, as with the jaw-bone of an ass.

At length Uncle Josh tackled up Boker, the old horse, and set out for Sanbury where there lived a doctor of some eminence, and returned in triumph with Dr. Sawyer following in his own gig.

Miss Eunice was carefully examined by the physician, a pompous but kindly man, who saw at once there was no hope and no help for his fluttering and panting patient.

One morning a sudden pang awoke her, and her start roused Josh; he lifted her on the pillow, where the red morning light showed her gasping and gray with death; he turned all cold.

"Good-by, Josh!" said her tender voice, fainting as it spoke, and, with one upward rapturous look of the soft brown eyes, they closed forever and her head fell back on Josh's shoulder, dead.

There the neighbor, who "did chores" for her of late, found the two when she came in. The moment that Mrs. Casey lifted his wife from his arm, and laid her patient, peaceful face back on its pillow, Josh flung himself down beside her, and cried aloud with the passion and carelessness of a child. Nobody could rouse him, nobody could move him, till Parson Pitcher came in, and, taking his hand, raised and led him into the keeping-room. There Josh brushed off the mist before his drenched eyes with the back of his rough hand, and looked straight at Parson Pitcher.

"Oh Lord! she's dead," said he, as if he alone of all the world knew it.

"Yes, my son, she is dead," solemnly replied the parson. "It is the will of God and you must be content."

"I can't! I can't! I ain't a going to," sobbed Josh—"'ta'n't no use talkin', if I'd only 'xpected somethin', it's that—doctor! Oh, Lord! I've swore, and Miss Eunice is dead! oh gracious goody! what be I a goin' to do? oh dear, oh dear! oh Miss Eunice!"

Parson Pitcher could not even smile—the poor fellow's grief was too deep. What could he think of to console him last that deepest comfort to the bereaved, her better state? "My dear friend, be comforted! Eunice is with the blessed in heaven!"

"I know it! I know it! she allers was nigh about fit to get there without dyin'. O Lordy! she's gone to heaven and I ha'n't."

No—there was no consoling Uncle Josh; that touch of nature showed it. He was alone, and refused to be comforted; so Parson Pitcher made a fervent prayer for the living, that unawares merged into thanksgiving for the dead, and went his way, sorrowfully convinced that his holy office had in it no supernatural power or aid, and that some things are too deep and too mighty for man.

After this Josh retired to his own house, and, according to Mrs. Casey's story, neither slept nor ate; but this was somewhat apocryphal, and three days after the funeral, Parson Pitcher, betaking himself to the Crane farm, found Uncle Josh whittling out a set of clothes-pegs on his doorstep, but looking very downcast and miserable.

"Good morning, Mr. Crane," said the good divine.

"Mornin', Parson Pitcher, hev' a cheer!"

The parson sat down on the bench of the step, and quietly surveyed Josh, wondering how best to introduce the subject of his loss; but this refractory willow-grave no sign, and at length the parson spoke.

"I hope you begin to be resigned to the will of Providence, my dear Mr. Crane?"

"No, I don't a speck!" honestly retorted Josh.

Parson Pitcher was shocked.

"I hoped to find you in a better frame," said he.

"I can't help it!" exclaimed Josh, flinging down a finished peg emphatically. "I a'n't resigned! I want Miss Eunice. I a'n't willin' to have her dead, I can't and I a'n't, and that's the whole on't! and I'd a—— slight rather—oh goody! I've swore again. Lord-o-massy; 'n she a'n't here to look at me when I do, and I'm goin' straight to the d——. Oh land! there it goes! oh dear soul, can't a feller stop himself nohow?"

And with that Josh burst into a passion of tears, and fled past Parson Pitcher into the barn, from whence he emerged no more till the minister's steps were heard crunching on the gravel path toward the gate, when Josh, persistent as Galileo, thrust his head out of the barn window, and repeated in a louder and more strenuous key, "I a'n't willin', Parson Pitcher."

II.

There was in the village of Plainfield a certain Miss Ranney, the greatest vixen in those parts, and of course an old maid. Her temper and tongue had kept off suitors in youth, and had nowise softened since. Her name was Sarah, familiarized into Sally, and she grew up to middle age, that pleasant, kindly title being sadly out of keeping with her nature, everybody called her Sall. Ran., and the third generation scarce knew she had another name.

Any uproar in the village always began with Sall Ran, and woe be to the unlucky boy who pilfered an apple under the overhanging trees of Miss Ranney's orchard by the road, or tilted the well-sweep of her stony-curbed well to get a drink: Sall was down upon the offender like a hail-storm, and cuts and shrieks mingled in the wild chorus with her shrill scolding, to the awe and consternation of every child within half a mile.

Judge, then, of Parson Pitcher's amazement when, little more than a year after Miss Eunice's death, Josh was ushered into his study one evening, and after stroking a new stove-pipe hat for a long time, at length he said he had "come to speak about bein' published." The parson drew a long breath, partly for the mutability of man, partly for wonder.

"Whom are you going to marry, Mr. Crane?" said he, after a pause.

Another man might have softened the style of his wife to be—not Josh.

"Sall Ran," said he, undauntedly.

Parson Pitcher arose from his chair, and with both hands in his pockets advanced upon Josh like horse and foot together; but he stood his ground.

"What, in the name of common sense and decency do you mean by marrying that woman, Joshu-way Crane?" thundered the parson.

"Well, ef you'll set down, Parson Pitcher, I'll tell ye the rights on't; you see I'm dreadfully pestered with this here swearin' way I've got; I kinder thought it'd wear off if Miss Eunice kep' a looking at me, but she's died"—here Josh interpolated a great blubbering sob—"and' I'm gettin' so d——bad! there! you see, parson, I do swear dreadful; and I a'n't no more resigned to her dyin' than I used to be, and I can't stan' it, so I set figering on it out, and I guess I've lived too easy, han't had enough 'flictions and trials; so I concluded I hed oughter to put myself to the wind 'ard of some squalls so as to learn navigation, and I couldn't tell how, till and denly I brought to mind Sall Ran, who is the d—— and all, oh dear! I've nigh about swore agin, and I concluded she's be the nearest to a cat-o'-nine-tails I could get to tewtor me, and then I reklected what old Cap'n Thomas used to say when I was a boy aboard of his whaler: 'Boys,' sez he, 'you're allers sot to hev your way, and you've got to hev mine, so it's pooty clear that I shall flog you to rope-yard, or else you'll hev to make b'lieve my way's yourn, which'll suit all round.' So you see, Parson Pitcher, I wan't a-goin' to put myself in a way to quarrel with the Lord's will agin, and I don't expect you to hev no such trouble with me twice as you've hed since Miss Eunice up an' died. I swan I'll give up reasonable next time, seein' it's Sall!"

Hardly could Parson Pitcher stand this singular creed of doctrine, or the shrewd and self-satisfied, yet honest, expression of face with which Josh discussed his argument. Professing himself in great haste to study, he promised to publish as well as to marry Josh, and, when his odd parishioner was out of hearing, indulged himself with a long fit of laughter, almost inextinguishable, over Josh's patent Christianizer.

Great was the astonishment of the whole congregation on Sunday, when Josh's intentions were given from the pulpit; and strangely mixed and hesitating the congratulations he received after his marriage, which took place in the following week. Parson Pitcher took a curious interest in the success of Josh's project; and had to acknowledge its beneficial effects, rather against his will.

Sall Ran was the best of house-keepers, as scolds are apt to be; or is it in reverse that the rule began? She kept the farm-house Quakerly clean, and every garment of her husband's scrupulously mended and refreshed; but if the smallest profanity escaped Uncle Josh's lips, he did indeed "hear thunder," and, with the ascetic devotion of a Guyonist, he endured every objurgatory torrent to the end, though his soft and kindly heart would now and then cringe and quiver in the process.

It was all for his good, he often said, and by the time Sall Ran had been in Miss Eunice's place for an equal term of years, Uncle Josh had become so mild-spoken, so kind, so meek, that surely his dead wife must have rejoiced over it in heaven, even as his brethren did on earth.

And now came the crowning honor of his life. Uncle Josh was made a deacon. Sall celebrated the event by a new black silk frock, and asked Parson Pitcher home to tea, as is the great glory of a New England housekeeper. Pies, preserves, cake, biscuit, bread, short-cake, cheese, honey, fruit, and cream were pressed, and pressed again, upon the unlucky parson till he was quite in the condition of Charles Lamb and the omnibus, gladly saw the signal of retreat from the table, he withdrawing himself to the bench on the stoop, to breathe the odorous June air, and talk over matters and things with Deacon Josh, while "Mrs. Crane cleared off."

Long and jovially the two worthies talked, and at length came a brief pause, broken by Josh.

"Well, Parson Pitcher, that 'are calkerlation of mine about Sall did come out nigh onter right, didn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, my good friend!" returned the parson; "the trial she has been to you has been really blessed, and shows most strikingly the use of discipline in this life."

"Yes," said Josh, "if Miss Eunice had lived, I don't know but what I should 'a been a swearin' man to this day; but Sall, she's rated it out of me; and I'm gettin' real resigned, too."

The meek complacency of the confession still gleamed in Uncle Josh's eyes as he went in to prayers, but Sall Ran looked redder than the crimson peonies on her posy-bed.

Parson Pitcher made an excellent prayer, particularly descanting on the use of trials; and when he came to an end and rose to say good-night, Mrs. Crane had vanished, so he had to go home without taking leave of her. Strange to say, during the following year a rumor crept through the village that "Mrs. Deacon Crane" had not been heard to scold once for months; that she even held her tongue under provocation; the last fact being immediately put to test by a few evil-minded and investigating boys, who proceeded to pull her fennel bushes through the pickets, and nip the yellow heads, receiving for their audacious thieving no more than a mild request not to "do that," which actually shamed them into apologizing.

With this confirmation, even Parson Pitcher began to be credulous of report, and sent directly for Deacon Crane to visit him.

"How's your wife, deacon?" said the parson, as soon as Josh was fairly seated in the study.

"Well, Parson Pitcher, she's most consartainly changed. I don't believe she's got riled more'n once, or gin it to me once, for six months."

"Very singular!" said Parson Pitcher. "I am glad for both of you; but what seems to have wrought upon her?"

"Well!" said Uncle Josh, with a clear glitter in his eye, "I expect she must 'a been to the winder that night you'n I sot talkin' on the stoop about 'flictions and her; for next day I stumbled and spilt a lot o' new milk on the kitchen floor, that allers riled her; so I began to say—'Oh, dear, I'm sorry Sall!' when she ups right away, and sez, sez she—'You han't no need to be skeered, Josh Crane; you've done with 'flictions in this world; I shan't never scold you no more. I ain't a goin' to be made a pack-horse to carry my husband to heaven!' and she never said no more to me, nor I to her, but she's ben nigh about as pretty behaved as Miss Eunice ever since, and I hope I shan't take to swearin'. I guess I shant, but do feel kinder crawly about being resigned."

However, Uncle Josh's troubles were over. Sall Ran dropped her name for "Aunt Sally," and finally joined the church, and was as good in her strenuous way as her husband in his meekness, for there are "diversities of gifts;" and when the Plainfield bell, on that autumn day, tolled a long series of eighty strokes, and Deacon Crane was gathered to his rest in the daisy sprinkled burying-yard beside Miss Eunice, the young minister who succeeded Parson Pitcher had almost as hard a task to console Aunt Sally as his predecessor had to instil resignation, on a like occasion, into Uncle Josh.

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GENTS.—Two years ago I had "La Grippe" which most badly poisoned my blood, as I had for "Shingles" (shingle shape) for in their worst forms. I took a large number of Dr.'s medicines but they left me worse and unable to work.

THE KIND I was terribly afflicted with boils, had six and two carbuncles at one time. I tried everything I could hear of but continued to have boils.

THAT Added to all this Eczema tormented me night and day. My skin was ribbons. I had severe pains in right side and back, continual headache.

CURES I was discouraged. At last I heard of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, commenced using it, and the third bottle completely CURED me.

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The truth of the above is certified to by H. R. HOLBROOK, P. M., South Hartwick, N. Y.

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There are two sorts of chimneys; brittle and tough. Ninety-nine in a hundred are brittle. The worst are imported from Germany. The best are Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass."

Two sorts as to workmanship; fine and coarse. The fine are Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass." The coarse are rough and out of proportion; misfits and misshapen; they do not make a good draft; they smoke.

Two sorts as to glass; transparent and gray. "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass" are clear, fine and tough—not tough against accident—tough against heat.

Call for "Pearl-top" or "Pearl-glass" chimneys.

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I was all run down with DYSPEPSIA. I doctored and doctored but it all resulted the same way. I grew worse. *I suffered* untold misery night and day. My case was pronounced *incurable*. I suffered this way for fully TWO YEARS. I chanced to meet Dr. Kennedy on the street about that time, and I told him of my condition and he said, "JIMMY," you need not *suffer* so, come to my office and I'll give you a bottle of FAVORITE REMEDY, take it morning, noon and night, and it will cure you. I took the medicine as directed, but had no *confidence* in a cure, as my case had been tried by so many. After using it a week I began to feel better, and in a short while after that I was ENTIRELY CURED—"*Just think of it, entirely cured.* That terrible distress, everything I ate, *breaking up sour* in my throat had all gone and I have not had a moments discomfort since. To-day there is'nt a *healthier* man in this country and my appetite is grand. I believe I could eat a KEG OF NAILS if I had to and digest them with ease. FAVORITE REMEDY is the foe of Dyspepsia and poor health.

Yours truly, JAMES S. DEAN.

Rondout, March 13th, 1892.

## WANTS, &c.

FOR RENT.—Society and club rooms in the post office building. Apply to M. M. Burke Attorney, Room 3. 12-14-tf

FOR SALE.—Livery outfit for sale cheap for cash. Apply to S. P. Coney, No 31 South Main street. 1-19-tf

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A good, sound young horse. Apply at Iowa Meat Market, 103 S. Main street, Shenandoah, Pa. 3-10-1w

WANTED.—From April 1st, nice private house on Jardin street, between Centre and Cherry. Answer until March 20th "C. T., HERALD office. 3-7-1

FOR SALE OR RENT.—After April 1st house No. 106 West Cherry street. For further information inquire on premises, or to Jos. S. Beddall. 3-9-1w

WANTED.—A young man, from 18 to 20 years of age, to drive a baker wagon. Must be honest and sober and come well recommended. No other need apply. J. P. Ploppert, 29 E. Centre street. 3-9-tf

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A large store and dwelling. Store room suitable for any business. Stable in the rear. For full particulars apply at No. 131 E. Centre street Mahanoy City, Pa. 2-16-tf

FOR SALE.—Must be sold within ten days. A household on Turkey Run hill with a double block and double kitchens, each part containing five rooms, with cellars and cisterns. All painted and papered. Lot 80x150 feet. Inquire of William H. Shoemaker, J. P. 2-4-tf

FOR SALE.—A boarding house, with stock and fixtures, centrally located to the city of Hazleton. At present doing a good business. Satisfactory reasons given for selling. Address E. & X., P. O. Box 462, Hazleton, Pa. 1-28-tf

A BARGAIN for the stock, fixtures, and good will, of a large profitable, well established and growing grocery business in Shenandoah. Inquire of Wm. H. Shoemaker, J. P. Merely curious inquirers are not desired. 3-11-10t

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—A meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens' Building and Loan Association, of Shenandoah, Pa., will be held Tuesday, March 14th, 1893, at 7.30 p. m., at the office of the company, for the purpose of electing officers and eight (8) directors.

C. W. DENGLER, Secretary.

Shenandoah, Pa., March 3, '93. 2-3-td

SPECIAL NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS. Office of the Miners', Mechanics' and Laborers' Building and Loan Association, of Shenandoah, Pa.—The Board of Directors of the Association has called a special meeting of its stockholders, to be held at the office of the Association rooms 1 and 2 Reilly's building, at Shenandoah, Pa., on the 7th day of April, 1893, at 7 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of voting for or against an increase of the capital stock.

JOSEPH KNAPP, Secy.

Shenandoah, Pa., Feb. 16, 1893. 2-16-1m

WE WANT THAT MAN.—In every county there is just the right man—honest, energetic and persevering—should have some mechanical genius. NO CAPITAL REQUIRED, but first-class references essential. We want that man on salary and commission to sell the '93 Yost Writing Machine, which is beyond all question the most perfect typewriter ever made. Should be seen and tried to be appreciated. Sent on two weeks' trial to responsible parties. The '93 Clergyman's Machine will be ready in one month. For particulars address YOST WRITING MACHINE CO., 71 and 73 Broadway, New York. 2-8-13w

WANTED.—A live man or woman in every county where we have not already secured a representative to sell our News Silver Solid Metal Knives, Forks and Spoons to consumers; a solid metal as white as silver; no plate to wear off; goods guaranteed to wear a lifetime; cost about one tenth that of silver; the chance of a lifetime; agents average from $50 to $100 per week and most with ready sales everywhere, so great is the demand for our Solid Metal Goods. Over One Million Dollars' worth of goods in daily use. Class of samples FREE. SILVERWARE CO.,

2-13-1m-d&w 233 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY or commission, to handle the new Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. The quickest and greatest selling novelty ever produced. Erases ink thoroughly in two seconds. No abrasion of paper. Works like magic. 300 to 500 per cent profit. One agent's sales amounted to $63 in six days. Another $32 in two hours. Previous experience not necessary. For terms and full particulars, address The Monroe Ink Eraser Co., La Crosse, Wis. 1-26-13w

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