The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Jr Publisher. INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live." $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XIV., No. 27. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886. If not paid in advance, $1.25

Advertising Rates

For Legal Notices.

The following prices for legal advertising has been apopted by the CARBON ADVOCATE.

Charter Notices	$4 00
Auditor's Notices	4 00
Commissioner's Notices	4 00
Divorce Notices	4 00
Administrator's Notices	3 00
Executor's Notice	3 00

Other legal advertising will be charged for by the square.

H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNCELLORS.

HORACE HEYDT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE:—The room recently occupied by W. M. Rapsher,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English and German. July 4, 1885-1y

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY & COUNCELLOR 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. November 22, 18 4.

T. A. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Corner of Bank Street & Hankway 2nd building above the Carbon Advocate Printing Office.
May 19, 1883-m6*] LEHIGHTON.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. P. ALFRED ANDREWS,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Opposite Nathan Snyder's Store,
EAST WEISSPORT.
Special attention given to chronic diseases and Diseases of Women. apr17-6m*

DR. W. W. REBER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
OFFICE Hours at Parryville From 8 a. m., to 12 m. daily.
May be consulted in the English or German Language. May 17, '84

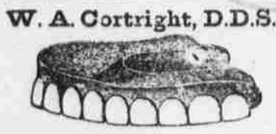
N. B. REBER, M. D.
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON.
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
OFFICE—Bank Street, Reber's Block, LEHIGHTON, PENN'A.
May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 8th.

W. G. M. SEIPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English or German
Special attention given to GYNECOLOGY
OFFICE HOURS—From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. March 31, 83

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S.,

BRANCH OFFICE—Opposite Clauss & Bro's
Bank St., Lehighton, Pa
Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth extracted without pain. Gas administered when requested. Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week. P. O. Address, LITZENBERG, Lehigh county, Pa. Jan. 3, 18 5-1y.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S.,



OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House,"
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases. ANÆSTHETIC administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. 1y8-y1

EYE AND EAR.
DR. G. T. FOX
Visits Allentown regularly on THURSDAY of each week. Practice limited to
Diseases of the Eye & Ear
Office at Hayden's American Hotel, and office hours from 9 in the forenoon until 3:30 in the afternoon. Also attends to Refraction of the Eye for the proper adjustment of glasses, and for the relief and cure of optical defects.
May also be consulted at his office in BATH, Wednesday and Saturday of each week, at BANGOR on Monday, and at EASTON on Tuesday. jan 2 86 1y.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

CARBON HOUSE,
JONATHAN KISTLER, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
The CARBON HOUSE offers first-class accommodations to the Traveling public. Boarding by the Day or Week on Reasonable Terms. Choice Cigars, Wines and Liquors always on hand. Good Sheds and Stables, with attentive Hostlers, attached. April 10-y1,

PACKERTON HOTEL.
Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR,
Packerton, Penn'a.
This well known hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent tables and the very best liquors. Also fine stables attached. Sept. 18-y1.

MANSION HOUSE,
Opposite L. & S. Depot,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.
C. H. HOM, PROP'R.
This house offers first-class accommodations for transient and permanent boarders. It has been newly refitted in all its departments, and is located in one of the most picturesque portions of the borough. Terms moderate. ☞ The bar is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Fresh Lager Beer on Tap. apr17-86-1y

W. A. Peters
Announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has now open for their accommodation his
NEW RESTAURANT,
next door to the 1st National Bank, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, and that he is now prepared to furnish First-Class
Meals at Short Notice!
The Bar is supplied with the best wines, fresh Lager Beer and Choice Cigars. You are invited to call. april24-86-1y.

Thomas' Drug Store.

Wall Paper, Borders, Ceiling Decorations,
Gilts, Micas, Flats, &c.,
—GET THE VERY LATEST SPRING STYLES OF—
at rock bottom prices. Call and see! No trouble to show Goods at
Thomas' Drug Store,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa. Reber's Block.

Physicians Perscriptions
Carefully Compounded

Sale Bills!
Printed while you wait. We have better facilities than any other office in this county for this work. Give us a call.

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE
READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE
Also Passenger and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1872 THOS. KEMERER

Miss Belle Nusbaum, Millinery Goods!

MILLINERY!
This is the season of the year when Winter Hats and Bonnets are cast aside and the Ladies begin to look around for something
Nice, New & Stylish
in Spring and Summer
HATS, BONNETS, FANCY GOODS and NOTIONS.
to take the place of their cast off garments. A great deal of
Time, Trouble and Money
can be saved by calling at my Millinery Store. I have gone to considerable trouble in order to secure all the very latest novelties in the Millinery line, together with a
1st-CLASS CITY MILLINER,
and I am now prepared to offer the Ladies of Lehighton and vicinity "Better Bargains, Better Goods together with the Latest Styles" than any other Millinery Establishment in this section of the Valley.
I respectfully request the Ladies to call and examine my goods and learn prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Miss Belle Nusbaum,
BANK STREET,
Lehighton. 4-17-3m

T. J. BRETNEY,
Respectfully announces to the merchants of Lehighton and others that he is prepared to do all kinds of
Hauling of Freight, Express Matter and Baggage
at very reasonable prices. By prompt attention to all orders he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Residence, corner of Pine and Iron Street, Lehighton, Pa.
Orders for hauling left at C. M. Sweeny & Son's Store will receive prompt attention.
T. J. BRETNEY.
Oct. 12, 1884-3m

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
25 Cts.
WOLFE & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE DREAM.

BY MRS. PINSLEY BRADEN.

I vas schlepdn' in der ride-dimes,
Mit mine vace durned to the toor,
Und I treamt dot Gretchen enderdt—
She vat vas mine vife before—
Gretchen mit her pbue eyes holdtin'
Alt der oldt lof-lide of yore.

Und she game oup glose pesiide me,
Buts her handt tom on mine hedt—
Leedle glingin', soft, varm vingers,
Dot pelong now to der dedt.
Ach, I lisdendt mit some heartakes
To her dender vordts she sedt.

"Fritz," she vispered, "I vas lonely!
Dake me back von leedle vile,
Led me veel your arm garessin',
Hear your voice, und see you smile;
Vor I hafs you sloust as druly,
As in tays ad Badenveile."

Den ubon mine geek so vithered,
Quick she laidt von luring kiss.
Wonet more, I vas yung und dwendy,
Alt mine life filt oup mit bliss.
I vorgodt ve vas barded,
Und dose handts mad libs I miss.

Ach I quickly trew her to me,
Gredt': "Gretchen, vate vor me.
Darry dill I too vas retty,
Und ve poth vill gress Gott's sea,
Ve vill haf no pitter bardings,
In dot City of der Free."

Put mine swede vife-angel vanisht,
Und dose happy tream vas done,
Vide avake I lays mit dinkines,
Dill comes ou der mornin' sun.
Gretchen vates for me oup yonder,
Und mine journeys vas pecun.

* * * * * * *

Fordy yeers ago she leftd me,
Mit vide roses on her prest.
Now oldt Fritz dey sey vas tyin',
Sune he vill go home to rest,
Gretchen ad der gate vill mede me—
Ve vill pe forever plest.

Broadbrim's New York Letter

Special to the CARBON ADVOCATE.

Let the poor fools who go into Wall street with a thousand or two thousand dollars of their employer's or somebody else's money, expecting to put it back when they have made a little flyer on stocks, take warning by the downfall of Tasker H. Marvin and stop while there yet is time. Who is Tasker H. Marvin? Well, you have never been on 'Change or you would not have had to ask that question. Where money circulates and stocks are bought and sold, few men are better known than he. No Tyro on 'Change, no Tenderfoot, no Younker, no Greenhorn. No, sir: he was born as it were on the street, and knew all the mysteries of puts and calls, of longs and shorts, of bulls and bears, when other boys were shooting bean blowers and playing marbles. At fifteen he carried in his head a list of all the dividend paying railroad and telegraph stocks in the United States. He could tell you off-hand how much they had been diluted and what was the value of the water. His father was for years President of the Stock Exchange and one of New York's most honored financiers. There was not a broker on 'Change who did not know young Task Marvin, and whatever they did know of him was always to the boy's advantage. The stock was good; he was well brought up, and no young man in this city had a fairer start in life or took greater pains to profit by it. His father died and young Marvin found himself in possession of a goodly fortune, an unblemished reputation and a seat in the Stock Exchange. Profiting by his father's teaching and following in his father's footsteps wealth rolled in upon him, and at thirty-six years of age he found himself in possession of a million of dollars and retired from business. Now recollect that Mr. Marvin was no high flyer, no gambler, no fool, no sham, that he never made religion a cloak to hide his sins; yet, he was a religious man of whom any church might well feel proud. A pure and spotless life; honor unstinted among his fellow men; a great heart, ever responsive to the call of charity; his name mentioned with blessing by the poor for he held his great wealth as the almoner of God's bounty. Happy in his domestic relations, beyond the ordinary lot of humanity; honored, courted, trusted, flattered; if ever the lot of man seemed perfect it was that of Tasker H. Marvin. Imagine the shock to the town last week when it was discovered that he was a hopeless bankrupt. How did it happen? I'll tell you. Although he had a solid million in gold he could not resist the temptation to speculate and make his one million two. He went largely into building and lost heavily, and then to retrieve his losses, two years ago, went back into Wall street with four or five hundred thousand dollars. As I said he was no tyro, he knew everybody and everything, he had every advantage of prestige, character, connections and credit that man could possibly have, and yet exercising his very best judgment and using the dearly bought knowledge acquired by years of sharp experience, in two short years he is stranded on the hopeless shores of bankruptcy and ruin. But though in a few years Mr. Marvin has lost a million of dollars he did not lose his honor nor the confidence of his fellow men. In the midst of his financial ruin no man questioned his integrity of purpose, and though stripped of every dollar he carried out of Wall street an article that is not for sale upon its money marts—a spotless character and an unblemished name. This is worth more to this world, as a bright and shining example to the young men of this land, than all the gold he has lost or could lose for a thousand years. He was Treasurer of the Polytechnic Institute and Hamilton Club of Brooklyn and though a million of dollars passed through his hands his accounts balanced to a cent. He could easily have done what thousands have done before him and plunged others in his financial ruin, but he jeopardized his own money and when that was lost he stopped. I have devoted this much space to Mr. Marvin's case because it is an exceptional one on Wall street. Although he was a millionaire no man that I know rejoices at his downfall, for when he had plenty he remembered the poor and suffering and it is they who will miss him most. But the moral of all this is, that if a man of his knowledge, character, experience and ability is swept out of sight in this remorseless financial maelstrom, what chance is there for the innocent lambs who fondly imagine that fortunes can be picked up on the street by the investment of a few hundred dollars? Don't believe them, young man, don't try the experiment with anybody else's money; if you do, sooner or later you will find your way to the penitentiary. If you must experiment in stocks use your own money and then stop. But, if you want to make a rapid fortune, and you are tired of being poor, you will find the Louisiana Lottery, faro, seven up, or poker, quite as safe as stocks.

It is said that hawks won't pick out hawk's eyes. It is a nice figure of speech but not true. These Wall street hawks would pick out the eyes of their fathers or mothers or grand-mothers. Some years ago Jay Gould had a dear friend, a very dear friend named Selover. One morning Gould met Selover on the street and confidentially gave him a point on a certain stock. Selover rushed down to his broker and sold $60,000 worth short, and when the sun went down his bank account was short just $60,000 while Jay Gould's had improved that and much more. When the Board closed Solover met Gould in New street, and seizing him by the back of his neck and the seat of his pants threw him down a cellar from whence he was rescued by a barber. There are men who win, and there are men who have made great fortunes on Wall street, but they are not so numerous as the sand on the seashore or the stars in the milky way. It's a game with loaded dice; to the one who wins there are a hundred that lose not only their gold but honor, credit, body and soul.

I hardly know how I forgot to mention the Dog Show in my last letter for it was one of the features of the week. Every body goes to the dogs whenever we have an exhibiton in New York. I have a mortal horror of hydrophobia, but hydrophobia or no hydrophobia I would sooner trust those dogs on exhibition than an equal number of my own kind. The show of canines was magnificent; every kind of dog was there that ever was seen or heard of, from a Siberian bloodhound that looked like a royal Bengal tiger, to my lady's darling that she carries in her bosom, and which when fat weighs three ounces and a half. Lots of fellows did not go to see the dogs but to take a look at the pretty girls, of which there were thousands every day. The girls went to see the puppies and all the puppies in town went to see the girls. The Show was crowded every day. Every body and his wife were there, and as a Dog Show it was the greatest success of the kind we have ever had in this city.

"Shool hath no fury like a woman scorned," saith the poet, and when he wrote those remarkable lines he evidently had Mrs. Wilson in his weather eye. She is now in court suing for a divorce with attorney's fee and alimony. She complains of cruel and inhuman treatment, and certainly makes a most powerful case against her brute of a husband. Item one, she wanted a love of a French bonnet, it only cost thirty dollars, and this inhuman savage declared that a twenty dollar hat was good enough for her. No wonder she was mad; who would not be? The only wonder is how the poor woman survived the shock. She wanted a box for the Mikado, it only cost fifteen dollars, and he stuck her in seats in the parquette which only cost three dollars and a half a piece; poor woman, poor woman. She wanted some ice cream and maccaroons about half-past two in the morning and the monster refused to get out of bed, alleging that he was suffering from neuralgia and it was snowing at the time. There are a hundred just such counts in the frightful list, and medical experts are now trying to find out how Mrs. Wilson lived through it all. But in the meantime Wilson himself comes into court and avers that he is the martyr, and as an evidence of his tortures furnishes satisfactory proof that on a certain occasion, while he was lying in bed, he and his wife got into a dispute and before he had time to realize what she was doing, this suffering angel seized his breeches and threw them out of the window. His wardrobe was not voluminous, he had but one pair and there he was, literally Sans Culotte. Mrs. Wilson was partially avenged, but the harrowing feature was that in Wilson's breeches pockets were two hundred dollars that he had collected for his employer and a gold watch. When the pants were recovered a half hour afterwards the money and watch were gone, and poor Wilson was nearly sent to the penitentiary for embezzlement. Another wife caught her husband on the street and lambasted him with a cowhide, and being questioned by a policeman (who happened by the merest accident to pass by), as to what she was doing, she informed him that she was on the strike.

From the two bright and shining examples just cited it is evident that woman in New York is able to take care of herself. On Monday a woman came down to Havemeyer's refinery, where the big strike is going on, and asked the superintendent if he would take her husband back; they said they would, but the man was afraid to go back on account of his fellow strikers. She went back right through the crowd, armed herself with a club and marched her husband down to the sugar house and set him to work. That's the kind of woman she was. No more striking in that house. Speaking of strikes they are far from over yet; every trade, every shop, every factory appears to be taking a hand in and business of all kinds is completely upset. The latest racket is the servant girls; Bridget and Wilhelmina and Gretchen have got their backs up, and they now insist that the family breakfast shall not take place till ten o'clock, that all dinners shall be cleared away at four o'clock so that their evenings may not be interfered with whenever they want to go to the opera. An advance of 100 per cent. on wages and the use of the parlors three nights in the week for their steady company. What can we do? What shall we do? What will we do? I give it up.

BROADBRIM.

OUR SOUTHERN BUDGET

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

RALEIGH, N.C., May 15, 1886.

A gentleman from Reading, Pa., visiting the sandy regions of the long-leaf pine section of North Carolina, last December, said of the soil that it was naturally the finest for strawberry culture he had ever seen. He said, "Why, you can raise strawberries here as large as hen's eggs."

On the 20th of December we transplanted a few plants. They were green and growing. We covered them with pine straw and oak leaves. About the first of March we removed the covering. On the 27th of March they were in bloom, and at this writing they are hanging full of green berries. The plants are vigorous—in fact we never saw finer ones.

This region is within a few hours of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, D. C. It will surely be the strawberry farmer's paradise one of these days.

Too many lank, lean, scrubby cows, giving two quarts at a milking, (when they can be found near enough home to be milked) roam over acres of territory in the South, hunting like dogs after a scanty forage. These cattle are a little better than none. An acre to a cow, on the ensilage plan, would keep the very finest stock. Get churns. Construct cellars. Fence your farms. Cultivate fewer acres. Use a little mental manure on your lands. The result will be an astonisher. Try it and see.

The leaves on the trees in North Carolina, even in the latest season, are always full grown by the 10th of May. This has been a late spring in the South, but by the middle of April the sweet gums and poplars are in leaf, and the lazy oaks are clothed in olive. Advices from favored locations in Pennsylvania speak nothing of green leaves as yet.

Gardens are well along here. Peas will soon be quite gone. Fruit trees of all kinds are shedding their blossoms, the fruit setting nicely.

Sweet potatoes are bedded and soon the draws will be transplanted to the fields.

Florida oranges are experimental. North Carolina peaches are a certainty.

Now are the states that offer land at five dollar an acre, and five years to pay for it. North Carolina does that in several sections.

The soft coal mines in the Deep River section of North Carolina are about to be re-opened. They have not been worked to any extent since the close of the late war.

Newspaper advertising went a long way toward building up Florida. Real merit, good soil and the finest climate in the world are doing wonders for North Carolina.

Cheap lands in the South can be made an effective weapon against the great monopolies of the country—if the labor leaders really want to benefit the struggling masses.

The South is removed as the land of "hog, hominy and molasses." And yet Ohio furnishes a great part of the hog, and no small part of the corn, while the amount of molasses that comes from the Northern refineries is no small matter.

Men from the North who have capital to invest are looking this way with anxious eyes, and if Southern Pines isn't one of the most prosperous, as well as one of the prettiest and most healthful spots in the entire South, then all signs are a miss, and we cannot prophesy worth a cent.

As to the literary part of the city of Southern Pines, why shouldn't it be literary? Two hundred lots are owned by the leading newspaper men of the North, and elsewhere.

"Too much absorbed in his business," was the comment of a newspaper on the death of a brewer who was drowned in a tank of his own beer.

A GREAT CURE.

"O, go way!" he said, as the other boy bent over him, and asked the cause of his trouble.

"Jim, have ye gota headache—one o' them reglar old rippers what draws yer shoulders right up to yer ears?"

"Naw!"

"Got the ager?"

"Naw!"

"Some big boy gin ye a licking for sassing him?"

"Naw—g'way!"

"Jim, hain't I yer partner? Can't ye trust yer best friend? Now, what is it? Are ye in luv?"

"Um!"

"Is she beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Rich and tony?"

"You bet!"

"And there is a whole social gulf between you?"

"Um—yes."

"And her parents are implacable?"

"Yes."

"Then, Jim, cheer up. I'll stand by ye. I'll get a note to her. I'll help ye plan the 'lopement. I'll lend ye my rope-ladder and Sunday coat and silver watch chain, and I'll gin ye five nickels to help you out on a bridal tower. Come, Jim—come down the alley and help me eat a muskmelon and three herrings. I've been there, and I know. When a gal's implacable dad stands between her and the kid who wants to call her his'n it takes herrings—herrings with worms in 'em—three for a cent—to pull his pining soul back into the socket. Come, old pard."

AN INVITATION TO A PARTY.

Ike Collingwood, of Meeting-House Crossroads, was anxious to take "the light of his life, the essence of every happiness, the tree on which the fruit of his heart was growing," to a famous party to be given by Silas Peterson. In fact, he was very anxious. But he knew no good way to ask her her company; and not being bred to city directness, he went about it with country circumlocution, thus:

"Goin' to the party over to Sile Peterson's to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you?"

"Yes. Who are you goin' with?"

"Nobody's asked me yet. Who are you?"

"I don't know. I s'pose Hank Beecher'll take you, won't he?"

"Why, Ike Collingwood, whatever put that into your head?"

"Oh, nothin'. 'Cause him an' you are so sweet on each other, I guess."

"Sakes alive! Me sweet on Hank Beecher! I ain't half so sweet on him as you are on Mandy Tiller."

"Yes, you are."

"No, I ain't."

"Yes, you are, to."

"No, I ain't neither."

"Then what made you let him kiss you fur when we were t layin' spin the plate at Deacon Goodenough's the other evenin'?"

"Law me, he was so pesterin' what else could I do? Anyhow that wasn't no reason why you should take Mandy home from meetin' last Sunday."

"Oh, well, you know what I did it fur."

"If you thought it was going to spite me, Ike Collingwood, all I can say is you've missed you're mark."

"A painful silence fell.

"Say, you ain't mad, are you?" inquired Ike.

"Mercy me, what have I to be mad at? It was you who was mad."

"No, I ain't, either. Only I don't like to see you go with Hank Beecher."

"How about your goin' with Mandy Tiller?"

"Oh, darn Mandy Tiller! I care more fur your little thumb than I do fur her hull body."

"Why, Ike Collingwood, how you talk! You ought to be ashamed of your self."

But the pleased smile upon her face belied her words, and he did not feel so very much abashed. Then after several unsuccessful attempts to speak, he entreated in a low tone:

"Say if a feller was to ask you to go to the party with him to-morrow night, would you?"

"Depends on who the feller was."

"Well, say Hank Beecher! fur instance?"

"No."

"Well, say a feller about my size."

"Depends, I told you."

"This, if the feller looked jes' like me, was my height, an' everything, would you?"

"I might."

At this he took courage, draw in a deep breath, and splattered forth:

"Say, will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Go."

"Go where?"

"Over to Sile Peterson's with me to-morrow night."

"Why, of course."

FASHION NOTES.

Plain ribbons are few.

Crinkled seersuckers appear in new colors.

Jet ornaments are abundant and expensive.

Twilled lace handkerchiefs are in fashion again.

Stripes appear in many of the new dress fabrics.

Cashmere and camel's hair are much combined in costumes.

Riding habits are made just long enough to clear the ground.

Sprigged mulls are in again, to the delight of very young ladies.

Satin screens on rollers, to be made large or small after the window shade method, are the newest for drawing-rooms.

A navy-blue straw turban is trimmed with folds of velvet of the same color and a large bunch of white cherries placed directly in front.

—Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this kind will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behavoir, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend or made his fortune.

—Somebody has invented a woman's hat that shuts up, but the woman herself still continues otherwise.

—Happiness is often at our side, and we pass her by. Misfortune is afar off, and we rush to meet her.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure kidney and liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50 cts. a bottle by Thomas.

—Every man who discovers a previously unknown fact is a benefactor to his race, and adds to the mental wealth of the world, unless his discovery is the inevitable result of blowing into the muzzle of a shot gun to find out how much vacancy it contains.

—Hope is a guideboard that is always pointing to a pleasant pathway through grove and meadow.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. Sold by T. D. Thomas, Lehighton and W. F. Biery, Weissport.

—Somebody who has been digging down into the hard-pan of language, claims that the original meaning of the word editor was "to eat," but in the pinching present it means "to starve" in a good many localities that a blind horse might stray into.

—Waste nothing, neither money, time nor talent.

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage. But are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by druggists, $1.00. At Thomas' drug store.

—Why is it that an ordinary woman has more music in the neighborhood of her under jaw than a blacksmith has in both arms, is one of the things that science has never undertaken to explain.

—The wise carry their knowledge as they do their watches, not for display, but for their own use.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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—Idleness is the hot-bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waster of time, the canker worm of felicity. To him that has no employment, life in a little while, will have no novelty; and when novelty is laid in the grave, the funeral of comfort will soon follow.

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