The Carbon Advocate.

☞ Are you a subscriber to the paper you are now reading? If not, it will cost you but $1. for 52 weeks to become one, and I am you can tell your neighbor that you will neither borrow nor lend.

☞ If you want a paper that owns itself and isn't afraid to tell the news; that believes in public morality, and the enforcement of the laws against malefactors; that has opinions, and isn't afraid to express them, get THE CARBON ADVOCATE.

$1.00 a Year in Advance. INDEPENDENT--"Live and Let Live." $1.25 when not paid in Advance.

VOL. XIX., No 17 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna., March 7, 1891. Single Copies 5 Cents

Ladies Muslin Underwear,

We have opened a new department of Ladies Muslin Underwear that cannot be excelled anywhere for moderation of price with quality and Style.

H. GUTH & SON,

634 Hamilton St., Allentown.

Lehigh Coal & Hardware Co.,

(LIMITED)

Seiler's corner, North First Street.

Would Make this Special Announcement

Of the fact that they have bought the finest and most complete line of Guns, Revolvers, Cartridges, Shells, both blank and loaded, Gun Covers, Game Bags and all Implements and Tools used by the Sporting Fraternity ever shown in Carbon county, and that they have marked them at prices that will defy competition. We extend an earnest invitation to all to come and inspect them whether you want to buy at present or not.

We also have a line of Dr. Horner's Cattle and Horse Powders.

KOCH & SHANKWEILER

GREAT CLOTHING SALE!!!

No wonder there is quick selling. The knife goes into prices because we have an overabundance of CLOTHING, from the cheapest to the very finest, in mens, boys and children's suits, storm overcoats, Fine Kerseys, Meltons, Chinchillas and Fine Beaver. An accumulation just now, and prices almost one-half.

Never in the history of selling CLOTHING have we had a more attractive stock to offer, and never have we offered to sell at such low prices as now

KOCH & SHANKWEILER,

The Leading and Largest Clothing House in the Lehigh Valley.

Hotel Allen Building. Centre Square.

ALLENTOWN, PA.,

AMOS REIGEL

OPPOSITE L. & S. DEPOT,

FIRST STREET, - - LEHIGHTON, Pa

Has just opened an entire new line of

LADIES' FINE DRESS GOODS!

Comprising all the very latest styles in **White Goods, Satteens, Prints, Ginghams, Marseilles, Seersuckers and Fancy Dress Patterns** of the very best qualities at exceeding low prices.

Groceries, Provisions, Crockeryware, Glassware Wood and Willowware of the best makes at low figures.

Cloths Cassimers, Hats, Boots, Shoes and Ready-made Clothing in great variety and at prices with the reach of all purchasers—prices fully as low as the same goods can be bought for at any other general store in this vicinity.

Carpets, Oil-cloths, Lamps and Fixtures in great variety and of best quality at Rock Bottom Prices.

Best quality of **Flour and Feed** at prices fully as low as the same articles can be purchased elsewhere.

A car load of **coarse salt** has just been received—the price y been marked down to the very lowest notch.

All goods of the very best quality and are being sold at prices equally as low as the same goods can bought at any general store in this section. Call and be convinced. *Respectfully,*

July 823-71 AMOS REIGEL.

JOB WORK of all kinds nicely executed at this office. Prices low

For Brussels, Ingrain and Good Rag Carpets, Saxony, Germantown and Stocking Yarns, Carpet Wool, and Brush Mats, call at

F. P. HEILS

Excelsior Carpet Works,

NORTH FIRST STREET, LEHIGHTON,

We pay particular attention to the manufacture of Rag Carpet

Professional & Business Cards.

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, Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a specialty. May be consulted in English and German nov. 22-71

PACKERTON HOTEL,

Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton,

Z. H. C. HOM, Proprietor.

PACKERTON, - - - PENNA.

This well-known Hotel is thoroughly refitted, and has the best accommodation for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent Tables and the choicest Liquors. Stable attached. 51 1ab

MANSION HOUSE

Opposite L. & S. Depot,

BANK STREET, - - LEHIGHTON

C. H. HOM, PROPRIETOR.

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 beer on Tap. Apr 17-71

O. A. CLAUSS,

Office with Clauss Bros., First street, Lehighton

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Only First-class Companies are represented. Information cheerfully furnished. 4-y

Ex-Sheriff Rabenold.

224 N. 5th St., - - - - ALLENTOWN.

DENTISTRY,

in all its branches. Fresh gas always on hand. The patronage of the people is solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. 4-5-90

DR. J. P. BROWN,

Slatington, Penna.

Special Treatment given to Diseases of Women. Specialist in Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Catarrh Permanently Cured.

Fine Frameless Eye Glasses and Spectacles adjusted—my own patent. aug 8-tf

DR. G. T. FOX,

172 Main Street, Bath, Pa.

AT BANGOR, BROADHEAD HOUSE, MONDAYS.
AT EASTON, SWAN HOTEL, TUESDAYS.
AT BETHLEHEM, SAGE HOTEL, WEDNESDAYS.
AT ALLENTOWN, EAGLE HOTEL, THURSDAY
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.

F. I. SMITH, D. D. S.,

Office opposite the Opera House.

Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Fillings and making artificial dentures a specialty. Local anæsthetics used.

Has 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 p. m., to 8 p. m.

Consultations in English or German.

Office Hours at Hazleton—Every Saturday. Oct 15-87—1y

DR. W. F. DANZER,

No. 26 North Wyoming St.,

HAZLETON, PENNA.

Specialist in Diseases of the

EYE, NOSE AND THROAT

Dr. Danzer will be at the

Exchange Hotel, Lehighton,

Spectacles and Eye Glasses accurately fitted at reasonable prices.

☞ Consultation in German and English. August 8-90tf

PLUMBING!!

IN ALL ITS BRANCH

The undersigned would respectfully announce that he is prepared now to do all kinds of work in the above line at short notice, in the best manner and at the most reasonable prices. Estimates will be cheerfully furnished. A full line of all the necessary articles namely, water spigots, urinals, etc., always in stock. A share of the public patronage is solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

W. S. KUHNS',

North First St., Lehighton.

Have you read the Advocate.

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

NEW OFFICE.—Over J. W. Rudenbush' Liquor Store,

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON.

Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth Extracted without Pain. Gas administered when requested.

Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week.

P. O. address, ALLENTOWN, Jy1 Lehigh county, Pa.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

CONSUMERS WILL NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE IF THEY KNOW THEMSELVES. ASK FOR FRAZER'S AND GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY GROCERS GENERALLY. 1y

"WHEN PHYLLIS SKATES."

When Phyllis skates she calls to mind
A red-cross reading in the wind,
A sea-gull dancing on the sea,
When Devs the breeze from off the land
And trails her tresses brown behind,
A sea gull to the waves inclined.
While crystal drops like jewels bind
The wings. As one entranced I stand
When Phyllis skates.

The picture in my mind enshrined—
Her form against the snow outlined,
Hills robed in white on either hand—
Would make a painting simply grand.
I dare deny that Love is blind
When Phyllis skates.
—Flavel Scott Mines.

MEHITABEL GREEN.

A modern young lady would have called it "just a perfectly delicious, lovely old house, and so quaint!"

But the modern young lady would probably die there of what she would have described as "ongwe."

The Greens, whose home this was, did not die young. They usually lived until past 80 and then were buried on that knoll out there beyond the cider orchard. That knoll had been the burial yard of the family for almost 200 years. The old slate colored headstones slanted very much, and the letters cut on them were filled in with fine gray lichens.

The house was much of the color of the most ancient gravestones. It had never been painted, and it was reshingled only when that process was necessary to preserve the weatherboards. The last time the carpenters had been there was when Mehitabel was a small child, and she was now beyond middle age.

The building was so low eaved in front that it appeared impossible that it could be any lower, until you walked round to the back and found that over the kitchen the roof was still nearer to the earth. In the summer it almost seemed as if the peonies growing near the kitchen door would touch the eaves, so rankly they sloped upward. That season when Mehitabel raised so many sunflowers, so that the hens might have the seed, those bold blossoms climbed up and nodded their yellow heads together over the roof shingles.

In her care of her poultry, Mehitabel was guided a good deal by the monthly periodical to which she subscribed, and which was devoted to the interests of food. One year this journal advised every one who kept hens and wished to make any money on them to be sure and plant a grant many sunflowers, as their seeds were a marvelous food. In point of fact, hens that were fed on this kind of nourishment would be fat and glossy, and would lay in spite of themselves.

"Try them seeds on that old Plymouth Rock," said Mehitabel's mother; "she ain't laid for more'n a year. Give her a good dose. If she lays I sh'll believe there's something in that receipt."

"Tain't exactly what I call a receipt, mother," said Mehitabel hesitatingly.

They had washed the breakfast dishes and were sitting down by the cook stove a moment to warm their feet before they began to sew straw. It was about half-past six, and was not yet very light, but Mehitabel had her spectacles on, and the "hen-paper," as she called it, in her hand. She had been to the postoffice and the library at the village the day before. From the former place she had procured the hen paper, from the latter she had brought home "Strathmore."

She had just read aloud this article about sunflowers and both the women had resolved to plant "a lot."

Mrs. Green had the best place, directly in front of the stove. Her skirt was turned up over her knees and her stockinged feet were resting on a much dried pine board, which was placed on the bottom of the oven. Her daughter's feet were modestly on the hearth where they could not receive half as much heat, but Mehitabel did not expect to receive heat or anything.

"It's no matter what you call it," said Mrs. Green with emphasis. "I guess I'm old enough to know what a receipt is. Receipts ain't all for cakes 'n cookies. That one you've jest been readin' is for eggs, 'n' we'll try it."

They did try it the very next spring. Their luck with the sunflower crop was prodigious, but as regarded the egg crop it was not marked. For instance, no amount of seeds would make the Plymouth Rock hen lay, although that bird walked about the farm as if she laid all the eggs that were in the nests. It was in the fall, after this experiment had been made, that the hen paper announced that there as nothing so bad to give hens as sunflower seeds. Mehitabel read these words while the two were sitting in the same attitude in which they had read the former item.

Mrs. Green pushed the pine board violently further into the oven and Mehitabel said, with gentle deprecation, that "it had got so now you couldn't even believe all you saw in print."

To this the elder woman made reply that "newspapers was blameder fools than folks was nowadays." Then they rose and went to their straw sewing.

Mother and daughter looked upon their home as a very desirable place of residence. There was no piazza or porch, or even blinds. The little windows with their white curtains stared unblinkingly through the long, hot July days, and the cold, short days of February. There was not much "passing" on the pike, but once it had been the stage road from Boston to Providence. There were other roads now, besides the railway, and the pike was so deserted that it had a suspicion of grass each side of the horse track which ran along the center of it.

Mehitabel and her mother would have been surprised if any one had suspected they were lonesome.

"Why," said the girl—her mother always spoke of her as "my gal"—"if there ain't nothin' else, there's always crows a flyin' over the medder."

She might have added "there was always novels," only she was shy of speaking of her novel reading. Mrs. Green, however, was proud of that fact in her gal's history. "M'hitabel was a great reader," she would say, "a great reader; 'n' I'd know where she gits it from. Taint from me, for the Farnsworths never read nothin'; 'n' 'taint from her father, for cart horses couldn't make him open a book."

Mrs. Green always alluded to cart horses in this way, as if, with the ordinary person, cart horses were great incentives to reading.

It was on Saturday afternoons, between 2 and 3 o'clock, that Mehitabel left her home to walk the mile that lay between that home and the village where she got her novels.

It has struck 2 a half hour ago and there she is just leaving the back door. She has on a long circular, which is made of an alapaca skirt, is wadded with cotton batting, and lined with black cambric. Her very soul had longed for "farmer's satin" for the lining of that circular, but she could not afford that luxury. Every time she put on the cloak she shook it out before her, looked at the lining sadly, imagined what it might have been, then, with a sigh of resignation, swung the garment over her thin, work bent shoulders. In the inmost recesses of her consciousness Mehitabel could not beat down the desire for farmer's satin for the lining. But, after the very first, she never mentioned that desire, even when her mother would say that the cambric did better than she expected.

A long, white "cloud" is twisted a great many times over Mehitabel's head, saving unprotected the forehead and a portion of the sandy gray hair. There is something heartbreakingly pathetic in the expression across the brows and on the eyelids, though the gray eyes themselves look out with a courage that has a great deal of patience in it.

On her hands she has red mittens knit by herself. On her feet are congress boots, and, except in dry summer weather, a large pair of "arctics"—"artics" she calls them—and is entirely upset when they are, by any chance, misplaced and she can not find them behind the woodbox, where they usually stand. These arctics have a greatly magnifying effect, even on small feet, but when Mehitabel wears them one might almost doubt if so thin a woman could lift anything so large. But she flops along with them, kicking up her circular on her heels as she goes.

She always carries her books in a much worn leather reticule, which opens and shuts with a loud snap. Frequently when there is a crowd at the library the attendant will hear that snap somewhere in the room and will know that Miss Green has come for a volume of Ouida's. If she can not get Ouida, strangely enough, Miss Green always asks for something of George Eliot's. She does not write down the numbers of the books she wants, for she has tried to do that long ago, and became so utterly confused by the intricacies of the catalogue that she went home without any books. She was so tremulous with excitement that she did not wish to address the librarian, but preferred to walk back over the lonely pike with an empty bag. A few tears of disappointment and anxiety dropped over her face as she trudged on. They had no straw in the house that week to sew, and she would have had more time to read. It was not until she had fed the hens and milked the cow and was mixing sour milk biscuit for supper that she ventured to tell her mother that "them catalogues was too much for her." If she had known beforehand she asked for her card how it was the custom to write numbers and hand in the slip, she didn't know as she should have asked for one, any way.

Mrs. Green had been a Farnsworth, and Farnsworths, as she had asserted long ago, "wa'n't afraid of nothin'." The widow bade her daughter "jes' go 'n' tell the woman 'n' she'd git it, fast enough."

With much trepidation, Mehitabel the next day walked into the library and took her place in the line of those who stood waiting. But just as her turn came her courage gave out, and she slipped back and sat down on a settee. She lingered about, and pretended to be studying some of the pamphlets on the table. After a while the crowd of school children had gone.

The attendant looked over her desk. She saw the tall, shabby woman with the long, loose teeth and the painfully deprecating air, and she was immediately touched by a keen emotion of pity and sympathy.

"Did you want a book?" she asked kindly.

Mehitabel immediately shuffled forward over the floor in her arctics. By the time she reached the desk she was trembling so that her hand shook as she put her card down.

"Them catalogues," she began with bashful eagerness, "them catalogues—I can't make head nor tail out of 'em."

"No matter," was the reply, "wait until I'm not busy, and I'll get you what you wish."

"Oh, I'm so much obleeged, so much obleeged!" faltered Mehitabel, with a quiver of voice and lips, "and would you git me one of Ouida's? No matter what one, I don't want to make no trouble; any one that's handy."

And those last words became ever after her formula when she went to the library. She would wait until the librarian was at leisure, then she would return her volume and say:

"Ouida's. No matter what one; any that's handy." If she received one that she had just read it made no difference; she would take it home and read it again; the chances were that she would often get a book which she had not read for some months. Curiously those chances themselves grew into a great interest to Mehitabel. It was something like a lottery, she felt, and when it happened that she had a story that was comparatively fresh, how gaily and rapidly those arctics would move homeward over the pike; and with what joy she would tell her mother of her luck.

I wonder if any of those who saw her every week in the library guessed that this errand to change her book was the one excitement to which she looked forward. Did they guess how hard she worked all that forenoon so that she might conscientiously take the time for this exciting errand?

And what did Mehitabel think of Ouida's writings? What strange craving for another life did that lurid gorgeousness, those wild and evil passions, satisfy? How much did she understand of it all? When she went about doing her chores was she thinking of voluptuous, perfumed beauties who were inciting unlawful love? Did she think her author's women were "ladylike?" Miss Green, above all things, wished to be ladylike. She would plant and hoe potatoes, but when it came to digging them, something made her shrink from that work as unladylike, and she hired one of the Sparks boys, although it was really more exhausting to keep him at work than it would have been to perform the labor herself.

Mehitabel could have no idea of the profound sensation she gave the librarian the first time she called for one of George Eliot's books. The attendant dropped her pencil in amazement; she even asked Mehitabel if she were not mistaken, but Mehitabel had the courage to persist, received "Adam Bede" and went home.

When she returned she was asked how she liked the book.

"It's mostly beyond me," she answered, "but there's something, somehow—wall," she added wistfully, "I do jest wish I could see Dinah Morris. Why," with vibrating earnestness, "I'd a good deal rather see her than our minister."

NICKNAMES FOR RAILROADS

Some of the Popular Titles Bestowed for Fun or for Short.

Big Four—The Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Railway.

Nickel Plate—New York, Chicago, and St. Louis.

The Soo—Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Sault Ste. Marie.

Panhandle—Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

Queen and Crescent—Cincinnati, New Orleans, and Texas Pacific.

Monon—Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago.

Nypano—New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio.

Maple Leaf—Chicago, St. Paul, and Kansas City.

Clover Leaf—Toledo, St. Louis, and Kansas City.

Cotton Belt—St. Louis, Arkansas, and Texas.

Blue Grass—The Kentucky Central Road.

The Sunset—Southern Pacific Railway.

The Consolidated—New York, New Haven, and Hartford.

Katie—Missouri, Kansas, and Texas.

Big Sandy—Elizabethtown, Lexington, and Big Sandy.

Banana Line—Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe.

Paddy Finnegan's Wife and Children—Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne, and Chicago.

Literature and Longevity.

John Greenleaf Whittier quietly celebrating his 83d birthday at his country home near Boston is a picturesque reminder that there is something in American life besides the fever and bustle of material accumulation. Poetry as a life work seems to be allied with longevity. The greatest American poets have uniformly rounded out more than the allotted span of human life. Of those that are dead in the flesh Bryant and Longfellow are conspicuous examples of singers who continued to sing in the evening of matured lives as well as in the flush of vigorous youth. Of the living, what a galaxy—Whittier, Holmes, Walt Whitman, not to speak of the comparative youngster, James Russell Lowell. Lingering among an audience that was unborn when they were in the plentitude of their powers, these singers of hope, truth, and patriotism are blessed in their comparative retirement by the benedictions and affections of a grateful people. Long may they live—the old poets! England idolizes Tennyson at four score "and beyond," even as America delights to honor the good Quaker poet who has just celebrated his 83d birthday. The great age of the world's greatest thinkers proves how conducive to longevity is a well regulated, calm, and intellectual life. Newman dying at 90; Gladstone still shaping the destiny of his country at 80 odd; Whittier still writing poetry at 82—these are lessons for the generation of dollar seekers that are turning prematurely gray in the search.—[Chicago Times.

Betrothed by Cable.

An incident of an interesting and somewhat romantic nature arose out of the visit of the British farmer delegates to Canada. Mr. H. Simmons, of Wokingham, England, found at Moosomin, N. W. T., a bachelor friend of his who has been settled in the territories for some years and has done well. Mr. Simmons was so delighted with the surroundings at Moosomin that he purchased the section adjoining his friend's farm.

A daughter of Mr. Simmons is engaged to be married to a young Surrey farmer, the happy event being fixed to take place immediately upon Mr. Simmons' return to England. It was the intention of the young couple to proceed to Australia to settle, but Mr. Simmons cabled news of his land purchase, and intimated that he desired his son in law to locate upon the property at Moosomin. The reply was promptly flashed back that they would do so.

It appears, however, that Mr. Simmons has another unmarried daughter, and the Moosomin man suggested that to make the little family arrangement complete this lady should become his wife and the two families would be living side by side. Mr. Simmons confessed that the arrangement would suit him, but he could not speak for the young lady. However, he was urged to send a second message over the cable, conveying the offer of marriage, and a prompt "Yes" came back.

How to Take Flattery.

Don't worry whether the man who says nice things to you means them or not. The fact that he takes the pains to say them is a compliment. He doubtless has an axe to grind, but it doesn't follow that you must turn the grindstone.

The Little Wife at Home.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you;

. . . . . .

For though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross and curt;
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop the trouble out of sight:
To the little wife who is waiting
Go cheerily home to-night.
—[Roseleaf.

THE CONSUMPTION CURE.

Professor Koch's Discovery and How He Was Led to Make It.

Though Professor Koch, of Berlin, can not be said to have discovered his method of curing consumption through chance, as some say was the case with Jenner's invention of vaccination for smallpox, it is still interesting to notice how much he was indebted to good fortune in the beginning of his investigations. Dr. Emmerich, of Munich, is the authority for the following anecdote:

"Professor Koch noticed once that when a piece of cooked potato is exposed to the atmosphere for a couple of hours, and then placed in a damp atmosphere under a glass cover—to prevent drying—after several days a number of infinitesimal round white specks or drops will appear on it, each one apparently differing from the other. Microscopic investigation shows that every one of these specks consists of a particular species of micro organisms, which arise from seeds that have fallen on the potato from the air, and have here found a favorable ground for further generation. Each seed by itself multiplies on the particular spot of the hard potato substance on which it has happened to drop, without having the means of combining with others.

"Thus, there can be nothing like interbreeding; and, therefore, pure cells—that is, each consisting of a number of bacteria belonging to one isolated genus, must arise side by side. Very properly Professor Koch considered this a remarkable phenomenon. For if in the place of the potato the surface of some nutritious fluid were exposed to the air, doubtlessly seeds for future organisms would also drop on it. But in a fluid the movable bacteria would mingle together, and at the same time also set the originally immovable ones into motion, so that an infinite variety of breeds, a chaos of mixed forms and species, would ensue, but nowhere any pure and specific bacteria cells.

"What, then, asked he, is the radical difference between the fruitful soil which the potato offers for such organisms and that of the nutritious fluid? None, surely, but that one is solid, and thus hinders any commingling of genera, while on the other hand there can be no question of their lasting separation in a substratum of no greater density than that of fluids.

"Professor Koch understood how to apply the lesson he had learned from these results to his further experiments in breeding pure bacteria cells in hard and transparent substances, which ultimately led to the brilliant successes he has achieved now and before this. In addition to this he has known enough to apply all modern improvements in apparatus, instruments, and the methods of using them, as well as the advance made in the use of microscopic and lighting processes, to his special branch of bacteriologic investigation. By this alone he has succeeded in making for himself a name in medicine. Now, if it prove true that he has discovered a safe and rational remedy against tuberculosis and incipient consumption, he has made himself an immortal name in history."

Stories About Stonewall Jackson.

Apropos of the death of General Cadmus Wilcox, I recall some characteristic anecdotes concerning Stonewall Jackson which he was in the habit of relating. When Jackson first entered West Point he was regarded as a remarkably stupid and green youth. General Whiting, who afterward served in the Confederate army, was then a cadet in the class above Jackson's, and was appointed to ask him some questions in mathematics, in accordance with the custom which then prevailed at the military academy. Whiting thought him at first remarkably dull, but noticed that he studied and worked with dogged persistency. The class of which Wilcox and Whiting were members was graduated just prior to the Mexican war. Several of the young officers were in Waddington on their way to Mexico, and on the night of their arrival they were invited to go with Jefferson Davis, then a member of the House, to a reception given at the White House. Later both Davis and T. J. Jackson turned their faces toward the Rio Grande. At the close of the war Jackson ranked every member of his class and was a brevet major and was stationed on Governor's Island, near New York. Whiting, Wilcox, and a number of young officers were visiting New York, and when several brother officers from Governor's Island called on them Whiting asked:

"What has become of Tom Jackson; how is he getting on?"

"Badly, badly," replied the officer; since he has stopped fighting he has taken to fiddling. He came over to this city a few weeks ago and bought a fiddle, several bows, and a pile of rosin. You will remember at West Point there was no music in his soul, no poetry, no relaxation, nothing but hard application to his text books. So his new fad makes it awful for us. Every minute he can spare he devotes to practicing on the fiddle, and the sounds which fill the barracks in his vicinity are beyond description; almost beyond endurance."

"Be patient," said Whiting with a smile; "If 'Tom' Jackson is determined to master his violin you will listen to a second Paganini before he gives it up."

But Whiting's prediction was not verified. Jackson never became a musician.—[New York Tribune.

A Dandy of Other Days.

From a newspaper printed in the year 1770 is the following description of a dandy: "A few days ago a macaroni made his appearance in the Assembly rooms at Whitehaven, dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat and breeches covered with an elegant silk net, white silk stockings with pink clocks, pink satin shoes and large pearl buttons; a mushroom colored stock, covered with point lace, hair dressed remarkably high and stuck full of pearl pins."

That's So.

"If corn is king," said the chiropodist, "I must be a regicide."—[St. Joseph News.

Russian New Year's Calls.

The author of "The Russians at Home" reports a custom of that people which reflects credit upon their humanity, as well as upon their good sense.

The Russians have invented a very ingenious mode of avoiding mere ceremonial visits altogether. Those who do not wish to call on their friends at New Year send three roubles to the poor; and on New Year's day the journals publish a list of persons who have given to charities the money they would otherwise have spent on cards.

This is accepted by every one as a polite and satisfactory alternative.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Everybody Knows.

That at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months of close confinement in poorly ventilated stores, workshops and tenements. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier ever produced. It is the only medicine of which "100 doses one dollar" is true.

Celluloid in solution is now being extensively used as a lacquer for all kinds of fine metal work and as a wood varnish, with results that are said to be superior to the old methods.

Manufacturers are begining to introduce electricity into their factories as a motive power by subdividing it into units.

A very extensive domestic industry in Russia consists of the manufacture of wooden spoons, which are made to the extent of 10,000,000 annually, and mostly of birch.

Every House Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Lee's Pain Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cts.

There are few things in life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

The average pulse in infancy is one hundred and twenty minutes; in manhood, eighty; at sixty years, sixty. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

The art of making matches has been so perfected that 10,000,000 of the tiny sticks can be cut into shape, all ready for dipping by one machine in a single day.

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 is sold 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. At all druggists.

The national debt of Germany, which is much smaller than that of any other great country in the world, is, in round figures, $192,000,000.

There are only two manufactories of tape measures in the United States—the principal one at Brooklyn and the other at Cleveland, Ohio.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

A Georgia postmaster is in trouble. Through a hole in the roof of his office the rain poured in one night and stuck together about two hundred dollars' worth of postage stamps.

Glass was made in Egypt 3000 B. B., but the earliest date of transparent glass is said to have been 719 B. B.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 58 lbs. in weight.

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at REBER'S Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c. and $1.00.

The mineral called turfa, or brazo fina, recently discovered in Bahia, furnishes an oil akin to petroleum, a parafin suitable for the manufacture of candles, and good lubricating oil.

"When I asked her to marry me she began to shrink like—like a flannel shirt." "That's an old comparison. What do you mean?" "Well, it's true. She got up all around my neck."

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 druggist.

Even a hideous little gold lizzard with ruby eyes finds admirers among those searching for brooches.

Two Years Ago!

I was a sight to behold and was unable to enjoy life at all. Now I am the picture of health and can eat anything. What did it? Snip-ur Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, after suffering two years. —W. H. Bowman, Manchester, N. H.

It seems not unlikely that electricity will be applied to smelting furnaces in the near future.

The Worlds Fair.

The excitement caused by this great event is scarcely equalled by that produced by the great discovery of Dr. Miles—the Restorative Nervine. It speedily cures nervous prostration, change of life, pain, dullness and confusion in head, fits, sleeplessness, the blues, neuralgia, palpitation, monthly pains, etc. C. W. Snow & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., Talbott and Moss, of Greensburg, Ind., and A. W. Blackburn, of Wooster, O., say that "The Nervine sells better than anything we ever sold, and gives universal satisfaction." Dr. Miles' new illustrated treatise on the Nerves and Heart and trial bottle free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery, Drug Store.

The bodice for the slender woman is the most fashionable which shows the newest essence of darts.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it, notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Large bottles at all druggists, 50 cents and $1. Sample bottle free.

There are nearly one thousand women clerks in the Central Telegraph Office at London, England.

Upon the first evidence of stomachic or bowel disorders, promptly give the baby a few doses of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup and prevent much suffering on the part of the little one. Price 25 cents.

England for commerce, France for finery, Germany for learning, the United States for discovery and Baltimore for Old Saul's Catarrh Cure, only 25 cents per package. Sold everywhere.

The largest sheep ranch in the world is in the counties of Webb and Duval in Texas; it contains upward of 400,000 acres, and yearly pastures 800,000 sheep.

The cuttlefish, which amongst other strange things always walks with its head downward, does not clean its food at all, but masticates with its gizzard.