LIGHT UPON ISLAM.

A BOLD DEFENSE OF THE DOCTRINES OF THE KORAN.

A Lucid Comparison of the Essential Points of the Religions That Have for Their Foundations the Bible and the Koran—Islam Democracy.

M. Mismer could not know the east any better than he does if he had been born there, and we copy from his new volume, "Souvenirs du Monde Mussulman," a few novel views and considerations addressed especially to statesmen and thinkers:

The greater portion of the precepts of the Koran have a meaning which escapes us, because that meaning is at variance with our ideas and our manners, and this is what gives rise to political errors of an incalculable reach. The Mussulmans do not fail to return the attacks that are made upon them. Conceding to us the advantage in a material and scientific point of view, they hold that the riches and learning of the few do not make the happiness of the many, and they claim superiority for their moral and social constitution.

Essentially democratic in its origin, Islam has a sumptuary law which puts a tax of 2½ per cent. upon the jewels of women and upon all objects of luxury. This money has served for centuries to assist poor tradesmen and to buy them tools. Thanks to the prohibition of wine and spirits, the social problem is solved for them. On seeing the dangers that hover over our civilization, the Mussulmans compare it to the smoking remains of a burned tent. They think that if it should disappear in the flames of anarchy for want of an organic principle it would be incapable of rising again from its ashes, while their faith maintains order in everything, the condition sine qua non of progress.

"You accuse us," they say, "of being depraved. Are you less so, you who keep up perpetual orgies in your great cities, expose your half clad wives and daughters at balls and feasts, and allow them to be whirled around in the arms of anybody and everybody? You reproach us for our ignorance. In order to pass through life with honor your instruction is not so good as ours. Thanks to the proverbs and the rules of wisdom that are taught to our children, they conduct themselves like little men. With you the men, and even the learned, conduct themselves like little children. You charge our functionaries with venality. Who contributes to its establishment if it is not the vulgar herd of traders of every class that Europe has scattered all over the east? You cry down our judiciary. We too have a right to accuse yours. You charge us with fatalism. Fatalists we are, just like your learned men and your philosophers, who base their calculations upon the immutability of natural laws. Resigned in the face of plagues, cataclysms and death, we say 'It was written.' For the rest we follow the words of the prophet.

"One day the prophet asked an Arab visitor what he had done with his camel. The Arab replied, 'I have left him at thy gate.' 'Hast thou tied him?' inquired the prophet. 'No, I have left him to the care of God.' 'Thou hast done wrong,' said Mohammed. 'Thou shouldst first have tied him, and then have recommended him to God.'

"The Christian doctrines of predestination and of grace are more depressing than our fatalism. Your ignorance of Islam makes you confound Mussulman slavery with ancient slavery and that which existed until recently in Russia and in Brazil. With the Mussulmans there are no slaves. All are brothers, not in the Platonic sense of the Bible, but actually, having the same laws and the same positive duties according to the terms of the Koran. Unlike Christianity, Islam has never treated as salable things, transmissible with the land, troops of men who professed the common faith, as was done with the serfs of the Middle Ages, the moujiks of Russia, and the negroes of your colonies. Prisoners of war are the only slaves that it recognizes, but their children are born free, and they themselves can become so by embracing Islam.

"It is the custom from time immemorial in certain countries for parents to part with their children for money, in order to ward off poverty and open up to themselves a career of fortune. By virtue of Mussulman equality this career is limitless in the east. How many slaves have become pashas, generals and ministers? Almost all the sultans have been the sons of slaves. The black slaves taken from central Africa find in Egypt and in Turkey a fate incomparably superior to that of the slaves of your colonies. Slavery is for savages the first step toward civilization. If their recruiting and their transportation give rise to well founded protests, the fault is not with Islam. Neither the Bible nor the Koran is responsible for abuses.

"The Mussulmans proclaim the superiority of their Allah; but they acknowledge Moses as a prophet and Jesus as Rouh Allah, the soul of God. Their generation for Jesus extends to the mother. The immaculate conception, introduced into Catholicism by Pius IX, has been for twelve centuries a Mussulman belief.

"To the extreme simplicity of the dogma must be added the positive enjoyments which the paradise of Mohammed opposes to the platonic joys of the Christian paradise, in order to comprehend the resistance of Islam to all attempts at conversion. 'Christianity is a menace, Islamism a promise,' said Napoleon I, and his opinion is worthy of meditation."—Paris Figaro.

Eating Before Sleeping.

Scientific men now delare that eating before sleeping is of great benefit, and that a bowl of bread and milk, a mug of beer and a few biscuits, or a saucer of oatmeal before retiring will in a short time result in an increase in weight, strength and general tone.—New York Times.

Cows Milked by Machine.

A machine, it is claimed, that will milk thirty cows in one hour and do it so easily and neatly that the cows will scarcely know it has been invented in Glasgow. The machine is constructed on the vacuum principle, and when adjusted to the cow the milk flows in a continuous stream and the machine does the work without assistance. The contrivance is largely used in Scotland, and its practicability has been long ago demonstrated. The greatest objection to the machine by farmers will probably be its price. It is valued at $55 in Scotland, the duties add $45, making the total cost $100.—New York Telegram.

Never Lend Your Books.

If you like to give any one a book, by all means do it; but if you lend a book, it generally means losing it, for which you receive no thanks or even an apology. I have long ago given up lending books, for I have always found if a friend borrows a volume—which he probably does not look at for a fortnight—you immediately want to refer to it the moment he has left the house.—London Graphic.

Rats Come from Asia.

Rats are natives of Asia, and their kin westward belong to comparative modern times. From the fact that the rat is not mentioned by any of the early Europeans it is surmised that it was unknown west of the Ganges in ancient times.—Philadelphia Press.

Why Diamonds Are Liked.

The diamond was reputed as a preserver against epidemics and poisons. It calms anger and foments conjugal love. The ancients called it "the stone of reconciliation." It symbolizes constancy, strength and innocence.—Paris Figaro.

The Death of Christ.

In a book entitled "The Physical Causes of Christ's Death," the writer states that Christ died from a broken heart, so that, when the soldier pierced his side, blood and water flowed out, which whould have been an impossibility if no rupture had taken place.

BEFORE HE THOUGHT.

The Poor Fellow Was Really Hungry and Spoke His Mind Too Frankly.

Tom De Witt, Jack Ford and Ed Stillman had been living on cigars and hope for two days and were nearly starved to death.

They had decided to honor some of their Vassar friends with a visit, at the time of the commencement, when the college discipline is somewhat relaxed; but a short stay in the place had convinced them that the fare of the Poughkeepsie boarding house was inadequate to satisfy Murray Hill appetites.

So when, after a morning drive, the girls announced that they intended to effectually silence the current feeble sneer at the cooking abilities of fair collegians by giving the party a lunch prepared by themselves, there was joy in the hearts of the men. At the word "lunch" Tom looked at Ed and Ed looked at Tom, and Jack looked straight into the face of the prettiest girl and said most felicitously, "Oh, thank you!"

It was to be served in one of the rooms at 2 o'clock; "in the meantime they would stroll about the grounds and get up an appetite."

At last the lunch came. It was a "pink" one. The table was artistically and tastefully decorated. Big pink bows and bunches of roses covered the cloth, and elaborately painted dinner cards directed the guests to their seats.

As course succeeded course the men began to wonder where the substantials were coming in, and to realize that a third disappointment had fallen to their lot.

The little tubs of devilled salmon, the impalpable croquettes with tender asparagus tips, the tiny dabs of shrimp salad in the center of cool, green lettuce leaves, the salted almonds, the olives, the meringues glace and the strawberry sherbet were all very dainty and delicate, but not particularly satisfying to earthly morials whose thoughts were running on thick, juicy English chops and big pewter mugs the size of an infant's bathtub.

And when as a finishing touch cute little packages of tutti frutti, cunningly tied up in pink ribbons, were passed around on a silver plate, the men felt unequal to further conversational effort.

A few hours after the feast Tom De Witt remarked that it was time for them to be starting, as they expected to catch the 7:50 train for New York.

"Oh, you'd better stay over until the 10:10," remonstrated a sweet sophomore; "you will just spoil your evening. What will you do when you get back to the city?"

Here was the great opportunity of Jack's life, and unconsciously he rose to it.

"Oh," he said earnestly, "we'll go straight to a hotel and get something to eat, for we haven't had a square meal since we have been in this town!"

For a moment three girls stared blankly at each other, and then the young men gathered their hats and canes together and, saying hurried "good nights," sped, with horizontal coat tails, in the direction of the depot.—Harry Romaine in Homemaker.

How the Cobra Gives Warning.

The most dangerous reptiles of India and Africa are the cobras. No snakes, not even rattlesnakes, are more dreaded, and with reason. As the rattlesnake warns the ear by its significant "rattle," so the cobras warn the eye by the mode in which they expand the upper part of the body when irritated. This expansion is produced by a sudden movement of the ribs of that region of the body. Usually they incline backward, but the animal, when irritated, makes them stand out at right angles to the body, and so, of course, forces outward the skin which covers them. Thus the neck, or part just behind the head, becomes greatly expanded and flattened, as it also does, though in a less degree, in the Australian blacksnake. This expansion is called a hood, and so the animals are called hooded snakes. In some of them there is on the back of the hood a dark mark, something like a pair of spectacles, and they have therefore been called spectacle snakes.—Quarterly Review.

Have You Read

How Mr. W. D. Wentz, of Geneva, N. Y., was cured of the severest form of dyspepsia? He says everything he ate seemed like pouring melted lead into his stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a perfect cure. Full particulars will be sent if you write to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action.

Guaranteed Cure.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case when used for any affection of Throat, Lung or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial Bottles free at Reber's Drugstore, Lehighton, and Eiery's Drugstore, Weissport.

The Sheriff would hate to be known by the company he keeps.

A cold of unusual severity developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Watson, Rochester, N. Y.

When I began using Ely's Cream Balm my catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a large amount of filthy matter. That has almost entirely disappeared and I have not had headache since.—J. H. Sommers, Stephney, Conn.

The best method for handling bees, for an amateur, is by proxy.

Watching the Hour-Glass.

As a miser counts his gold, night and day,
So I count the minutes told in the glass;
My eyes shine, my hair is thinned gray,
And I know I'm growing old as they pass.

When we approach "the sere and yellow leaf" of our days, we are prone to look back regretfully. A clear conscience and good health will lighten our gloomy reflections. Health is the greatest blessing. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the greatest medicine. It arrests the progress of lung and scrofulous diseases, and cures consumption, or Lung-scrofula, if taken in time. It is the king of liver invigorators and blood-purifiers, and a powerful tonic, imparting the delightful feeling of perfect health. Contains no alcohol.

Some men will do you a favor and then bore you an hour talking about it.

Tea

will never regret sending three2 cent stamps to pay postage, to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for a copy of Dr. Kaufmann's great Medical Work; 100 pages, colored illustrations; of great value to every family.

The roughest roads are those we have not traveled over.

A carpenter by the name of M. S. Powers fell from the roof of a house in East Des Moines, Iowa, and sustained a painful and serious sprain of the wrist, which he cured with one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says it is worth $5 a bottle. It cost him 50 cents. For sale by N. B. Reber and W. F. Biery.

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.

The best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to use Pierce's Purgative Pellets, Sir!
For nine-tenths of the diseases of the body
begin with constipation or the clogging up of the system, through which the impurities of the blood escape, so that they are reabsorbed into the system. The Purgative Pellets act gently but thoroughly upon the stomach and liver, and are the best laxative known. Without racking and straining the organs, they open the bowels and reduce a natural, healthy digestion. Unequaled in dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, piles, or any of the resulting diseases.

The man born in the rain may some day name a cabinet.

Mr. Van Pelt, Editor of the Cedar Mac Meteor, went to a drug store at Hillsdale, Iowa, and asked the physician in attendance to give him a dose of something for sudden nausea and looseness of the bowels. He says: "It was much better the next morning that I concluded to call on the physician and get him to let me up a supply of the medicine. I was surprised when he handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He said he prescribed it regularly in his practice and found it the best he could get or prepare. I can testify to its efficacy in my case at all events." For sale by N. B. Reber and W. F. Biery.

WHO LOVES HORSES LOVES WOMEN.

Perhaps Some Girls Look Unhappy Behind Spectacles, but Don't Be Too Sure.

The usually apparently endless stream of wagons and carriages, two wheelers, drags and sulkies was filing along the west side drive in Central park, and a wide awake citizen was seated beside a reporter looking on, when the wide awake citizen relieved his mind by this speech:

"I never can understand the women and the horsey men—how they get along together. Several things are common to most men who are what I call addicted to the horse. They either wear the most peculiar and pronounced hats and coats that attract attention from afar, or they pay no heed at all to dress and look shabby even though they are rich. Next, they are rough in speech and often profane. Then again they are so fond of what is called 'talking horse' that many of them seem to warm up on no other topic. But last of all, they are all fond of women. That is no new discovery of mine. I suspect that, though women were men's first companions, the horse has been coupled with woman in man's admiration ever since the quadruped attained sufficient development to create the race of horsey men, and it has long been a rule that the men who love horses are also especially fond of women. But what I can't understand is what fun the ladies get out of the situation.

"I sit here in the park on every fine day and study the case. The horsey men do not talk to the women beside them. They are the most tiresome companions in the world. They never, as a rule, know anything about the scenery they are passing through. They see and enjoy nothing but the horse they are driving. They sit bent up on their seats with a rapt or a stolid expression of face watching the animal they drive. Whether there is a magnetic tingle in the reins, such as we fishermen feel in the pole that is tugged by a trout, I cannot say.

"Either that or the mere delight of watching the rise and fall of the horse's back as it warms to its work suffices to satisfy the man, and there he sits, silent and engrossed—about as admirable a companion to the woman by his side as a mummy or a statue, but that is not all. He has taken the precaution to put on big goggles to protect his eyes from dust and flying stones and clots of dirt. She cannot so disfigure herself, and therefore has to hold her head down and strain the rim of her hat to make it help protect her face. Sometimes she has all she can do to keep her hat from blowing away. What fun any woman gets out of such a companionship is more than I can see.

"But," said the wide awake man, "I was once speaking to a woman of this view of the case, and she plunged me deeper into the mystery. 'A man with a horse has a tremendous advantage over those who have not got horses in gaining favor' with young girls,' said she; 'a horse will cover many deficiencies in a man, and a girl will take him and drop a dozen better fellows.' 'Why?' I asked, 'are women so fond of horses?' 'Well,' she replied, 'they like men who own horses; such men are not so numerous as those who don't.'"—New York Sun.

Is an Elopement Ever Excusable?

I should hesitate to say that an elopement is never excusable, but it is very rare indeed that the evils resulting from not marrying would approach in consequence those resulting from a marriage entered into under circumstances which made an elopement seem necessary. I believe in early marriages, but I also believe that every influence should be placed about that sacred institution to keep it pure and holy; that none should enter into it "lightly or unadvisedly." And it would be usually safer to postpone a marriage until objections could be overcome rather than to run the risks attending an elopement. It is a great temptation to a bad man if a woman is willing to enter into a secret marriage, and an elopement partakes of that secrecy. I certainly do not consider this an idle question, but one which calls for much thought.—Mrs. Lyman Abbott in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Floating Weeds in the Atlantic.

The gulf weed (Fucus natans) which, with its little round "berries," is not unlike the nidetoe in form, but of a brownish yellow color, has been thought to have lost its property of rooting on rocks and to have acquired the power of living afloat. It has even been suggested that the sea marks the site of a submerged continent, apparently the lost Atlantis. Dr. Krummel holds that the weed has simply been drifted to its present position by the Gulf stream and its affluents from the West Indian Islands and the Gulf of Mexico.

It is now proved that the Gulf stream is not a single narrow "river of the ocean," as Maury poetically described it, but consists of a number of currents, not only from the Mexican gulf, but the Antilles. The weed, according to Dr. Krummel, would take fifteen days to float as far north as the latitude of Cape Hatteras and five and a half months to reach the Azores. In the Sargasso sea it becomes heavy and sinks; but the supply is kept up by the Gulf stream.—London Globe.

The Earth to Be Like the Moon.

The water of the earth is all destined to disappear from the surface of the globe by being absorbed by subterranean rocks, with which it will form chemical combinations. The heavenly spheres exhibit sufficiently striking examples of such an evolution. The planet Mars shows what will become of the earth in some thousands of centuries. Its seas are only shallow Mediterranseas of less surface than the continents, and these do not appear to be very high, and in the appearance of the moon, all cracked and dried up, we have a view of the final state of the earth—for the absorption of the water by the solid nucleus will be followed by that of the atmosphere.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Modern Way.

In India they drown a great many of the girl babies. It is a time honored custom, but not universally approved from a therapeutic standpoint. In civilized countries they put corsets on the girl babies, which brings about the same results, without the shock, which is a sure concomitant of the Indian method. Moreover, babies last longer under the modern system, and it is especially prized by people who prefer to keep their girl babies for a few brief years.—Detroit Tribune.

What a Flood Leaves Behind.

The worst feature of a flood is the fact that the river is apt to leave a deposit of sand, varying in thickness from one inch to ten feet, over a large extent of land that was formerly fertile. In the flood of 1858 a great many farmers in the American Bottom on going back to their premises after the subsidence of the waters, found their property covered with river sand in beds so thick that two or three years elapsed before good crops could be raised.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Place for Him to Call.

Mrs. Witherby—Your old clothes man was around today.

Witherby (grimly)—Tell him next time that, if he wants to look at any old clothes of mine, he will have to call at the office and see them on me.—Exchange.

Gum Ants Are Eaten.

Ants are eaten by several of the minor nations. In Egypt they are eaten raw with sugar; in Brazil they are served with a resinous sauce, and in East India stewed in buffalo grease or fried in butter.—St. Louis Republic.

A Grave in the Center.

The exact geographical center of the United States is marked by a grave—the last resting place of one Major Ogden, who is buried on a little knoll a short distance northeast of Fort Riley Kan.—Exchange.

Deceptive Enumeration.

Felicia—My last offer of marriage was flattering, but I refused it.

Rowena—Well, no girl ought to accept her first proposal.—Kate Field's Washington.

How a Prisoner Escaped.

If we will only rightly use little things it is surprising how much may sometimes be done with them. A visier, having offended his royal master, was condemned to lifelong imprisonment in a high tower, and every night his wife used to come and weep at its foot. "Go home," said the husband, "and find a black beetle, and then bring a bit of butter and three strings—one of fine silk, one of stout twine, another of whipcord—and a strong rope."

When she came provided with everything he told her to put a touch of butter on the beetle's head, tie the silk thread around him and place him on the wall of the tower. Deceived by the smell of butter, which he supposed was above him, the insect continued to ascend till he reached the top, and then the visier secured the silk thread. By it he pulled up the twine, then the whipcord, and then a strong rope, by which he finally escaped.—Detroit Free Press.

The Grand Trunk railway of Uruguay from Montevideo has been completed, and opens out a vast tract of fertile land hitherto comparatively worthless, the area of which is only a little less than Belgium.

The Doctor and His Patient.

Dr. P—— enjoys a very large practice, and hardly finds time to take his much needed rest.

One day Dr. P——, who had company to dinner, sat quietly chatting in a corner of the drawing room, when he was told that a patient had come to see him who was strongly recommended by some fellow practitioners. The doctor submitted with a bad grace and stepped into his surgery.

Our physician was in the habit of ascertaining the condition of the patient by asking him to count, and generally stopped him at thirty or thirty-five—quite long enough for the purpose. This time also Dr. P—— asked his patient to count. Time passed on, and the guests began to feel alarmed at his protracted absence. One of them opened the surgery door. Dr. P—— had gone to sleep in his armchair, and the patient had counted up to 8,642.—Matin.

Chinese Surgery.

Like most things in China, the practice of surgery differs considerably from that in vogue in less enlightened western countries. Bone setting in the Celestial empire is a complicated affair, and doubtless much more efficacious than European methods. In setting a fractured limb the surgeon does not attempt to bring the bones together, but merely wraps the limb in red clay, inserting some strips of bamboo into the clay. These strips are swathed in bandages, and in the outer bandage the head of a live chicken is placed. Here comes in the superior science of the Celestial. After the bandage has been sewn the fowl is beheaded and its blood is allowed to penetrate the fracture, for it nourishes the fractured limb and is "heap good medicine."—London Hospital.

America's First Lighthouse.

The first lighthouse built on this continent was at St. Augustine, Fla. Its chief use was as a lookout, whence the Spanish people of the town could see vessels approaching from Spain or get notice of the coming of foes in time to run away. The tower attracted the attention of Francis Drake as he was sailing along the coast with his fleet of high pooped ships on his way home from pillaging the cities of the Spanish main. So he stopped long enough to loot the town and destroy what he could not take away.—Washington Star.

What Ailed Her.

At the excursion given the "Little Mothers" the other day a four-year-old baby towed by the big sister was made ill by the ride on the cars. Vomiting was the result.

"You were sick at your stomach, were you not, dear?" said one of the custodians kindly.

"No, I wasn't," explained the wee mite; "my eat was too near my tongue."—New York Recorder.

None Such CONDENSED Mince Meat

Makes an every-day convenience of an old-time luxury. Pure and wholesome. Prepared with scrupulous care. Highest award at all Pure Food Expositions. Each package makes two large pies. Avoid imitations—and insist on having the NONE SUCH brand.
MERRELL & SOULE, Syracuse, N. Y.

HELP! HELP! THE LADY PAINTS.

"'Tis the taint of an age,
'Tis the blunder of art,
From the bosom of health,
'Tis the poison of death."

When sudden fainting spells come upon a lady, you may always suspect some uterine disturbances or trouble, or some great disorder in the circulation and nerve centres. A remedy that has always proved successful in warding off and removing the tendency to a recurrence of fainting spells—that removes the cause of them, corrects the circulation of blood, and gives to the system that even running serious energy so essential, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The "Prescription" is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Nothing else does as much. You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more?

As a regulator and promoter of functional action at the critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The change of Life."

Recommended as the Best. IX

LE MARS, PLYMOUTH CO., IA., May, 1889.

I suffered from temporary sleeplessness from overwork for two years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.
P. BORKHOLDER.

Extract From a Letter

of the Rev. J. McGowan, Calyville, New York: "I recommend you to send for six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and let her use it as directed. It cured several in my parish."

EAST GLENVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1890.

I hand one bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to sickness and nervous headache, and it did all you claim for it and even more. I had been suffering for years. MRS. F. HANCE.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and free to any sufferer one good pattern, one cents worth of good medicine free of charge.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

A FEW WORDS ON PIANOS.

I have made arrangements with the Cable Piano Co., to handle their Upright Pianos, and will sell them at such prices, that no one need do without a Piano, and you will get a guarantee with every Piano for 5 years, and the tone will compare with the best. I will have samples of these Pianos on hand after July 25th, 1892, and some one in the office, who will play for you, and you can judge for yourself.

BEHOLD THE PRICES!

The $550 grade in Walnut for $150
The $600 grade in Walnut for $160
The $650 grade in Walnut for $170
The $750 grade in Walnut for $180
The $900 grade in Walnut for $200

The last named Piano must compare with any $300 and $350 dollars ever sold in this town or vicinity.

The reason I can sell these Pianos at such price, I buy for spot cash, have no rents to pay, and am satisfied with a small margin. The public has been imposed upon long enough, high prices must come down. Call at the store any time after next week, and I will be in shape to show you a beautiful $800 Piano for $200.

Come and see me before buying else where. I remain

Yours respectfully,

Aaron Snyder

Weissport,

THOMAS' Drug :: Store,

FIRST STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

To the Farmer!

The hot weather brings out the old pest—the Potato Bug.

—USE OUR—

Pure Paris Green!

It will save your crops!

New Bee Hive,

ALLENTOWN, PA.

1892. 1892.

SPECIAL

Announcement!

For the next few weeks we will have a special bargain sale in every department. For ready money. We offer you during this sale a lot of Fine Dress

GINGHAMS

worth 12 and 15c a yard, at 6½ cents a yard. A lot of OUTING FLANNELS

now selling worth 10 cents, now at 6½ cents a yard. Another lot 12½ and 15 cent goods now 8 cents a yard. One lot of Cheviots, worth 10 cents, now at 6½ cents a yard. Another lot worth 8 cents, now at 5 cents a yard.

We sell you Hill's 14 Checked Muslin at 5 cents a yard.

These are only a few of the many bargains that we offer during this sale in the different departments. Our carpet department is especially crowded with rolls of patterns that cannot be duplicated and therefore must be sold regardless of price before the fall goods arrive. Remember the place where these bargains are offered is

☞ This store will be closed all day Friday, Sharp, during July and August, Saturday evenings.

H. W. Hunsicker's

Cor. 8th and Hamilton,

ALLENTOWN.

RUPTURE! We the undersigned cure radically cases of rupture by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 811 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., S. Jones Phillips, Kensington, Pa., T. A. Kreitz, Allentown, Pa., E. M. Small, Siegel, Pa., Rev. S. Sanders, Sunbury, Pa., H. J. Heller, 413 Twelfth St., Reading, Pa., Wm. Geo. Hill, Montrose, Pa., Philadelphia, H. L. Ross, 26 Elm St., Reading, Pa., George and Pa. Herbert, 29 Locust St., Reading, Pa. Send for circular.

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Specialties.

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A complete line, including repairs for the same

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A complete line including repairs for the same.

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At wholesale and retail

Usual line of Hardware, Oils, Coal, Sand, Cement, Plaster, &c.

TERRIBLE SACRIFICE!!

$100,000 Clothing Sale

NOW COMMENCED.

The Greatest Reduction Sale ever known in the Lehigh Valley. Pure Honest Goods at Almost One-Half Former Prices

Remember these goods are all our own make and as the time of this Great Sale is limited to the next 30 days every thing will go rapidly.

DON'T

Buy until you have seen the Wonderful Reductions in our Annual Clearance Sale of

Men's Suits, Boys' Suits, Children's Suits and Suits made to Order!!

SEE THE ASTONISHIG LOW PRICES!!

Bear in mind a chance like this you should positively not miss. Call and judge for yourself.

Koch & Shankweiler.

Largest and Finest Clothing House in the Valley.

CENTRE SQUARE, ALLENTOWN, PA.

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THE POSITIVE CURE.

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A genuine sewed shoe, *that will not rip*, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $5, and is the

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$5.00 Genuine Hand-Sewed.
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$3.00 Hand-Sewed.
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$2 & $1.75 SCHOOL SHOES.

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IT IS A DUTY you owe to yourself and your family, during these hard times, to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your footwear if you purchase W. L. Douglas' Shoes, which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other make.

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ALL KINDS OF FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

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☞ PRICES LOWER THAN THE LOWEST. CALL AT U. EARN PRICES

THE BILLBUOY.

Like a tireless, frantical spirit,
Half accused buying a standing,
Seeking rest where none is offered,
Vainly striving for release—
Writhes the billboy in the ocean
As each wave in mad commotion
Buffets it without relenting,
Or a whispered word of peace.

Sunbeams may each day caress it,
Or the storm king howl above it,
To each one the wall goes upward
In a never ending mood,
And the glittering sea gulls hear it
As they hover and pass near it,
And the rocky shores repeat it
In a muffled undertone.

Oh, the pathos of its life song,
Changing not as years roll onward—
Its one note of weary wailing
Outward borne unceasingly!
Prisoner in Neptune's sleeping,
Chafing under cord and keeping—
Angel that of mercy warning
Countless sails that pass thee by.
—Katharine H. Terry in Good Housekeeping

Polite Photographers.

The tact which French photographers, and especially those of Paris possess in relieving their sitters of a constrained and distressed look while sitting for their portraits has long been the envy and perplexity of photographers of other nations. An American photographer, on a recent visit to Paris, took pains to study the means by which this very desirable result was reached.

He reports that it all lies in a very simple device, which well illustrates the nature of the Frenchman.

When a lady, for instance, is sitting to a photographer for a portrait, the operator does not, in a perfunctory manner, coldly request her to "Look pleasant now, ma'am!" He says to her in the most natural and graceful manner in the world:

"It's quite unnecessary to ask madam to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise!"

The lady of course acknowledges the compliment with her most gracious and hightbred smile. "Click!" goes the camera and the picture is obtained, revealing the sitter at her highwater mark, as it were,—Youth's Companion

A PLEA FOR MOTHERS.

An Amendment Offered to the Advice of a Woman Lecturer.

A few evenings ago a Boston woman journalist, who writes the essays about bookmarks, gluten bread, dress reform corsets and the like for the woman's column of a Sunday paper, read a lecture to a parlor full of Harlem women. Her subject was "How to Bring Up Children."

One thing that she insisted on was that children should be taught to "do things," to be prepared for emergencies.

"For example," said she, "I would teach a child what to do in case of a fainting fit. I say to my girls:

"'Girls, I am not much of a hand at fainting, but if I do take a notion to faint some day when you are about, get me some water. Pour it on my head and face. Cold water, girls, not hot water.'

"I'm sure that if the unexpected comes, and I fall in a fainting fit some fine morning, the girls, if they happen to be near, will know what to do and will do it promptly."

"May I interrupt you for a moment?" asked a little brown haired woman, who looked to be about fifty.

"Why, certainly," answered the lecturer.

"Well, what I wish to do," said the brown haired woman, "is to take issue with you on this proposition of yours that it is the proper thing to instruct children what to do to their mothers when they faint. On other points I have nothing to say. Maybe you are right in the general proposition that children should be taught to do things, but as to this matter I wish to utter a warning word, to offer an amendment, so to speak.

"I used to think as you do. I remember as well as can be how I used to tell my girls to do the very thing that you say you told yours to do. I thought as you do, that it would be a shame to leave any person who should faint to the presence of my girls go without proper care. So I used to say: 'Remember, girls, to use water. That's the thing when a baby faints.'

"Well, one day some one came to my house and told me that a little boy had been hurt in the next yard. I was almost ill at the time, but just the same I rushed out to the scene. The little chap was badly hurt, and it took me quite awhile to get him in such a way that I could safely leave him. But the time came at last, and I started for home.

"When I was within about a rod of my own house I grew dizzy and saw stars and then fell in a heap in the gutter.

"A couple of Irishmen picked me up, each taking me an arm, and dragged me up my front steps and laid me out on the piazza. Then they rang the bell and when my daughter Isabelle came to the door one of them pointed at me and said:

"'Good avenin, miss, an is that yer mother there, lyin all in a heap dead fainted away?'

"Isabelle gave one look and then called out to her two sisters, 'Quick girls, ma's fainted.'

"'After that the deluge.' Yes, that tells the story. Isabelle got the ice pitcher, Mary a foot tub and Kate a tea quart tin pail. I consider it almost a miracle that I'm alive today.

"Of course I'm telling all this from hearsay. I didn't know anything from the time that I fainted until I heard Kate frantically crying out: 'Water! More water! Quick, Isabelle, more water!' and just after that one of the Irishmen saying, 'Be aisy, darlint, or ye'll be after drownin yer auld mother!'

"Well! Well, that doesn't begin to tell the story. I was soaked, and great streams of water were running off the piazza and down the stairs.

"'You did just right girls,' I said as soon as I could speak. 'You did just what your mother told you to do, but don't do it again.'

"Then I got down on my knees and wrung out my skirts as well as I could and while I was in that position I could hardly keep myself from saying, 'Oh Lord, I thank thee that they didn't call out the fire department.'

"Now, I've taken up lots of your time, but I wished to make an amendment to your proposition. What I would propose is that every mother save her own self from the danger of drowning by saying to her girls when she lets them pour water on 'faintees,' 'Be sure my dears to try the remedy for the first time on somebody else than your own dear mamma.'"—New York Times.

Telling About It.

An old lady is said to have been asked how to tell good ladies. "Powder the indigo," said she, "sprinkle it upon cold water, and if it is good it will either sink or swim. I have forgotten which."

It was the same with Aunt Charity's eggs.

"Just take a dozen of 'em—no, a half a dozen of 'em—no, it's a dozen—well, really, I can't say, but it's either a dozen or a half dozen—and you put 'em in a pailful—no, a half pailful—part pailful, it's a pailful—no—well, well, it's either a pailful or a half pailful of water—and the good eggs will swim on top—no, the good eggs will sink to the bottom—no, that's not it—the good eggs will swim—no, no, I declare, I don't really know, but, anyway, the good eggs will either sink or swim."—Housekeeper.

Complimented.

"Did you enjoyed your visit to the Zoological gardens, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister.

"Oh, yes! And do you know, we saw