THE PRINCE IS DEAD.

A room in the palace is shut. The king
And the queen are sitting in black.
All day weeping servants will run and bring,
But the heart of the queen will lack
All things, and the eyes of the king will swim
With tears which must not be shed,
But will make all the air that dark and dim,
As he looks at each gold and silver toy,
And thinks how it gladdened the royal boy,
And doubly writhes while the courtiers read
How all the nations his sorrow heed.
The prince is dead.

The hut has a door, but the hinge is weak,
And today the wind blows it back;
There are two sitting there who do not speak;
They have begged a few rags of black;
They are hard at work, though their eyes are wet
With tears that must not be shed;
They dare not look where the cradle is set;
They hate the sunbeam which plays on the floor,
But will make the baby laugh out no more;
They feel as if they were turning to stone;
They wish the neighbors would leave them alone.
The prince is dead.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

JUDGE CEPHAS.

Happening soon after the close of the war to ride along the road past "Old Pop Castle," I observed a large and excited concourse of colored people standing under the famous oak at that place. Upon approaching and making inquiry I learned that Uncle Cephas—now Squire Bolden—who, along with some others of his race, had recently been appointed magistrate, was about to hold his first court.

Elbowing my way through the dense crowd till I reached and mounted one of the gnarled roots of the oak, I was enabled to overlook the sea of heads and survey the court. On the safest corner of a very unsteady shuck frame was perched the presiding magistrate, his ebony forehead, which bowed back without limit over his ball pate, covered with an appropriate frown. The rest of the frame held the six jurymen, who leaned against or sat upon it according to each one's confidence in its stability. The prisoner, a vagabondish but harmless looking man, on whose crow black face fright was imprinted in an ashy cast, was wrapped up in ropes and placed in the middle of the shuck frame for safe keeping.

I had scarcely gained my position and taken in the surroundings when the court opened.

"De court am now adjurned on will perceed to bizness," cried Uncle Cephas in a loud voice as he removed his hat and dropped it on the ground. "Let whomsomedever gwi' pussyunte dis pussun hyere in de shuck frame now speak up er f'rever holo his peace!" he continued with solemnity.

A young mulatto, the smartness of whose dress culminated in a highly glazed paper collar, slowly arose from one of the oak roots, cleared his throat in the most approved legal fashion and announced that he had been engaged to conduct the prosecution.

"Well den, shoot, Luke, er give up de gun," exclaimed the court after the counsel had wasted a good while fumbling through his pockets in a perfunctory manner.

"Mister Magistrate en genermen ob de jury," began the prosecutor after this warning, "you am dissembled tergedder hyere dis purty day under dis blue sky en dese green leaves to deform one er de highes' juties er freemans en feller citizens."

"De gentermuns better not take quite sich er big chip, en chop er l' closter to de line," put in the court.

"You am dissembled tergedder," continued the counsel, in no wise abashed, "hyere to see dat er pussun dat needs jestice wess'n anybody in de succle or my whole intelligence gits hit, en gits er plenny ob it, heaped up, shaken down, squashed in en runnin ober. En ef—ef de law didn' inquire dat some confusions must perceed out'n de mouf er de pussycuter, ev'y word dat would be necessory would be, 'Hyere's Nickydemus en dat's de lim' er grapevine,' pointing to a stout grapevine which lay on the frame near the magistrate. "Ev'body knows he's done broke ev'y law dat been made sence dey fust started to makin laws, sides all sights en stacks un um dat nebber al' been made. He's broke um straight way, en broke um sideways, en broke em crossways, en broke um sloperdicler, en broke um puppendicler, uppendicler, downendicler, en roun'endicler twel he's nately wo' um out to er frazzle.

"But es de law do inquire some confusions to perceed fum de mouf er de pussycutin lyyer, I will perceed. Fustly, who is dat in de shukk frame? Nickydemus Wagstaff! What is he excused ob? Ev'ything in God Ermighty's word 'cep'n one theng, en dat is doin right. Eben de bigg'st lier 'twixt Roanoke en Tar river never excused him er doin dat.

"Whe'll come to yer house en holler tull he'll make yer walk two miles from yer work en mebbe wade de crick, en den des want to borry 5 cents? Who c'n gin er thousin reasons why yer mus' len him er dollar, en den turn roun en gin ten thousan w'y he ca' pay it? Who c'n make de biggs' promises en de littles' kerformence in de Nunited States? Who c'n outargyfy Daniel Webster hiself when he wants to git helt er yer thengs, en den outargyfy him ergin when yer tries to bra'k dat holt?

"Who is de lazis', lyinist, eatinis', outlandishis', worrytuis' nigger awn dis side ob de river? Who aggryvates en 'sturbs de neighborhood till dey don' know dar heels from dar head? Ergin I axes yer who owes ev'body in twelb miles er dis place er furder ef he ranges furder? Who c'n looks into yer min en tell ter minute how lawng it takes yer furgit dat las 25 cents he borrid, en den step right up en borry er nudder one? Nickydemus! En now who ken bespar'd de ties en missed de less? Nickydemus!"

The magistrate, who for some time had been extremely busy trimming the knots from the grapevine with his pocketknife and twisting it into suppleness, now paused and delivered the following charge:

"Gentlemuns ob de jury, you's hyeard enouch to hang er whole cuppen (cowpen) full er niggers. En ef I'm got to say is dat mulla-fuddler [illegible] hyere en dis is er mighty good chance to git ridder Nickydemus."

"Gentlemuns ob de jury, is yer egreed?" demanded Squire Bolden.

"We am, sah," came in dignified tones from the frame.

"What is de wordick?" solemnly demanded Uncle Cephas.

"De wordick, sah, am it nebber won' do to let slip dis chance er gittin ridder Nickydemus," was the reply.

"Stan up, pris'ner," was the superfluous order of the magistrate to the condemned, who had been standing up from the first. "You's done plenny harm in dis worl' for one nigger; en 'sides you's had er fa'r trial 'fo' yer feller citizens. Now, it's de judgment er dis court dat yer be hung to de biggis' lim' awn Pop Castle oak widder grapevine, case I'ud be bad luck to use er rope after it been 'bout dead folks, en dat de jury is debbytized to do do hangin."

"Hold on!" I shouted, thoroughly aroused by the groans of the prisoner and the screams of his wife and children. "Do you know that you are about to deprive a human being of life against law and justice? Why, not even a witness has appeared against him. Mind what you do!"

"De genterman in sto' close," replied the magistrate sternly, "will please don't bodder de exsecutionments er dis hyere court. De chac'ter er Nickydemus Wagstaff is knowed fer as de train goes, ef not er l'l' farder. De whole yearth en ev'theng in it b'rs witness ergin him. Gentermuns, do yer jury."

While I was struggling desperately to force my way through the throng and reach the spot the ropes were stripped from the prisoner, a slip noose in the grapevine thrown around his neck, and he was dragged away to the designated spot. One end of the vine weighted with a small stone was thrown over a huge limb. The jury seized it as it fell and pulled with might and main. The doomed man rose, wildly kicking and struggling against the background of blue sky. He was already several feet in the air when a hitch occurred. The jury gave a jerk. With a snap the grapevine broke, piling them in a heap on the ground. In an instant Nicodemus was making for the woods, descending the hill 20 feet at a bound, with half the grapevine standing out straight behind him, and the whole crowd, Uncle Cephas in the van, in headlong pursuit.

Before 100 yards were covered it was clear that Pop Castle would witness no hanging that day, and in half an hour the breathless, baffled crowd was back again seeking what consolation the cool spring water could afford.

Whether it was an accidental break in the grapevine or whether the shrewd old man while trimming and "soopin" gave it a nick it was impossible to say, although there was plainly a twinkle in Uncle Ceph's eye when his gaze met mine on his return from the chase.—David Dodge in Kate Field's Washington.

Shakespeare's Anachronisms.

Virgil made Æneas land at a port which had no existence until a couple of hundred years before the poet's own time, and in three separate places revives characters killed earlier in the poem. The anachronisms of Shakespeare are legion. In the "Winter's Tale" he speaks of the coast of Bohemia, an inland country, and in "Coriolanus" calls Delphi an island, whereas it is a city of Greece. The "beetling cliffs of Elsinore" are mentioned, but Elsinore has no cliffs, while although the Danes were, in Hamlet's time, pagans, the Ghost in "Hamlet" speaks of absolution and purgatory. In "Twelfth Night" the Clown in Illyria speaks of St. Bennet's church in London. In "Julius Cæsar" Brutus tells Cassius, "Peace, count the clock," and Cassius answers, "The clock has stricken 3," when striking clocks were not invented for 1,400 years after that time.

Hamlet is said to be educated at a school which, in his time, had no existence, and Menenius, in "Coriolanus," mentions Galen over 600 years before the latter was born. In the play of Henry IV turkeys are spoken of 100 years before the discovery of America, whence they came; Hector is made to quote Aristotle; Cleopatra's palace is fitted out with a billiard table, and Tunis and Naples are spoken of as though at an immeasurable distance from each other.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Importance of Light.

An all important fact in connection with photography lies in the illumination. There are good days and bad days—days when the sun shines so brightly that the shadows are distinct and outlines are sharp and perfect. To obtain a negative under the best conditions the exposure should be made when the sun's rays have attained an angle of about 35 degrees on an object situated about 20 feet from the operator, who should have the sun behind his back. The general tone of the light should be blue; a yellow, hazy atmosphere will never give a satisfactory negative.

No matter how perfect a machine may be, good results cannot be obtained if the operator is not careful to observe the needs of the moment. The camera may be pointed too high or too low, directly in the sun's path, or the hand may press the button at the wrong moment, or with a tremor that will cause the shutter to slide unevenly.—Outing.

A Fault on Virtue's Side.

Some of the best botanical works of the past generation were issued under the patronage of the Empress Josephine, who was herself very fond of gardening. A recent account says of her:

Josephine's favorite employment—it was more than a diversion—was horticulture. She was not in any sense a scientist. She loved nature for nature's sake, and her hothouses and gardens were her long and lasting delight. In those days such pleasures were costly, and more than once after her divorce complaints were made that she overdrew her rather large annuity. Napoleon was liberal himself, but the state interfered, and on one occasion he was compelled to delegate a minister to warn her of the consequences of her horticultural extravagance.—Meehan's Monthly.

From Riches to Abject Poverty.

An old man with a thin, bent form and a few locks of white hair peeping from beneath a rusty old fashioned silk hat hobbled painfully through Broad street one afternoon last week and took his stand near the Mills building. He leaned wearily on his stout stick and appeared to be in pain. His manner was absolutely passive. He paid no attention to surrounding objects and spoke to no person. He simply stood still. Within half an hour after the close of business in the exchanges at least half a dozen well known brokers in passing this old gentleman slyly slipped a coin or a crumpled note into his hand. "Who is that old man?" asked the phase writer of a gentleman who is regarded as a landmark in Wall street.

"I won't mention his name," was the reply, "but he used to be one of the high rollers down here. He was probably worth a couple of millions once and was for years one of the best customers that the stockbrokers had. Some of those prosperous men who give him a quarter or a half dollar now and then have in times past made their thousands out of his skill as an operator."—New York Times.

To Tax Scenic Advertisements.

The practice of defacing natural scenery with great advertisements is not so prevalent in the United States as it was a generation ago, and public sentiment is steadily growing stronger against it. This practice has recently developed in England to such an extent that lovers of nature recognize that some definite action must be taken. The Thames valley, the most picturesque mountain spots in Wales and the loveliest corners of Devonshire have been greatly injured by huge advertisements. The well known architect, Mr. Waterhouse, has proposed that if they cannot actually be prohibited they should at least be diminished by the imposition of a heavy license tax.—Chicago Herald.

English Hospitals.

As regards hospitals, the teeming millions of London can count upon only one bed per 1,000—a proportion which is unique among the large towns of Great Britain. Glasgow, Newcastle, Wolverhampton have 3¼ beds per 1,000; Edinburgh, 3¾; Dublin, 4¼; Norwich, Belfast, Brighton, Liverpool, Manchester and Bristol have an average of 2¼ beds per 1,000.—Exchange.

What Indeed!

Hunker—Do you propose to marry, Spatts?

Spatts—Well, what other object would I have in proposing?—Vogue.

The Bergamot Tree.

There is but one spot in the world where the bergamot tree can be cultivated with profit—a fact of some importance, since its essence is indispensable in the manufacture of numerous perfumes and medical preparations. The spot referred to is Reggio, in Calabria, that extremity of the Italian peninsula which is familiarly known as "the toe of the boot." Mr. Kerrich suggests that there is a good chance here for enterprising capitalists of getting a highly profitable monopoly of the bergamot tree by buying up from the producers all that they extract. At present the Reggio bergamot suffers both in quality and reputation through the frauds of small traders, who, it is said, mix it with ten parts of adulterating matter.—Chicago Tribune.

"Dead Man Claim."

"Dead Man Claim," the name given to a rich mine in Leadville, was discovered by a broken down miner while digging a grave. A miner died when there were several feet of snow on the ground. His comrades laid his body in a snowbank and hired a man for twenty dollars to dig a grave. Forgetting the corpse and his bargain, he thought only of the fact that he had "struck it rich."—Chicago Herald.

A Speaker's Right.

A gentleman while making a speech inadvertently stepping forward fell off the platform. In response to the peals of laughter that greeted his unlucky fall he claimed that any speaker had "a right to come down to the level of his audience."—Exchange.

Advocating greater simplicity of life among the wealthier classes of society, Dean Lefroy remarked recently that £127,000 a year is spent in England upon perfumed spirits from abroad.

EASILY MADE HAPPY.

How a Sick Man Learned Some Philosophy on a Rainy Day.

A rich gentleman of my acquaintance got caught in the rain the other day while out for a walk on upper Broadway. He is not only rich, but eccentric, in that he rarely rides and that he walks a great deal. The rain that for a long time fell gently increased in quantity and was caught up by the rising wind and shot into faces and doorways, where people hopefully huddled for the time, and beat upon the awnings and signs as if in mad desire to crush them and get at the hearts of those who had sought temporary shelter there.

The gentleman, although protected by a stout umbrella, was finally driven to one of these awnings, whence he peered up and down for any stray cab that might come that way.

By this process he saw a man coming down the street, dodging from awning to awning and doorway to doorway. There were hundreds of people going and coming, pushing or pulling umbrellas, or who, enveloped from head to heels in waterproofs, went edging along with one ear turned down to windward, as if to split the storm. But this particular man commanded his attention because he had no umbrella and no waterproof and although the day was cold not even an overcoat. He ran awhile, then paused in some friendly shelter to repeat the run to the next, finally bringing up under the same awning with my friend.

Like most rich men of the world my friend is suspicious of his kind unless they come properly introduced. But he looked at this specimen of humanity and saw at a glance that it was a very wet specimen, plainly and lightly clad, but with a frank, manly, German countenance. Not having been addressed by it, he felt still more interested.

"Bad day for you," he said pleasantly.

"Yes, for anybody," replied the man, folding his arms across his water soaked bosom.

"Got far to go?"

"Right good bit," said the specimen.

"You'd better take a street car. Here comes one going right down Broadway."

"No; I'm going over on the other side and then down the Bowery."

"Well, that is a 'good bit,' but you can get a car over there," remarked my friend.

The specimen laughed. "A street car is too rich for my blood today," said he. "Oh, I've got the money," he added, seeing the cynical look that came into the gentleman's face, "but I want that for something else. That's the reason I'm footing it. I'll get wet, but when I get down to the place I can get dried out for a glass of beer."

The perfect confidence of the specimen in his programme elicited the echo:

"For a glass of beer?"

"Oh, yes! You see, I don't stop at an expensive hotel. It's the Palmer House, down in Chatham square, and——"

"Chatham square? Why, that's miles from here!"

"I know that well enough, but I'll get there in an hour or two," was the cheerful reply. "When I do I'll buy a glass of beer, and they will let me dry out before the big stove. I can't get much wetter. If I took a street car, you see, I'd have no beer and no place to dry." He laughed again.

"You don't seem to mind it much."

"Mind it! What's the use? I'll be fixed all right in a day or two. And as for a little water—faugh!" The specimen shook himself like a young spaniel. "Well, I must be running or I'll get cold," said he, and he started off without more preliminary.

"Hold on there!" shouted the astonished gentleman. "Come back here a moment." The specimen came slowly back, but he shivered in spite of his air of indifference.

"How much money have you got?"

"Fifteen cents if I walk—ten cents if I ride," the specimen replied rather shamefacedly.

"Well, here; you ride." He put a half dollar into the specimen's hand.

The specimen looked at it a moment like a flash, and catching the giver's hand before it could be withdrawn mutely pressed it to his lips. There had been nothing cringing or sycophantic or whining. There was nothing of the sort now. It was a grateful, impulsive exhibition of genuine gratitude for just one instant; then with frank and glistening eyes he said:

"Ride? And I'll eat too—and sleep in a bed! I'm the happiest man in New York!"

And the specimen dashed down the street through the pelting rain, cut into Thirty-fifth street and disappeared toward the east side. And the rich gentleman looked up at the cloud riven sky, shook the folds out of his silk umbrella and started buoyantly down Broadway, saying softly, "The happiest man in New York!"—New York Herald.

Letter of a Suicide.

An octogenarian general left a letter lately defending the propriety of his suicide. Said he:

When an individual life has run its cycle and become a waste of nature in the body, overwhelming its mental and physical qualities with weakness and pain to an intolerable degree, it may with all propriety be removed.

Such being the case with the life of the writer, his apology to the world is by these terms made through his most beloved and most intimate friends, who, he trusts, will appreciate the relief to him from ceaseless distress, which, in his opinion, ought to be brought by the phyician who is summoned with his drugs, surely for that purpose, but not for cure.—Boston Globe.

A Snake in a Bag of Potatoes.

A man purchased a bag of potatoes at the Cape Town market, and when the potatoes were turned out at his home he discovered that a puff adder was included in the bargain. That viper must have been callous indeed to have expended no venom during its transit, and it is to be hoped that the potatoes were well examined after being in such company. The colonists are wonderfully expert in dealing with such quarry.—Cape Town Letter.

Prompt and Effective.

Detroit has a bachelor of the compulsory sort, but Detroit won't have him long. He has been disappointed so many times that lately he has been almost impetuous in his attentions. She is a widow and an improvement on all her predecessors in his heart. The matter was settled a week ago in a rather roundabout way. They had been talking on woman in general.

"So you think," he said, "that woman is prone to jump at a conclusion?"

"I certainly do," she responded earnestly.

"And you are like all the others?"

"I hope so."

A great thought came to him then. "Would I were a conclusion," he sighed, with such a sigh that within five minutes two hearts were consolidated.—Detroit Free Press.

Dancing and Early Art.

It may create some surprise that we regard the dance as the earliest form of art, or even that we allow it any place among the fine arts. To many it will seem a kind of sacrilege to combine in the same category, however broad, such extremes as a dancing savage and a painting of the last judgment, and if the connection must be made some would choose to make it along other lines than those of art. But, in truth, the dance supplies us with the key, so to speak, of the development of the fine arts.—David J. Hill in Popular Science Monthly.

The Value of Women According to Sages.

"He who builds a house and takes a wife heaps heavy afflictions on his head," declares some Hindoo sage. Their relative value is fixed by other proverbs, such as the Venetian's, "If woman were of gold, she wouldn't be worth a farthing."

A Phrase That Has Lost Value.

"Worth its weight in gold" is a phrase without the meaning which it formerly conveyed. Beryllum is worth about 10 times its weight in the precious yellow metal; vanadium is five times more costly. Besides these, there are a dozen minerals and metals that are equal in value to gold.—St. Louis Republic.

"COMMUNICATED"

To Owners Of Wagons,

would say that before you take your wagon to the shop for repairs look over the painting I did last year, see whether I use inferior Paint and Varnish. Then compare prices, also in the purchase of a new one, Buy of a Carriage Man! And buy where you get the same article for, Oh! so much less money, for my place is noted for that, namely, to sell cheaper than any other, because I sell for the ready stuff you see.

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During treatment patients are allowed the free use of Liquor or Morphine until such time as they shall voluntarily give them up.

We send particulars and pamphlets of testimonials free, and shall be glad to place sufferers from any of these habits in communication with persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS.

HILL'S TABLETS are for sale by all FIRST-CLASS druggists at $1.00 per package.

If your druggist does not keep them, enclose us $1.00 and we will send you, by return mail, a package of our Tablets.

Write your name and address plainly, and state whether Tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or Liquor Habit.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED into purchasing any of the various nostrums that are being offered for sale. Ask for HILL'S TABLETS and take no other.

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E. M. JAYLORD, Leslie, Mich.

DORRS FERRY, N. Y.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—Some time ago I sent for $1.00 worth of your Tablets for Tobacco Habit. I received them all right and, although I was both a heavy smoker and chewer, they did the work in less than three days. I am cured.
Truly yours, MATHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45.

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MRS. HELEN MORRISON.

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THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—Your Tablets have performed a miracle in my case. I have used morphine, hypodermically, for seven years, and have been cured by the use of two packages of your Tablets, and without any effort on my part.
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GO TO FRS. ROEDERER, under the Exchange Hotel, Bank street, for a smooth shave or a fashionable hair cut. Closed on Sunday's. Roederer's Hair tonic, cures Dandruff. We carry to stock a full line of fancy toilet articles at lowest prices, and we are the only place in town where you can buy Reader's Cream for the face.

LAWFER, the barber, opposite the Opera House, cuts hair, shaves and does everything in first-class style. Drop in and see him. Closed on Sundays. Toilet Articles for sale.

STUBER'S SHAVING SALOON, opposite the Advocate Office, is headquarters for shaving, hair cutting and shampooing. Particular attention paid to cutting ladies bangs and Children's Hair. Toilet articles or sale. Choice Cigars. CALL.

ED. CAMPBELL, over the Canal Bridge, East Weissport, cuts hair, shaves and shampoos in style. Give me a call. You can also buy ball Bons, Hair Tonics, &c., at the very lowest rices.

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To see Nursery Stock. We grow all the best best varieties, old and new, replace all stock that dies, and guarantee satisfaction. Highest salary or commission paid from the start. Write for terms. H. E. Hooker Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.
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The undersigned offers at Private Sale the following articles:—

One Blake Stone Crusher, 100 Ton Capacity.

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A variety of Plows and Tools suitable for Road making. Apply to

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That dreaded and dreadful disease! What shall stay its ravages? *Thousands say* Scott's Emulsion of pure Norwegian cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda has *cured* us of consumption in its first stages. Have you a cough or cold acute or leading to consumption? Make no delay but take

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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He Built One of the Pyramids.

The British museum, the great European storehouse of things out of the ordinary, has hundreds of Egyptian mummies of all dynasties carefully stowed away within its walls. Some of these are comparatively recent efforts at embalming, and others date back to the "wide revolving shades of centuries past." The oldest of the entire collection is the mummy of Mykerinos. He was a king in Egypt in what is known to history as the "fourth dynasty," and wore his golden tiara and sat on the throne of thrones 4,000 years before the wise men followed the star of fate till it stopped over that lowly hovel in Bethlehem where the infant Jesus lay.

Mykerinos was the builder of the third pyramid at Ghizeh, where his headless mummy was discovered in the year 1836. The stone coffin in which he was being transported to England was lost at sea and lay at the bottom of the ocean for two years before being recovered. It is seldom that a man's bones are subjected to vicissitudes, especially 5,000 or 6,000 years after his death.—St. Louis Republic.

Women of Their Period.

In the great momentum of the women movement, which gains new victims every day, one is inclined to overlook the fact that woman was a power morally, socially and intellectually in the fifteenth century as well as the nineteenth, that the doors of the universities were open to her not only to study but to teach within their sacred precincts. In the University of Salamanca she had a place, and when Isabella of Spain desired to acquire the Latin tongue it was to a woman that she turned for a tutor. In Italy, even in the thirteenth century, a noble Florentine lady won the palm of oratory in a public contest in Florence with learned doctors from all over the world.—New York Sun.

Street Railway Crossings.

Grade crossings on street railways are as dangerous as on trunk lines and should be just as carefully protected. If a railroad company should cross the tracks of our car, leaving the chances of collision to be avoided solely by the watchfulness of the engineer, there would be a great hue and cry. Yet similar carelessness is passed over in the case of street railways, though the danger is even greater on account of the increased frequency with which the tracks are used.—Kate Field's Washington.

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As naturally results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as personal cleanliness results from free use of soap and water. This great purifier thoroughly expels scrofula, salt rheumand all other impurities and builds up every organ of the body. Now is the time to take it.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

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Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazle Salve will cure them. T. D. Thomas

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It is truth in medicine the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform the cure, and are the best. Thomas, Druggist.

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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 Lehighton; and Biery Weissport.

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The Boston Star

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