MY NEIGHBOR.

My neighbor was a widder, an she had a run-down farm,
An her cows an pigs an chickens done a mighty lot o' harm
To my fields a'jinin, an I stood it quite a while,
Till I wouldn't be imposed on in no sich kind o' style.

So I locked my very maddest as I walked up to her door,
Till she looked up at me smilin, while a-washin up the floor,
An her cheeks was red as roses, an her hair as black as night,
I forgot to scold an ease her, for she seemed so sweet and bright.

But my hand was to the plow now, an it wouldn't never do
To forgit them depredations jes' by lookin at her shoe,
So I gathered up my anger, an I said, "Now, Mrs. Brown,"
And my knees got wet her eyes' light, an the tashes they fell down.

But I ain't no man for foolin, an I went right on to say
How her pigs et all my melons an her cows et acres of hay,
How her chickens scratched up corn out, an I wouldn't hev it so,
Gittin hayrides all the time, like a madman will, you know.

Then the widder she looked up, with a tear-drop on her cheek,
An a somethin in her throat that wouldn't let her speak,
But she sobbed an cried out in a kind o' teary tone,
That she had no one to help her an was poor as all alone.

An my hand w[illegible] off the plow then an a-reachin out for mern,
I had learnt a sudden lesson that I never thought I'd learn.
Well, my scoldin was a failure, seein what I thought to do,
For her pigs an cows are all here, an the widder's with 'em too.

—Will F. McSparren in Yankee Blade.

A MEAN TRICK.

He had often tried to propose to her, but she was such a very flippant young person that he found it herculean to reduce her to a sufficiently serious frame of mind. Then, too, he was by no means certain as to her feelings toward himself. Some definite assurance either way would, he felt, have been grateful, although it is safe to affirm that had such assurance been unfavorable to his hopes he would none the less have been anxious for further information.

However, he was denied the satisfaction of even well grounded suspicion. She had such a baffling sort of manner. Never had he been able to surprise her into an admission of anything, however trifling, which might be taken as an indication that he aroused within her emotions of any kind whatever. It was certainly very difficult to know what to do.

Many times had he almost taken advantage of a momentary silence on her part. Times without number had he nearly clasped her in his arms as she pirouetted past him, but she was too quick for him. The boldest effort on his part had been made one evening after he had brought a friend to call upon her. Minna, Bob and the friend had all sat in the kitchen and pulled taffy. Next evening Bob said sheepishly:

"Do you know, Minna, what they was tellin me last night?"

"How could I know without you told me?" returned Minna, with spirit. She was washing dishes, and she clattered them in the pan.

"He was asking me if I was going to marry you."

"And what did you tell him?"

"Told him I didn't know."

"That was right," said Minna, swirling the dishcloth around.

"And he—he said I was a durned fool if I didn't."

Minna went off into peals of laughter. Then she sobered up.

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't marry you."

"So you would be—if you got the chance!" was the prompt reply.

"That's what I told him—if I got the chance, but I can't get the chance," dejectedly.

"What right had you to tell him you couldn't get the chance?"

"'Cause you ain't ever give it to me."

"No, an I never will," returned Minna, with emphasis.

"Jes' what I thought," said Bob dismally. "Guess I'd better go."

"Guess ye had," remarked his hostess hospitably. As she spoke she wiped out the dishpan and hung it up on a nail behind. "If I was you, I'd learn a few things before I came courtin."

"But you're a big sight clever'n me," answered Bob meekly.

"That's so," said Minna laconically as Bob passed dejected out of the kitchen door.

On thinking over the interview on the way home, Bob thought that on the whole he had not made much progress.

A few days later hope returned, bright eyed and smiling, and Bob determined to make another attempt to secure the elusive Minna. In the soft dusk of the early summer evening he went thoughtfully across the field toward her father's cottage, now softened of its daytime angularities and, to Bob's imagination, nestling confidingly in the trees.

"House ain't much like Minna," he reflected sadly. "Wisht I could think on some way to cotch her."

As he walked, crushing down the moist grass, he revolved a dozen schemes in his mind, all of which had sooner or later to be dismissed as impracticable in view of the uncertain nature of the damsel in question. If he could only be sure of how Minna would take anything. But he never could be. She was as wayward as the summer breeze.

Suddenly, in the midst of his pondering, an idea came to him—a heaven sent inspiration, so beautiful, so clever, that the cunning little god himself must have been hiding in a bluebell along his path. Bob gave an emphatic slap to his leg, and the listening Cupid might have heard a short chuckle, followed by a delighted exclamation.

"Gosh! But that'll do it!" as the wooer sped along his path. Minna herself met Bob at the door and gave him a chair outside beneath a fragrant honeysuckle. She sat down near him on the doorstep and leaned her head against the casement. She looked very pretty, her black eyes darkening the lids and her face pale in the dusky twilight, her hair curling in moist little ends around her small face. Bob looked at her, and his heart failed him. But he remembered a certain Thomas Anderson, who report said had loitered beneath the honeysuckle for the last few nights, and brought back his caring courage.

"They was talking about you last night down at the pump," he remarked, with assumed cheerfulness.

"Talkin about me?" said Minna angrily. "How dared they?"

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Bob to himself. "If she gets mad before I begin!"

"They was sayin—sayin"——

"Wall!" sharply, "what was they sayin?"

"They wuz sayin how as you'd never marry any one—you wuz that uncertain-like and flighty-like."

"Who said that?" said Minna, turning wrathful eyes upon him.

"I don't exactly remember," faltered Bob.

"Most likely yourself," disdainfully.

Bob could not truthfully disown the remark, as he had made it frequently, in confidence, to his near companions in the village. So, after this unexpected home thrust, he remained uncomfortably silent.

Minna pursued her advantage.

"Nice doings there, for a man!" she went on contemptuously. "Talking about girls when they can't talk back for themselves!"

If the reported conversation had not been wholly imaginary, Bob would have been stricken with remorse. As it was, however, although inwardly trembling, he saw an opening and took it.

"But I spoke back for you, Minna, I did."

"Oh, you did, did you?" was the discouraging comment. "Since it wuz you said the worst, seems to me it wuz all you could do."

"They said a lot more'n I did," Bob continued, with fictitious courage. "They said as how I needn't be hangin around here, for you'd allus scorn me till the judgment and not marry me at all."

"There wuz some truth in their remarks," remarked Minna stubbingly.

"But there's winser nor that," he said, with well feigned gloominess. "I said as how I knowed you would marry me"——

"Who made you so wiser" interrupted Minna sarcastically.

"An a man bet me you wouldn't, an—an—I bet him you would."

"Beasts!" ejaculated the much incensed Minna.

"An I bet a fearful lot, Minna. Gosh!—I'm scared to think of it. If I got to give him all that money, the farm will have to go sure."

Minna looked frightened.

"How much?" she asked faintly.

"Wonder how much she'll stand?" Bob asked himself perplexedly. Then he glanced at her tentatively.

"I'm most afeared to tell you. It's—it's—gosh! Minna—it's $100."

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Minna. "You never did."

"A hundred dollars!" repeated Bob chokingly, and overcome by the feelings he had aroused he buried his head in his hands. From this safe retreat he continued disjointed remarks broken by emotion.

"Don't care for myself. (Sigh.) I don't want to live anyway, but the farm'll have to go sure, and poor mother and father." (Sob.)

"Oh, no, no," said Minna tearfully.

"They're old now to start over agin (a protracted sigh), but I kin work for em. I'll do it"— and Bob's shoulders shook with nobly suppressed emotion—"it will come hard to lose the old place now—(sob)—after all them years."

"Oh, don't, don't, don't, Bob! I can't bear it!" gasped Minna, choking down the tears. "I'll—I'll"——

Bob waited a moment. Then he went on:

"Poor sister can't go to school or nothing," rocking himself to and fro in apparent deep grief, "an there's no wood got for the winter"—here he wept aloud, and seeing this Minna, too, wept aloud.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "how could you be so—so"— and she burst again into tears.

"Dunno, Minna," he said in a choking voice, "but there ain't no help for it now. It's all got to go—farm an all."

"Never!" said Minna hysterically. "I will marry you—I will!"

"Tain't right to ask you," Bob said sadly and hypocritically. "You don't care nothin about me."

"I didn't afore," said Minna tearfully and shamefacedly, "but that was an awful lot of money to bet on me. I like you for it, Bob, I do!"

"An you will marry me?"

She nodded.

"Thank you, Minna," Bob said mournfully. "It's awfully good in you."

A moment elapsed before he started on the real business of courtship—he had to proceed carefully—and in that moment Bob looked up at a very jester of a twinkling star and silently exchanged with it a knowing and prodigious wink.—Madge Robertson in Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Migratory Crab.

The West Indian migratory crab is the only creature that is born in the sea, matures in fresh waters and passes its adult life on land. Once a year these creatures migrate in thousands from the uplands of Jamaica, deposit their ova in the sea, then migrate to the rivers and streams, pass through a fresh water stage, after which they follow their parents to land until the time comes for them to return to the sea to lay their eggs in turn.—London Tit-Bits.

Nilsson's Home Fads.

Christine Nilsson lives in an elegant house in Madrid. In its internal decoration she has displayed a certain amount of eccentricity, for her bedroom is papered with sheets of music from the scores of various operas that she has interpreted, while the walls of the dining room are covered with a collection of hotel bills, the result of the diva's many professional travels in both hemispheres.—Exchange.

They Only Knew Agassiz.

In 1858 a party consisting of Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz, Judge Hoar, W. J. Stillman and several others spent a few weeks of the summer in the Adirondacks.

The journey of the company gave rise to an incident which has often been incorrectly told, and which, as a curious comment upon human fame, deserves to be told again. The coming of the party was of course made known along the track it would follow, and at Keeseville, where the common roads then ended, the town was agog to see the "philosophers," as they were at once collectively called. But neither Emerson nor Lowell was known, Agassiz being the only celebrity to that world, owing to his having recently refused the offer by the emperor of France of the keepership of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris and a senatorship with a large salary, he preferring to devote himself to science and America.

The selectmen of the town waited on the visitors early in the morning after their arrival to pay their respects, they said, but really to see a man who had no regard for money and distinction. They were received formally, the spokesman bringing a copy of a periodical which contained a portrait of Agassiz, which he produced and carefully compared with the lineaments of the professor until he had satisfied himself of the authenticity of the individual, when he addressed his followers with, "Yes, it's him!" And they proceeded to shake hands with him, the rest of the party being ignored.—W. J. Stillman in Century.

Valued His Opinion Highly.

Lawyers as a class are often bothered by friends and acquaintances who in a purely innocent manner ask their opinions on legal technicalities, with never an idea of paying for the information.

A person of this class received a well merited rebuke recently from a legal luminary of this city. Meeting a lawyer, he drew from his pocket a $5 bill and said: "Give me your opinion on this note. Is it good?"

The lawyer took it, examined it carefully and then rendered his decision. "It is perfectly good," he said, and in a nonchalant way he folded it up and put it in his pocket.

"And now," said the other, "I'll thank you for the money."

"Oh, no," replied the attorney. "I'll retain it as my fee. To give advice is my profession, and I cannot afford to render an important opinion without pay."—New York Herald.

The "Ear of Dionysius."

A cunningly constructed prison cavern, consisting of a large chamber connected with one of smaller dimensions, situated near Syracuse, Italy, has gone into legendary history with the title of the "Ear of Dionysius." The smaller chamber was unknown to the prisoners kept in this underground dungeon, and the tyrant by whose name it is known had a habit of secreting himself there to listen to the conversation of the convicts, who were mostly political offenders. An ingenious device constructed at the smaller end of the larger chamber transmitted the sounds through the partition, thus enabling the suspicious ruler to hear even the whispered conversations of his "suspects."—St. Louis Republic.

She "Hoped" For Their Happiness.

The Newly Wed—Edith did the hateful thing at our reception, and I'll never forgive her.

Cousin Jane—Why, what could it be?

The Newly Wed—She addressed Charles in the most prying manner and said, "I hope you'll be happy." The way she uttered that word "hope" was positively unbearable.—Boston Transcript.

Empty Stomachs the Safer In Battle.

Surgeon General Sternberg of the army and Dr. A. C. Bernays of St. Louis had flocked together and were discussing gunshot wounds in the lower part of the body. Dr. Bernays greatly interested Surgeon General Sternberg by a proposition he laid down that when a man is shot in the abdomen shortly after eating a hearty meal the danger is much greater. "A case of that kind should be operated upon in every instance," said Dr. Bernays. "If the bowels are empty or nearly so, the same wound may be treated without operation."

"Applying that theory to soldiers!" remarked the surgeon general tentatively.

"I would say they ought to do their fighting before breakfast," put in the specialist.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE WHISTLING GIRL.

Fascinating, Generous, Noble Hearted, So a Woman's Analysis Runs.

A woman who has made a study of the whistling girl says that, aside from her assumption of a masculine prerogative, she is usually a dainty and fetching bit of femininity, who loses not one iota of her womanly charm when she puckers her pretty mouth and whistles a merry tune. Rather the roguish twinkle in her eye challenges censure. To a superficial observer she is bright, jolly, original. Know her better, and she is frank, honest, high spirited, noble hearted, superior to the alleged pettiness of her sex, and, should circumstances require, sufficiently generous to make wonderful sacrifices for those she loves, for, being ardent and impulsive, she loves warmly. She may hate, too, with corresponding enthusiasm, but not for long, for, being tender of heart and believing always the best of humanity, this harsher sentiment finds no permanent home with her.

Contrary to the general opinion, she is rarely if ever a "tomboy," and if she occasionally makes use of her ability to attract the attention of some delinquent conductor it is only when she is hurrying home at dusk and knows that the friendly darkness will not reveal her secret. As she approaches the corner she sees the coveted car leaving her perhaps to a long and weary wait upon the sidewalk. She glances around to appeal to some possible small boy, but this convenient commodity fails to appear. Steadily the car is receding. Can she be blamed if she for a moment forgets that utility should weigh lightly in her vocal scale? And at last, when she triumphantly enters the car, no one would suppose that those demure lips had uttered that shrill and effective signal.

Altogether, although inclined to be willful and rebellious at times (and who admires dull perfection?), she is a girl fashioned after a free ideal. Is she to have her vocal freedom restrained by a cruel conventionality which forbids her to enliven her own home with pretty, birdlike music, while at the same time it not only tolerates, but often pretends to admire, the vocalist next door who seeks to entertain the entire neighborhood at eventide by a series of wailing notes and snarling crescendos? The whistling girl abruptly puckers her rosy lips to show her pretty teeth in a dazzling smile as she flashes upon you a newer version of her grandmother's rebeke:

Girls that whistle and hens that crow
Make their way wherever they go.

—New York Sun.

Women In Medicine.

At the beginning of 1893 the number of women who had entered their names in the British medical register amounted to 158, of whom nine have died since registration. About 50 are in practice in India and other parts of the east, chiefly as medical missionaries; some of the younger women—perhaps 20—are still engaged in study at various schools and hospitals, chiefly on the continent, and the remainder are in practice in various parts of Great Britain, more than half of these having settled in London. The number of posts thrown open to medical women increases every day, and the demand for their services in various directions is still considerably in excess of the supply.—Medical Magazine.

Could Lift a Ton and a Half.

A Scotchman, said to be the last of the Stuarts, was possessed with an extraordinary strength, from which circumstance he got the byname of Jemmy Strength. Among other feats, he could carry a 24 pounder cannon and had been known to lift a cartload of hay weighing a ton and a half upon his back. Many a time he took up a jackass, and carrying it on his shoulders walked through the tollgate.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Carelessness.

Little Miss—I'm going to have a birthday party next week.

Mr. Nicefellow—The members of your family always celebrate their birthdays, I believe?

Little Miss—Yes, all but sister. She's got so careless she's beginning to skip years.—Good News.

Poisoned by Scrofula.

Is the sad story of many lives made miserable through no fault of their own. Scrofula is more especially than any other a hereditary disease and for this simple reason. Arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics, which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of foetal life when the whole body consists of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But there is a remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its powerful effect on the blood, expels all trace of the disease and gives to the vital fluid the quality and color of health. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not accept any substitute.

An iron railway lasts sixteen years; a steel one lasts forty.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn. says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer Saved my Life. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts.

DRUNKENNESS, or the LIQUOR HABIT Cured at Home in Ten Days by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address the GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Oct. 8—1y.

Many small animals eat their own weight in food a day.

Doctor to patient,—"Why you are using the wrong medicine." "No sir, the right medicine, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills."

Artistic coffins are nowadays made out of wood pulp.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking Cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief. T. D. Thomas.

Very full cheeks indicate great digestive powers.

If you can afford to be annoyed by sick headache and constipation, don't use DeWitt's Little Early Risers for these little pills will cure them. T. D. Thomas, Druggest.

Pigmies were once numerous in Iceland.

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to DeWitts Witch Hazel Salve, cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. T. D. Thomas.

Shiloh's Cure, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses only 25c. Children love it. Sold by Druggists.

It Should Be in Every House.

J. R. Wilson, 871 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., says claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free Trial Bottles at Reber's, Lehighton, and Illery's, Weissport, Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

I have been a sufferer from catarrh for years. Having tried a number of remedies advertised as "sure cures" without obtaining any relief, I had resolved never to take any other patent medicines when a friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm. I did so with great reluctance, but can now testify that after using it for six weeks I believe myself cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable balm. Joseph Stewart, 576 Fresh Ave., Brooklyn.

Kash Claver Rent, the great Blood Purifier, gives freshness and cleanness to the C o n s t i t u t i o n, and cures Constipation, 25c. 50c.

The best builders use only the best materials—lumber, brick, lime, cement, sand—whatever goes into the construction of a building; they employ only the best workmen and pay the best wages; they get better prices for their work than their less careful competitors, and always get the best contracts; they paint their work with

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For colors they use the National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. These colors are sold in small cans, each being sufficient to tint twenty-five pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead the desired shade.

These brands of Strictly Pure White Lead and National Lead Co.'s Tinting Colors, are for sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar, it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.

THE MIDSPOT OF OUR PLANET.

Many Places Which Contest the Honor. Their Claims.

For several centuries different cities of the orient have contested with each other for the honor of being recognized as the midspot of our planet. In 1888 a London geographer issued an elaborate work, in which he tried to prove the British metropolis to be the center of the landed surface of the globe. Jerusalem and Delphi, notwithstanding that neither is situated on or very near the equator, have for ages been the two main contestants in this great central city controversy.

William Simpson of the London Society for the Exploration of Palestine tells us that Herr Schick has sent home drawings of the spot in Jerusalem which is supposed by some to be the exact center of our world. This interesting place is in the Greek church, nine feet to the right of the religuary containing what purports to be the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour, the first nail that was driven through his right hand and the blood which he shed on that memorable occasion.

It is written in the Psalms, "God is my king of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth."

This can only refer to the scenes of the passion and of the holy sepulcher. The midst or spot of the earth must, therefore, be sought in that vicinity. The belief that the center of the earth is at Jerusalem is very ancient, for it is alluded to by St. Ephrem in his reference to Noah's prayer over the bones of Adam. St. Ephrem says, "And Noah buried Adam's bones in the middle of the earth." A certain round stone in the temple of Delphi is also spoken of by the ancient writers as being the "navel or center of the earth."

Orestes takes refuge there when pursued by Euminides. Pindar also makes mention of the exact location of the center of the world, and Pensanius, like Herr Schick, also had the pleasure of beholding the only genuine central hub of our planet. He, however, locates it at Delphi instead of at Jerusalem. "It is made," he said, "of white stone, smooth and polished, and is no doubt the middle point of the world."—Philadelphia Press.

A Mean Trick.

A lawyer defending a promissory note went to lunch, leaving his books and citations on the table in the courtroom. The opposing counsel sneaked back into the room and changed the places of all his bookmarks. In the afternoon the lawyer, taking up his books, referred the court to his authorities. His lordship noted every volume and page carefully and took the case under consideration. In rendering his opinion he said:

"I was inclined after hearing argument of counsel for defendant to nonsuit plaintiff, but I find, after referring to the authorities quoted by counsel, none of them bear on this case, and I am led to think that the gentleman has been willfully trying to insult the court. He has referred me to an action of an Irishman who sued the proprietor of a monkey for damages for biting him to a case of arson, one of burglary, two of petty larceny and three divorce cases, none of which bears on an action to recover on a promissory note. Perhaps the grossest insult to the court is referring to 'Duckworth versus Boozyman,' an action charging defendant with breach of promise. Judgment for plaintiff with costs."

The lawyer never knew what the matter was and to this day thinks the judge was out of his mind.—Pearson's Weekly.

Fined a Dead Man.

Down in southwestern Texas, just about midway between Houston in the east and El Paso in the west, and very near to the Rio Grande, the Southern Pacific railway has built over the Pecos river the highest bridge in the United States. Just before this bridge was finished one of the workmen fell from it and was of course killed.

The county judge was brought from Langtry, the town nearest to the bridge, to hold a "crowner's 'quest." The judge arrived with a great concourse of people, all anxious to serve on the jury. Proceedings were begun by examining the body of the dead man. Upon this were found a loaded revolver and $40 in cash. Perceiving this, the judge said:

"There ain't nothing to do about this case, gentlemen of the jury. The man's dead, and it's perfectly plain how he met his death. But what I want to know is, what was he doing with that gun? That's against the laws of Texas. He ain't here to explain, but because a man takes it into his head to put on wings and mount to the skies is no reason why the great state of Texas should be defrauded. Law is law and justice is justice. I fine him $40 for carrying a deadly weapon."

It is needless to say that the fine was paid.—Harper's Magazine.

Art Instruction.

An artist had sold a picture for an exorbitant price and the purchaser and to recover. The attorney for the purchaser was making the artist uncomfortable by his questions.

"Now, sir," he said in that pleasant, ingratiating manner of lawyers with a witness, "do you think anybody could see beauty in that picture?"

"Some persons certainly could," replied the artist.

"You think the initiated in technical matters might have no difficulty in understanding your work?"

"I am sure they would not."

"Do you think you could make me see any beauty in that picture?" this most supercilious.

"Probably not now, sir"—and the artist was most humble—"but once I could have done so easily."

"Now, sir, how is that? I don't understand you. Explain, if you please."

"That's quite easy, sir. I could have done it simply by employing you as my counsel in this case."—Detroit Free Press.

Plenty of Space.

"Who is this coming?" asked the hotel clerk.

"That's another East Indian prince," replied the porter.

"Front!"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring in the double width register."—Washington Star.

Professional poisoning, like professional thuggism, is at present pretty well confined to India, where, according to the Bombay Public Analyst, it is carried on often without any apparent motive other than the keen wicked appetite for killing.

The obelisk in Central park, New York, is to be crowned with a gilded aluminium cap. It is said that years ago the monument had a cap, and the authorities think that there is no reason why it should not have one now.

Wall Papers,
Borders,
Decorations,
Pictures.

For the next few months the great question of interior decoration and house painting will be the leading consideration of property owners. Let us make a suggestion for you. You want the work done right; we can do it for you at reasonable figures, or we will sell you the wall paper and decorations. Come and see; let us talk the matter over and we know that we can please you.

C. A. GOTH,
BOWER'S BLOCK, Opposite P. O., LEHIGHTON, PA.

SOUTH END LIVERY,
A. Sell & Co.,

STYLISH Effects in MILLINERY.

It is the old story. We are on top both in our large line and very low prices for

New Fall Millinery
—IN—
TRIMMED AND
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HATS & BONNETS

As usual you will save money if you buy of us.

Miss Alvenia Graver,
LEHIGHTON'S POPULAR MILLINER.

Consumption

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 Anaemic 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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M. J. Hartzell,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
HARNESS!
Whips, Fly Netts, Robes
Blankets
And everything else usually kept in a first class store of this kind.
REPAIRING
Of all kinds attended to neatly, cheaply and promptly. Special attention paid to the manufacture of Harness to order.
STORE IN LEUCKEL'S BLOCK.

GASOLINE
STOVES and
GASOLINE
—AT—
Swartz Bros.,
Walp's old stand, First street,
LOWEST PRICES
for the Best Goods.
PRACTICAL
Plumbers & Tinsmiths.

Picnics,
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ICE CREAM
—AT—
EIGHTY-FIVE Cents Per Gallon
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If you want the Best then Buy from us.
B. K. CULTON,
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ASTOUNDING MAGIC.

THRILLING FEATS PERFORMED BY ANCIENT ORIENTAL JUGGLERS.

The Wonderful Conjuring Tricks Were Accomplished Without the Use of Elaborate Paraphernalia and Seem Almost Beyond Belief.

Tales which horrified our forefathers while they were trusting and ignorant, which stirred a later generation to mirth and were dismissed at length as threadbare jests, become interesting again now that we can perform these miracles ourselves. The best of our conjurers' tricks have been learned in the east, and in many instances they have improved on the original. But it is not certain that their modus operandi is the same.

The most ingenious "professor" in Europe might despair when set to achieve that feat which is the first trial of an aspirant among the Kakhaerfs, as Sir E. Slade describes it. The neophyte must climb a ladder of which the rungs are naked swords, edge upward, and sit upon a platform thickly studded with spikes for an uncertain time before he even "goes up for examination"—and this in the open air among a crowd of tribesmen.

Of the stories told by the Ibn Batuta some have been verified, so to speak, but not all. One day, when he was talking with Mohammed Tughlak at Delhi, three Yogees approached, and the emperor told them to astonish his guest. Forthwith one took the form of a cube, rose into the air and hung above their heads. Ibn Batuta fainted promptly, but the emperor gave him a draft which brought him to in an instant.

It has been suggested by those who can read the original text that this must have been alcohol in some form. However, when he recovered his senses the object was still suspended. The second Yogee then snatched a sandal from one of the bystanders and struck it sharply on the ground, thereupon the sandal mounted and slapped the cube, as if upon the face, when down the Yogee fell. Mohammed Tughlak promised to show his guests things yet more surprising, but Ibn was seized with a palpitation of the heart, which put a stop to the entertainment for that time. Perhaps there was no "draft" handy.

On another occasion, however, some Chinese jugglers gave a performance. "In my presence," says this respectable traveler, "they produced a chain 50 cubits long which they tossed upward, and it stood erect. A dog was then brought forward. It ran up on the chain and on gaining the top vanished. In the same manner a boy, a panther, a tiger and a lion mounted one after another and disappeared. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one discerning how the animals were made to vanish in the mysterious way I have described. This, I may venture to affirm, was beyond measure strange and surprising."

An exact pendant to this is tale civ., in the "Liao-chai-chih-i," translated by Mr. Giles under the name of "Strange Stories From a Chinese Studio." The author declares that he himself beheld the marvels related—the only instance, we believe, in which he vouches his personal experience, a fact worth noting, for he tells a thousand marvels of the sort. When a little boy, Sung Lung was taken to the provincial capital for the spring feast and followed the crowd into the judges' yamen. In the middle of the hall was a man with a little boy, who undertook to perform anything demanded of him. The great men seated round asked for peaches. It was the month of March.

Much "business" followed, but at length the juggler said he must get them from the orchard of "the royal mother," who dwells in heaven. He took from his box a piece of cord "some tens of feet long," arranged it carefully and threw one end into the air, where it remained fixed, "as if caught by something," and he paid it out from below. Higher and higher the rope mounted, until a small piece only remained in his hands. Then the man called his