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COLLINS & HOPPER,

Publishers & Proprietors

Maryland

A Biblical Opinion of Man.

Wife—The Bible says much in favor of women, John. I thought that the Israelites kept their women in the background, but if they did the Bible, which is their history, doesn't.

Husband—Humph! The Israelites did well by keeping their women in the background; that's where women should be.

Wife—But still the Bible says that——

Husband—O, I know there are a few women mentioned in the Bible—there was Jezebel, she was a woman.

Wife—Yes; and there was Ahab; he was a man. And there was——

Husband—It is no use talking, Mary. The Bible is a history of men. Women are mentioned only incidentally as they had influence on the actions of men. The book says little about women compared to what it does about men!

Wife (musingly)—You may be right, John, now when I come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women.

Husband (smilingly)—I thought you would come to your senses, Mary. What is it the book says about men that it does not say about women?

Wife (placidly)—It says all men are liars.

Then the husband arose and put on his hat and went out to see what kind of a night it was.—London Tid Bits.

GOOD-BY ER HOWDY-DO.

Say good-by er howdy-do—
What's the odds betwixt the two?
Comin'—goin'—every day—
Best friends first to go away—
Grasp of hands you druther hold
Than their weight in solid gold,
Slips their grip while greeting you—
Say good-by er howdy-do.

Howdy-do, and then good-by—
Mixes just like laugh and cry;
Death's and birth's and worst and best,
Tangled their contrariest;
Every jinglin' weddin' bell
Skeerin' up some funeral knell—
Here's my song and there's your sigh;
Howdy-do, and then good-by.

Say good-by er howdy-do—
Jest the same to me and you;
'Tain't worth while to make no fuss,
'Cause the job's put up on us;
Some one's runnin' this concern
That's got nothin' else to learn—
If he's willin' we'll pull through,
Say good-by er howdy-do!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Music for Irving's "Macbeth."

Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, composed specially for the revival of "Macbeth," in London, consists of an overture, preludes to the second, third, fifth and sixth acts, incidental music with a chorus in the fourth act, and incidental music in the first, third and sixth acts. The overture, so far as it is possible to judge from a single hearing, seems to be strictly orthodox, and opens with three loud chords in the key of C minor; and then, without further preamble, appears the principal subject—a suave but somber theme, played by string instruments alone. In the second part the overture works up to a tremendous climax. The musical critics consider it one of the finest examples of its class that Sir Arthur Sullivan has ever produced. The two choruses are very sweet. It is in the fourth act, however, that Sullivan has displayed the greatest art and his richest wealth of imaginative power. Music of an either weird or agitated character is heard well nigh throughout the scene in the cavern between Macbeth and the witches. It punctuates the utterances of the hags as they mix their hell broth in the caldron.—Musical Courier.

Couldn't Beat the Widow.

The Albany Journal states that a dirty, foul mouthed tramp called at the house of a Bethlehem widow, living alone, about 7 o'clock in the morning, and offered to saw wood in return for a breakfast. The woman eyed him suspiciously. "Are ye hungry?" she asked. "Yessum, hungrier nor a bear." "Well, ye can have yer feed first, I guess." He was given a bountiful meal. At its conclusion the tramp rose and took up his ugly looking bludgeon. "I'll keep my eyes wide open tight," he said, grinning, and if I see a man as wants ter saw yer wood fer his breakfast I'll give him yer address." Then he opened the door and slouched out. He had gone but a few steps when he heard the widow's sharp voice calling a halt. He turned with an oath and saw a gun pointed squarely at him. The widow ordered him to come right back. He came back and sawed not one, but two, cords of wood, killed and plucked two chickens, whitewashed the hen house and cleaned out the cow stable. He will not repeat the visit in a hurry.

Court Life at The Hague.

The court and the capital at The Hague, which is a city of about 140,000 inhabitants, are not much frequented by foreign visitors, owing to their lacking in general gayety and those lavish entertainments which are considered to be indispensable features, and which exercise such a fascinating attraction in a continental capital. Dutch court life and society are pronounced by the elite of the fashionable world to be absolutely dull in their distinguishing home like plainness and narrowness. Necessarily a court presided over by an aged king and queen, if their tastes reign, must be forbidden ground for extravagant festivities, and as the staid character of the people, with the quietude which must accompany the capital of such people, are really not calculated to offer any very lively field for frolicking, so it is not astonishing, on the whole, if outsiders are wont to give them the go by.—Baltimore Sun.

What to Wear.

Attention to a few general rules would prevent many strange appearances. For instance, a woman should never be dressed too little, nor girls too much; nor should a woman of small stature attempt large patterns, nor a bad walker flounces; stout throats should not carry feathers, nor high shoulders a shawl. From the highest to the lowest there is not a style of beauty with which the plain straw hat is not on the best of understandings. It refines the homeliest and composes the wildest; it gives a coquettish young lady a little dash of demurement, and the demure one a slight touch of coquetry; it makes the blooming beauty look more fresh and the pale one more interesting; it makes the plain woman look, at all events, a lady, and the lady more lady like still.—Leisure Hours.

A Goat Story.

A banker in Lille, France, had the misfortune to wet eighteen bills of the Bank of France, and in order to dry them he placed them on a board at an open window where the sun shone upon them. They dried more rapidly than was anticipated. A gust of wind carried them into the street, where, unfortunately, a goat picking up odds and ends at once captured the bank bills and swallowed them. The goat was purchased, and the bills secured in a very dilapidated condition, but the Bank of France recognized its obligations and redeemed them.—Chicago Herald.

Qualities of Wood.

According to Professor Sargent, the strongest wood in the United States is that of the nutmeg hickory of the Arkansas region, and the weakest is the West Indian birch. The most elastic is the tamarack, the white or shellbark hickory standing far below it. The least elastic and the lowest in specific gravity is the wood of the Ficus aurea. The highest specific gravity upon which in general depends value as fuel, is attained by the bluewood of Texas.—American Analyst.

It is said that a French soldier who participated in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow is still living at Bordeaux. This veteran, who is of Polish origin, is named Zalenski, and is 108 years old. He is in receipt of the magnificent pension of 40 francs a month.

A London paper says there are still twenty-three islands in the Pacific ocean which no nation has set up a claim to.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York. n 15-y

A WORD FOR OUR BOYS.

WHY THEY LEAVE HOME SO SOON AND DESPISE FARMING.

In the Mad Chase to Get the Seed Into the Ground and the Grain Harvested the Little Fellows Are Worked Almost to Death—A Mother's Story.

I would like to say a word in favor of our farmer boys, who, as a class, are sadly overworked in the rush of spring work or through the hot days of harvest.

A great many farmers undertake so much that, in order to get the crops in in season, everything must come to time, while the boys, colts and everything else on the place is pressed into service for all they are able to do. Now, if the boys have to work so hard, it seems to me they should be allowed a shorter day, and not be compelled to go from sun up to sun down, as well as the older ones. They are really to be pitied, if one stops to think of it, for if anything is wanted while getting ready to go to the field, it is, "Here Tom, run and get it, and step lively," and as soon as that particular thing is brought, then something else is wanted, and when ready to go to work Tom has run enough to be already tired; then, "Now see that you keep those horses going" as a bit of parting advice.

Then, after a long day's plowing, there are the cows to be brought from the pasture. Of course, Tom being the youngest, has that to do, too. And after supper is over he must milk, all of which is well enough if he was only allowed a shorter day than the others, and very frequently while the others stop during the day for rest Tom must go for a jug of water, as "boys don't get tired." I believe in their working as they are able, but have known so many boys injured from overwork that I cannot refrain from saying a few words in the hope that they may do a little good. Our dear, warm hearted, willing boys, whose work we can only appreciate when they are ill or absent; then we see how much help they have been.

"THE PLOWS WERE ALL BROKE."

I was well acquainted with one boy, who helped break up all the ground for a large crop. He was only 14 and small of his age, and he worked right along with his father, a very strong man, until the crops were in, and the day they finished planting corn, at supper time, I said to him, when he came in: "Why, George, what is the matter?" For as long as I live I can never forget the tired, dejected, drooping little figure as he stood in the door. "Oh, nothing, only tired," with a pathetic little smile. In a day or two he was taken down with fever, and for weeks lay at death's door simply from overwork. The first week of his illness he raved continually about his work, and it was enough to break one's heart to hear him urging his team to their work, or his plow would break, or it was "so hard to throw the dirt up hill." He kept this up for a week, never a minute's rest night or day, and every day his voice grew weaker, until one day he opened his eyes, and looking around the room said, "the plows are all broke," and never mentioned them again. But for weeks he was not out of danger.

Now where was anything gained in that transaction. A long illness to be borne, a large doctor's bill to pay; besides the care and anxiety such an illness caused his parents. As he was slowly recovering, his physician said: "This illness was caused more from overwork than anything else; now, see that it is never done again."

Another case of boy's overwork, which I know to be true, was where a man set a boy of 11 years of age to plowing, and the only way he could turn the plough was to put his head under the cross pieces, between the handles, letting it rest on the back of his neck, until he injured his spine and was taken sick and lived only a few days. In the intense heat of harvest is another terrible time for the boys; hard, indeed, for strong men.

MAKES A MOTHER'S HEART ACHE.

Last summer our own boy, a stout young fellow of 16, who had worked from early spring with scarcely a day's intermission, or without a word of complaint, side by side with another man much older than himself, then through four or five weeks of harvest until a day or two before it was over, came into my room (I was ill at the time) looking so sad and worn that it frightened me, and I said to him: "What is the matter, dear, don't you feel well?" "Oh, ma," he said, "I am just nearly dead, my head aches so, just look at my hands," holding up his hands, perfectly covered inside with callouses and blisters, while his lips quivered and tears stood in his dark eyes, something that I had not seen for years, for he is usually too proud to complain. "Yesterday my nose bled until I could hardly go. I do wish father would let me off this afternoon; won't you ask him for? How it went to my mother heart to have to tell him that father said "no, must try and get through while the fair weather lasts," only a mother can know, and there was a good deal of bitterness in my thoughts that afternoon as I thought of my boy and his sorrowful face.

His father did not mean to be hard, for if he had been sunstruck or stricken down with illness he would then have counted his grain of very little worth beside the life of his boy, but he only thought then of the work on hand and that the resting could be done some other time. But that is one reason why so many boys leave their homes so soon and so thorough despise farming, when a little good judgment, tempered with mercy for them, would do more good than all the stern commands that were ever uttered.

"Oh, if we could only live the past five years over again," said a friend whose only child, a promising boy of 18, had died of consumption, "for I know he worked too hard. He was always so willing and we never stopped to think that the work might be too much for him. But now we can see where we did wrong." What a pity all parents cannot see, before they meet with some such trouble, and be really parents at heart instead of thoughtless taskmasters whose present prosperity is gained in a great measure at a fearful expense—the broken down constitutions of their boys.—One Who Loves Them in St. Louis Republic.

French Marriages.

Exceptions to the rule of marriages de convenance are so rare as really not to count at all. To comprehend, however, that this does not inevitably lead to social stoppage and disaster, it is necessary to perceive that the same thing which might result very badly for us does not necessarily result badly for people who are so very different from us as the French are. And this is an extremely difficult matter; it is always difficult to realize that maxims which we have conquered for ourselves have not a universal validity. The conception of marriage de convenance by no means excludes the idea of love. Neither does the practice. No young girl in France looks forward to not loving her husband. She simply expects to learn to love him after marriage as our young girls are expected to do before as well. As a matter of fact, in the vast majority of cases this expectation is justified. Parents and society see to it that it shall be justifiable, and the result—always of course a lottery—is made dependent on old heads instead of on young hearts.—W. C. Brownell in Scribner's.

Seventy Years a Thief.

Mary Fitzgerald, now in prison in Philadelphia for picking the pocket of a well to do gentleman, is said to be the oldest sneak thief in the United States. She is 80 years old, and since she was 10 has been a thief. She was a convict before she was 12, and in recent years has not been out of jail more than five months at a time.—Chicago Tribune.

Easy Enough.

A scientist says a man can stay under water for ten minutes as well as for twenty seconds. The statement is not surprising. A man who broke through the ice and disappeared under the water three days ago is there yet, but it is thought he will not take much interest in politics when he comes to surface.—Norristown Herald.

Miss Mamie Davis, a telegraph operator, remained at her post during the entire season of the yellow fever epidemic at Jacksonville.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Got It.

Theatrical Hotel Proprietor (fuming)—Well, sir, did you seize the wardrobe of the Daisy Queen Burlesque company, as I ordered? Sir.—Got it all!

—Philadelphia Record.

STAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

COLUMBINE SUCCEEDED IN "HOO-DOOING" EVERYTHING.

She Whistled in the Dressing Room, Which Meant Discharge for One of the Company—Macbeth Must Not Be Quoted, Nor Open Umbrellas Left in the Hall.

When I first went on the stage I managed to get myself disliked in more ways than an ordinary mortal would deem it possible. The first thing I did was to "hoodoo" everything. Now, I didn't know what it meant to "hoodoo" things, but I was always doing it. I began in this way:

One night I came to the theater in high spirits; it was raining torrents, but what cared I for wind or rain? Wasn't there a swell theatre party made up just on my account, and wouldn't I shine in the eyes of my old school friends as a bright particular star, even though my part was not one of great importance?

In spite of my wet feet and dripping umbrella I skipped hilariously into the dressing room and greeted my sister artists with a more than usually cheerful "good evening." I took off my hat and ulster and hung them up, then I put my rubbers in the corner. We had an unusually large dressing room, and there were three or four of us dressing together. I looked around for a place to put my umbrella. Not seeing any, I went out in the passage. There was a kind of sink just opposite our door. I thought that would be a good place for it, so I opened my umbrella and set it in the sink to drain. Then I went into the dressing room and began to get ready to "make up." Now, ever since I was a small child I have had a reprehensible habit of whistling. I have tried in vain to break myself of it. Whenever I feel particularly light hearted I find myself whistling away as merrily as if the old proverb about "whistling girls and crowing hens" had never been heard of.

SING, BUT DO NOT WHISTLE.

I took out my cosmetics and began to grease paint my face. Just as I was about to make an amiable remark to one of the girls she startled me by crying out in a peremptory tone, "Stop that!"

"Stop what?" I said.

"That whistling."

"Don't you like that air? Well, here's another for you"——

"Stop!" they all cried, in a chorus.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "What am I doing?"

"What are you doing? Why, whistling Carrie out of the company."

"What on earth do you mean?" I said, looking from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Don't you know that it's the worst thing you can do to whistle in a dressing room? The one next the door will be whistled out of the company."

"Is that what all this fuss is about?" I said. "Well, I'll stop whistling, but I don't see where you got such an idea."

"You don't! Well, you get whistled out of an engagement once or twice and you'll see well enough."

"May I hum?" I asked, meekly, "or will that bring down some horrible calamity on our defenseless heads?"

"You may sing all you want to, but don't whistle."

So I began humming a favorite air, and went on with my dressing.

I was heating some cosmetic, and held it in the flame too long; it melted, and a piece dropped on my lily white hand; it burned my wrist and left a big black "smooch." I scrubbed and scrubbed, but it would not come off. "What shall I do?" I said. I never saw cosmetic stick so! "Take some vaseline," said Lou. "It's no use," I groaned. "All the perfumes in Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!"

I was startled by a shriek of horror, and was amazed to see consternation in every face. I was frightened by their looks, and said in a faint voice, "What is it?"

"Do you know what you said?" whispered Carrie in blood curdling accents.

"Why, yes," I replied, wonderingly. "I said, 'All the perfumes'"——

"Stop," they screamed. "You must be crazy! Don't you know better than to quote 'Macbeth' in the theatre?"

I breathed again. "Is that all?" I said.

"All—it's enough. I'm not going to stay in the room with her. She'll Jonah every one of us before the curtain goes up. I'm dressed and I shall go upon the stage and wait," said Carrie.

"QUEERING" THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

She walked to the door and opened it. Instead of going out she fell back with a gasp. "Who did that?" she said. "What?" cried Lou and I together. "That," pointing with a rigid forefinger.

I hardly dared to look, I feared to see some ghostly sight. But I screwed up my courage and followed the direction of her finger. What met my gaze? Nothing in the world but my harmless umbrella set up to dry!

"I don't see anything but my umbrella," I said. "Is it yours?" they exclaimed. "Why, yes; I set it up there to dry." They looked at each other and walked away in silence. As I stood rooted to the spot a stage hand came along and said: "You must want to hoodoo the theatre, putting an open umbrella in the hall." I took it down and shut it.

I went silently about the dressing room. My high spirits were all gone now, and I felt sad and depressed. As soon as I could I went upstairs. The overture was on, and I stood listening to the music and musing on the mutability of human affairs, when I happened to remember the theatre party. "I wonder if they are here yet," I thought. I went up to the curtain and looked through the peep hole. The house was not full, but it was not bad for a rainy night. I espied my friends just coming in; how nice they all looked. As I was thinking how well Jennie C. looked in her new theatre bonnet some one touched me on the shoulder. "Do you want to queer the business for the whole week?" said a voice in awful accents. "You must never look through the peep hole when the orchestra is playing Monday night."

I was completely discouraged. Was there anything I could do that was not bad luck? This is only a specimen of the "ways that are dark" that a poor novice must learn before she can really be considered "initiated."—Columbine in Chicago Tribune.

Most Popular Poem in the Language.

Who wrote the most popular poem in the English language? Clement C. Moore. It commences: "'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," and it has given enjoyment to more people than any other living verse story of its length.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How They Do It.

The manners of women in public conveyances vary, but they all get off a street car in the same way. Watch any particular one. She motions to the conductor and slides to the edge of the seat, on which she sits perfectly still until the car comes to a full stop. Then she walks calmly to the platform. On the lower step she hesitates, leans forward, peeps up the street, looks across the street, gathers up her skirts, looks down and back to see that they are not too high for propriety, glances shyly up to see if the impertinent men are staring, takes another look around the horizon and departs. The conductor jerks the bell strap with pernicious activity, glares at the woman until she reaches the sidewalk, and then hastily scans the faces of the men on the platform. He is looking for sympathy. But he gets none. Every glance is sharpened at the fair creature who has just alighted.—Philadelphia Press.

St. Paul's, Boston, for Sale.

An offer of $750,000 has been refused for St. Paul's church, Boston, because the owners hope to get $1,000,000 for it. This church is the large granite one, with a pillared portico, which stands on Tremont street, opposite the common, almost at the corner of Temple place. It has long divided down town church honors with King's chapel. Under its great front steps lie the bones of 2,000 former citizens of Boston. Burial there has been stopped only within a half dozen years. The total area of the property is 20,000 square feet, and its assessed valuation is $600,000.—Chicago Times.

The church in Shaker village, Canterbury, N. H., although built in 1792, has never been reshingled. The shingles are of heart pine, and were fastened on with wooden pegs.

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. CORELAND, Primus, S. C.

Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 has left the nerves *all fagged out*. The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compound—*the Spring medicine of to-day*—does all this, as nothing else can. *Prescribed by Physicians, Recommended by Druggists, Endorsed by Ministers, Guaranteed by the Manufacturers to be*

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. DOW, Burlington, Vt.

Paine's Celery Compound

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. $1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES *Color anything any color. Never Fail! Always sure!*

LACTATED FOOD *Nourishes babies perfectly. The Physicians' favorite.*

$500 OFFERED

for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. *Purely Vegetable & Harmless.*

Unequaled as a **Liver Pill.** Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. **One Pellet a Dose.** Cure **Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

CATARRH

COLD IN HEAD.

Try the Cure

Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell and Hearing.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

NOTICE! NOTICE!

The Rising Sun Saloon

IS now open for the Summer Trade. We are now making

THE BEST ICE CREAM

that the town or county can produce.

Frozen Custard, Water Ices, Cakes, &c., Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs, Cohee Lobster, Canned Oysters, Turtle Soup, Ox-Tail Soup, Hard and Soft Crabs

P. S.—We are also making a BOSTON CREAM that cannot be beaten. All lovers of good Ice Cream please give our Boston Cream a trial.

I have Harrison Jenkins, a very nice young man, who will receive all orders and act in my place when I am absent.

WILLIAM PERKINS,

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

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Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

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The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

1889.

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Illustrated.

Harper's Bazar will continue to maintain its reputation as an unequalled family journal. Its art illustrations are of the highest order, its literature is of the choicest kind, and its Fashion and Household departments of the most practical and economical character. Its pattern-sheet supplements and fashion-plates alone will save its readers ten times the cost of subscription, and its articles on decorative art, social etiquette, house-keeping, cookery, etc., make it indispensable to every household. Its bright short stories, and timely essays, are among the best published; and not a line is admitted to its columns that could offend the most fastidious taste. Among the attractions of the new volume will be serial stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Alexander, William Black, and Thomas Hardy, and a series of papers on nursery management by Mrs Christine Terhune Herrick.

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1889.

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Harper's Weekly has a well-established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The fairness of its editorial comments on current politics has earned for it the respect and confidence of all impartial readers, and the variety and excellence of its literary contents, which include serial and short stories, by the best and most popular writers, fit it for the perusal of people of the widest range of tastes and pursuits. Supplements are frequently provided, and no expense is spared to bring the highest order of artistic ability to bear upon the illustration of the changeful phases of home and foreign history. A new work of fiction from the pen of William Dean Howells, and one by Capt. Charles King, will be among the leading features of the *Weekly* for 1889.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S WEEKLY	$4 00
HARPER'R MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

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LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.

MY TABLE

will be furnished with the best the market can afford.

MY STABLES

contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.

SAMUEL MALLALIEU,
Jan 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

Scribner's Magazine

FOR 1889.

The publishers of *Scribner's Magazine* aim to make it the most popular and enterprising of periodicals, while at all times preserving its high literary character. 25,000 new readers have been drawn to it during the past six months by the increased excellence of its contents (notably the Railway articles), and it closes its second year with a new impetus and an assured success. The illustrations will show some new effects, and nothing to make *Scribner's Magazine* attractive and interesting will be neglected.

THE RAILROAD ARTICLES will be continued by several very striking papers; one especially interesting by ex-Postmaster-General Thomas L. James on "The Railway Postal Service."

Illustrated.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's serial novel "The Master of Ballantrae," will run through the greater part of the year.

Begun in November.

A Correspondence and collection of manuscript memoirs relating to J. F. Millet and a famous group of modern French Painters will furnish the substance of several articles.

Illustrated.

The brief end papers written last year by Robert Louis Stevenson, will be replaced by equally interesting contributions by different famous authors. Mr. Thomas Baily Aldrich will write the first of them for the January number.

Many valuable Literary Articles will appear; a paper on Walter Scott's Methods of Work, illustrated from original MSS., a second "Shelf of Old Books," by Mrs. James T. Fields, and many other articles equally noteworthy,

Illustrated.

Articles on Art Subjects will be a feature. Papers are arranged to appear by Clarence Cook, E. H. Blashfield, Austin Dobson, and many others.

Illustrated.

Fishing Articles describing sport in the best fishing grounds will appear. Salmon, Winnisih, Bass and Tarpon are the subjects now arranged. The authors are well-known sportsmen.

Illustrated.

Illustrated Articles of great variety, touching upon all manner of subjects, travel, biography, description, etc., will appear but not of the conventional commonplace sort.

Illustrated.

Among the most interesting in the list of scientific papers for the year will be a remarkable article by Professor John Trowbridge, upon the most recent developments and uses of Photography. *Illustrated.*

A class of articles which has proved of special interest will be continued by a group of papers upon Electricity in its most recent applications, by eminent authorities; a remarkable paper on Deep Mining, and other interesting papers. *Unique Illustrations.*

A SPECIAL OFFER to cover last year's numbers, which include all the RAILWAY ARTICLES, as follows:

A year's subscription (1889) and the numbers for 1888 ..... $4 50

A year's subscription (1889) and the numbers for 1888, bound in cloth ... $ 6 00

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
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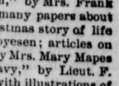
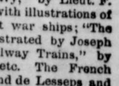
FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.

St. Nicholas for 1889.

PEOPLE who have the idea that *St. Nicholas Magazine* is only for little children should look over the prospectus of that magazine for 1889, and they will discover that it is for children of all ages, "from five to eighty-five," as some one recently said of it. Indeed, while *St. Nicholas* is designed for girls and boys, it might almost be called a "family magazine," for the grown-up members of a household will find much to interest them in every number.

The editor, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, calls the next volume an "all-round-the-world year," because it is to contain so many illustrated papers about the world in general—not dry geographical papers, but stories and sketches and tales of travel and adventure by land and sea—and all illustrated by the best artists. The features will include a serial story, "How We Made the Farthest North," by Gen. A. W. Greely, the well-known commander of the Greely Expedition; a serial about Canada, by Mrs. Catherwood, who is writing a serial story for *The Century* this year; "Indians of the Amazon," by Mrs. Frank R. Stockton. There are many papers about Europe, including a Christmas story of life in Norway, by H. H. Boyesen; articles on Holland and the Dutch, by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge; "The Queen's Navy," by Lieut. F. Harrison Smith, R. N., with illustrations of many of England's finest war ships; "The Winchester School," illustrated by Joseph Pennell; "English Railway Trains," by Wm. H. Rideing, etc., etc. The French papers include "Ferdinand de Lesseps and his two Ship Canals," and there are several interesting contributions on German, Italian and Russian subjects.





Under "Asia," comes "Boys and Girls in China," by Yan Phou Lee (a recent graduate of Yale); "Home Life in the East," by Mrs. Holman Hunt, and a number of papers about Japan. Under "Africa" there is a sketch of Henry M. Stanley, by Noah Brooks, and several stories about Egypt. Australia is not forgotten, nor the islands of the sea, and there are even to be stories of under the sea.

Of course the bulk of the contents will relate to American subjects, as usual. Mrs. Burnett, the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," contributes a story of New York called "Little Saint Elizabeth;" there will be papers describing how the government offices are conducted, papers about athletics, amateur photography, etc. The full prospectus will be sent to any one who wishes to see it by the publishers, The Century Co., of New York.

The *Graphic* recently said of *St. Nicholas*, "[illegible]"

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