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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, Coffee, 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,

"SATURDAY NIGHT,"

IMMENSELY POPULAR.

The Leading Family Paper in the United States.

The hold which this beautifully illustrated weekly retains upon the people's confidence seems astonishing, but it is due to the real worth of its varied contents. The value of its stories is not measured by the enormous sum of money they cost, but by the eagerness of the people to read them. It takes ten tons of paper every week to print it. That is over 20,000 pounds. And ten times twenty thousand persons anxiously wait its weekly coming.

WHEREVER IT COMES, IT COMES TO STAY.

Every weekly issue of the *Saturday Night* contains a quality and quantity of literary material satisfying every member of the family, young and old.

Its stories are of standard excellence. The most gifted authors seek *Saturday Night* as the channel by which they may gain reputation. Its pictures are gems of beauty, produced by the best artists.

A NEW STORY EVERY SECOND WEEK.

Each paper has six continued stories, from six to twelve Complete Short Stories, as many Poems, Items of Interest and Information, the Latest Fashions, Answers to Correspondents, and a variety of Humorous and Entertaining Articles. Specimen copies sent Free.

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JAMES ELVERSON,
PUBLISHER OF SATURDAY NIGHT.
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Sun

FOR

1889

And for the Democracy.

THE SUN believes that the campaign for the election of a Democratic Congress in 1809 and a Democratic President in 1892 should begin on or about the fourth of next March. The SUN will be on hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson, and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute power of the common enemy of all good Democrats—the political organization for whose overthrow THE SUN fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and Fraud Hayes, and Garfield and Arthur.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront, and he will be intrenched in the same strong position. It has been carried once by brave and hopeful fighting. Do you believe with THE SUN that the thing can be done again? Wait and see!

The hope of the Democracy is in the loyal efforts of a united press, cherishing no memories of past differences in non-essentials, forgetting everything but the lessons of experience, and that victory is a duty.

Probably you know THE SUN already as a newspaper which gets all the news and prints it in incomparably interesting shape; which chronicles facts as they occur and tells the truth about men and events with absolute fearlessness, making the completest and most entertaining journal published anywhere on earth; and which sells its opinion only to its subscribers and purchasers at two cents a copy—on Sundays four cents. If you do not know THE SUN, send for it and learn what a wonderful thing it is to be in sunshine.

Daily, per month	$0 50
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Address the Sun, New York.

A GREAT MAGAZINE.

The Century for 1889.

A QUESTION has often been asked, "to what does *The Century* owe its great circulation?" *The Christian Union* once answered this by the statement that "it has been fairly won, not by advertising schemes, but by the excellence which characterizes it in every department." In their announcements for the coming year the publishers state that it has always been their desire to make *The Century* the one indispensable periodical of its class, so that whatever other publication might be desirable in the family, *The Century* could not be neglected by those who wish to keep abreast of the times in all matters pertaining to culture. And the unprecedented circulation of the magazine would seem to be the response of the public to this intention.

With the November number *The Century* begins its thirty-seventh volume. Two great features of the magazine which are to continue throughout the new volume are already well known to the public, the Lincoln history and the papers on "Siberia" and the Exile System." The first of these, written by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, President Lincoln's private secretaries, contains the inside history of the dark days of the war, as seen from the White House.

THE SIBERIAN PAPERS,

by George Kennan, are attracting the attention of the civilized world. The Chicago *Tribune* says that "no other magazine articles printed in the English language just now touch upon a subject which so vitally interests all thoughtful people in Europe and America and Asia." As is already known, copies of *The Century* entering Russia have these articles torn out by the customs officials on the frontier.

DURING 1889

The Century will publish the most important art feature that has yet found place in its pages. It is the result of four years' work of Mr. Timothy Cole, the leading magazine engraver of the world, in the galleries of Europe, engraving from the originals the greatest pictures by the old masters. A series of papers on Ireland, its customs, landscapes, etc., will appear, and there are to be illustrated articles on Bible scenes, treating especially the subjects of the International Sunday-School Lessons. George W. Cable will write "Strange, True Stories of Louisiana." There will be novelettes and short stories by leading writers occasional articles on war subjects (supplemental to the famous "War Papers" by General Grant and others, which have been appearing in *The Century*), etc., etc.

The Century costs four dollars a year, and it is published by The Century Co., of New York, who will send a copy of the full prospectus to any one on request.

Spring '89

OUR REPUTATION FOR FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING AT REASONABLE PRICES IS WELL ESTABLISHED, BUT THIS SEASON WE MEAN TO EXCEL ALL FORMER EFFORTS.

A. C. YATES & Co.,

Clothing for Men and Boys,

Sixth and Chestnut,

LEDGER BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.

THE TRANSCRIPT!

A First Class Country Journal.

IT GIVES EACH WEEK

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF LOCAL EVENTS!

And the Subscription Price is Only

$1.00 PER ANNUM!

A Word or two About the Transcript.

We have reduced the subscription price of the TRANSCRIPT to $1.00 per annum. In spite of that reduced price, we mean to maintain it as one of the Best County Weeklies published in Maryland. Understand—the TRANSCRIPT does not propose, in matters of enterprise, or in any of the qualities that go to the making of a good Newspaper, to play second fiddle to any paper in the State.

FOR $1.00, CASH IN ADVANCE,

The TRANSCRIPT will visit you fifty-two (52) times in the year, and will give you each week full information concerning all that is taking place in the county, beside a large collection of other interesting reading matter. We desire to reach every family in the county, and we mean to do it. In thirty days after the first day of January, 1889, we added between fifty and sixty new names to our subscription books, and the good work is only begun. Do you believe that $1.00 is a fair price for a First Rate County Newspaper? Then send your name and $1.00 to the TRANSCRIPT.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT ADVERTISING.

When we took charge of the TRANSCRIPT, we found it with a well-established subscription list, reaching every part of the county, paying its weekly visit to many hundreds of families, and laying its weekly budget of information before thousands of readers. The TRANSCRIPT is a good advertising medium, and we mean to make it a better one. Its subscription lists are steadily growing, and its sphere is constantly enlarging. It is now, and we mean to make it more and more a medium which no advertiser, who wishes to fully reach the Kent county public, can neglect to use. Advertising is simply informing the public that you have certain goods to dispose of. And the more fully you give the information, the more purchasers you are likely to attract, and the better prices you are likely to obtain. He who scrimps in advertising is not wise While he may save himself an advertising bill of

$8 or $10 or of $15 or $20,

As the case may be, he may lose himself several hundred dollars by the loss of bidders and purchasers. Whether in real estate or personal property, or in merchandise—in anything that is to be offered to the public, liberal advertising pays.

THE TRANSCRIPT

Claims a fair share of advertising patronage on the business principle of giving full value in return for ever cent it charges.

Our Job Department!

The TRANSCRIPT has a constantly growing Job business. It has a Job Press that does first-rate work, and we are prepared to make estimates on all manner of work, at most reasonable figures. We ask that you will obtain our estimates, and give us a chance on anything you may desire done, whether in the way of Wedding Cards, Ball Programs or Invitations, Circulars, Flyers, Posters, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Catalogues—whatever it is, we shall be obliged for your order, and we shall endeavor to give satisfaction, both in style of work and in prices.

COLLINS & HOPPER,

Publishers & Proprietors,

Chestertown, Maryland.

The Burden of the Sticker.

The sticker is, I believe, the appellation by which the girl without a chaperon is known in the mystic circle of the boys about town. The sticker, in her highest forms, is something which freezes the young blood of youth, and makes the neatly parted hair of middle age stand on end. She is, of course, not charming. She is apt to be old and gushing, and, like the wicked, when she flies, no man pursueth. It is just the opposite way. If she has firm hold of a partner, he may as well give up all hope and cease forever to yearn for liberty. When he has danced with her six consecutive times and is arriving at the stage when one foams at the mouth and dies, he says, with icy quietude:

"Miss Jones, can I take you to your chaperon?"

"I haven't got any," says the sprightly creature.

They promenade round the room in heavy silence. The men whom the victim knows avoid his wretched, beseeching eyes, and when they see his melancholy approach they disperse hurriedly. He wonders if he couldn't suddenly throw her down and rush madly out, or wouldn't it be feasible to fall in a dead faint, overcome by the heat when the thermometer is far below freezing. Unable to bear it any longer, he stops short and says, desperately:

"Then where can I leave you?"

She sees that she has reached the end of his patience and surrenders.

"Anywhere will do," she says, resignedly, knowing that the happiness of the evening is past.—San Francisco Argonaut.

About Color Blindness.

Mr. Hughes relates that while acting as assistant engineer on the Granton railway he frequently returned on one of the engines from Granton to Edinburgh. On these occasions he observed that, although his undivided attention was directed toward the signal lamps, the lights of which were visible to him a long way off, he could not till he was close upon them distinguish whether they were red or green. These are the two colors most commonly confused, but happily they are visible to the majority of color blind persons when strongly illuminated. Railway guards, therefore, are less liable to mistakes by night than by day. Inability to discern any colors at all is very rare, and, in fact, has never been satisfactorily proved. A color blind person may have as good a sight in other ways as anybody else. The defect is not occasioned by any disease in the eye, but seems to have its sole origin in the brain. A red green blind person sees only two colors on the spectrum; all the colors on the side of the red (warm colors) are confused together and all on the side of the violet (cold colors), but the warm and the cold are never confused. Yellow is the one color which is always distinguishable. It is a curious fact that color blindness is often associated with a corresponding inability to distinguish musical sounds. —Medical Register.

Women and Doctors.

She was very sick and her husband sent for the doctor. I think that ladies have so little to do nowadays that it is a kind of way they have of amusing themselves—getting sick and sending for the doctor. I don't believe we will ever have female doctors to any extent. If we do it will be mainly for children. Men will never take kindly to female doctors. I suppose it may be an unjust opinion, but I can't fancy a man being very spoony with a doctor. There is a distinct prejudice in mankind against a woman who has anything of a practical nature, except about the house. He doesn't mind it if she can hang pictures and nail down carpets and sew on buttons, but a scientific woman is always viewed with suspicion. A male doctor, for instance, always says it is the liver or stomach, a female doctor would probably say it was the heart, and she would very often be right. The ladies don't want a female doctor. It is in some cases the only chance they have to see a man, when they are sick. However, the doctor was called in, and he, of course, immediately wrote out a prescription. It was for some pills, to be taken every third day. He came again next morning.

"Well, did you take the pills?"

"No, doctor. The three days are not up until Wednesday."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Teton Folk Lore.

The following statements were made by Rev. J. Owen Dorsey, in a paper entitled "Teton Folk Lore," read before the Anthropological society. The material used in the preparation of this paper was translated by Mr. Dorsey from a collection of Teton texts written by George Bushotter, a Dakota Indian.

The Tetons believe that the buffalo used to dwell in subterranean lodges. When one sees a Buffalo in a vision the animal becomes his guardian, rendering him almost invulnerable, putting a real buffalo inside of him and conferring on him the right to take part in the buffalo dance. In the olden times there was also another species of buffalo about which marvelous tales are told.

On one occasion some Indians were attacked by one of these mysterious animals and one of the party was killed. But the monster walked four times around the corpse and said: "Arise!" Immediately the dead man revived. The monster said: "Hereafter you shall be mysterious. The sun, moon, four winds, day and night shall serve you." From that time the man could assume any shape.—Science.

Richard Realf's Poems.

Richard Realf, who lived on trans-Mississippi prairies a quarter of a century ago, turned off many pieces of rare beauty and delicacy, besides others of heroic quality, well deserving of preservation. He was born in England, and there used to be romantic stories about his being a natural son of Lord Byron. He is said to have borne a marked resemblance to Byron in face and figure, and the last ten years of his life were passed, as Byron's were, in warlike adventure and poetic creation, which lasted up to the year of his death. Soon after he landed at the port of New York, in the '50's, he struck out for the plains of Kansas, where he joined the Abolitionist crusaders under old John Brown of Osawattomie, and he was the hero of many vicissitudes from that period till the time of his death under tragical circumstances. The merit of Realf's poems will be seen after their publication.—New York Sun.

CLIMBING.

Once these hills that I have gained
Seemed like towering mountains tall;
Now in the evening, sunset stained,
My weary soul doth find them small.

Before my sight no Rights rise,
Mont Blancs stand towering up sublime;
But in the sky life's daylight dies,
And, is it worth our while to climb?

Lie down, O soul, and be content,
Behind the hills do lie, all low,
Of level, dull accomplishment;
Beyond the eternal stars still glow.
—Bennett Bellman.

Blanche Roosevelt.

Blanche Roosevelt, one of our famous American girls, is said to be one of the most interesting girls in Europe to talk to. It is doubtful if a celebrity has appeared on the other side during the last ten years whom she has not met. She knows every crowned head in Europe. She has reminiscences of every court. She has been feted in every capital, and she is the only person living who ever attended a ball at Battenberg palace without the previous formal presentation. She has some literary reputation, but it is not this to which she owes her remarkable position. She has a genius for universal fascination. The person is yet to be heard from who has ever resisted Blanche Roosevelt. Moreover, she has a knack of always knowing the right person. If she wants a thing done, she immediately meets the person that can be of use to her. People talk about her, but forgive her every indiscretion. She doubtless conquered Sardou, and he said: "I will make you; I will write a play with you. She is about 30, and very handsome.—Current Literature.

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 permanly 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.,
181 Pearl St., New York.

n 15-y.

HIS VERY LAST CIGAR.

FICKLEBY'S DIZZY EVENING AT A FIVE DOLLAR BANQUET.

He Had in a V and Was Going to Get the Worth of His Money—Everything Went Beautifully Until That Horrid Cigar Got in Its Wicked Work.

"It was my last cigar," said Mr. Fickleby, and, carried away by the flood of sad memories, he leaned his head upon his hand and wept. "You see," said he, "the fellows in our set determined to have a banquet, and we've been saving up since the last Fourth of July. It was to be a five dollar affair, and for a week beforehand I lived on husks and abjured pie. I was determined to eat, drink and be merry, and I forced myself into a vast capacity.

"The night came. It took me two hours to dress, but it was worth while, and when I looked on myself at 9 o'clock I beheld a glass of fashion and a mold of form. There must have been fifty or sixty of the fellows at the banquet. Besides our set there were a large number of invited guests. It was about 10 o'clock when we sat down, and I was so emaciated from continued and rigorous fasting that I could hardly hold myself straight.

THAT FIVER SPURRED HIM ON.

"I rarely touch wine, but when I pay $5 for a single meal, when at my boarding house I can get twenty-one for the same money, I stop at nothing. So I permitted the menial to replenish my sherry glass as often as I emptied it, while oysters, bouillon, salmon, sweet breads and lamb chops vanished behind my waistcoat. Nor did I permit the claret to flow past me, but sipped it while I discussed a tender bit of beef with asparagus. I have heard much of the seductive and insidious influences of punch, but I must say that the punch we fellows had at the banquet seemed to me more like lemon ice cream soda water than the fiery untamed spirit of the alcoholic flask.

"Cigarettes came with the punch, I may as well confess that I am not an inveterate smoker. In fact, two or three cigarettes a year generally is sufficient to allay any cravings I have for the noxious weed. But on an occasion like a five dollar banquet I am possessed to indulge in the most reckless dissipation, and after the punch I made away with two cigarettes. Partridge and a sip or two of claret followed. I dealt liberally, as is my wont, with the ice cream and the cakes, the coffee and the fruits, and when the toasting began, and the champagne was poured out, I began to feel glorious.

"The speeches were capital. Some of the most learned and witty men I ever heard answered to the several toasts. Every man around me was smoking. I summoned a waiter and bade him bring me a cigar. It was just glorious. Through the blue wreaths of smoke I could just see the orator flinging out his arms over the china and silver. I sipped the sparkling wine. Everything was happy. I sat and laughed and let my head roll where it would.

"The cigar finished I sat back fingering my wine glass as I listened to the speakers about me. Suddenly I felt something like a dark, damp green mold creeping over me. I broke out in a profuse perspiration. A vague feeling that I was full of protoplasms possessed me. A strange power seemed trying to raise my lungs into my throat. The speech lost its brilliancy. I shaded my eyes with my hand and gazed earnestly at the tablecloth. The plates began to move about strangely. Through the cloud of smoke about my head came the sound of clapping hands. Who had been speaking I neither knew nor cared. There was a wild, turbulent feeling of rebellion in the region of my diaphragm.

"HE'S UNDER THE TABLE."

"Somebody rose and began to speak. I dared not raise my eyes to see him. The plates swam round and round. How the damp perspiration gathered on my forehead! I could endure the suspense no longer. I felt that something was about to happen. Without a moment's hesitation I slipped under the groaning board and began myself to groan in unison with it. It may be said that the cause of our groaning was identical—a heavy load, if tobacco smoke can be called a load. I languidly raised my eyelids and looked around. I saw a forest of legs belonging to the leading preachers, doctors and lawyers in town, a vast forest of legs. I heard more hand clapping. The legs began to dance, the table rocked, a chasm opened somewhere. Somebody cried, 'He's under the table!' Then there was laughter.

"All at once I went to pieces. I remember nothing save a confused appearance of black faces, and wondered if I was with Stanley. They hauled me along. I tried to think whether I was Emin Bey or Gerard Fickleby. If I was the former I knew Stanley would rescue me. If I was the latter I knew that I was not feeling well. I asked the colored person who was supporting me, and whom I believed to be the king of Senegambia, if we were anywhere near the Congo river. He said something about Genesee, and I believe I argued the point with him, though I am not sure. I know I looked at the floor just a second, and when I raised my eyes the stars were shining over my head and the thermometer was below zero.

"It seemed to me that the common reports of African torridness were all wrong. I looked about for a chair, but could find none, and was forced to sit down on the sidewalk. A policeman, I believe it was, came along and tried to carry on a social conversation with me. He was an ignorant man, however, and failed to follow my train of thought, and I told him what I thought of him. I remember nothing more until I found myself in bed with a large wet cloth on my head. No, I am firmly resolved never to smoke another cigar."—Buffalo Courier.

An Exclusive Club.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but them's my horders. Cawn't admit nobody without a card." The speaker was a smooth shaven, short haired young man who wore a red braided roundabout of blue flannel and trousers of the same material. It was the flunkey at the Kansas City club. A fire was raging within the building, and a half dozen firemen and as many policemen were endeavoring to gain an entrance through its marble doors. "But we are officers and must get in," clamored the angry bluecoats. "I cawn't 'elp that, you know," said the imperturbable Cerebus. "This is a private club and the gentlemen is very hexclusive. If you 'aven't a card you will 'ave to go round to the back door." And they did.—Kansas City Times.

By supper more have been killed than Galen ever cured.

Ten Minutes with an Octopus.

A Wellington (New Zealand) correspondent writes: "Archibald McGovern, a diver in the employ of Allan Maguire, of the Te Aro contract, has had an exciting few minutes under water in this harbor during the past week. McGovern had only just come from Napier or Auckland, where such causes of excitement are rarely met with, so that a great demand was made upon his nervous energy when caught by a devil fish five fathoms under the surface. On going down for the purpose of laying some blocks he was attacked by an octopus, which succeeded in fastening on to him, and, in spite of all his struggles, chained him to one of the piles in the retaining wall. McGovern, however, had the good sense to remain quiet, and the octopus, whose arms measured quite nine feet, quitting its hold of the pile, was brought to the surface on the back of the diver. These monsters are very numerous in Wellington harbor, Evans bay and the neighboring coast. —San Francisco Chronicle.

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.

Persons sending postal cards and who write upon the address side of them "in haste," or any other words unconnected with their delivery, subject them to letter postage, and they are held as unmailable.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia

These twin diseases cause untold suffering. Doctors admit that they are difficult to cure—so do their patients. Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia—so say those who have used it.

"Having been troubled with rheumatism at the knee and foot for five years, I was almost unable to get around, and was very often confined to my bed for weeks at a time. I used only one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and was perfectly cured. I can now jump around, and feel as lively as a boy." FRANK CARROLL, Eureka, Nevada.

"Paine's Celery Compound has been a God-send to me. For the past two years I have suffered with neuralgia of the heart, doctor after doctor failing to cure me. I have now taken nearly four bottles of the Compound, and am free from the complaint. I feel very grateful to you." CHAS. H. LEWIS, Central Village, Ct.

Paine's Celery Compound

"I have been greatly afflicted with acute rheumatism, and could find no relief until I used Paine's Celery Compound. After using six bottles of this medicine I am now cured of rheumatic troubles." SAMUEL HUTCHINSON, So. Cornish, N. H.

Effects Lasting Cures.

Paine's Celery Compound has performed many other cures as marvelous as these,—copies of letters sent to any address. Pleasant to take, does not disturb, but aids digestion, and entirely vegetable; a child can take it. What's the use of suffering longer with rheumatism or neuralgia?

$1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

Mammoth testimonial paper free.

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DIAMOND DYES Give Finer and Brighter Colors than any other Dyes.

BABIES Living upon Lactated Food are Healthy, Happy, Hearty. It is Unequaled.

OVER WORKED Women.

For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or price ($1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, with full directions for home-treatment), send ten cents in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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

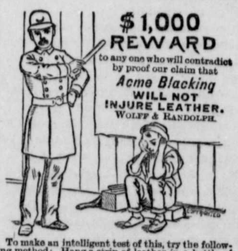
COLD IN HEAD.

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.



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To make an intelligent test of this, try the following method: Hang a strip of leather in a bottle of Acme Blacking, and leave it there for a day or a month. Take it out and hang it up to dry and examine its condition carefully. We recommend ladies to make a similar test with French Dressing, and gentlemen with any liquid solution of Paste Blacking, or with liquid blacking that comes in stone jugs.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Makes any kind of leather

WATERPROOF, SOFT, AND DURABLE.

its beautiful, rich, GLOSSY POLISH is unequaled. *Saves labor and annoyance.*

A Polish Lasts a Month for Women, and A Week for Men, and on Harness Leather even Four Months without renovating.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, and dealers generally.

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

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

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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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

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.

Remarkable as a flesh producer.

Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.

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

1889.

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1889.

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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 features 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, Winninish, 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

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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 "Ferd