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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1889. VOL. XXVIII—NO. 19

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D.V.S.,
GRADUATE OF THE
AMERICAN VETERINARY COLLEGE, N. Y.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M., and from 7 to 8 P.M. Sundays excepted Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
GENERAL
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dealers in Produce and Foreign Fruits,
118 E. PRATT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
ORDERS AND CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday; oftener if desired. We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The People's Bank of Baltimore. Jan 1-y

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 309 North Front Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
116 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

C. WRIGHT SPRY,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
seccessors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

THE BEALL & BERRY FEED CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
BEALL & BERRY,
General Commistion Merchants,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Flour, Mill Feed, Baled Hay and Straw, Potatoes, Etc.
Office and warehouse, No. 4. Camden street (new number 15), Baltimore, Md.
Consignments solicited, upon which Liberal Cash Advances will be made.
Telephone 965. May 19—y.

You all know the consternation a baking of Bad Bread creates in the family.

Why do you have it? Why not use

LEA'S
CLIFTON F. F. F.,
KIRKWOOD
OR
OCCIDENTAL
FLOUR?
They are Always Reliable.

The Wm. Lea & Sons Co.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Beautiful New Upright Piano, Rosewood Case, only $165. New Organs, only $31. Greatest Bargains Ever Offered. Est. 28 Years. GEM PIANO & ORGAN CO. Washington, N. J., U. S. A.

EXPOSITION!

You are Coming to the Exposition?

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

Extend to you a hearty welcome and a most cordial invitation to make their store your headquarters during your visit.

All conveniences at your disposal. Our Factories will be in operation, and we will be pleased to show you through. In regard to Clothing for yourself and boys, we have made up our minds to make this a money-saving visit for all, and in consequence all our Suits and Overcoats are reduced in price for this special occasion. We start

Men's Suits at	$6.00
Youths' Suits at	$5.00
Boys' Suits at	$4.00
Children's Suits at	$2.00

Overcoats at Correspondingly Low Prices.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,
10 AND 12 E. BALTIMORE ST.
Baltimore, Maryland.

Bradley's High-Grade Fertilizers.
SUPER PHOSPHATE,
NEW METHOD PHOSPHATE!
DETRICK'S AMMONIATED BONE PHOSPHATE,
PURE ANIMAL BONE DISSOLVED, SOUTH CAROLINA BONE, BONE AND POTASH.

NEAR ROLPH'S WHARF, Aug. 27, 1889.
MESSRS. SMITH & CLEMENTS—Gentlemen: In replying to your request, I can say I have used each year for eighteen or twenty years, Bradley's Super-Phosphate, frequently alongside of other high grade phosphates, and it has each time given me perfect satisfaction and compared favorably with any with which I have tried it.
Yours resp't, A. W. WELCH.

NEAR ROLPH'S WHARF, Aug. 28, 1889.
MESSRS. SMITH & CLEMENTS—Gentlemen: In regard to Bradley's Super-Phosphate I would say that I have been using it for the last 10 or 12 years, and it has always given me the most satisfactory results. I certainly regard it as a first-class high grade fertilizer in every respect.
Resp't, S. R. HURLOCK.

These goods are always in prime mechanical condtiion, and many prominent farmers who have used these fertilizers continuously for the last eighteen or twenty years, find them superior to any other goods on the market. To those who have never used them, we only ask a trial, side by side, with any brands on the market.

SMITH & CLEMENTS, Agents,
Aug. 15-1889. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WILLIAM H. CACY,
MANUFACTURER OF FERTILIZERS,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
Standard, New Life, Reliance.

The Above Brands of WHEAT FERTILIZERS
Have been used now for several years in this and adjoining counties, and have proved equal to anything on the market, both as Grain and Grass Producers, and Improvers of the soil. On many occasions they have been tried in competition with other well-known brands, and in all cases have given perfect satisfaction. My sales having increased so rapidly, I found it imperatively necessary to have increased facilities for manufacturing, so bought the factory formerly occupied by Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co., and having made considerable alterations and improvements therein, am now prepared to fill all orders promptly and in First-Class Drilling Condition. For those wishing Special Formulas Compounded, we have on hand
LARGE STOCK OF RAW MATERIALS,
and am prepared to mix any required Formula in lots of not less than five tons, at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. Respectfully,
Aug. 1, 1889. WILLIAM H. CACY.

PURE BONE PHOSPHATES.
The various preparations of Bones prepared by the "Listers" and H. S. Miller & Co., have stood the test of many years, and in all cases produced good results and proved as represented.
THESE GOODS are and always have been prepared in the most scientific manner. The Chemicals used are tested and proportions so adjusted as to form a complete manure. All the lands on which they have been continuously used show the best results, and prove beyond doubt that BONE PHOSPHATES are the proper kind to apply. All the brands are offered at the closest prices, and will be delivered at any of the wharves or lands on the bay or river.
Samples are at the store of WICKES & BROTHER. Orders left there will receive prompt attention. Orders solicited. BUY THE BEST.
W. N. E. WICKES.
Aug. 15, 1889—2m.

Dry Goods, Fancy Notions,
This Space is Reserved for Wright's Cheap Store, who is Daily Receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter. Special Low Prices will be the Great Attraction.
Boots and Shoes, Stylish Clothing.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
—AGENT FOR—
R. J. BAKER & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
High Grade Fertilizers,
BALTIMORE, MD.
We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate, or will manipulate and mix to order according to any formula. We also offer to the farmers our old reliable brands of
Ammoniated Bone Superphosphates, Special Wheat Fertilizers, Asparagus Phosphate, Peach Tree Phosphate, Fine Ground Raw Bone, Dissolved Raw Bone, Dissolved South Carolina Phosphate, Muriate Potash, Sulphate Potash and Kainit.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agent,
CHESTERTOWN, MD

The Weather is Cooler; Naturally so, the Fall is Upon us. Monday, September 2, we started
THE FALL BUSINESS!
First, by submitting a complete
LINE OF FALL OVERCOATS
Early, and Choice Products, in which are many Beautiful Novelties.
Second, by a FULL LINE OF SAMPLES.
OUR MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT
is Increasingly Famous for Artistic Work at Moderate Prices. The Styles for the Fall are of Peculiar Beauty. We still continue to slaughter the remainder of our SPRING and SUMMER CLOTHING.
A. FRIEDMAN,
The Clothier and Merchant Tailor,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Monarch! New Era!
BONE AND POTASH!
The advantage we now possess of greatly improved machinery, skilled workmen, better facilities for shipping, more storage room and less expense generally has proven to us how much better we can do business than heretofore, and the same view must be taken by the farmers, for never before have we sold such large bills and as many cash buyers. The people know our goods and believe in them. Those who have not tried them we request that they do so once, and they will again.
Please send orders in early.
C. W. KENNARD & CO.

FOR SALE BY
R. H. Corbaly, Masseys; Jas. Faulkner, Millington; Gus. Porter, Prices' Station, Q. A. Co.; C. C. Morgan, Kent; John McCloud, Kent.

H. D. SCHMIDT,
NEW YORK CARRIAGE
—AND—
Harness Repository.
ROAD CARTS.

Largest assortment of CARRIAGES, EXPRESS WAGONS and HARNESS in the city. SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
21 N. Liberty Street,
(Between Baltimore and Fayette) BALTIMORE.

GARDEN SEED!
BUIST'S.
FRESH, JUST RECEIVED.
Any one wanting Fresh Seed of any kind give me a call.
M. A. TOULSON, DRUGGIST.

THE OLD HYMN-BOOK.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Yes, wife, we're going to move once more;
The last time, I declare,
Until the everlasting shore
Sends word it wants us there!
Some things this time with us we'll take,
Some leave here in disgust,
And some we'll loose, and some we'll break,
As movers always must.
The family Bible we will find
Devoutly carried through;
But also, wife, don't fail to mind,
And save the hymn-book, too!
Though finger-marked and cupboard-worn,
And shabby in its looks,
I prize that volume, soiled and torn,
Next to the Book of books: *
When David trimmed his golden lyre,
With song forget-me-nots,
He left a flame of sacred fire
For Wesley and for Watts.
And many other singers, wife,
Have made God's glory known
In hymns and tunes that drew their life
From echoes round the throne!
I've sung them when, on lofty track,
My heart soared through the sky,
And every word and tone brought back
A telegraph reply;
I've hummed them when my soul with grief
Feared all its prayers were vain,
Till they have braced up my belief,
And soothed my doubting pain;
I've told them to the woods, and stirred
The trees up to rejoice;
I've joined in meetings where God heard
Ten thousand in one voice!
I've paused—those sacred words to hear—
When life was gay and bright,
And every sound that charmed the ear
Brought glory to the sight;
I've heard them when the sexton's spade
Had cut my life in two,
And my sad heart, by their sweet aid,
Has walked the valley through.
Ah, wife! when heaven's great music burst
Awakes my senses dim,
I humbly hope they'll give me first
A good old-fashioned hymn!
I trust, when our last moving day
Has shown us God's good love,
And we have settled down to stay
In colonies above,
We'll find a hundred earthly things
Our hearts had twined about,
And which—so tight the memory clings—
Heaven wouldn't be blessed without;
And somewhere in that blessed place,
God grant I may behold,
Near by the precious word of grace,
My hymn-book bound in gold.

STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

How Two Government Scouts Were Revenged on the Hostiles.

From Fort Abraham Lincoln to Fort Sully, both on the upper Missouri river, is a bee line of 160 miles, but the distance as a rider has to make it is fully 200. It is on record that the first despatch passing between those places was carried in my pocket, and that at a time when hostile Indians almost besieged both forts. It was on this ride, and about forty miles above Sullo, that a strange incident occurred. From Fort Union to Yanktown, a distance of 600 miles, the Missouri runs along a chain of mountains on the east, while on the west side there is scarcely a hill to be found. While the route down the east bank is naturally more difficult, it is also more sheltered, and that was the route I took on the occasion referred to. While there were plenty of Indians in the mountains and in the mountain valleys, there were more of them on the plains, and my journey was considered such a forlorn hope that wagers were made at Fort Lincoln that I would never be heard of again.

I had a mustang which had traveled over more of the country than any man living, and in all matters pertaining to frontier life he was as well posted as four men out of five. Armed with a Winchester and revolver, and rather proud to have been the one selected out of five scouts to make the trip, I left Fort Lincoln just after dusk one evening in July and proceeded five miles down the river before crossing over. A reconnoissance force a day or two before had driven the hostiles back. But I might count on finding them within seven or eight miles. I had scarcely forded the river, when a mule, which had evidently in hiding near by, came forward with a low whinny and appeared to see us. A brief inspecition proved that he belonged to a scout named Abner Johnson, who had been despatched from Fort Lincoln to Fort Ransome, a hundred and fifty miles to the east, ten or twelve days before. The saddle was in place, blanket, coffee pot, and other articles secured as usual, and the bridle was intact. I was satisfied that Johnson had baen shot from the saddle. Nothing could have induced the mule to run away from him while alive. The animal, as I figured it, was making for the fort, and was about fording the stream when the noise of our passage alarmed him and he hid himself to see whether it was friend or enemy. I sought to drive him in to the water and on his way, but he was determined to accompany me, and, aftre finding him obstinate, I slipped the iron bit out of his mouth, that he might snatch at the grass, and rode off, with him a close follower.

Between the river and the foothills there was a level varying in width from 50 to 500 feet. This was grown to grass. Along the bank of the stream with hardly a break for miles and miles, was a line of trees and bushes. The foothills were covered with scrub growth, and between them and the base of the range there was good traveling and fair cover. At every mile or two there were breaks in the foothills by which one could turn in from the level. I did not intend to travel far that night, the main object being to get beyond the hostile lines and take an early start next morning. Up to the time of crossing the river my mustang's feet had been muffled with oat sacks, so that he could leave no trail. There had been no rain for two or three weeks, and no living Indian could have traced me. Once across the stream, I removed the bags. I should leave a plain trail, but must thereafter trust to luck and my own sagacity. It was a starlight night, and as I rode forward I started up a deer or other wild game every fifty rods. This satisfied me that no indians were near, and I continued my ride until midnight. By this time I was twenty miles below the fort, and I went into camp to wait for daylight. Going into camp consisted of unsadling the two animals, rolling myself in a blanket, and plumped myself down at the roots of a cottonwood. I was fast asleep in five minutes, and when I opened my eyes it was daylight.

The animals were close at hand, and each had his nose in the air and was scenting like a dog. I was hardly on my feet before I smelled fire. There was a light breeze blowing up the valley, and the camp fire was below me, or in the direction I proposed to go. I moved into the belt of timber and began to crawl forward for an observation, and after going about a quarter of a mile I saw the smoke. I waited five minutes before advancing nearer, but seeing no movement, I crept forward. I saw the body of a white man lying on the ground, under the trees. I knew it was, by the dress, and now, thinking that I had come upon a Government scout or some white hunter, I rose up and advanced into camp. No man ever made a more appalling discovery. It was the body of Abner Jhonson, dead and horribly mutilated, and between him and the river, a distance of twenty feet, lay the dead bodies of nine Indian warriors. While a glance sufficed to prove that they were dead, it took me some time to satisfy myself as to the cause. I finally found a stone bottle holding about two quarts, which I remembered to have seen in Johnson's possession. It had contained whisky, but was now empty. The posture of the bodies was proof that every warrier had died of poison, but I did not know until a month that Johnson fixed up the dose before leaving Fort Ransome on his return. He seemed to have a presentment that he would be captured, and he bought two quarts of whisky and dosed it with strychnine, knowing that it would surely revenge him.

Johnson had evidently been driving out of his direct course. As I saw by scouting over the ground, he was well in the lead of his nine pursuers when a chance shot from a rifle struck him in the right hip and tumbled him from his saddle. His mule had gone on and the Indians had gone into camp to torture the wounded man. They had cut off his left ear, gashed his cheeks, severed three or four toes, and inflicted other cruelties when the poison which they had imbibed in the whiskey began to work. There must have been a high old time among them for half an hour, during which interval the prisoner probably bled to death. Johnson's eyes were wide open, and if the eyes of the dead can reflect anything his surely reflected exultation. The ponies of the Indians were in a grassy dell a quarter of a mile away, and each was hobbled. It seemed an awful wicked thing to do, but I approached each one and drove my knife to his heart. Then I gathered up the saddles and blankets and lariates and flung them into the river. I took the rifles, tomahawks, knives, wampum and headdresses of the nine warriors and made up a load for the mule, and after covering Johnson's body with brush and stones to keep it from vultures, I went forward on my journey, which was completed without further incident worth mentioning.

A couple of years later I was transferred to Fort Davis, in the Guadulupe Mountains of Texas, and in the Apache country. A commission was sent to the East to locate a post on the Rio Peos river, and as the country was full of hostiles the party was made pretty strong. There were six scouts, thirty private soldiers, three or four officers and some seven or eight prospectors and hunters and trappers who wanted to get sight of that country. The distance from the fort to the river is about sixty miles, and all open country, and we were accompanied by two wagons and an ambulance. While we did not number over fifty all told, each man was heavily armed and well mounted, and 500 Indians would have hesitated to attack us in the open. All the scouts were paired off, and the name of my partner was Calvin. He was a rough and rugged man of 50, and most of his life had been spent in the Indian country. He had had a dozen of close calls, and the scars he could show in proof counted up a dozen or more. I did not know until we had started on the march that he had prepared any trick against the Indians, who would be sure to menace us, but at our first camp he showed me a canteen of whiskey, which he said was poisoned. He had about half a pound of smoking tobacco in a bag, and poison had been mixed with this. While the rest of us hated Indians as bad as Calvin did, no one else had prepared any such weapons. Indeed it was not looked upon as exactly honorable in a white man.

We reached the Rio Peos, opposite Corporal's Peak of the Castile Mountains without being annoyed by the Apaches, although we saw numbers of their scouts and had no doubt that a considerable force was hanging on our flanks. We made our camp in a defensive spot, and, after a rest, small parties scouted up and down the river to examine the lay of the country. On the third day Calvin and myself, accompanied by a corporal and two private soldiers, rode up the Peos about ten miles, crossed over, and started to come down on the other side. The ground was more broken on the north side, and we had hardly turned to go down stream when we found the redskins more numerous and far bolder. The soldiers had seven-shooter carbines, and Calvin and I had Winchesters, and we felt no alarm even when we knew the Indians to number fully one hundred. An ambush was the only thing to be dreaded, and we got into one spite of our vigilance. Two miles below where we crossed the river the ground became very rough and was cut up into gullies. This extended from the river back as far as we could see, and we could not flank it. We could have crossed the river here, but our orders were to come down on the north bank. Every man knew that if the Indians meant to attack they would do it here, and the first notice would be a volley from one of the blind ravines.

In this emergency we strung out in single file, the corporal leading, Calvin next, I third, and the two privates making fourth and fifth. We had not advanced forty rods into the "bad ground," and had not caught sight of so much as an Indian's feather when he received a volley from 25 Indians in a glutch. They were only 200 feet away, and one would have thought every man of us would have been riddled. On the contrary, however, the last three of us were untouched, and not one of our horses was hit. The corporal and Calvin were both wounded and their horses killed. Simultaneously with the volley a hundred or more Indians exhibited themselves in front and on our left, shouting and firing. In such an emergency every man acts for himself. The three of us wheeled and retreated as fast as our frightened horses could run, all the time under fire. But as soon as we had cleared the "bad ground" we took shelter in a small grove on the edge of the stream and prepared for defence. We were charged by sixty or seventy warriors on foot, who perhaps imagined us badly frightened, but we pegged away at them so steadily that they broke and took to cover, leaving six dead men in plain view.

This was at 10 o'clock in the morning, and we did not get another glimpse of an Indian until 4 in the afternoon, when I climbed one of the trees and saw a body of them making off to the mountain. I then made a scout of the neighborhood, and soon ascertained what had occurred. Both Calvin and the corporal had been put to the torture, but they had been amply revenged. The six we had killed lay where they fell, as our fire commanded the spot. We found in a sort of pocket, covered with bushes and limbs, eleven others dead, every one of whom had died of oipson. One was Chief White Bird, a noted warrior, and the others were veteran warriors of his band. The bottle was empty, and the tobacco bag had been turned wrong side out. Three or four years afterward I met an Apache who was present on that occasion, and he said that White Bird and his chosen few drank the whiskey and then smoked their pipes while the others were making the prisoners ready for torture. The corporal died before they could make ready, and when the warriors began to die of the poison Calvin was soon despatched by a blow of a tomahawk. The bodies were badly mutilated, but it was mostly after death. The band lost seventeen to our two, and was so disheartened that it retreated and went into mourning for weeks.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

She Has Some Accomplishments Beyond the Power of Man.

That there are some desirable things that a woman can do the Boston *Times* admits and cites some examples. Here are some of them:

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first-rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb-nail.

She is as cool as a cucumber in a half-dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base-ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation ad on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy in twenty-four hours and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

Got Himself Ready.

"John Henry," exclaimed the angry wife, "you needn't pretend you're asleep! Now you listen to me. I'm going to give you a piece of my mind!"

"Wait a minute, Serena," said John Henry, as he got out of bed and groped his way to the boot closet.

"What are you doing?" demanded the exasperated Serena.

"I'm preparing myself," replied John Henry, and a moment later the famous ex-catcher of the world-renowned champion Sockdologer base ball club had lighted a lamp and was standing in his well-known attitude in the middle of the floor with his old mask, breast-pad, and leather gloves on.

"Go ahead, Serena," he said calmly.

Gouging a Glass Eye.

"Thar' goes the meanest man in Chinook!" growled one of the old mossbacks of the Gunnison valley, as he pointed to a man on the opposite side of the street.

"How so?"

"When he first came here we had a fight. It was to be a fair fight and no knifing. I got him down and got the gouge on his right eye, and what d'ye s'pose happened?"

"He cried quits."

"No, he didn't. Durn his shadder, but he had a glass eye thar', and I kept foolin' with it until he had me licked!"

HER IDEA OF A CHAUTAUQUA.—Mr. McSwat (unpacking baggage at summer camp-meeting grounds)—"Lobelia, my dear, I don't see anything of the fishing out-fit."

Mrs. McSwat—"I had to leave it out at the last moment, Billinger, to make room for the hymn books."

[Mr. McSwat goes out behind the tent and communes vehemently with himself after the manner of a depraved worlding.]—*Chicago Tribune.*

WIFE—John, love, I read one of your sweet love letters to-day, and came across a passage in which you said "there is no one your equal in this wide, wide world."

Husband (with a groan)—And I am still of the same opinion.

IF YOU ARE NERVOUS or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.

CLARA—What a terrible noise that wagon makes!

George—Yes, it's dreadful is'nt it?

"What makes it groan so, George?"

"Why, it is filled with green apples."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A WOMAN who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

THE receipts of the Paris Opera House during the first part of last month were close upon $33,000, or about $4,000 a night.