The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE.

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1891. VOL. XXIX—NO. 42

DR. W. FRANK HINES.

FRONT ST. AND MAPLE AVE.

OFFICE HOURS:—8 to 9.30 A. M.; 4 to 6.00 and 8 to 10.00 P. M. [15-3m.

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PROF. J. HARMON,

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Particular attention given to beginners. For further particulars apply to Mrs. Watts' boarding house, Chestertown, Md. Nov. 29-m3.

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Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

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DO YOU WANT

A GOOD WATER-FRONT FARM?

Some with Splendid Oyster Creeks and Coves on them, that when properly stocked with plants (small oysters), will produce by natural growth in one year ten bushels of prime oysters for one of seed, and thousands of bushels of young oysters for one bushel of seed? Some of the coves

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And each year oysters are higher in price. Remember, these coves are as private as a man's peach orchard. The soil of these farms is the best for the growth of Peaches, Pears and Small Fruits, and as the crop is early, the prices of the fruit are high. No better soil anywhere for early Truck. A former Kent countian raised Tomatoes this year when they were bringing in Baltimore two dollars and fifty cents a basket. Other early vegetables brought correspondingly high prices. We have many Bargains in water-front and inland Farms, large and small,

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Is now open and ready for inspection. I will be glad to see my patrons and friends. Anyone wishing anything in my line, will do well to call and get my prices before purchasing elsewhere, as I have

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Also, a beautiful assortment of JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, Etc.

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WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.

Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON,

Office on Cannon street, near Princess.

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July 31, 1890—tf.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies, every ingredient being strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is possible to buy.

It is prepared by thoroughly competent pharmacists, in the most careful manner, by a peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process, giving to it curative power

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It will cure, when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties with the Liver and Kidneys.

It overcomes That Tired Feeling, Creates an Appetite, and gives great mental, nerve, bodily, and digestive strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

100 Doses One Dollar

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A Large Job Lot

6-Inch Shaved

Cypress Shingles

FOR SALE

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

6-Inch Hearts as low as $7

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PER THOUSAND.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

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R. BERGEN

WHO HAS BEEN OCCUPYING THE CORNER STORE in the BURCHINAL BUILDING, now belonging to Chas. S. Smith, has REMOVED to the

Store-Room Adjoining,

formerly occupied by W. T. Wright, where can be found a LARGE and VARIED assortment of

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NOTIONS,

AND MILLINERY.

Spring opening of SILKS, HENRIETTAS SERGES, CASHMERES, CLOTHS and FLANNELS. Also, a Beautiful line of

Trimming Silks!

to match all shades of Dress Goods. Also, a complete line of

Notions and Fashionable Millinery

Remember, I HAVE REMOVED NEXT DOOR to the store I did occupy.

R. BERGEN,

April 17, 1890. CHESTERTOWN, MD

GEO. R. WESTCOTT. CHAS. L. DODD

WESTCOTT & DODD,

(Successors to N. G. Westcott.)

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK OF

FALL GOODS,

COMPRISING

HENRIETTAS, DRESS FLANNELS, DRESS GINGHAMS, CANTON FLANNELS and other DRY GOODS, BLANKETS.

Children's, Misses', Ladies' and Gents' UNDERWEAR.

BOOTS and SHOES

WOONSOCKET GUM BOOTS,

Hats and Caps

GROCERIES, Etc.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers, our old friends and the public generally.

WESTCOTT & DODD.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

THE GOVERNOR.

A HARD HEART AND CRUEL BLOW.

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

The gubernatorial residence of M—— was ablaze with light, and a long line of carriages filed up to the entrance and daintily slippered feet sprang out upon the rich carpet stretched from curb to door, as women in evening dress and glittering jewels passed into the house, followed by their male attendants, along the wide hall, between rows of hot-house plants in urns and vases, and footmen in crimson and gold livery, into a gold and white room, lined from floor to ceiling with mirrors and rare paintings, and with exquisite roses and orchids everywhere. At one end of the long room, with a great mass of rich red jacqueminot roses banked behind them, stood Governor Waring and his wife.

The former stood head and shoulders above the most of his guests, and the snowy whiteness of the hair, brushed straight back from the high, wide forehead was the only token of the 65 years which had passed over his head. There was no stoop in the broad shoulders, no sign of the passage of years in the dark proud face, cleanly shaven, with the stern gray eyes, the firm, thin-lipped mouth, and the strongly-moulded chin. A face at which one involuntarily turned to look again, strong, proud, fascinating, and yet how little emotion or feeling it ever showed; stern and cold and haughty always, except perhaps, to her who stood by his side, who had been the one and only love of his life; and yet, when once, and once only, in an hour of supreme agony, she had tried to break down that indomitable pride and iron will she, had found them even stronger than her tears, her agony. And yet they had been a mother's tears, a mother's agony pleading for her child.

It was the not uncommon story of an only son, on whom were centered a mother's tenderest love, a father's proudest hopes, bringing sorrow to the one, and bitter disappointment to the other. Upon the boy's wayward and high-strung nature the father's sternness and severity acted as a goad. Things grew worse as the boy reached manhood. Wounded in his strongest attributes, his pride, by his son's waywardness and dissipation, Andrew Waring grew more sternly intolerant of the former's offences, until one day, after a drunken brawl on the streets in which young Waring figured conspicuously, his father called him into his presence, and coldly, sternly told him he was no longer a son of his, and that his house would shelter him no longer. It was then in vain the mother pleaded, the son who had no love for his father to cause him to appeal to him, was sullenly silent, and there was only a muttered curse on his lips as he went from his father's presence to enter it no more.

"Never speak his name to me again," said Andrew Waring to his wife; "remember that henceforth I have no son."

She obeyed him, but her mother's heart could not forget or cease to ache in agony and longing.

Time went on, years passed, and no tidings ever came of young Andrew Waring; whether he were living or dead they knew not. In the fifteen years that had elapsed since he closed his doors upon that reprobate son, the older man had risen in his career until he held the highest office the State could bestow. Many had forgotten that he ever had a son; he, himself, seemed to have forgotten it, the mother, who always remembered and sorrowed, often thought. As she stood by her husband's side, in her silks and rare old laces, with diamonds flashing on her breast, and in the fair hair which had grown so gray within the last fifteen years, far too gray, for she was many years younger than her husband, many in that brilliant throng envied her, little guessing how empty it all was to her, how gladly she would have relinquished it all for some tidings of that absent son, or just to look once again on his face.

Somewhat late in the evening a little old man, with sharp features, and a bald head, made his way to where the Governor and his wife stood. Both greeted him with evident pleasure, for Henry Holton, one of the most celebrated lawyers of his time, had, for many years, been intimate in the Waring family, he and the Governor having been college chums in their young days.

"I am delighted to see you," Mrs. Waring said, with her soft, gentle smile; it was not often the old lawyer ever attended any fashionable entertainments.

"I must confess of combining business with pleasure even now," he replied, "that is, if the Governor can spare me a few moments alone."

"I can in about an hour's time, Holton, and will join you then in the library."

The Governor and his wife then mingled with their guests. Holton stood for awhile and watched the brilliant scene with contracted brows.

"Great heavens!" he muttered, "to think of the tragedy underlying all this, and that poor woman, she has suffered, her face shows that. What if she knew? This thing must be averted."

He did not linger long in the reception room, but went off to the library, where he paced up and down in deep and disturbed thought until the Governor joined him.

"Well, here I am," the latter said, sinking rather wearidly into a chair; "what can I do for you?"

The lawyer drew up another chair and sat down opposite to him.

"Did you know that this man Carson whom I have been defending was found guilty this afternoon of murder in the first degree and condemned to be hanged?" he asked.

"Yes, I knew it, the death-warrant was brought me early in the evening, and I have not yet had time to sign it."

"I have come to ask you not to sign that death-warrant," said Holton, with abrupt earnestness; "on the contrary to pardon this man."

"Indeed? And your reasons? they are, of course, good and sufficient ones?"

"The evidence is all purely circumstantial, and I do not believe him guilty."

"That may be as you have defended him, but the law has found him so. You must give me stronger reason than that; can you do so?"

"I am strongly interested in the man, and I ask his pardon from you as a personal favor."

"I am both surprised and sorry that you should do so. The claims of friendship are strong with me, but they stop short of my duty, which, you must know, is to uphold the laws of the State which has placed me at its head."

"Yes, yes, I know all that," replied the lawyer, impatiently; then he went on with impressive earnestness, "but there is a strong reason why you should not sign the death-warrant of that man even if he be guilty. If you pardon him I promise you he shall leave the country forever, or, if you will not pardon him, at least commute his sentence."

"There can be no reason why I should do either, except proof of his innocence or extenuating circumstances which the law would recognize. You, I should judge, cannot produce either or you would have done so at the proper time and place."

"Confound it all, man, if you will have the reason, it is this: The condemned man's name is not Carson at all, it is the same as yours, Andrew Waring, the other is assumed."

A short silence followed. A swift pallor swept the Governor's face from chin to brow, the hand resting on the arm of his chair suddenly clenched over it until the veins stood out like cords. Then he looked across into the other's face with cold, unflinching eyes.

"I still fail to see justifiable reason for granting your request," he said, quietly.

"My God! man!" the lawyer cried, springing to his feet in his excitement. "Don't you understand? The man's your own son. I recognized him from the first (though no one else did, he's terribly changed) and undertook his case, trying my hardest to get him off, whether he was guilty or innocent, for your sake and his mother's sake, and also because I had carried him in my arms when he was a little toddling child, and somehow I couldn't forget the clinging of those small baby arms about my neck. I failed, but it is in your power still to save him. You will not sign the death warrant of your own son?"

The Governor also arose and drew himself up until his great height seemed to tower above the other. His brows were drawn together, his face was cold, pale and stern.

"You make a great mistake," he said. "I have no son."

Before Holton could reply the velvet portiere was put aside and Mrs. Waring entered. Both men stared at her dumbly as she came forward, a smile on her lips, her laces and heavy silks trailing behind her.

"I must beg your pardon for my intrusion," she said; then she looked at her husband, "some of your guests are leaving, Andrew, so I came for you."

"Yes, I will come, he replied, a little mechanically.

"Mrs. Waring," said Holton, abruptly, and the Governor gave a quick start; "I have just been making a request of your husband, asking him to pardon that fellow Carson who who condemned to-day. Will you add your entreaties to mine? ask your husband to pardon him for—for the sake of the unfortunate man's poor mother."

The smile faded from her lips, they quivered, the tears rose to her eyes.

"Poor, poor mother," she murmured, then she laid her hand on her husband's arm and looked, with a faint smile into the lawyer's face. "I am sure my husband would not refuse any request of yours, Mr. Holton, without very good reasons," she added, gently.

The lawyer bowed and looked across at the Governor. His face was white, but the dark, proud eyes met his calmly, unflinchingly, as he drew his wife's hand through his arm.

"Will you come with us, Holton?" he asked.

"No," answered the lawyer, briefly, "I am going now."

When he was alone, he murmured to himself with white lips:

"And have I actually pleaded in vain. Is he made of flesh or iron? But I will not give up, I will try to save him myself."

In a few minutes he had left the house.

A few hours later the guests were all gone, the lights all put out with the exception of the library, where the Governor sat at his writing-table. A document lay before him on the table; he held a pen in his hand. His face was very white; great drops of sweat stood on his brow, but with a hand which never trembled, he signed his name at the bottom of the document, the death-warrant of the man known as James Carson.

One month had passed away. The Governor's wife lay on a lounge beside the open window on a sunny morning in June. The Governor was sitting beside her. She looked pale and rather frail. She had not been well for some weeks, and the physician warned her husband there was a slight affection of the heart, nothing very serious so long as she was kept free of excitement and worry.

"You are feeling better to-day, Alice, are you not?" the Governor asked, taking her thin hand in his; you will be strong enough to undertake a journey in a week or so?"

"Oh! yes," she replied, "I shall soon be all right. The air is very sweet to-day," turning her face toward the window; the next moment she exclaimed, "Where are all the people going? There is such a crowd all hurrying in the same direction."

"Excuse me ma'am," said her maid, who was in the room, "but the people are going to see that man, Carson, hung."

Mrs. Waring drew back with a shudder, the Governor turned sharply around.

"It is not so," he cried, so harshly that the girl stared, "he is not to be hanged until this afternoon."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but its this morning. For some reason they changed the time."

The Governor made a quick movement as though to rise, then sank back. Mrs. Waring grew suddenly silent. She turned her face away from the window; her hand still lay in her husband's. The maid had gone to the window, which looked toward the court-house and jail. The crowd had disappeared from the street below. The minutes passed by; there was silence in the room broken only by the ticking of the little French clock on the mantel. Suddenly the maid's voice broke it:

"There, ma'am, it's all over, the people are coming out."

"All over!" the Governor repeated, mechanically, then, for the first time, he looked at his wife. The tears were slowly falling down her pale cheeks.

"Why do you weep?" he asked, in a voice which sounded strange and hoarse.

She raised her sad, tear-filled eyes to his face. "I was weeping for the poor mother," she replied.

Some hours later the servant came to Mrs. Waring, and informed her that Mr. Holton desired very particularly to see her.

"Show him up here," she said, and in a few moments he was ushered into her presence. She looked at him in some surprise. He was evidently just off a journey and looked dusty and travel-stained. There was a pale, determined look on his face as he came up to the couch where she lay.

"Pardon me for coming to you in this condition," he said, "but I have just returned from a journey and my business with you admits of not a moment's delay. Mrs. Waring, do you remember that night about a month ago, you were holding a reception, when you came to the library where your husband and myself were and I asked you to add your entreaties to mine to induce the Governor to pardon James Carson who had that very day been condemned?"

"Oh! yes, quite well, she replied.

"I never expected to tell you what I am about to tell you now," he went on, "but it is a last and desperate resort. I have been away ever since that night trying to hunt up proof of that man's innocence (for I believe him to be innocent), but quite in vain. He dies this afternoon unless your husband saves him, or if he will only reprieve him I may still be able to prove him innocent. I want you to go to your husband and plead for this man. Ah! madam, plead as only a mother can, for he is your son."

He paused. She had risen on her elbow and was staring at him. The awful look in the poor eyes, gazing out of the marble pallor of the face, was destined to haunt him during the remainder of his life and rob it of all rest or peace. She never spoke, something like a long, deep sigh left her lips, she fell back, and lay still. The lawyer sprang to her side. The eyes still gazed up at him, the awful look of agony and horror frozen in them, but they were sightless, and, as he stood gazing down upon her, the voices of the newsboys in the street below came clearly through the open window:

"Evening news, full account of the execution of the murderer, James Carson," they cried.

"My God! I have killed her," muttered the lawyer, with whitening lips.

Night had come. Over the Governor's mansion hung the silence and gloom of death. In her chamber lay the dead mistress. The sweet white face was very peaceful, the heavy lids hiding the horror and agony in the eyes, a faint smile touching the lips. Beside her knelt the husband, but in a few short hours the whole weight of his years seemed to have descended upon him, bowing the straight shoulders and the proud stately head. It was an old man who knelt there, crushed and feeble, with his trembling hands clasping the folded dead ones, crushing the white roses on the still breast.

In a room below another dead form lay by the side of which no vigil was kept. The form of the man hanged that day for murder, but whom all the city now knew to be the son of the proud Governor. Mother and son would rest together, the strong barrier which had kept them asunder was broken down at last, though only to lay them side by side in death.

ENCOURAGING WORDS TO WOMEN FOR THE YEAR 1891, FROM THE BEST MEN OF THE CENTURY.

The debt of gratitude which we owe to those women nearest to us, by the ties of family connection, is one which cannot find any equivalent expression in language. But under what deep obligations are we to many of those women who are outside of that limited circle, for aid, counsel and sympathy? For myself, without the aid, intelligent assistance I have received from the ladies who have shared my literary labors, I should have been utterly unable to accomplish the little I have done. The spirit of order which they introduce into the chaos of a literary man's environments, the quick sense of the characters of the correspondents whom they have to deal with, the plastic facility with which they mould themselves to the mind which furnishes their working patterns, make of them *alter egas*, which more than double our effective personality as literary workers. My message, then, is one of silent gratitude for the good offices of all those nearest to me, who have made the happiness of my life; of expressed thanks to those who have helped me by their aid and sympathy, and of warmest acknowledgements to the whole sex for making life worth living.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As an offset to the crimes and follies of the Restoration—the bad fruits of a seed sown in Puritan restraint—came the advent of woman upon the arena of the theatre. Her influence had before been felt only in the domestic relation, or upon some dangerous inherited eminence, too giddy for the firmer nerves of man. The theatre opened to her an arena, where all the qualities pre-eminently hers—sensibility, imagination, the magic sway of beauty—led to their highest usefulness. Her coming purified the literature of a corrupt era; wrested from usurping hands the sceptre of her birthright; gave a new color and beauty to the theatre, elevating the stage and audience alike; adorned it with an unbroken line of lovely heroines, ushered in by the charming Mrs. Betterton, and continuing in our day with undimmed lustre in the genius and the lives of her lovely successors—thus fulfilling the compact made by Shakespeare with posterity, that Imogen, Rosalind, Ophelia, Cordelia and Beatrice should meet worthy representatives in the far-off day of womans' emancipation. The theatre, where woman needs no manly mask to gain impartial suffrage; whose rewards regard no sex; the theatre, where public approval mounts up to merit's height—this stage, which she has made her own, from whence her influence colors the lives of her sisters wheresoever they toil. LAWRENCE BARRETT.

In America the influence of women grows wider and wider. Whether we like this tendency or not, we cannot fail to see it. We ought to recognize it in the training of our girls. The weak points in female education in this country is the neglect of health. We have too much bending over books and too little open air exercise. Too many studies, too little work and too little out-of-door play. My wish for the American woman is, that she may always be an elevating influence; man's inspiration. Let him go forth to duty, while she weaves the spell that makes home a paradise to which he may return, ever welcome, whether he is victor or vanquished.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

My wish for the women of America is, that their individuality may be recognized in the State and church, as it is in nature and grace.

(Bishop) JOHN P. NEWNAM.

What better wish for women could there be, than the same fair play that men ask for themselves? GEORGE WM. CURTIS.

Man, who has in all ages, with too few exceptions, required of woman that she should be his moral superior while denying her mental equality, is waking to the realization that he must look well to his laurels or he will come in a bad second in the race of intellect. With a generous, if tardy device to right this wrong, colleges, schools, educational institutions of every kind are being opened to women. A more liberal education, and a wider field of work, will not spoil them for wives and mothers. European employers when in need of manual laborers advertise for "hands." It is a good term as opposed to heads which are comparatively few. If heads are given every chance, there will still be hands enough left for purely mechanical tasks. I wish to every woman with capacity and desire to work for and benefit the world outside as well as inside her home, that the year 1891 may bring emancipation from physical drudgery, opportunity for mental cultivation and development, and courage to take the high place awaiting her. P. T. BARNUM.

My wish for all the women of the homes of America, is that after they shall have gone from this earthly sphere for thirty years, they may be remembered by their decendants with such admiration and glow of soul as I remember my sainted mother. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

There came to me this, which appears in the letter of a friend of mine, of the true type—a man—next in moral statue and nobility to a woman. He was writing with some casual reference to his wife, when these words, all abruptly like an April shower, rained across the page:

"Some of the days you write a poem on the Madona, showing the indescribably noble and beautiful sacrifice which the mother makes for the child—the son—who may grow up to break her heart. Oh, that boy! The night after night of hanging over the little cradle, soothing the moaning babe, in whom life hangs tremulously threatening; the days of silent and self-effacing devotion; the driving away of all accustomed pleasures; the taking of a round of duty that will never afterward cease; the demonstration by a thousand ways that a man, however good he is, is not fit to untie the latchets of a good woman's shoes. There are women like this in the world—good mothers, good wives, good daughters, and, thank the good God, my wife is one of them."

Reading these words of my friend and then re-reading them, I thought very tenderly of him, even more tenderly than ever before. And though this all-inadequate poem is of him, and for him, may it not serve here, as well as an indirect tribute to all womankind:

Close the book and dim the light:
I shall read no more to-night.
No; I am not sleepy, dear—
Do not go: Sit by me here
In the darkness and the deep
Silence of the watch I keep.
Something in your presence so
Soothes me—as in long ago
I first felt your hand as now—
In the darkness touch my brow—
With no other wish than you
Thus should fold my eyelids to,
Saying naught of sigh nor tear—
Just as God were sitting here.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

May the new year bring to all the women of America much of joy and happiness, little of sorrow and suffering, and what is most needed for their prosperity. Patience, love and cheerfulness in large measure be with them, and happiness and comfort their natural outgrowth, be theirs always.

CHARLES A. DANA.

THE BRAVE only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions. Cowards have fought, nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave. It is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every attempt to interrupt its happiness.

Confidence Begot of Success.

So successful has Dr. Pierce's Golden-Medical Discovery proved in curing chronic nasal catarrh, bronchial and throat diseases, that its manufacturers now sell it through druggist under a *positive guarantee* of its benefiting or curing in every case, if given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be refunded. Consumption (which is scrofula of the lunge) if taken in time, is also cured by this wonderful medicine.

For Constipation or Sick Headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets; Purely Vegetable. One a dose.

BETTER to weave in the path of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a cheerful heart
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, finite threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

IT IS quite probable that you may need the services of a physican some day; but you can postpone the time indefinitely by keeping your blood pure and your system invigorated through the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Prevention is better than cure.

THIS world is like a crowed 'bus,
A few good men, perhaps,
May find a seat, but most of us
Must hang on by the straps.
—*Chicago Journal.*

NO OTHER preparation combines the positive economy, the peculiar merit and the medicinal power of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sunday-school Teacher—"What caused the darness in Egypt?" Punning Pupil—"The Israel-lights went out."—*Bingingham Republican.*

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