THE EASTON STAR

T. E. ROBSON, Editor.

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Our Dollar and Fifty Cents cash in advance; or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid within one year. Clubs of ten, Five Dollars in advance.

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The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1882. VOL. VII.—NO. 28

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Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

AT LOW PRICES FROM

SAML. BURNS & CO.,

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PINE, HEMLOCK, CYPRESS

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SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR,

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We have always on hand a full supply of MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, GEORGIA and WHITE PINE, and HEMLOCK

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with facilities unequaled in the State for manufacturing and filling orders promptly and delivering anywhere. We invite a comparison with city or other dealers.

Our constantly increasing business is an evidence of fair prices.

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Shingles, Laths,
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DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.

and Mill Work generally.

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Wanted to buy, butter, eggs, vegetables, and all kinds of poultry and other country produce. dec20,81yr

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MRS. ISABELLA PATTERFIELD, having bought out Mrs. Hall and taken her boarding house, over Messrs. J. W. Cheesman & Co.'s store, is prepared to take boarders by the meal, week or month. She solicits a share of the general custom, and promises to fully maintain the high reputation of Mrs. Hall's house. She can accommodate a few more permanent boarders than she has at present, and any number of transient customers. The attention of travelling salesmen is respectfully called to her commodious sample room and to her very ample table.

Easton, July 5, 81tf

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Miscellaneous.

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All varieties adapted to this climate, and at prices that will compete favorably with any first-class Seed house.

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oct11,6m

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No Horse will die of Colic, Boots or Loss of Flesh if Foutz Powders are used in time.

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Sold everywhere.

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Before purchasing your plants this spring, send for our catalogue and see the fine bargains we offer. Catalogues free.

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feb28-4m

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BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

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feb28-3m

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Agents for the GOLDEN DAWN or, LIGHT in the GREAT FUTURE

in the Valley, through the dark valley, and in the Millennial, as seen in the Best thoughts of leading authors and scholars, among whom are Bishops Simpson, Foster, Warren; Hurst and Foss, Joseph Cook, Beecher, Talmage, Dr. Cummings, Garrison, Cookman, Dr. Crosby, Mr. Cuyler, Geo. D. Prentiss, Dean Stanley, Whittier, Longfellow and others. The Work is Profusely Illustrated, and treats of the Millennial Dawn, Advent, the Resurrection, Judgment, the Punishment of the Wicked, and the Reward of the Righteous. A rich feast awaits the reader of this book. It contains the grandest thoughts of the world's greatest authors, on subjects of the most profound interest to everyone. Not a dull or low-my but brilliant. There is not a dull page in the book. It is absolutely without a rival. Everybody will read it. School Teachers, Students, Young Men and Ladies seeing as agents for this book are making over $100 a month. Sells fast. One agent writes sixty orders in one day; another writes ten orders in one day, another 14 subscribers in 5 days, a lady sold 9 in 10 hours. Secure territory quick. Also agents wanted for the best Illustrated Revised New Testament, and for the finest Family Bibles ever sold by agents. Send for circulars.

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For any case Blind, Bleeding, Itching, Ulcerated or Protruding PILES that Bedine's Pile Remedy fails to cure. Prepared by J. P. Miller, M. D., 915 Arch Street, Phila, Pa. None genuine without his signature. Send for circular. All druggists or general stores have it or will get it for you. $1. Sold in Easton by Stevens & Hayward, Druggists. dec26-3m

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Chimneys, &c. &c

I carry a full line of Lamps and Lamp Fixtures. Also a supply of two grades of Coal oil.

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Wherever you find the "Advance" Chilled Plows you will see good work done and horses not overworked. They are the satisfactory plow of the age.

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J. H. T. Hubbard, Dover Street,

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TUTT PETITES American Cough Syrup, a most excellent remedy for all affections of the "Throat and Lungs." For sale by J. C. Henry, Druggist.

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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 pill is 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 for $5. Sold by druggists everywhere, and sent by mail prepaid.

CARTER MEDICINE CO.,
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Capcine

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—MEDALS.—

Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
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Cramps or Sprains.
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Lumbago; Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.

Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
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They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
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They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

THERE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 15c. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

TUTT'S PILLS

INDORSED BY
PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Flutterings of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

(Dr. TUTT'S HANDY of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

Sinks Suddenly Cures Rheumatism

Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Horehound

Fly at it. Give it a good shake. 25 cents at all drug stores.

Cures Coughs & Colds

Seasonable.

Harnesses of all kinds, Collars, Bridles, Halters, Traces, Singletrees, Robes, Blankets, everything the farmer needs to put him in trim for the coming season. Call and see me. It will profit you.

T. C. NICOLS.

The Superfluous Man.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

[It is ascertained by inquiries of the registers of many countries that the uniform proportion of male to female births is as twenty-one to twenty; accordingly, in respect to marriage, every twenty-first man is superfluous.—Smithe's Studies on Population.]

I long have been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never happened to wed;
But now it is perfectly clear
I'm under a natural ban;
The girls are already assigned,
And I'm a superfluous man.

These clever statistical chaps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world
Is twenty to twenty and one;
And hence in the pairing you see,
Since wooing and wedding began,
For every connubial score
They've got a superfluous man.

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fall of a superfluous mate:
But while they are yielding in scores,
To nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me,
For I'm a superfluous man.

It isn't that I am a churl,
To solitude ever inclined;
It isn't that I am at fault
In morals, or manners or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I am still with the bachelor clan?
I merely was numbered amiss—
And I'm a superfluous man.

It isn't that I am in want
Of personal beauty and grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier by far in the face;
Indeed, among elegant men,
I fancy myself in the van,
But what is the value of that,
When I'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern,
The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return:
'Tis idle to quarrel with fate,
For struggle as hard as I can,
They're mated already, you know,
And I'm a superfluous man.

No wonder I grumble at times,
With women so pretty and plenty,
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the twenty,
But yet when the average lot
With critical vision I scan
I think it may be for the best
That I'm a superfluous man.

Select Story.

LODGINGS TO LET.

A FRENCH ROMANCE.

DURING the French Exposition. Paris was visited with a mania for lodging-letting, which pervaded all classes of society. Madame de Y——, a young and handsome widow of five and twenty, had thrown aside her weeds and resigned herself to the reigning epidemic. Having caused her apartments to be let to an English gentleman with satisfactory reference, she left the establishment with a trustworthy servant and his wife and took up her residence in the rural districts until the excitement was over.

On the second of August following she returned to Paris, and drove to her residence, believing that her apartments were vacated and ready for her.

"Madame," said the servant, whose name was Andre, "the gentleman has not yet gone."

"What gentleman, Andre?"

"The lodger, madame, Monsieur de R——, a provincial gentlemen, very *comme il faut*. Yet it is not my fault, for I informed him, three days ago, that his time was up, and that he must go; but he said to me it was all right; it was his affair, and he would square all matters with madame."

"Go and inform him, Andre, that I have returned and want my apartments immediately."

"Useless, madame—completely useless; he's as headstrong as a donkey; he wouldn't listen to me; 'tis with you alone he wishes to confer."

"Be it so, Andre; go before, and announce me."

Madame de Y—— was received most graciously and politely by the provincial *locataire*, who addressed her—

"You cannot conceive, madame, how comfortable I find myself in these your pretty apartments and how much I desire to spend in them the remaining time I have to stay in your charming capital, and I fondly hope you will have the goodness to allow me so to do, whatever be your terms I accept them before hand."

To this the widow replied, somewhat surprised, that she had no terms to propose; that she wished her apartments and must have them. But greater still was her surprise when she heard the provincial declare his determination to keep them, even if it was necessary to stand a regular siege. Madame de Y—— endeavored, as gently as possible, to make him understand the impropriety of his conduct; but all to no avail; for the locataire pleaded his cause with grace, eloquence, and wit. The defeated widow left the farmer, the gentleman losing and the lady gaining no ground, while Andre slipped away to his lodge informing his better half that the storm was gathering above. At last, after much speechifying on both sides, the gentleman, breaking a pause of apparently deep reflection spoke again—

"Well, madame," said he, "there remains but one way to arrange our little dispute, so as to enable you to resume possession of your delightful residence without ousting me from it."

"What is your meaning, sir?" demanded the bewildered young widow, looking still more charming in her amazement.

"My meaning is this, madame: my name is Arthur—Baron Arthur de B—— I belong to an old and honorable family—am a bachelor, and rise and thirty years of age. My debts are worth fifty thousand francs a year, but this I mention merely out of respect to the laws of barter and sale, for, despite the originality and queerness of my proceedings, I am constituted a very good natured person, and, upon the whole, I flatter myself that I am a man fully capable of making a lady happy. Will you, therefore, do me the honor of accepting my heart, my hand and my fortune?"

"To this sudden proposal, Madame de Y——, replied with dignity; "Your jest is not in very good taste, sir, and all I can do is to laugh at it."

"Serious, most serious, madame. I am hitherto—and I beg you to believe it."

"What, sir, you propose marriage merely that you may not have to give up my apartments!"

"A little upon that account, madame, but still more because of an overpowering reason; for among the many considerations I have had the honor of laying before you, there is one I dared not mention, but allow me, now, to confess it—I love you!"

At this avowal, Madame de Y—— blushed to her eyes—what lady, young or old, would not have done so, particularly when the avowal came from a young, handsome and wealthy man! However, she took it in good part, and laughed outright at her interlocutor.

"You are laughing, madame, and however—"

"Your jest provokes my laughter, Monsieur le Baron; I really cannot help it."

"Nevertheless, madame, I can assure you I am fully master of my reason, or at least of as much of it as remains, subdued as it is by intense passion."

"What, sir, intense passion at at first sight!"

"You forget, madame, that I have now been living three long months in your apartments, and that your portrait, which I now see it an adorable likeness, is hanging up there in the next room. It was the first object which caught my attention on entering, and I have looked at it and admired it every day since. Nor was I captivated by the charms of your beauty alone, for I am well acquainted with your merit in every way, your many superior qualities and your irreproachable character. A man, however so little versed he may be in womanly affairs, cannot spend three months in a lady's apartments without noticing and studying many things disclosing her habits, her tastes, her feelings. I have been an acute and perhaps a discreet observer, madame, and what I have discovered has captivated my heart forever; that heart I offer you again, and humbly wait your answer to know my fate."

There was no bombast, no fanfaronade in the baron's language. It was the resolve of a man who had made up his mind and was determined to succeed. But the more he urged his suit the less he advanced in it; till at last the widow signified to him in due form and unmistakable phraseology, that he must instantly shift his quarters—thus giving him his leave and intimating to him at the same time that he must never think of setting foot in her residence again.

"Very well, madame I withdraw, and will not return until you invite me to do so;" the answer to which parting words was a saucy smile, and a toss of the head which evidently meant, "You have long to wait Monsieur le Baron, before receiving such an invitation."

However, at the end of a few days the invitation was sent, and the baron arrived just as the widow had completed making herself more charming than ever.

"What have I been apprised of, sir?" said Madame de Y—— to him as he seated himself in an arm chair right opposite to her. "During my absence you brought my long pending law-suit to an amicable arrangement."

"Why, yes, madame; but you must be neither pleased or displeased with me on that account, as I acted only in my own interest."

"How so, if you please, baron?"

"The fact is the lawyers' clerks were calling with their papers every day, and owing to a heavy and protracted suit I once had myself, I have an utter aversion to every limb of the law, as our allies, Messieurs les Anglais, have it. Being acquainted with your plaintiff, who is a debtor of mine, I made use of my influence over him, and soon got him to forego his unfounded claim, and he made over to me what he called his rights. It is therefore an affair between him and me. Bat rest assured, madame, that your delicacy and susceptibility shall never have to complain of my proceedings. Your law suit is forever quashed, and *voila tout!*" Whereupon the baron looked the widow steadfastly but respectfully in the face and gave no further explanation.

Madame de Y——was somewhat confused but in spite of herself she was continually forced to think of her ex-locataire. In every room of her apartment he had left some souvenir of his sojorn—poetry, pencillings, songs, music composed by himself, thoughts and maxims, etc., written in her albums and scrapbooks. All these *procedes* and *attentions delicates* seemed most charming to her while they piqued her curiosity; and when that important part of the female constitution is awakened, other sentiments soon come forth and blossom.

Now it happened that the day after the baron's invited visit, a poor woman, the mother of a family to whom Madame de Y—— was in the habit of giving stated pecuniary relief, called to thank her for her last munificent donation, which, she said, would keep her and hers forever.

"You were absent, my too generous benefactress, but I had the honor of meeting here with your husband."

"My husband!" exclaimed the widow.

"Ah, madame, what an excellent, what a kind-hearted gentleman! Ah, how well you are mated, for you suit each other admirably. Yes, madame, I told him everything, and how kind, how Providence-like you were to me. He seems to love you very much, and how could that be otherwise? 'Good woman,' says your husband to me, madame, 'your benefactress is absent for the time being; but ere she went, she left this with me for you,' and thereon he put into my hands a pocket-book containing bank notes—a fortune, madame. I was loath to accept it at first, but he would have me take it, though le bon Dieu know you have already done much for me, and my poor fatherless children. Ah, dear madame, have happy you must be with such a husband! But 'tis only the just reward of your excellent and generous Christian virtues. May Heaven bless and preserve you and your husband for years and years to come."

"Madame, the widow, [illegible] the law-suit—provide for our poor widows and her children—leave some trace of himself everywhere around me! But men are queer characters, such originals now-a-days." She received, however, not to speak to the house of the generous conductor, some rich, but prodigal, fearful lest she might betray her sensibilities at so noble an action. But another circumstance soon came to light, and caused the baron to be invited suddenly and seriously to call a second time. This circumstance was as follows:—

A young coxcomb, Leopold de R——, imagining he had fallen in love with Madame de Y——, because living in the house opposite to hers, had chanced now and then to see her at her balcony before unfolding her all on a sudden at her departure from her apartments. After many day's anxiety, he determined upon writing her a *billet-doux*, informing her of his love, and stating that he would call that evening for an answer. Having written this note, he wrapped it up in a small paper parcel, and jerked it over the balcony into the window. It happened that the baron had just finished the second breakfast he had taken in the house, and was poring over the newspaper when the parcel dropped into the room. He took it up, and finding no superscription, he opened it and read the following:—

"Charmante voisine, for weeks and weeks and weeks have I admired you from my window next opposite. Oh, how superlatively happy should I be were you to do me the honor of admitting me to your presence, and allowing me to declare myself and crave pardon for my presumption. At eight this evening I will call, ask for admission, and learn my fate. Till then, minutes will glide away like years for my impatient heart. Farewell till then, goddess of my admiration.—LEOPOLD."

"Is Madame de Y—— at home?"

"She is not at home for you."

"And pray, by what right do you refuse me admission?"

"Methinks that right is very evident."

"And you are here in her apartments."

"True; but for the time being it is my own."

The dialogue went rapidly on from cross words to a challenge; and the morrow a duel took place in one of the compice-woods, or *taillis*, of the Bois de Boulogne.

This time, Madame de Y—— had every reason, she thought for blaming the baron's conduct; so another invitation was sent to him, which he duly attended to.

"How is this, Monsieur le Baron?" said the widow, in tremulous and reproachful accents—"expose your life with such a *freluquet* (puppy)—a life so useful, so precious! Oh, monsieur, I cannot but think you more foolish than wise!"

"I confess, madame, that I was wrong; but I merely wanted to put the young puppy, as you justly call him, in his right place, and save you forever from his importunities. He scratched me, but I gave him a gentle sword thrust which will prevent him from annoying you for some time to come. Was that not a service worth having, my charming landlady?"

"Yes, but at such a price!—the risk of your own life and my reputation. *Mon Dieu*, baron, what will my friends think of me after such an *escalandre*? You have compromised me terribly by your generous, your noble, your magnanimous conduct."

"'Tis true, very true, my dear lady, and I now begin to see I acted too rashly upon the impulse of the moment; and that, in fact, I owe you a *reparation d'honneur*."

Madame de Y—— thought so likewise.

"Well, my dear baron," said she, proffering her hand, "since it was to be, it must be, so let it be—we part friends."

"And betrothed, my *belle belle*," cried the enamored baron, fondly pressing to his lips the widow's lily-white fingers. "And the marriage day? When?"

"You'll excuse me ladies," he stammered, "but I must go. I have—"

"Here, let me pin this in your buttonhole," interrupted his cousin. "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if ever I visit another fair may I be ——!" he ejaculated, as he counted over his cash to see if he had the car fare to ride home.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Victim of Charity.

It was at a church fair, and he had come there at the persuasion of his wife. "Now, John," she said to him, "you must take some of the fancy articles. He groaned, but poor man, what could he do? Of course, he was caught in the net, and he had to buy something. He purchased a few articles, and was about to depart, when one of the young ladies, who had watched him from the start, approached him, and said, with a smile—

"Oh, you must, you will take a chance in our cake. Come right over here. This way."

Blushing to the tips of his ears, he allowed himself to be led to the cake table, and the young lady continued—"Why, we didn't have the pleasure of knowing you last year."

"Oh, that's all right," said the young lady. "If you'll buy one better I won't leave. I'm sure the money is for the cause, and you can't be mistaken. Now, you see, we have divided this cake into all these tables. There, now, only fifteen cents a slice, and you may get a real gold ring. You had better take a third right away. It will last you a lifetime, you know, and it will remind you of the fair."

"You're very good," he stammered, "but I'm not fond of cake—this is, I have many use for the ring—"

"Ah, that will be easy enough," said the young lady, "for, now, if you get the ring you can give it back, and we'll put it in another cake."

"Why, yes," said the young man, with a chilly smile. "To be sure, but—"

"Oh, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady, smiling sweetly. "You know you are promised."

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that, but you will take just one slice?" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose—"

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately gloved hands as he handed her a dollar bill. "Oh, that is too nice," added the lady, as she plastered another piece of cake on the top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at least two chances," and she deftly slid off another bill into the little silk purse. Then she call out to a companion: "Oh, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"Oh, dear, let her tell him right away," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you are mistaken. I don't remember saying anything about—"

"Oh, but you will," said the first young lady, tugging at the youth's arm. "It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Now, take an envelope. Open it. There; you are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five cents please." This time the youth was careful to hand out the exact change.

"Oh, I should just like to have my fortune told. May I?" said the first young lady.

"Of course you may, my dear," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of her envelopes.

"Oh, dear, you are going to be married this year too. Seventy-five more, if you please," and the poor youth came down with another dollar note. "No change here, you know," added Miss Larkins, putting the greenback in her pocket.

"Oh, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was he found himself standing on the platform of the scales. "One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "Oh, how I should like to be a great heavy man like you, and she jumped on the scales like a bird, "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that is light. One dollar, please."

"What?" said the youth. "One dollar! Isn't that pretty steep? I mean, I—"

"Oh, but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity," and another dollar was added to the treasury of the fair.

"I think I'll have to go—I have an engagement at—"

"Oh, but you must first buy me a bouquet for taking you all around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon in front of the flower table. "Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" cried the poor youth's cousin, from behind the flower counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggle, too. Oh, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Twelve dollars, please, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused, as much as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door or give up all hope and settle down to despair.

"You'll excuse me ladies," he stammered, "but I must go. I have—"

"Here, let me pin this in your buttonhole," interrupted his cousin. "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if ever I visit another fair may I be ——!" he ejaculated, as he counted over his cash to see if he had the car fare to ride home.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Voice of the People.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me.

Yours respectfully,
JUDSON BURNETT
Hillsdale, Mich.

All human experience goes to confirm the wisdom of Solomon, who said: "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine."

Marriages have increased 40 per cent, since young men have learned of the soothing effect of Sines' Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound, upon blisted. Young men if you keep a bottle on hand for an emergency, you are safe in bringing things to a climax.

Many Swiss who have settled in California have sought the hillsides, where they have made fertile vineyards and where they make excellent cheese.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventatives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

Bob Hickory got in jocularity himself for the week. When nearly for the hards he will join John Hickory completely.

Happiness generally depends more on the opinion we have of ourselves than on the things themselves.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself, and leaves a beast in his place.

Dobbins and Know's Tar is a sterling health restorative. 2 cents.

Stylish Headgear.

"I don't know why it is Mrs. Miggs, but your bonnet looks more stylish every time I see it." "Have no fears, my dear," reassuringly observed Mrs. Miggs. "There is no illusion in the matter. The effect is due entirely to the hat. Every time I come home I get Mr. Miggs to sit down on it, and everybody tells me it is such an improvement."

"Made New Again"

Mrs. Wm. D. Bruemar, St. Catharines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' for the last three months, and find myself—what still I say—made new again. These are the only words that express it. I was confined to a sofa—could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

Ex-Senator Thurman appears to be the most jovial and contented of the retired Statesmen. He laughs at everything, and is really funny. Last Friday he came to Washington from his farm near Chillicothe, Ohio, and the next day met his old friend John Smith.