THE EASTON STAR
T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.

TERMS.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents cash in advance, or *two Dollars and Fifty Cents* if not paid within the year. Clubs of Ten, *Ten Dollars* in advance.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription received for a short or period than six months. Subscribers out of the county pay in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square—8 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year or by six months.

Advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be marked TF and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular prices.

Special Notices in Local columns, 10 cents per line for each insertion.

The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1882. VOL. XVIII.--NO 1

Lumber Business.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES. LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

AT LOW PRICES FROM

SAML. BURNS & CO.,

104 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

TUNIS' STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.

Pine, Hemlock, Cypress and Oak

LUMBER

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

50,000 WHITE PINE PEACH BOXEX.

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

We have also *BUILDING HARDWARE* and a full line of General Merchandise for country trade.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO.,
TUNIS' MILLS, MD.

January 14, 1882-1yr

LUMBER!

--AND--

Building Materials,

Shingles, Laths,

Lime, Hair. &c.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.

and Mill Work generally.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

My long experience in the Lumber trade should be a guarantee to purchasers of my ability to suit them both in quality and prices.

Prime articles of No. 1 White Pine and White Hemlock Fencing now in stock.

Principal office in Easton and Yard at Easton Point connected by Telephone.

Deliveries made on navigable water free of freight.

Comparison of Quality and Prices Solicited.

ROBERT B. DIXON,
Dover Street, EASTON.

NOW IS THE TIME!

To put in order your Stoves, Furnaces and Fire Place Heaters. I have on hand a large stock of Repairs and Materials of the Best Quality for such work. I will give all orders prompt attention, and do the work in the best manner

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Send in your orders early.

Very Respectfully,

GEO. W. BECK.

Sept.5-tf.

New Advertisements.

Public Sale

OF VALUBLE

PERSONAL PROPERTY

IN

Trappe District.

Having rented my farm, I will offer at public sale, at my residence in Bambury, on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13th,

1882, (if fair, if not the next fair day, at 10 o'clock, A. M. all of my

LIVE STOCK,

Farming Implements,

and a quantity of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

INCLUDING

One pair of fine Mules; four young Horses, 4 Alderney Milch Cows, fresh at the pail; 1 pair Young Steers; 26 Fine Sheep; a lot of Hogs; one Champion Cord Binder; One Champion Dropper; one Corn Sheller; Two Carts and Gear One Wagon; Plows, Harrows, Plow Harness, and Small Tools in variety, also one Dearborn and Harness

TERMS.

All bills of $10 and under Cash; on sums over $10 a credit of twelve months, the purchases giving note with approved security bearing interest from the day.

No property to be removed till terms are complied with

L. EUGENE ROSS.

aug29-tds.

EXECUTORS' SALE.

By virtue of authority derived from the Orphans' Court, of Talbot county, the undersigned will sell at public auction, at the residence of Wm. Conlyn, dec'd, in Chapel District of said county, on

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14th PROX.,

(if fair if not the next fair day

all of the property of which the said Conlyn died seized and possessed, consisting of

Household and Kitchen Furniture,

Farming Implements and Machichinery, consisting of Plows and Gear, 4 Iron Cultivators, two Wheat Drills, "Farmers Friend" and "Hagerstown," 1 Champion Self-rake Reaper, 1 Combined Buckeye Mower, 1 Rake, Carts. Wagons, 1 Dearborn, and various other articles, about 16 tons of Clover Hay, and also a large lot of Live Stock, consisting of 13 head of Valuable Horses, a majority of which range from 3 to 7 years of age, a fine lot of Cattle including valuable Milch Cows, and 1 Hereford Bull, all in fine condition, also 23 fine Ewes, 1 Southdown Buck, 8 large Hogs, 2 Sows and 11 Pigs; lot of Shoats.

Persons desiring good stock should not fail to attend.

TERMS: All sums of and under $20 cash, 11 months credit on all over that amount. Note with interest payable at Bank. No property to be removed until terms are complied with

Jas. A. Roe, Auct. E. H. ROE,
A. A. Pascault, Cl'k. F. W. CONLYN,
aug29-8w. Executors of Wm. Conlyn.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that the subscribers hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Talbot county, in the State of Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of

WM. CONLYN,

late of Talbot county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same properly authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of August, A. D. 1882, otherwise they may be by law excluded from all benefits of the said deceased's estate.

E. H. ROE,
F. W. CONLYN,
aug29-3w. Executors.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Talbot county, in the State of Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of

CHARLES H. STEWART,

late of Talbot county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same properly authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of August. A. D. 1882, otherwise they may be by law excluded from all benefits of the said deceased's estate.

JNO. W. JUMP,
aug29-3t Executor.

Examiners Notice.

The undersigned having been commissioned by the County Commissioners to ascertain the public necessity for opening a new public road in Bambury, and if such necessity exists to locate the same, hereby give notice to all persons interested that we will meet upon the premises at I. D. Clark's gate, on Thursday, the 14th day of September next, to execute this commission. The proposed course of said road is from or near the gate of I. D. Clark, on the road to Windy Hill, thence through the lands of said Clark, Sarah E. Watts, Edward H. Towers, and Geo. W. Kugler, to the county road leading Wright's Mill.

WM. COLLINS, Sr.,
SOL. S. HOPKINS,
aug15-5w. WM. P. WRIGHT.

NOTICE.

My wife, Mary Jane Arnet, having left my bed and board, and forsaken her home and family, this is to warn all persons against harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no bills of her contracting.

aug29-4w. THOMAS ARNET.

Trippe's Syrup of Blackberry Root is the best medicine you can give your children for summer complaint. Prepared and for sale by R. J. Trippe.

Ice Cold Cream Soda for sale at Trippe's.

Medical.

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 City.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 50cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

TUTT'S PILLS

A DISORDERED LIVER IS THE BANE

of the present generation. It is for the Cure of this disease and its attendants, SICK-HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, PILES, etc., that TUTT'S PILLS have gained a world-wide reputation. No Remedy has ever been discovered that can act quickly on the digestive organs, giving them vigor to assimilate food. As a natural result, the Nervous System is Braced, the Muscles are Developed, and the Body Robust.

Chills and Fever.

S. RIVAL, a Planter at Sugar Sore, La., says: My plantation is in a malarial district. For several years I could not make half a crop on account of bilious diseases and chills. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of TUTT'S PILLS. The result was marvelous: my laborers soon became hearty and robust, and I have had no further trouble.

They relieve the congested Liver, cleanse the System from poisonous humors, and cause the bowels to act naturally, without which no one can feel well.

Try this remedy fairly, and you will quickly find that Health, Strength, Vigor and Flesh will follow. Sold everywhere, and a General Agency: Price, 25 Cents. Office, 39 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, and acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of One Dollar.

Office, 39 Murray Street, New York.

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

Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoarhound for Coughs & Colds

Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoarhound for Whooping Cough

Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoarhound for Asthma

Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoarhound for Bronchitis

Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoarhound for Sore Throat

25 cents at all Drug Stores

Seasonable.

Harnesses of all kinds, Collars, Bridles, Hames, Blankets, Slaghtipers, Rugs, Backbands, everything that pertains to a complete in trimming business. Call and see me. It will profit you.

E. O. HICKMAN.

Poetry.

Human Hope.

FATHER RYAN.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart,
the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above
the mountain's head—
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the
shadow of same pain.
And the smile is scarcely flitted ere the anguished fear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without
weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which never
heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary Winter there has
never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the
calmest Summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing, and we move
amid the night,
And we grope along together, half in darkness half in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the
mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and never
wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon and our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the
meaning and the key:
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it
hangs the Crucified,
And He answers all our yearnings by the
whisper "Follow Me."

Select Story.

MISS PRUE'S PARTY.

"Thirty dollars and twenty-five cents—and I've 'arned it, mercy knows!"

Miss Merriweather glanced down at the little heap of fresh, new green and brown bills lying upon the whitely-scoured pine table, in a retrospective manner.

"Jest to think of the batches of turkeys I've rose—pampered 'em like they was babies, too—an' the 'piles of yaller belle-flowers and northern spies I've cut and dried, and the yards of domestic I've wove—yes, I do say I've 'arned it good!"

"An' you orto chuck it right straight into the bank, and it'll draw interest."

Miss Prue's sister, Mrs. Potter, a little, wilted looking woman, with a small nub of dusty, flaxen hair pinned tightly at the back of her head, who was manufacturing pumpkin preserves in a big brass kettle, swung over the blaze in the fire place, had one single idea of solid comfort—money at interest.

"Bank ain't always safe," remarked Miss Prue, half to herself; "an' I don't see as money's much use nowadays ef you can't get it et you want to. I reckon I'll buy some good out'n this, anyhow. I'm goin' to give it—

"A party!" screamed Meg Potter, a bouncing, black-eyed girl, in a red jacket, that was watering a thrifty plant that dwelt in an ancient coffee-boiler in the kitchen window. "Oh, yes, do Aunt Prue! and I'll help you to make the cakes, and we'll invite those charming Flashers that have just come from the city, and—"

"No, we won't!" said Prue, decisively. "Hit ain't agoin' to be no sich a affair; an' I'll tell you at on ce an' for all it's only a goin' to be a party for poor folks—them as don't never have no turkey or plum puddin'. I'm a goin' to scratch roun' in all the highways and byways for the poorest and mizzablest, an' make 'em all come; an' I'm a goin' to give 'em one good mess of frosted pound cake, an' lemon pies, an' bones turkey, an' cranberry jelly, an' all sich."

"Fudge!" grumbled Meg, thumping her watering-pot down with emphasis, "that won't be nice!"

"Landy mussey!" groaned Mrs. Potter, "you always was square, Prue Merriweather; but this here's the cap sheaf. They'll most likely git sick, an' blame you fer it, an' call you names, an' your money'll all be wasted, when you might save it up. Ef you're afraid of a bank, lend it out—"

"I'm a goin' to," interrupted Miss Prue. "Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." I'm a goin' to lend this much to the Lord, anyway."

"But you won't git no interest," mourned her sister, stirring up her preserves with much dejection.

"I ain't afraid of getting cheated, no way," said Miss Prue, drily.

And as there was no hope whatever of persuading her to change her mind, her sister and niece were constrained to make the best of it, and help along with the preparations.

"Looks like as if you was a cookin' your weddin' dinner, Prue Merriweather," tittered Miss Jemima Jonquil, appearing in the doorway with a purple calico apron pinned over her head, and glancing critically at the row of lemon and cocoanut upon the cupboard, beside which stood a great cake studded with raisins and citron. "I come to fetch your patter back; an' seemed like I smelt nutmegs an' things here, so I come this way.

Miss Jonquil was chunky and fair, and had a softly insinuating manner and light gray eyes.

"Law me!" she continued, gliding in, and plumping herself into a rocking chair by the fire, "et ain't this very identy years ago that you was cookin' up things jest like you air now, 'cause you 'lowed Jim Griggs would be back from Idyho next day. We all tote you not to put he faith in his promisin'—like as not he wouldn't come, he was always so keerless; but you was just that headstrong you would fix for him, an' hev a party to welcome him, anyhow reckon you thought it might be your weddin' day ef he luck a notion to suggest it—fer I s'pose he hedn't spoke already."

"You needn't bother yourself none about whether he hed or not," said Miss Prue flushing. "He didn't never come, so I reckon you was satisfied."

"Oh, now, Prue!" said Miss Jemima reproachfully, "you know I was awfully sorry when he did'nt come, you looked so distressed like; an' I pitied you ever since. Seemed like you thought such a heap of Jim; ef he'd only returned, you might a been Mrs. Griggs all this time. But sakes! he must be married long ago, an' I s'pose you don't expect ever to be nothing but an old maid now?"

Miss Jonquil, being fully six months younger than Miss Merriweather, could afford this fling.

"I don't expect nothing only what Providence sends," said Miss Prue contemplatively, setting a plate of cranberry tarts in the window to cool.

A great fire roared in Miss Merriweather's parlor next day, upon the andirons, whose glittering brass heads flashed back the light in broken glints, and the strange guests were soon assembled, enjoying the novelty and exchanging greetings, comments and criticisms.

"Dear me!" said an old lady in a linsey shawl, who earned a scanty living by knitting socks for the village store, "if there ain't Jane Higgs, that washed for them rough miners—and looking as she thought she was as good as anybody!"

"And just see old Daddy Skifkins, with his wall eyes and bristles! I know he'll spoil my appetite," remarked Mrs. Baker, who was almost helpless with dropsy. "I do think he might have had sense enough to stay away—the old ape!"

But Daddy Skifkins, far from suspecting himself of being an object of aversion, was bent on himself agreeable to all, and trotted about from the fire to the dining room door with gleeful exclamations of—"Crickey, what a hunkey fire! She's an angel, Miss Pure is! Tisere's a turkey bigger'n a wash tub! Bless her heart! don't it jest make a fellow feel like goin' to church? What a cake! Ain't it a screamer!" etc., until Mrs. Baker requested him to shut his mouth and not make a fool of himself.

Miss Prue felt that she had an ample reward in the happiness she had the means of bestowing upon these poor creatures, into whose lives so few such gleams as this had fallen.

"If people would only seek happiness in in this manner they would find it oftner," she thought.

Meg, who was helping her aunt set the table, found the affair rather an interesting experiment; and even Mrs. Potter conceded that lending to the Lord was not a bad investment.

Miss Merriweather was just finishing off her table arrangements with a great glass dish of oranges, when Daddy Skifkins came skippin out in much excitement.

"Miss Prue," he exclaimed, there's a fellow outside says kain't he come in 'cause it's a snowin' powerful? An' Mrs. Baker an' Granny Larkins says he shain't come in; but seems kinder rough on a feller to not hev no place to go, an' I reckon he ain't an'—"

"Of course he can come in," said Miss Prue, settling the last orange. "Wait—I'll let him in myself."

As she opened the door, a tall form, in rough, gray overcoat, all dappled with snow, walked in.

"Prue!" exclaimed a deep voice, just a little tremulous.

And, without further notice, the tall and saucy stranger gave Miss Prue a very snowy hug.

"Jim—Jim Griggs—is it really you?" the face of all the guests, who had trooped into the hall, with Mrs. Potter and Meg close behind.

"It's Jim Griggs and nobody else!" returned the stranger, cheerily. "And every year for the past ten it's been my intention to come home on this very day of this very month, because it's the anniversary of that day I promised to come, when I got all but killed in a smash-up, and robbed afterward; and when I got into a traveling condition, come back I wouldn't, with never a cent, when I made a fortune; and I vowed a vow not to come till I had it back—which I have done at last—and to come this night when I did. Letters we poor wretches couldn't send oftner than once in six months, and they mostly went astray—all the mail-agents didn't put in his pocket for safe keeping—so I wouldn't risk it, not being any hand to write, any way, and I always said next year I'll go sure. I knew you'd wait for me, Prue, my darling, and here you are, with everything and everybody, to welcome back the prodigal!"

Mr. Griggs finished his explanation before the beauteous fire, with Daddy Skifkins revolving around him in a perfect ecstacy, and everybody talking at once.

Miss Prue took the opportunity to indulge in a thankful little cry behind the dining-room door. But it somehow happened that while the guests were enjoying their banquet—for which Mrs. Baker's appetite was not found to be seriously impaired by Daddy Skifkins' presence—Mr. Griggs persuaded Miss Prue to take a little walk with him as far as the minister's residence.

"Pears like it was her weddin' dinner she was a cookin', after all," said Miss Jonquil, when she heard the news. "But, law sakes!" she added, with a titter, "twere'nt a very stylish affair. I would not have no sich a weddin'!"

Which remark did not trouble the late Miss Merriweather in the least.

"Golden Medical Discovery" has been used with signal success in consumption of the lungs, comparative night sweats, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis and kindred affections of throat and chest. Sold by druggists.

A plain spoken woman recently visited a married friend and said to her: "How did you manage to amuse yourself?" "Amuse?" said the other, "don't you know that I have my housework to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to do, but as it is never done I concluded you must have some way of passing the time."

No more sick chickens. Save your poultry, and cure them of disease, by using Roberts' Poultry Powder. It has never failed to cure cholera, and all diseases to which fowls are subject. Price 25 cents per package.

What is the difference between freight and cargo? A horse car conductor says the passengers make the freight, and the horses make the car go.

"Men must work and women weep,
Sir runs the world away!"

But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

It is said there are more lies told in the sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other six words in the English language.

Nervousness, peevishness, and fretting so often connected with overworked females' lives, is rapidly relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Doing the South Justice.

"M. Quad," writing from the South to the Detroit *Free Press*, says:

In Charleston I met a Michigan det who has served two terms in the Michigan Legislature, held a Federal office of some prominence in the State, and been famous as a politician in the Republican party. After we had walked around for an hour I asked:

"Now, then, what do you think of these people? You have seen them with their coats off, and can judge them as they are."

"I tell you I'm ashamed of myself!" was his reply. "When I think of how we have lied about them and their institutions, I am ashamed to look them in the face."

"Have they treated you well?"

"Splendidly."

"And they knew you were from the North?"

"Yes."

"And that you were a strong Republican?"

"Yes."

"And what do you think of the darkey?"

"D—n him, sir, d—n him!" was his hearty exclamation. "We wouldn't stand the half from him that the South does. He is lazy, shiftless, thievish and a general nuisance. I've talked with a score of 'em, and they are as ignorant as our horses. They vote my ticket, but they can't tell me why. They have no reason, no argument, no principle, and so little sense that I wonder how they get through the week."

"When you return home you'll do the South justice?"

"How?"

"Why, you'll talk to your party members just as you have talked to me."

"N—o, I can't do that," he answered. "If I should go back and tell 'em exactly how things are, I'd—I'd—"

"You'd lose your grip?"

"Exactly."

"And to keep your grip you must continue to lie about, abuse and malign the people who have taken you to their dinner-tables and shown you every possible kindness and courtesy! You must continue to claim that they don't give the black man a fair show, when you know better! You must continue to call 'em rebels, when you see every Federal law obeyed, and everybody contented and happy! Colonel, politics is a nasty business."

"Cuss politics!" he growled, as he left me at the corner.

How to Learn to Swim.

Every boy and girl should learned to swim. A writer in the American Agriculturist offers the following suggestions, by obedience to which the art of swimming may be readily acquired:

When I was a boy I learn to swim by safest method possible. If corks are used they may slip from around the breast down beneath the body, throw the head below the surface and putting the wearer in danger of drowning.

Some country boys get two bladders and then tie them together with a short cord and use them as supports. They are the most dangerous thing possibly for a boy to have.

The board is perfectly safe, and one can learn to swim in a very short time by using one. It should be over four feet long, over a foot wide and two inches thick, white pine or cedar.

To use it, a boy wades into the water up to his shoulders, then taking hold of the end of the board he pushes it before him—towards the bank, and not into deeper water—springs forward with his feet and throws himself flat upon the water.

This movement carries him along for a few feet. He then draws up both his legs at the same time, keeping the knees as far apart as possible, and then strike out with both feet, not straight backward, but sideways, just like a frog does.

The stride is made slowly and is repeated again, drawing up the legs slowly and steadily. The board keeps the head above water. When the leg stroke is learned, one hand is taken from the board and that stroke learned or the chin may be rested on the board, while the stroke is taken with both hands.

This is a very good plan, and it compels the swimmer to keep his hands under the water, which he should always do. By and by the board may be pushed ahead, and the young swimmer after it, always keeping it in within reach. When a number of boys go to swim they should always have two or three of these boards with them for use in case of any accident.

M. B. Roberts' Poultry Powder will the worst case of cholera or gapes. With M. B. Roberts' Poultry Powder you can increase the number of eggs 50 per cent. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per package.

A Louisiana man has had three wives in four years. He traded one for a farm, another for a pair of horses, and the third for a mule. He is only 40 years old, and expects to stock is farm entirely if he has good luck.

A doctor, attending a wit who was very ill, apologized for being late one day by saying that he had to stop to see a man that had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" inquired the other.

"The wicked walk in slippery places, but the righteous"—well, the righteous slip in walking places; and the dividing line between saint and sinner is the blue streak immediately following a collapse.

When you feel out of sorts, have the blues, melancholy, etc., it must be indigestion that ails you. Brown's Iron Bitters cures it.

"Is it injurious to eat before going to sleep?" asks a correspondent. Why no, not fatally injurious, but you just try eating after you go to sleep if you want to see a circus.

The obituary notice of a much respected lady concludes with—"In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed; and her death—oh, how consoling to her friends."

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Pellets." Sold by druggists.

In trade what article is usually considered as occupying the foremost rank? Strong butter.

Advertisements.

MALARIA

Malaria is an almost indescribable malady which not even the most talented physicians are able to fathom. Its cause is most frequently ascribed to local surroundings, and there is very little question, but this opinion is substantiated by facts. Malaria does not necessarily mean chills and fever while these troubles usually accompany it. It often affects the sufferer with general lassitude, accompanied by loss of appetite, sleeplessness, a tired feeling and a high fever, the person afflicted growing weaker and, weaker, loses flesh day after day, until he becomes a mere skeleton, a shadow of his former self.

Malaria once having laid its hold upon the human frame, the door of the system is thrown open to nervous diseases. The body weak and enfeebled, shows no vitality, the digestive organs so longer perform their functions; the liver becomes torpid, and other organs failing to do their duties, nervous prostration and death are apt to ensue.

In addition to being a certain cure for malaria and chills and fever, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially indigestion, dyspepsia, intermittent fevers, want of appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs. It is for sale by all respectable dealers in medicines, price, $1 per bottle.

Be sure and get the genuine BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. Take no other.

ROLAND CHILLED PLOWS.

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