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.

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The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1882. VOL. XVIII.--NO 7

Lumber Business.

SAM'L BURNS & CO.

LUMBER

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS &c.

104 LIGHT ST. 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 BOXES.

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.

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TUNIS' MILLS, MD.

January 14, 1882-1yr

LUMBER!

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Building Materials,

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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.

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Comparison of Quality and Prices Solicited.

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AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Send in your orders early.

Very Respectfully,

GEO. W. BECK.

Sept. 5-tf.

Medical.

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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.

Back Ache

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Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the powerful discovered pain and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.

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Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognised by the profession.

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Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.

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Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A NEW REMEDY FOR ALL. Price 25 Cts.
HEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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A DISORDERED LIVER IS THE BANE

of the present generation. It is the Cure of this disease and its attendants, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, PILES, etc., that Tutt's Pills have gained a world-wide reputation. No Medicine has ever been discovered that acts so gently 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.

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E. RIVAL, a Planter at Bayou Sara, 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 engorged Liver, cleanse the blood from poisonous humors, and cause the bowels to act naturally, without which no one can feel well.

Try this remedy fairly, and you will gain a healthy Digestion, Vigorous Body, Pure Blood, Strong Nerves, and a Sound Liver. Price, 25 Cents. Office, 39 Murray St., N. Y.

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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.

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Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoar Hound for Coughs & Colds

Sines Expectorant Compound

Infallible Embrocation for Rheumatism

Fly the Sick will cure you

25 cents for all Sines Syrups

Infallible Remedy for Toothache

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Seasonable.

Harness of all kinds, Collars, Bridles, Hames, Traces, Singletrees, Rope, Backbands, everything the farmer needs to put him in trim for the coming season. Call and see me. It will profit you.

E. C. HOOLE.

Poetry.

TIME AND THE MAIDEN.

A little girl rock'd in a fairy boat,
By the waves of the river of life afloat,
And her golden tresses and laughter gay
Floated back on the breeze as she sped away;
And she gaily cried to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
And bear me away from this blossoming wood
To the beautiful island of maidenhood."

The maiden's isle has been reach and passed—
Still on and beyond is her fond gaze cast,
As she cries again to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
For my lover is waiting by yonder shore,
With a gilded bark and a golden oar;
Love sits at the helm to cheer and guide,
And he watcheth for me his chosen bride."

Oh, love, what a beautiful freight hast thou!
The bark is laden from stem to prow,
And the mother gazes with loving pride
On her mate and the dear ones who throng her side;
Yet still she cries to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
For Wealth, and Fame, and Honor await
My loved ones when they shall reach man's estate."

And now the river is deep and wide,
And branches flow from its either side,
And the children, to man and womanhood grown,
Are launching forth boats of their own.
And the mother cries, with a sudden fear,
"Oh, tarry, gray boatman, yet longer here;
Why hurry on with such speed, I pray?
You are bearing my loved ones all away."

Again she rocks in a boat alone,
And her heart keeps time to the waves' low moan,
As she feebly cries to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
For the dear ones have gone from my loving care,
They have drifted out on the sea so fair,
And I long to be with them and part no more
On the tireless waves of the golden shore."

Miscellaneous.

NO FICTION.

(*MacMillan's Magazine for October.*)

The editor is in possession of the name of the author of the following singular narrative and of the place at which it happened, and has every reason to be satisfied of the entire bona fide truthfulness of the writer, a clergyman of the Church of England.

Early in January, 1879, clerical duty called me into the northwest of England. In the midst of a heavy fall of snow, my family and I took possession of the official residence provided for us.

It was an old, stone house of one story; roofed, in part with ancient stone slabs, in part with modern slates; and standing in a garden bare of trees. A wide passage ran back from the entrance towards the kitchen, where there were two doors; the one leading in the yard, the other into the larder, which was, in fact, a roomy cellar at the foot of a flight of very old stone steps. The five bedrooms all opened on a square land.

"How about the roof?" I asked of the man in charge.

"All right, sir; everything has been carefully seen to; and, when the thaw comes, I'll warrant you'll not be troubled, anything to matter.

In a few days we had shaken down; and the verdict on our new home was, "Not grand, but decidedly cosy.

A tall, cold, fleshy, rosy young woman had undertaken to be our one servant. Sparing of words was she, but not sparing of work.

"The incarnation of stupidity and stolidity," said my son Primus.

"Ove thy thing for us," said his mother.

This girl's name being Stillwell, soon became corrupted into Stillwater; or, for short, Still.

It was splendid skating weather. The low lying meadows were flooded to the depth of a foot or more, and one glided along over acres of smooth, green, transparent ice. Every day we sallied forth, my three boys, their sister and I, to take our fill of enjoyment in this icy paradise; coming back to bask all the evening before the bright golden sunshine and the silvery ashes of a north-country coal fire.

My wife has the weak habit of going to "tuck up" her boys after they are in bed. One night the voice sounded so angry that she ran up in haste to see what was wrong. On entering their room she found the two elder boys sitting up in bed hurling injurious and derisive epithets at some person or persons unknown.

"Let me just find out who you are and you'll get such a jolly good licking as you'll remember," announced Primus, gazing wrathfully at the ceiling.

"Oh, you blooming idiot! I wish I'd your boots. I'd throw them at your head. Be off! I'm taking a sight at you," shouted Secundus, nose and fingers upturned in the same direction.

"Are you both mad?" inquired the stern, maternal voice.

"It's that fellow, mother, that I told you about. He's on the roof again. Just listen to the row he makes."

"Nonsense," said his mother; but she stood listening for some time.

"Oh, you coward!"

"Ah, you funk!" proceeded from the two beds. Not a sound above.

"I have had no row on the roof, remarked mother, with dignified emphasis; and, having performed the usual ceremony, she departed; and came and told me of the whole affair, concluding with, "I wonder if it can be rats."

"Not a doubt of it."

Next morning the boys were full of their nocturnal visitor; and declared that no sooner had the drawing room door shut than the scrampling and trampling began again.

"History tells of a certain cat who wore top boots; but I never heard of rats adopting the fashion," I remarked.

"Rats, father! why we know the sound of them well enough. And they run between the ceiling and the roof. But this is unmistakable boots, with plenty of hobnails in them, too, on the outside of the roof. We expected every moment to see the fellow's legs come through plaster and all. I think I may be permitted to speak with authority on the subject of boots and roofs in conjunction."

He certainly might, for he had pummelled the roofs of all the outbuildings at S——, to the great detriment of tiles and slates.

"Well, then," continued Primus, with the air of an adept. "I am so sure it was a boy of my size in hobnailed boots, that I feel as if I had seen them. I could swear to them."

"Come out and have a look," was my reply.

There lay the white mantle, smooth and glistening in the sunshine, and untrodden by so much as the foot of a tom cat.

The boys looked at each other in amazement. "I don't care," said Secundus, defiantly. "I shall always believe it was a boy."

"It's the rummest thing I ever knew," slowly remarked Primus.

"If Boots come again, the only thing you have to do is to wish him a good night, and to cover up your ears," was my recommendation.

That evening, just as we were about to begin prayers, we were all startled by some tremendous blows on the cellar door. My wife, thinking there must be some one at the back door, told Stillwater to go and see who could be knocking in that outrageous way.

The girl did not stir. After a moment, she said, "It's the cellar door."

"Impossible!" said her mistress, "go quickly and see what it is."

We heard the unlocking and relocking of the yard door. When the girl came back she said there was no one there. Presently, while I was reading, there came more loud blows, as if struck by a heavy fist; and unmistakably against the cellar door.

When prayers was ended we went to make acquaintance with our mysterious captive. On opening the door there was nothing to be seen but the flights of steps.

My wife and I exchanged glances which said very plainly, "A sweetheart." So as the youth appeared shy, I gave him an encouraging invitation to come forth and show himself. No reply.

"I am determined to know who you are," said I, nobly plunging into the abyss, the boys at my heels. Nothing whatever to be seen and not a corner in which anything bigger than a mouse could hide. The window? It was tightly closed up for the winter and was, besides, blocked with snow. I was certainly mystified; but I sent the young ones off to bed with an assurance that wind in an old house was capable of making the most extraordinary noises, and in illustration, we all in turn shook the door; not, however, producing anything like the previous effect.

"It must have been at the back door," said my wife, with a searching look at Stillwater.

"No; it's the cellar door that does it," quietly replied the girl.

"How can it make that noise of itself?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever hear it before?"

"Yes, this evening, when Miss was at the piano."

We decided that we must watch Stillwater.

In the course of the night we were awoke by the agreeable sound of "Drip, drip, drip," in one corner of the room. My wife put a basin beneath with a towel in it to deaden the sound. Presently "drip, drip" again just outside of the door, which we always kept open.

"There's a sudden thaw, and we're in for it," said I. "Let's go to sleep. It won't hurt the floor cloth.

But there was no going to sleep; for the drip came faster than ever until it increased to a little stream. There were no matches in the room, but I managed to find my bath and to set it, with a blanket inside it, under the spot whence the sound came.

When, at breakfast, I announced the sad news of the sudden thaw, there was a chorus of exclamations, "Why! everything is as hard as iron," &c., &c.

The mother meanwhile was directing her hand-maiden to dry up the water which had come in during the night. The girl stared. When she came into the room again her mistress asked her what she had done with the wet blanket. She stared more expressively, and was mute.

"Don't you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am. But there is no wet blanket and no water to wipe up."

Up stairs went mistress and servant and in two minutes back came my wife, looking quite bewildred.

"There's not a trace of water anywhere," said she, "and yet, after you were asleep, I heard it drip fast upon the counterpane, just at my feet."

Our delighted offspring settled it that mother had been dreaming and Primus irreverently hinted that I had generously lent my bath in order to escape my morning shudder.

When Tertius was being tucked up that night he asked, "Who was that person who came and looked at me after I was in bed?"

"Stillwater, I suppose."

"Oh, no! It was an old woman and she had a funny cap on."

"You dreamed her, dear."

"But I hadn't been to sleep. And I turned my head to the wall and when I looked for her again she had gone away."

"You must have been half asleep. Now go to sleep quite and finish the dream."

The next night Primus began:

"Mother! wish you would tell that old party not to come into my room without knocking. I had just got into bed, happened to glance across to the drawers and there she stood coolly looking at me. I was disgusted and turned my back upon her. Presently I looked out of the tail of my eye to see what she was doing, but she'd cut."

"You don't know who it was?"

"No. She looked like one of the charwomen—Boot's mother, I dare say. These people are cool enough for anything."

My wife called to Stillwater to ask if Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Jones had been in that evening. She was answered that no one had been.

"Then you must have been half asleep, although you did not know it and have dreamed."

"Yes, I suppose so. But it seemed very real. At any rate, I'm half asleep now," murmured Primus.

Night after night we were roused by the voice of this or that child. Their mother always went to them and always found them sleeping peacefully, though a minute before there had been sobbing and moaning. It was bitterly cold and I persuaded her not to go at the first call. Then there was whimpering on the stairs.

One night we had both been lying awake for some time listening to what seemed like cautious steps, first on the landing and then in our room itself. We had tried to persuade ourselves that it might be mice. But no; there were distinct steps as of a person waking. Yet, though we followed the sound with our eyes, we saw nothing. Suddenly there was a howl of anguish, like the cry of a large animal in pain. It thrilled us with horror, for it came from our daughters' room, though it was not possible for it to be their voices. When we reached their bedside, they were calmly sleeping and were not even roused by our entrance with the light. I made quiet observations next day, both inside and outside of the house.

"If you please, ma'am, may I have my sister to sleep with me?" said Stillwater to her mistress.

"Are you afraid to sleep alone?"

"No, I'm not afraid."

"Then why do you wish it?"

No answer; only a very earnest look.

"Why! Stillwell, you look as if you had seen a ghost," said her mistress, laughingly.

"Yes, ma'am, I have," she replied very quietly.

"And what did it look like?"

"Like Mrs. X——, just as she was of afternoons."

"Come, come! she ought to have been all in white you know."

"No, she was not in white. She had on the same sort of cap she always wore, and the same dress and white apron."

"I hope you asked her what she wanted."

"No, ma'am; I lay still and looked at her; and then I sat up and looked at her hard; and presently I could not see her."

"It was no doubt a dream, and you will probably never have such another."

"No, I am sure it was not a dream. Besides; I have seen her twice before; when I was walking about."

"Out of doors?"

"No, ma'am; in the house. One afternoon, towards dusk, she came and looked at me through the window. I wondered how she could be there, and I looked at her for a good little time."

"And then?"

"And then she was not there. And I went to the window and looked out, but she was gone."

"What was the use of your going to the window, when you knew she was dead?"

"I don't know. She looked just as if she was alive. The other time I was kneeling down on the run making your fire burn up. She passed straight before me."

"Oh! nonsense. She would have set fire to her clothes."

Still looked injured; but quietly persisted:

"She did, ma'am. She passed straight between me and the fire."

"How could she do that? Really, Still, for a sensible young woman, you are very full of fancies."

"It was not a fancy, either of the times, ma'am. I did see her, I did indeed. I hope you will believe me."

"Yes; I quite believe that you saw Mrs. P——. You may have your sister to sleep with you."

Now it is not a pleasant thing for any man, still less for one of my profession, to confess that he has felt "creepy" on account of certain inexplicable sounds. But, as this is a perfectly true account; I am compelled to acknowledge that it happened to me again and again during the time of my dwelling in the Old Lodge. And I also declare that my wife and I were perfectly well in health, and that we had never before been the victims of similar terrors. Furthermore, though we spoke of the noises, we at first abstained from mentioning our sensations to each other.

After an hour's sleep, I would be aroused; as if at the command of some person, unseen indeed, but certainly in the room. Then a small something, say a marble, would be gently dropped, more than once on the carpet, close at my bedside; sometimes on the floor-cloth, just outside the open door. Then the marble would be gently rolled on the boards of the room and up against the skirting board.

It was an immense relief when, one night, we encountered each other's eyes as we lay listening, and both made a clean breast of our terrors. Yes, nothing short of that word will do. We agreed that the first sufferer should wake the other. But my wife had found it not always possible to carry out this determination. "What did you hear?" I asked her once.

"The chest of drawers was moved over the floor," she replied. "I am thankful you spoke to me, for I have for some time been trying to wake you, but was not allowed. In fact, I have been kept perfectly motionless."

I had heard precisely the same sound, yet the drawers did not appear to have been actually moved. The sounds were so distinct that we always connected them with some special article. Now, it was a chair or the towel-horse that was moved. Now, it was the loud snapping of a thick stick in the hall. Now, it was a violent blow on the hall table, struck as if with my own walking stick, which I remembered to have left there, and which I found there in the morning. Once, the heaviest book on my writing-table appeared to be dropped, as if from the height of a man, on the floor-cloth in the hall. Then a smaller one. I always myself shut the doors of the rooms leading into the hall.

Of course I tried in every way to account for the mystery; but, after a time, I could only resign myself to lie awake and wonder. The nights were bitterly cold. On one occasion when there had been a persistent dropping of nuts in a corner of the room, I jumped up in desperation and held the light close to the spot. In a second the sound was behind me. I whisked round, but—tapping to right of me, tapping to left of me, tapping in every direction, without a second's intermission. No sooner did I look towards one spot than the dropping of nuts was at the other end of the room. It was as if some mischievous elf were enjoying himself at my expense.

Our boys had gone to spend a day or two with some friends; and their mother, not liking the look of the empty room, had closed the door in passing; giving it a push to make sure that it was fast. That night, we heard the door shut with a tremendous bang. Even had it been left open there was no wind to move it.

Another night, when we had been awoke in the usual way, there was an agreeable variety in the entertainment. A delicate, flute-like sound proceeded from the closed dining-room. Again and again a distinct and long-sustained musical note was of some small pipe. Then the sets of funk-note, then the octave, repeated many times; then the seventh and octave, over and over again. We were greatly puzzled. The piano was not in that room. And the sound certainly suggested a wind instrument of sweet tone.

I went down early next morning, and found to my surprise a concertina lying on a table. I lifted the handle and there came forth a long-drawn note, the very note I had heard in the night. My wife called out to me from up stairs, "That's it! that's it! What is it?"

Without attempting to disentangle her speech, I held up the concertina.

"Oh! that is Phil's. He must have left it behind. But it was the very note; there is no doubt of it."

We locked the thing up in its box, and put it inside a bookcase, and next night we were treated to a repetition of the musical notes, only muffled.

It was not only during the night that the noises were heard. For instance, I was reading by the fading afternoon light when a chair on the other side of the room seemed to be moved from its place; so that I instinctively turned my head to see who had entered the room. Again, I was about to go down the cellar steps, in the afternoon, when I heard a heavy pickling pan dragged along the stone floor below. I quite thought some one was down there; but, as usual, there was no one to be seen, and the pan was in its place.

At 11 o'clock A. M. my wife and Still were on the landing. The girl was telling her mistress that she had heard Mrs. X's voice the evening before. Her mistress told her she was giving way to fancies.

"But Mary Jones heard it too. She had just brought in the eggs, and stood listening to the singing in the drawing-room. Then I heard Mrs. X.'s angry voice again, on the stairs, and Mary said, 'Who's shouting?' I said I didn't know, and she said, 'It must be the missis. Lor! how angry she is to, holler like that. Doesn't she like 'em to sing?'"

"In an old house like this," began my wife, "there may be many noises caused by"——

Suddenly a noise, as if a shower of small pieces of the ceiling came down sharply on the floor-cloth, caused mistress and maid to start back in affright, and involuntarily to look up. There was not a crack to be seen. Then the two pairs of eyes searched the floor in every direction; their owners cautiously standing within the shelter of two doorways. Not a morsel of any kind could they discover.

"What was that, ma'am?" inquired Stillwater, fixing her sleepy gaze on her mistress.

"I cannot tell," was the only reply that occurred to that intelligent lady.

One morning the post brought me orders to "move on." Instead of grumbling I hailed them with delight. For we seldom get a decent night's rest and my wife's nerves were beginning to be weakened by the constant strain upon them.

The Old Lodge had been for years in the charge of Mrs. X——, who had borne the character of a highly respectable old lady, with the drawbacks of being somewhat misanthropical and very svaricious.

I am perfectly aware of the ridicule with which stories of this nature are generally received. I can only repeat that I have related an absolutely true experience for which I am utterly unable to account. I have no theory on the subject. I have always felt a strong distaste for so called spiritualism. I perceive the inconsequence and even childishness of my story, and yet it will always remain, to the story-teller, a serious Fact.

J. G. P.

Hearts were made to break,
Hands were made to squeeze,
Eyes were made to rove about,
And make men do as they please.

Ears were made to burn,
Feet were made to show,
Girls were made to flirt with the men,
But men with the girls,—oh no!

Hair was made to curl and friz,
Cheeks were made to blush,
Arms were made to 'circle the girls,
And lips were made,—oh, hush!

A SMART MAN

is one who does his work quickly and well. This is what Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" does as a blood-purifier and strengthener. It arouses the torpid liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

A refractory Irishman in jail, named Dennis McGinniss, refused to work. The keeper said to him: "McGinniss, you go to work or to the pump." "Niver," replied the Irishman. A second time the keeper ordered Dennis to work, but he refused to move an inch. "Now, for the last time, McGinniss," exclaimed the keeper, "you go to work or to the pump." "Niver, sir," said McGinniss straightening up to the full dignity of a man. "Bedad sir, I'll lave the jail first."

EXTRAVAGANCE

is a crime; and ladies *can not afford* to do without Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which by preserving and restoring health, preserves and restores that beauty which depends on health.

A learned clergyman in the state of Maine was thus addressed by an illiterate preacher, who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning." "A similar event," replied the clergyman, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence in the present day."

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

The editor of a Virginia paper was asked by a stranger "if it were possible that little town kept up four newspapers." And the reply was: "No; it takes four newspapers to keep up the town."

Containing all the essentials of a true tonic, and sure to give satisfaction, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

It is estimated by the census of 1880 that there is an average of five and a quarter persons to each family. An exchange unfeelingly adds: "In many of them the husband is the quarter."

A well-to-do farmer in Union county, N. J., who wanted a wife, took a second on trial to ascertain the sleeping qualities of the suited and he married her.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost Health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

39 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 3.
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