The Easton Star.

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

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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 option of the editor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months. Subscribers out of the county $1 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 for 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 rates.

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

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 HEMLCCK* 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.

Miscellaneous.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all **Malaria, Bilious attacks,** Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, **but is no intoxicating beverage.**

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe **purgative, alterative** and **tonic** can never be out of place. **The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.**

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,

And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. JANEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

☞ Take only the **Genuine,** which always has on the Wrapper the **red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.**

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ROLAND

CHILLED PLOWS.

Every farmer in Maryland should use the **"Roland."** The Mouldboard is harder than steel. They will do more work than any other Plow with the same amount of draft. They run level and easy to the plowman. They will scour in any soil. Having the reversible slip point, sloping landside and chilled shares, they cost less for repairs than any other plow in the market. Made in Baltimore, the repairs can always be obtained without delay. The workmanship, material and finish is of the best. There are fourteen sizes and kinds, and they are suited to all kinds of soil. Send for descriptive circular.

CHAMPION

GRAIN DRILL.

This Drill has force feed distributors for both wheat and grass seed, and has the only fertilizer distributor that will not clog, and will evenly distribute wet and sticky phosphate. It will sow grain, grass seed and fertilizer more satisfactorily than any other drill in America. It is the simplest and strongest drill made. It is more easily managed and less liable to get out of order than any drill in the market. As it is the leading drill in this market, and several thousands have been sold during the past few years, a large stock of repairs is always on hand. Send for circular.

BRITISH MIXTURE.

The popularity of this celebrated fertilizer is not due alone to the price, but to the fact that its effects are uniformly good, and that it has been found the equal of the highest priced and best phosphates in the market. It gives more value for each dollar paid than any other fertilizer in the land. Send for circular and price list.

E. B. WHITMAN,
Manufacturer of
AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES,
Office and Salesroom
104 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

To Smokers.—Imported Key West and Domestic Cigars. All the popular brands of Cigarettes, at Hayward & Brother's

WANTED:

Calves, Lambs, Wool, Hides, Furs, Bones, Iron, Rags, in fact everything in which Hucksters deal, and for which the highest cash price will be paid. Headquarters at Cox's Grocery, corner of Washington street and Point road.

SHANNAHAN & CO.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE!

I have just returned from the City with a full line of

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

FOR

MEN, YOUTHS,

BOYS & CHILDREN!

GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

Large Size Pants

Always on hand.

I have just added to my stock a full line of

HATS,

TRUNKS.

VALISES & SATCHELS

Which will be sold at the Lowest Prices.

MOSES HERZ,

WASHINGTON STREET.

Poetry.

WHICH ONE?

One of us dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with a nameless fear,
And clasp a hand
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land.
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one –
Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep;
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know;
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Shall speak glad words the other cannot hear;
And fully know
All we have dimly groped for here below;
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be,
It may be you will slip from me;
My little life may first be done;
I'm glad we do not know
Which one.

Select Story.

A Narrow Escape.

As I surveyed myself in the glass I felt a conscious blush rising to my face. I wanted to look my best to-night, and I knew that my white dress and pearls became me well.

"There, that'll do now, Miss Gertie, dear, you look just lovely."

Poor old nurse! according to her I was always lovely. Whether arrayed in silk or cotton, ball dress or morning gown, her verdict remained the same.

"Give me a kiss, nursie," I cried, "and then go and get ready while I show myself to papa. How do I do, papa?" I demanded, bursting upon him in all the splendor of my attire.

"Eh, my little girl," he said, looking up from the book he was reading; "are you ready to start so soon?"

"Yes, I promised to be the first arrival, you know; and please, I want your candid opinion. Nurse thinks I look lovely."

"I am afraid nurse is a partial critic," he returned with a fond smile. "You look very nice indeed, my darling. You are growing wonderfully like your mother."

I knew that this was the highest praise he could give me, and forgetful alike of my dignity and my extensive train, I ran to him and clasped my arms around his neck.

"You dear old papa! You're sure you don't mind my leaving you—and you won't feel lonely without me, will you?"

"No, my child—no."

As I drove along with nurse in her prim black bonnet seated opposite to me, my heart beat high with nervous anticipation. I was going to my first party; for though I was eighteen, papa and I had lived such retired lives that till lately I had known nothing of the gayeties usual to girls of my age. Six months previously, the Mortons, some old friends of my father's, had settled in the neighborhood, and at their house I had begun to appear in society. Already, on the strength of a few musical evenings and a garden party or two, I felt myself quite a dissipated person.

When we reached Holme Lodge, the large, comfortable old country mansion was all ablaze with light, and from the open door streamed an inviting flood of warmth and brilliance.

In the hall I was seized upon by Louie and Lottie Morton, the twin sisters.

"Come upstairs to our room," cried Lottie; "we shall have time for a nice chat before the people arrive."

The sitting room, specially appropriated to the girls for their use, was a pretty, cosy apartment. A wood fire was burning on the tiled hearth, and near by a table was set forth with a dainty repast of coffee and delicious cakes.

After we had examined and commented on each other's costumes, Louie began filling our cups just as a young lady entered. She was a friend staying on a visit—Isabella Saloni by name—and by birth, half Italian and half English. She looked remarkably well, in a dress of heavy, saffron-tinted brocade, and necklace, ear rings and bracelets of dull gold, and as I gazed at her I comprehended how lovely she was.

I was engaged to Rupert Morton for the first waltz; but we had only taken a couple of turns when he whispered—

"Do you particularly wish to finish this dance? If not, will you come into the conservatory? It is cool and pleasant there."

I was about to make some laughing rejoiner, but a look in his gray eyes stopped me, and I bowed an assent.

"Gertrude," he said softly, as we stood by a marble basin wherein a tiny fountain sent up a sparkling cascade of silvery drops, "do you guess why I asked you to come here?"

I glanced up at him saucily.

"Certainly; because it is so cool and pleasant," I replied.

"Ah, that was only the pretext, the excuse. You must guess my real reason, darling. You know I love you, do you not?"

I strove to cover my burning cheeks with my fingers; but he gently removed them and held them in his own as he bent his head to the level of my downcast eyes.

"Have you not a word to say to me? Can you not give me one word of hope?"

I could not at first speak, but he read his answer in my silence.

"Rupert, I murmured presently, raising my head from its resting place on his shoulder, "Rupert, do you know I—I thought—I was afraid that you liked Miss Saloni."

"You were indeed mistaken. No man could help admiring Miss Saloni; but believe me, my darling Gertrude, beyond admiration I have never given her a thought."

The rest of the evening sped swiftly by. If I had been happy before, I was ten times happier now. I danced every dance, and at supper Rupert contrived to secure a secluded corner, where he detained me so long that I offended one partner who sought me in vain.

I was to remain at Holme Lodge that night, and go home the next day, nurse having brought everything requisite for my stay, and placed ready before she retired.

Having exchanged my ball dress for a comfortably dressing gown, and my satin shoes for fur lined slippers, I sat by the fire in my bedroom, dreaming bright dreams, and weaving fairy fancies. I loved and was beloved. Was not that the height of human bliss? Could any other joy compare with it? Truly is it written:

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

It was long before I got into bed, but once there I fell into a deep slumber and no dreams of the future disturbed it.

Suddenly I awoke—awoke with a full, sure consciousness of the presence of some one or something terrible in the room. Who or what it was I could not tell, and I dared not to attempt to find out. I lay with my face turned to the wall, every limb stiff and still, and the chill blood in my veins curdling with fear.

At last an icy finger touched me; and as though under some mesmeric influence I slowly moved my head.

The fire had died out, but a night lamp was dimly burning, and by its light I saw a loosely robed figure, with a cloud of raven hair falling almost to its knees; hurdly glowing eyes, set in a deathly pallid face; and in one upraised hand a gleaming stiletto, with jeweled handle and finely pointed.

I could utter no cry; I could make no movement. I remained spellbound and dumb, my eyeballs staring and my lips blanching, knowing I was at the mercy of a mad woman, and recognizing in her Isabella Saloni.

Again she touched me; and, though I shuddered, I could not draw away.

"You sleep soundly," she said, "but you have awaked at last. The sleep of death is the soundest of all sleeps, for there is no awakening from it! And so he told you he loved you—you, not me! Oh, what do you know of love? What does he know of love? It is I who love, I—I—I!" and rose shrill and high. Then she continued, after a moment's pause, "I am going to kill you to-night. He cannot love you then. He will forget you, and it will be my turn."

But the spell was broken. With a piercing, echoing cry for help, I flung aside the bed clothing and sprang out on to the floor. There came one sharp, fierce blow, an agonizing pain—and then darkness and oblivion.

It was twilight when I came to my senses. The curtains were drawn, and a bright fire crackled cheerfully in the grate.

Vaguely wondering as to what had happened, I attempted to sit up, but the only effect of the exertion was a low moan of anguish.

A gentle voice addressed me soothingly—and Mrs. Morton leaned over me, and slipping her arm under the pillow, lifted me up, and gave me some cooling beverage to drink. I fell asleep directly, and when I awoke again gray day's light was creeping in at the window, and nurse was sitting by my side.

"Thank Heaven?" she ejaculated, fervently, as I feebly raised my hand. "Ah! but you're better, now, my lamb."

"Have I been ill?" I whispered.

"A little, dearie," she answered, tenderly stroking my hair.

"But—but what was it? Why am I not at home?"

"Hush! my pretty. You mustn't talk any more now. Lie still, and another time you shall hear all about it."

"Ah, me! What weary days, what weary weeks those were that I had to lie still. Waking and sleeping, I was haunted by half delirious visions of that dreadful night. I could not bear to be left alone for even a few minutes. A fluttering shadow in the corner, a fold of drapery, would nearly send me into hysterics.

At last when the birds were blithely carrolling a welcome to the spring, and trees and hedgerows were bursting into leaf, I was carried from my bed to a sofa in the adjoining room, and from that time recovery was more rapid.

Harvest was just over when Rupert and I were quietly married at a village church. The winter following we spent abroad. Papa joing us at Nice in October, and accompany us on the remainder of our travels.

Isabella Saloni is in a private asylum near London. Insanity, it appeared on inquiry, was hereditary in her family, though the fact had always been kept as secret as possible. Poor, poor girl! I only think of her now with intense pity and compassion.

"A Drop of Joy in Every Word."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs and face. I procured your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" and have taken six bottles, and to day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural healthy condition. I thought at one time that I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. Yours truly,

JAMES O. BELLIS,
Flemington, N. J.

"Discovery" sold by druggists.

Science says now that kissing on the lips must be abolished in the interest of health. Most potent, grave and reverend seigniors, scholars and philosophers, there are moments you know nothing of, when a man don't care two cents for science, and when he is going to plant hisses where they belong, if the laws of health are torn from Alpha to Bersheba

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affection, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A countryman took his watch to a watchmaker to have it repaired. After a few minutes work on it, the watchmaker handed it back with the remark that the damages were five dollars. "What was the matter with it?" asked the stranger. "There was a hair in it." "Was that all? You ought to have found a hair mattress in it for five dollars."

When a man says he is a miserable sinner, if you take him at his word and tell him you agree with him he will—well, it's on the whole better not to do it till you get on the other side of the fence.

A permanent restoration of exhausted and worn out functions follow the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

Miscellaneous.

How the Ancients Spent Money.

Tacitus informs us that Nero, the Roman emperor, gave away in presents to his friends $97,500,000. The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at $1,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper $1,562,500 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizens' supper. She was worth altogether $200,000,000. The luxury of Poppæ, beloved by Nero, was at least equal to that of Lollia. Pallas, the lover of Agrippina, left an estate in lands valued at $14,000,000. M. Scaurus had a villa worth $15,000,000, and this was only a small part of his immense fortune. The villa was burned by his slaves out of revenge for some injury.

The sums paid by the old Greeks and Romans for works of art make the present price appear somewhat shabby. Nicias, an artist, refused to sell one of his pictures to King Attalus for $75,000, choosing rather to present it to his country as a gift. Nicias was a millionaire. For a single figure by Aristides, King Attalus gave $125,000. Musson, the tyrant of Elatus, paid $20,000 for a small picture by Aristides, representing a battle of the Persians. Cæsar was a generous patron of art. He bought of Timomachus, a painter of Athens, two figures, one represents Ajax and the other Medea, for which he paid $100.000.

Apelles received $20,000 for a portrait of Alexander, which he painted on the walls of the temple Diana, at Ephesus. Ptolemy paid Aratus $200,000 for some old pictures by Melanthus and Pamphilus. M. Agrippa paid to the people of Cyzicus $50,000 for two small paintings, and it was he who built and bequeathed to his countrymen the magnificent Thermæ in the Campus Martius, with their gardens, libraries and porticos—one portion of which, the Pantheon, still remains. Lucius Mummius got a picture in Greece, representing Father Bacchus, which King Attalus valued at $250,000, but Mummius said that the price was too small, and refused to sell.

The picture of "Venus Anadyomene," by Apelles, was sold for $125,000. Isocrates received $20,000 for one oration. Virgil, for his lines on Marcellus, was rewarded by a gift of about $10,000. For a single dish of pottery the tragic actor of Æsophus paid $4,500. The Emperor Vitellius ordered a dish to be made for him for which a furnace was erected in the fields outside the city, for $45,000. The colossal statue of Mercury, made for the city of Averni, in Gaul, by Zenodorrus, cost $1,675,000.

Nero paid $161,000 for a carpet. For the famous statue of the Diademenos, which was a bronze figure of life size representing a youth tying a fillet round his head, Polycleitus received $125,000. And, again, dropping art for literature, it is related that Tiberius presented to Asellius Sabinus $20 000 for a dialogue he wrote between a mushroom, a cabbage, an oyster and a thrush. Regarding the immense wealth possessed by fortune's favorites in ancient days, the mystery is what has become of all this gold and silver, for the possessions of these rich men and women consisted chiefly of the clean metal and precious stones.

There is no accounting for its disappearance except on the theory that it passed from sight as vessels laden with precious cargoes sink to the bottom of the sea and are lost forever.

MRS. JOB.

The world has been sympathizing with Job for two thousand years, and pitying his sufferings and tribulations, but hardly a thought seems to have been taken of Mrs. Job and her trials, which must have been of no ordinary nature. True, she did not have any boils, her husband, with true masculine selfishness, appropriating them all to himself, but she had to wait on him and listen to his complaints day and night. It would have tried the patience of a saint to have been compelled to live in the same house with a man burdened with such wealth of afflictions as Job was, and it is hardly to be wondered at that, goaded to desperation, his wife one day advised him to throw up the game, and pass in the checks. Almost any woman would have done the same thing under the circumstances. There seems to have been a constant stream of people coming to see Job, to condole with him. Not only did the neighbors drop in continually to see how he was getting along, each one with a different remedy for boils, but relatives came from long distances, and of course they had to be entertained and fed. This made a great deal of work for Mrs. Job, who, on account of her husband's extraordinary losses, couldn't afford to keep a hired girl. Had she not been a remarkable woman, she never could have gone through with it.

Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures every kind of humor, from the common pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula.

Four to six bottles cure salt-rheum or tetter.

One to five bottles cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to four bottles clear the system of boils, carbuncles, and sores.

Five to eight bottles cure corrupt or running ulcers and the worst scrofula.

By druggists, and in half-dozen and dozen lots at great discount.

Too Much Pepper.

One of the most prominent preachers in the city, tells the following anecdote as a fact whenever he hears a story too incredible for belief.

"A very wicked man became converted, and in course of time it came his turn to pray in class-meeting. Not being used to speaking in public, of course he was very much embarrassed. This is the substance of the prayer;

"Oh, Lord, thou giver of all good things, look down with pity on poor people. You are rich and can spare them plenty to eat while on earth. Send every one of them a full barrel of flour, plenty of lard and a side of bacon, a ham or so and a pound of butter. Send each one of your starving, hungry creatures a barrel of sugar, a barrel of salt, a barrel of pepper—oh, hell, that's too much pepper. Amen."—*Cannon City, Col., Express.*

He knew it was April 1, and didn't propose to be fooled, and when they told him his chimney was afire and likely to burn his house, he said: "Let her burn." And they did. No insurance.

The Minister Ceased to Wonder.

Apropos of the Egyptian trouble, we wish to relate a little story, the circumstances of which occurred during our trip to the Holy Land several years or more ago.

He was a devout Christian, and had made the study of the Bible and a proper understanding of the Big Book the highest aim in life.

When he arrived at the Sea of Galilee his heart was filled with awe, and he felt enervated and cleansed by the thought that he was gazing on the very spot where his Savior once stood.

Approaching the boatman, he addressed him in his choicest Arabic, and with Bible and commentary in hand awaited an answer.

"Ah! what 'smatter 'th yer? Why don't yer talk United States?" asked the man contemptuously. He was a real live Yankee who was picking up a living by ferrying tourists across the sea.

"So this is the Sea of Galilee," devoutly murmured the searcher after knowledge.

"Ya-a-s."

"And this is where our Savior walked upon the waters?"

"Ya-a-s."

"How much will you charge to take me to the exact spot?"

"Wa-al, you look like a clergyman, an' I won't sharge you nothin'."

The devout one boarded the boat, and at last was pointed out where the miracle is said to have occurred. After gazing at the waters, and dividing his time between the glances at his books and devout ejaculations of satisfaction, the searcher signified his willingness to return.

"Charge you $20 to take you back," said the speculative Yankee.

"But you said you would charge nothing."

"Naw, didn't. Nothin' to bring you out. Twenty to get back."

"And do you charge everybody $20 to take them back?" asked the astonished searcher.

"Ya-a-s. That's about the figger."

"Well, then," said the devout one, as he went down into his clothes, "no wonder our Savior got out and walked."—*New York Dispatch.*

How She Reads a Newspaper.

According to Mrs. Gertrude Garrison this is the way a woman reads a newspaper: She takes it up hurriedly, and begins to scan it over rapidly, as though she was hunting some particular thing, but she is not. She is merely taking in the obscure paragraphs, which, she believes, were put in the out-of-the-way places for the sake of keeping her from seeing them. As she finishes each one, her countenance brightens with the comfortable reflection that she has outwitted the editor and the whole race of men, for she cherishes a belief that newspapers are the enemies of her sex, and editors her chief oppressors. She never reads the headlines, and the huge telegraph heads she never sees. She is greedy for local news and devours it with the keenest relish. Marriages and deaths are always interesting reading to her, and advertisements are exciting and stimulating. She cares little for printed jokes unless they reflect ridicule upon the men; and then she delights in them and never forgets them. She pays particular attention to anything enclosed in quotation marks, and considers it rather better authority than anything first-handled. The columns in which the editor airs his opinions in leaded highfalutin, she rarely reads. Views are of no importance in her estimation, but facts are everything. She generally reads the poetry. She doesn't always care for it, but makes a practice of reading it, because she ought to. She reads stories and sketches and paragraphs indiscriminately, and believes every word of them. Finally, after she has read all she intends to, she lays the paper down with an air of disappointment, and a half contemptuous gesture, which says very plainly that she thinks all newspapers miserable failures, but is certain that if she had a chance she could make the only perfect newspaper the world has ever seen.

WHAT GEORGE DIDN'T KNOW.

We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask what did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a steamboat; he never saw a fast mail train, he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for his picture in a photograph gallery; he never received a telegraph dispatch; he never sighted a Krupp gun; he never listened to the "fizz" of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl run a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to a fire; he never heard of evolution; he never took laughing gas; he never attended an international exposition; he never owned a bonanza mine; he never knew "Old Prob," he—but why go on? No; when he took an excursion it was on a flat boat. When he went off on a train it was a mule train. When he wanted to talk to a man in Milwaukee he had to go there. When he wanted his picture taken in was done in profile with a piece of black paper and a pair of shears. When he got the returns from back counties they had to be brought in by a man with an ox cart. When he took aim at an enemy he had to trust to a crooked old flintlock. When he wrote it was with a goose quill. When he had anything to mend his grandmother did it with a darning needle. When he went to a fire he stood in a line and passed buckets. When he looked at a clock he never dreamed it was any relation of his. When he went to a concert he heard a cracked fiddle and an insane clarionet. When he had a tooth pulled he sat down and never stopped yelling. When he got out of teeth he gummed his victuals. When he wanted an international show he sent for Lafayette and ordered his friend up from Old Virginia with the specimen carefully labeled in bottles. When he once got hold of a nugget of gold from an Indian chief he felt rich. When he wanted to know anything about the weather he consulted the ground hog or the goose bone.—*Balmorean.*

Sixty cents' worth of whisky cost Fannin county, Texas, the loss of two men killed and over $10,000 in money spent in prosecuting the murderers.

It is rather odd to see two men playing seven-up for a dinner that is to be eight up.

A true friend to the weak and convalescent is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Medical.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

921 N. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.

G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

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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 CAPCINE 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.

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PERFECT REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

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A DISORDERED LIVER IS THE BANE

of the present generation. It is for the Cure of this disease and its attendants, DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, PILES, etc., that TUTT'S PILLS have gained a world-wide reputation. No Remedy 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.

Chills and Fever.

S. 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 congested Liver, cleanse the blood from poisonous humors, and cause the bowels to act regularly, without which no cure can be made.

Try this remedy fairly, and you will realize a healthy Digestion, a Hearty Appetite, Sound Sleep, Strong Nerves, and a Clear Head. 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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