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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Job Work,

SUCH AS

Circulars, Posters, Billheads, Letterheads, Cards, &c.,

Neatly and promptly executed at the lowest possible rates.

—It didn't follow: "How are you getting along?" asked a widow of her late husband, who appeared to her at midnight as a ghost. Ghost—"Very well, indeed—much better than during my twenty year's married life on earth. Widow (delighted)—"Then you are are in heaven?" Ghost—"Oh no."

CROSS AS A BEAR—They had been married only about two years—Mr. and Mrs. Podgkins, I mean. "Oh!" exclaimed the true hearted woman, "he is just as cross as a bear!" meaning her husband, of course. Reader, there was some cause for this state of affairs so soon after the honeymoon. Itching Piles took a firm hold of the naturally kind husband, squelching every spark of love in his heart. A single box of Swayne's Ointment brought matters round all right again, and now a happier couple does not exist under the sun.

—She was "sorry she spoke!" Young farmer, surveying the stock: "A pretty tidy lot, Maria." Wife, considerably the senior: "Aye, but they would na be there may be wern'it no for my brass!" Husband, nettled: Whoy, lass, gin it be coom to that wi' ye, if it had no' been for your money mayhap ye wid na been here yersel'!"

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful, and indiff rent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."

—The meanest man on record sent through a postoffice presided over by a woman a postal-card, on which was written: "Dear Jack: Here's the details of that scandal." And then the rest was in Greek.

WHEN BABIES ARE FRETFUL they disturb everybody, and mothers should know how soothing Parker's Ginger Tonic is. It takes away half their anxiety, stops babies' pains, and is always safe and pleasant to use.—*Home Journal.*

—Qualifying the negative: Mrs. Smith (emphatically)—"Poor Mrs. Siren! They say that she has been ordered to a warmer climate. Do you think she will go?" Mrs. Brown (grimly)—"No, not while she lives."

Free of Cost.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—are requested to call at any Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption *Free of cost*, which will show you what a regular dollar-size bottle will do.

—Nothing so increases reverence for others as a great sorrow to one's self. It teaches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are happy and deem others so.

—"Great Blood Tonic," for the cure of all blood diseases—"Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher." Has no equal.

—Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.

—Best ever made, Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, pleasant to take, sugar-coated; on griping; only 15 cents a box, of Druggist or by mail. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau Street, New York. 6-16-6m.

—"And the cares of daylight flee," says Eral Marble in a "barcarole." The cares of a daylight flea are very apt to make a barker roll.

—Why is Mrs. Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound like the Mississippi river in a spring freshet? Because the immense volume of this healing river moves with such momentum that it sweeps away all obstacles and is literally flooding the country.

—Sorrows are our best educators. A man may see farther through a tear than a telescope.

—Why is it that Dr. Thomas' Mayapple Bitters, have just been thrown upon the market and notwithstanding they out sell all other Patent Medicines combined for the same complaints? because the never fail to cure what they are recomended for. Sold at all drug stores.

—The least intelligent of guests, says a social writer, are often the sharpest of critics.

"WHEN I publicly testified that I had been cured of a terrible skin humor by the Cuticura Remedies, I did so that others might be cured, and do not regret the time given to answering inquiries."—Hon. William Taylor, Boston.

—What renders the vanity of others unbearable to us is the wound it inflicts on ours.

CATARRH.—Relief in five minutes in every case; gratifying, wholesome relief beyond a money value. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical and permanent. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. Complete for $1.

—Average weight of a fool: A simple ton.

—We propose according to our hopes, but perform according to our fears.

NEVER CENSURE.

Never censure without knowing,
Oft is hid a noble mind
Worthy of our love bestowing
Where we least expect to find.
Many a heart in kindness beating,
Making solitude its own,
With no kindred spirit meeting
Lives unloved because alone.

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart ere you venture
If it has not feelings too.
Let not friendly vows be broken,
Rather strive a friend to gain,
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage home again.

Do not then in idle pleasure,
Trifle with another's fame,
Guard it as a priceless treasure
Sacred as your own good name.
Do not form opinions blindly
Hastiness to trouble tends,
Those of whom we've tho't unkindly
Oft become our dearest friends.

Mr. O'Reilly;

—OR,—

ENGLISH DASH AND IRISH LOVE.

Fifteen months ago, I went over to the west of Ireland, in answer to an invitation from an old gentleman, a distant relative of mine, who had some excellent shooting. He did not shoot himself; he had few neighbors who had not shooting of their own; he had still, out of habit, kept his game-keeper, who supplied the kitchen in autumn and winter; and so it was that he was right in saying there would be no lack of sport if I went over. A young and briefless barrister, who has the good luck to have some little money of his own, is seldom busy. Above all, he is never busy in the autumn; so in an inexpressibly short period of time I found myself at the half farmhouse, half castle, which my venerable friend owned on the shores of Loch Sheogachan.

The shooting, as I had anticipated, was excellent; and for a week or two I revelled in slaughter. Day after day, wet or dry, I sallied out alone, my only companions being the dogs; and while I sometimes found sufficient difficulty in disposing of the game I shot, so that it might be fetched by some one from the house, that inconvenience was more than atoned for by the freedom I obtained from the persecutions of Tim O Lany, the keeper. Tim was a pig-headed old fool, incorrigibly obstinate in sticking to his own means and methods, and regarding all improvements and alterations in the outfit of a sportsman as something approaching sacrilege. Breech-loaders, in especial, were his particular abhorrence; and if, by chance, you missed anything, Tim was invariably ready with an "I told you so," and with a protestation that any other gun would have caught the hare or the duck, as the case might be. So I intimated to Tim, after a day or two in his company taught me the boundaries of my shooting, that henceforth I would dispense with his services. Tim said nothing, but I know that he prayed to his favorite saint that I might miss every bird or beast at which I might fire; and I am certain he was almost moved to tears of vexation on seeing, evening after evening, that the day's bag had not been decreased by his absence.

In midst of this enjoyment it was my fortune to meet Mary O'Reilly, and from that moment I became the wretchedest of human beings. She and her father came from some unnamable district to dine with us one evening. There was no other lady present, and as my aged friend and Mr. O'Reilly devoted their energies exclusively to discussing the doings of some magistrates in the neighborhood, the young lady and I were naturally thrown pretty much together. When Mr. O'Reilly did address me, it was merely to say all the insulting things he could imagine about England and the English. These, delivered in a fine rich brogue, he buried at my head as if I had especially gone over to become the scapegoat of my countrymen.—Miss Mary did her best to deprecate these attacks, but in vain.

"Ye talk about shootin'?" he cried. "Is there a man in your country who'd wait all the noight in a barrel in a boff—wid plenty of rain to prevint your fallin' aslape—to have a shot at the say-fowl?"

"Why, I've done it myself," said I.

"You?"

The tone in which he uttered the interrogation sounded remarkably as if he believed that I was lying.

"Will, I'll tell you. I'll go out wid ye to-morrow noight, now."

"All right," said I.

The challenge, as I suspected, was only a threat; and Mr. O'Reilly never mentioned the engagement again.

However, Mary O'Reilly and I became great friends that evening. She was (perhaps I had better say it, lest this sheet should again be submitted to inspection) a very handsome, spirited looking girl, with dark-blue eyes, a fresh complexion, and large masses of jet black hair. There was fire and life in her every look and motion; and yet she was exceedingly gentle in manner and soft in voice. She was so unlike her father that I took it for granted she resembled her mother, who, to judge by Mr. O'Reilly's objurgations against mp countrymen, had probably been an English woman.

In return, Mr. O'Reilly invited my relation to dine with him, and included me in the Invitation. After that evening I took the liberty of calling at Mr. O'Reilly's house, without seeking any invitation. Indeed, I fancy he rather liked my going there, that he might indulge his passion for maligning and sneering at the English. What he chiefly complained of was their want of spirit. They did not drink, nor fight, nor dance, nor make love, nor do anything in that fine, boisterous Irish fashion which he remembered te have marked his own young days. They were a set of patient, dull, respectable people, introducing calculation into every matter of life, wanting the dare-devil enthusiasm and courage which were alone worthy of a man. All this, and much more, I was accustomed to hear as Mr. O'Reilly sat and drank prodigquantities of Kinahan and hot water, and while Mary O'Reilly sat at the piano (it might have been a better one, certainly,) and played those old Irish airs which are so full of a sweet and tendor pathos.

In time—in fact, in a very short space of time—all this produced its natural consequences. I was madly in love with Mary O'Reilly. I went about the hills and along the side of the loch in a maudlin fashion, oftentimes allowing a hare to scuttle off in safety among brackens not thirty feet from me, and at other times allowing a heron to rise from the reeds and fly unharmed over my head, with its long legs hanging in the air. Finally (and by this time Mary, by various little arts and devices, had impressed me with the notion that I should not displease her by so doing) I went and asked her father if he had any objection to my becoming a suitor for her hand.

He had, most decidedly. He drank off some raw whiskey, and told me with profuse and profane language that his daughter should never marry an Englishman—never! And he invoked all the saints and demons to bear him witness.

So I departed, crestfallen. What was I to do? That very evening I received a note from Mary, which she had sent by some servant. She had heard of the quarrel between her father and myself. She was in despair. I was never to be allowed near the house again; and what was she to do?

That was the very question which was pressed upon myself, for the term of my invitation had nearly expired. I began to curse the hour in which I was born on English soil; and wished that I had been, to please her maniac of a father, a Dutchman, a Bosjesman or a New Zealander.

Next day I had grown desperate. I was moved to slaughter every living thing that came within reach of my breech-loader. I was unusually lucyk, too—woodcocks, pheasants, hares and ducks falling to my gun, to say nothing of a half-dozen rabbits and a long-necked heron. Towards the afternoon I returned to the spot where I had hung up some of the game in the morning. I sat down on the bank, surrounded by the dogs and the slaughtered birds; and there I read Mary's letter again, and fell to wondering what was to be done with the Anglophobist who had the honor, and did not appear to appreciate it, of being her father. At length I took my resolve; slung most of the game on a tree which I knew how to indicate to Tim O'Lany; went home with the dogs, and then started over the mountains to Mr. O'Reilly s house.

I hung about there until I saw emerge from the place a little girl whom I recognized as the daughter of O'Reilly's bailiff. Her I laid hold of, and bade her quietly go and tell Miss O'Reilly that some one wanted to speak to her. Mary came, in great agitation; and there and then I proposed that if her father persisted in his mania she and I should get married in spite of him.

"Has he any other objection to me than my being an Englishman?" I asked.

"None," she said; "but that is quite insuperable. I am in despair. He will never give his consent; and I dare not do what you ask."

But she did, all the same, although it took me two or three days, with half a dozen interviews, to persuade her. I had to make arrangements with my relatives in London; I had to coax my mother into writing a letter to her, saying that Mary could come direct to her house; I had then to go to London and arrange with an elderly official gentleman at Doctor's Commons, and another elderly official person in the neighborhood of a certain church; and finally I hurried across again to Ireland. I confess that I almost repented of the project when I saw the distress the poor girl was in.

"But then," she urged, while she was still struggling to retain her tears, "when he knows we are married then he will give up his prejudice against the Englishmen."

"I don't know," said I; "but if he gives up his prejudice against me so far as to make friends with you, well and good."

It was only a week or two after this that one evening Mary and I sat on the balcony of a hotel at Koningswinter, overlooking the Rhine. We were married, and were on our wedding tour; but the quiet and loveliness of the surroundings of Koningswinter had kept us chained there for several days, and we were in no hurry to depart. Besides, we had written for letters, and daily expected them.

A gentleman stepped out from the salle a manger, and approached the portion of the balcony where we were sitting. Mary turned her head slightly, and then uttered a little scream. I started up at once, and was confronted by Mr. O'Reilly.

"Now," said I to myself, "we are going to have a scene, and it will be better to have it a short and swift one."

"Me boy," said Mr. O'Reilly, "give me your hand! Did I say ye were an Englishman? Divil a stupider word did I ever utter, and that's the truth! Divil an Englishman had iver the courage to carry off his sweetheart in the way ye did; and it's moighty pleased I am wid ye—and proud of ye, my boy; and here, Molly, my girl, come and kiss your ould father!"

The next moment Mr. O'Reilly had turned to me, with a wink, to say that he had brought "a foine dhrop o' the craythur wid him, just to make all matters straight atune us."

LIQUID SUGAR.

Two Leipsic chemists have devised a process for obtaining sugar in a permanently liquid form. This result is said to be effected by adding to a purified sugar solution a small quantity of citric acid, which combines with the sugar and deprives it of its tendency to crystallize

THE PIONEERS OF THE POTOMAC, AND THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS.

"Your ancient house? No more. I cannot see
The wondrous merits of a pedigree:
Nor of a proud display
Of smoky ancesters in wax and clay."
—*Giffords Journal.*

The Virginians were the earliest occupants of the Potomac shores. It is all in vain that we reiterate this statement in some parts of Maryland, for the oldest inhabitants resent such en assertion on almost personal grounds. They forget, in measuring time, that the territory of Maryland was not granted to Lord Baltimore until 1633, and the first colonists, under Leonard Calvert as Governor, did not arrive at St. Mary's until 1634. Twenty four years prior to this, in 1610,

LORD DE LA WAR.

after whom the State of Delaware was named, was Governor of Virginia, clothed with power that had grown into princely proportions, all of which had its beginning in the much farther reach of time—1607, when the first permanent English settlement in America was founded at Jamestown, Virginia.

There appears to be an overstrained effort on the part of river chroniclers to

RIDE ANCIENT FLEETS

from the bay up the river, but no well authenticated history warrants credence. Perhaps these wonderful tales of yore have about as much foundation as did the April hoax practiced several years ago on the scientific world by Mr. Cowan, the son of the ex Senator, regarding a Scandinavian woman's death and burial on the shores of the Potomac, in the twelfth century. The Runes which were inscribed, according to Mr. Cowan, on the sandstone rocks, were photographed and distributed wide spread over the country. European scientists took it up, and to this day it is believed in many places that we actually have,

RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS

on our river shore near the Great Falls. This last stroke of genius was accomplished by sanding a board very heavily around the characters, and dusting the letters themselves lightly with sand. Photographed, it looked like a rock's face with a carven memorial.

Early occupancy of the shores was disputed by the Indian tribes adjacent to the settlements, and while the list of sanguinary engagements are few compared to other sections of the early colonies, still, for the Potomac.

"There are tales of sad reality
In the dark legends of thy border war."

The resistance of the foresters, confined the white settlements as far down the river as war was able to do, and so effectually was it done, that, so late as George Washington's surveying expedition, he did not travel far toward the head waters of the river before being convinced as to who were the proprietors of the soil by might. It was at the residence of Colonel Cresap, on the Potomac, west of Washington, that he saw the first Indian war dance.

One needs but to glance at a map of the country touching the river from where the capital now stands, to be convinced of the character of the early settlements.

THE NAMES OF THE COUNTIES

and towns tell the story at once. On the Maryland side—Prince George, Charles, St. Mary's. On the Virginia shore—Fairfax, Prince William, King George, Northumberland, and so on toward the ocean and far into the interior of these States. It was a replanting of British stock; haughty, yet hospitable, generous to friends, vindictive to enemies. Not altogether free, either of many of the less graceful charms of modern American society. While it is not within our province to enlarge upon these traits of early colonial stock, still, it is as well to recall the historical fact that many of these so called aristocratic families on the Potomac shores were pleased in their social gossips to refer to the Washingtons as *parvenu*, and in speaking of the great man, it became easy to allude to him as "the man that married the widow Custis for her money."—*James Albert Clark in the National Farmer.*

NO TIME TO TELL A LIE.

Jesse C. had the reputation of being the "biggest liar" in Georgia, and was never known to come out behind. One hot day Bill H. sat on the shady side of his barn. After dinner he saw Jess riding in great haste toward town. Bill hailed him and went to the gate. Jess asked him what he wanted. "Stop and tell us a big lie," said Bill. "No time for lying now," said Jess. "Your Uncle Sol died suddenly an hour ago, and I am going for a coroner and a coffin." And on he went. Bill ran to the house and told his wife. She gathered up the children. He hitched the horse to the wagon, loaded in his family, and posted off four miles through heat and dust to Uncle Sol's. On arriving he found the family and two neighbors in the large kitchen, Uncle Sol buried—to the eyes in half a big water-melon. The surprise was mutual, and explanations followed. "Well," said Bill, "I asked Jess for a big lie, and not only got it, but was fool enough to believe it. I wouldn't believe him again if I know he was dying."

RAISINS.

Raisins are dried grapes, prepared either by cutting the stalk of the bunches half through when they are nearly ripe, and leaving them on the vine till the sun dries and candies them, or else they are gathered when fully ripe, dipped in a lye made of vine-wood ashes, and dried in the sun. Inferior kinds are dried in ovens. Raisins are chiefly imported from Spain, Turkey, and Italy. Of these the ones from Smyrna are the least esteemed, and those from Malaga the most. The finest of the Malaga raisins are those made from the Muscatel grape. Fresh grapes are also imported from Spain and Portugal, packed in jars with sawdust.

THE SWISS WAY.

In the canton of Geneva, Switzerland, every country schoolmaster is required to know something of agriculture and natural history, to the end that he may instruct his pupils therein. Every village has its night-school, in which lads and young men who have attended the communal school the required term—until the completion of their thirteenth year—may obtain further instruction in matters relating to their calling; and during the winter lectures are given in the village school rooms — sometimes in the village churches—by professors from the Univsrsity, on agricultural chemistry and kindred subjects.

CHINESE DINNERS.

When entertaining any of the authorities, the master puts the first dish of the second course on every table himself, as it is brought in by the servants. After all, tea is served up in covered cups, and without milk or sugar; and thus closes the entertainment. On the day following the feast, the host sends a large red paper to each of the guests, apologizing for the badness of the dinner; and they answer him on the same sort of paper, expressing in the most exalted and extravagant terms the pleasure and unbounded satisfaction his feast has afforded them.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "BOSH."

Says an English paper: Bois-le-Duc, or as the Dutch called it, "Hertogenbosch," or "Bosch," a town of Dutch Brabant, has had the distinction of adding a new word to the English language, the word "bosh," signifying rubbish. Hertogenbosch is celebrated as manufacturing the very worst butter in all Europe, which at the present time is largely imported by the London buttermen, and the term "Bosch butter" came by degrees to be applied to all artificial butter, and even to rubbish of various other kinds.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, smarting, irritation of the urinary passages, diseased discharges, cured by Buchupaiba $1. at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.