Saint Mary's Beacon

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

At Leonardtown, Md.,

By T. F. YATES & F. V. KING,

A Dollar a Year in Advance

TERMS for TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:

One square, one insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.

A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLIX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1889. NO. 424

Saint Mary's Beacon

JOB PRINTING,

SUCH AS

HANDBILLS,

CIRCULARS,

BLANKS,

BILL HEADS

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive hand bills neatly executed and at City Prices.

"SIMPLY GRAND!"

IS THE GENERAL EXCLAMATION

of all who visit the

Mammoth One-Price Cash Store.

It is my delight to announce to you a first class line of *FALL and WINTER GOODS.* It is truly a Variety Store. If I cannot save you from 25 to 40 per cent. over any concern south of Baltimore City, I will "throw up the sponge and say nothing more upon the subject.

I only can give a few in each department as it would fill every column of this valuable paper to give in detail an [illegible] able contents, so will give you a faint idea in the following departments:

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

I call your attention to the *old ever-reliable* Tucker, Smith & Co's Shoes, which need no commendation from me. But suffice to say that you can count on them *always.*

Men's fine ties	$1 25,	worth	$1 50;
do " button calf,	$1 65,	"	2 00
do " " "	1 95,	"	2 25
do " " "	1 37,	"	1 75
do " " "	2 65,	"	3 00
do " " "	3 00,	"	3 50
" kip English ties,	1 95,	"	2 25
" " " "	1 65,	"	1 75
" split plows,	1 15,	"	1 25
" " "	1 25,	"	1 50
" extra seamless,	1 65,	"	2 00
Boys' veal calf,	1 30,	"	1 50
do do	1 15,	do	1 35
do do button,	1 37½	do	1 50
Ladies' do do	1 37½,	do	1 50
do bright dongolas,	2 65,	do	3 00
do do kid,	$2 37, 2 50, 2 75	worth	2 50, [2 75, 3 50
do grain button	$1 25 to 1 50	"	1 50 to 1 75
do kid fox,	1 50	"	1 75
do glove bals,	1 20	"	1 40
Misses peb. grain but.	1 25	"	1 35
do do goat,	1 50	"	1 65
Children's fine grain,	1 20	worth	1 35
do do	95	do	1 10
do do	1 00	do	1 25
do do	65	do	75

Men's boots, $1 90, 2 50, 3 00, 3 50, 4 45
Boys do $1 75, 1 95.
Child's do $1 29.

Grocery Department. All Standard Goods

Portorico Molasses,	28c	worth	35
Cuba do	25	"	30
Golden Syrup,	40	"	45
Bright Drips,	50	"	60

Granulated Sugars, 9c. Light C Sugars, 7½
Coffees, 18, 20 and 22. Teas, 25, 40, 50 a 90c
Flour—standard family, $5 80 to $6 25

Furniture Department.

I have the pleasure to call again your attention to Furniture. To young men as well as old who contemplate beautifying that dearest spot on earth; "HOME," I am right here to gladly serve you. How grand a thing it is for every well thinking young man to have a cosy, though humble little home wherein to rest from his toil. It is a joy to me to be able to say that since my advent here I have been instrumental in making many cheerful home. I shall be pleased to furnish you in this all important start, at prices "beyond the shadow of a doubt" 25 and 40 per cent. below Baltimore prices. This is a bold assertion, but rest assured they are solid facts or I will forfeit a suit.

Chamber Suits, 7 pieces,	$18,	worth	$24
do do 10 do	25,	"	30
do do 10 do	38,	"	45
Bureaus and Dressers,	6 80	to	8 25
Bedsteads	2 75	to	5 50
Centre and leaf tables,	2 50	to	3 00
Wood spill chairs,	$2 75 per half dozen		
do do bow backs,	3 75	"	"
Oak chairs,	$4 00 to 4 50	"	"
Cane Seat "	4 75 to 5 50	"	"

Clothing Department.

I have positively the Finest, Cheapest line of Clothing ever shown in Leonardtown, and styles that all admire. To see them is to buy them.

Men's Suits from	$5 50 to $17 50
Youths' do do	3 50 to 9 50
Children's do	2 25 to 5 50

Notion Department.

Men's Suspenders,	8, 12, 14, 16, 17, 20, 24c
do Hosiery,	5, 6, 7, 8, 10 to 35c
do Collars, all styles and sizes,	10, 12, 15
do Dress Shirts, made of N. Y. Mills [muslin, 80c. worth	$1 25
do do standard goods,	50, 90 do 1 10
Boys' Shirts,	49
do under-shirts,	25, 35, 50
adies' Jerseys,	50, 75, to 1 00
do Hosiery,	8, 10, 12, 15, 20
do Bustles, latest styles,	25 and 50c
do Collars, all do	5, 10, 12, 15
Prints,	4½, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10 to 14c
Spool cotton,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5c
Box paper, 24 envelopes, 24 sheets paper,	[5, 8, 9, 18c
Asst. hair pins, 100 in box,	5c
Butter Dishes,	10 cents, worth 25 cents

TINWARE DEPARTMENT.

½ gallon covered buckets	9 cents
1 " "	15 "
Milk pans,	5 to 10 "
Wash Basins,	5 to 10 "
Tea Pans,	12, 15, 25 and 35 cts

Ladies' Cloak Department.

Your attention, Ladies, please to these goods, never before brought to Leonardtown in such quantities and styles. These goods are bought direct from the manufacturer, so they are 25 per cent. below anywhere else. All first-class goods and all of the very latest styles. I shall make this line one of my specialties.

Ladies' Cloaks,	$3 25 to $12 00
Misses Shool do,	$3 60 to $2 90

Five Cent Counter.

It is a pleasure to say that the 5 and 10 Cent Counter is a perfect wonder in itself. The surprise of all, it contains tinware really worth 10 and 25 cents. Glassware worth 10 to 25 cents. Granite Ware, Stone Ware and one hundred other articles worth 10 and 25 cents. Come often to this novelty as they are swept off as fast as they come in. I shall have the them coming steady along.

Terms. Cash on Delivery.
By taking no risks I can serve you at very bottom figures.
Standing upon merit alone, fair and square to all, I ask you to command,
Your faithful servant,

J. W. JOHNSON,
Leonardtown.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,

DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURER OF

FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, [illegible] MOULDINGS, BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. Factory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.,

ALEXANDRIA, VA

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.

B. R. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention.
March 18, 1886—y.

FINE DIAMONDS,

WATCHES,

JEWELRY,

SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

Wedding and Birthday Presents.

CHARLES A. ROUSH,

42 West Lexington St., NEAR LIBERTY,

Oct. 11—1y. BALTIMORE, MD.

UNDERTAKING.

COFFINS and CASKETS of latest style finished at shortest notice and at prices to suit the times.

TWO HEARSES

always at hand.

HORSESHOEING, $1.00 Cash.

(If booked, $1.25.)

In conjunction with my BLACKSMITH and WHEELWRIGHT department, I am prepared to build

CARTS,
WAGONS,
BUGGIES, &c

at low prices,

REPAIRING,
PAINTING
and TRIMMING

a specialty.

Having accepted an agency for J. W. Delaplaine's Marble Works, I am prepared to furnish Monuments, etc. at reasonable rates.

J. A. DILLOW,
Leonardtown, Md.
April 21, 87—tf

LUMBER.

B. R. ABELL, agent for the large lumber dealer, J. H. D. SMOOT, of Alexandria, will keep constantly on hand in Leonardtown
Boards, Scantling,
Weather Boarding,
Flooring, Palings,
Dressed Boards, Shingles,
Doors, Sash; &c.
Also, Laths, Lime and Hair, which he will sell at city prices.

Orders for lumber from the yard in Alexandria will be promptly attended to.
Aug 16—tf.

CARROLL & ENEY,

DEALERS IN

FINE SHOES & HATS,

203 Hanover Street,

1 Door South of Pratt,

BALTIMORE, MD.

c 1—y°

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,

Leonardtown, Md.,

UNDER CHARGE OF THE

Sisters of Charity

OF

NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.

The course of Studies includes Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry, English Grammar, Geography, History, Rhetoric, the Elements of Botany, Mental and Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Literature, Plain and Ornamental Needlework, Music on the Piano and Guitar and French.

Boys from the [illegible] are received.

For terms &c. further information apply to

SISTER MADELEINE,
Leonardtown, Md.

Harry Spalding,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

DRUGGIST,

Pure Drugs, Pharmaceutical Preparations and genuine Perfumes, Extracts, Colognes, Soaps, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Hair Brushes, Flesh Brushes, Pomades, Cosmetiques and Hair Oils of the most celebrated French, English and Domestic Makes.

Physicians' orders promptly filled and perscriptions carefully compounded. All are invited to call and examine my stock.

For the accommodation of my customers, stamps, postal cards, etc will be always on hand.
March 1, 1883—tf

EDWARD D. R. BEAN. T. ALEXIS BERRY.

BEAN & BERRY,

General Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Hides, Live Stock,

FURS, EGGS, FRUIT, PRODUCE, &c.

No. 110 S. Charles Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Orders solicited for Provisions, Seeds, Fertilizers. &c Oct. 4—1y.

PURUKER.

DEALER AND MANUFACTURER

Fine Guns,
Rifles,
Pistols, &c.

POWDER, SHOT, SHELLS, &c.

constantly on hand and at the lowest prices.

E. PRATT ST., near Light, BALTIMORE.

THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

MECHANICSVILLE, MD.,

G. W. BURROUGHS, Proprietor.

Good rooms, good table and everything first class. Give me a call. Livery attached, and travelers sent to all parts of the county. Rates low. June 24—tf.

JO F. MORGAN,

Insurance Agent & Broker,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Represents the following First Class Companies with combined assets of twelve million of dollars, and has facilities for placing large lines of insurance on the most favorable terms in home or foreign companies.

Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,
Watertown Fire, of New York,
London, Liverpool & Globe, Fire,
Mutual Endowment Assessment of Baltimore, Life,
New York Mutual Life,
Connecticut Mutual Life.

Jan 12, 82—yf

MISS E. S. MILBURN,

719 NORTH EUTAW STREET,

[OLD No. 197.]

BALTIMORE, MD.

Ladies' Underwear,
Children's Costumes,
Children's Dresses,
Children's Bonnets and Caps,
Infants' Wardrobes.

All orders promptly attended to.
Oct. 28, 1886—y.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

The Lay of the Last Rebel.

Sung to the tune of Joe Bowers.

[The following Lay is very far from being loyal, but we publish it by request of T. E. L.]

I am a good old rebel,
And that's just what I am,
For this land of freedom
I do not care a d—n.
I'm glad I fit agin it,
I only wish I'd won,
And didn't ax no pardon
For anything I done.

I hates the Constitution,
This "glorious Union" too,
I hates the Freedmen
And Niggers generally,
I hates the Union,
I hates the Amerikans,
And the lying, cheating Yankees,
I hates them *wuss* and *wuss.*

I followed old man Robert,
Four years nigh about,
Got wounded in three places,
And starved at Pint Lookout.
I cotch the rheumatism,
A camping in the snow,
But I killed a heap of Yankees,
And I'd like to kill some mo.'

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Lie buried in our dust,
They lost three hundred thousand,
Before they conquered us.
They died of Southern fevers,
Of Southern shell and shot,
I wish it was three million,
Instead of what we got.

These military Gov'nors
They are placing over us,
Won't make us love the Yankees,
But hate 'em *wuss* and *wuss;*
And the feeling it arouses
In the breast of each Confed,
Is stronger now than in the years
We marched and fought and bled.

Our niggers will be voters,
But vote as we shall teach,
And the cunning, thieving Yankees
We thus will overreach;
And o'er the *dead* Republic
Though we give a heartfelt sob,
We'd like to "shoulder arms" again
With good old "Uncle Bob."

I can't take up my musket,
And fight again no more,
But I ain't agwine to love them,
And that is *surtin sure.*
For I don't ax no pardoning,
For what *I was I am,*
I *won't* be reconstructed,
If I do, may I be d—n.

Virginia Military Institute Cadets at the Battle of New Market.

The command was given to strip for action. Knapsacks, blankets, everything but guns, canteens and cartridge boxes were thrown down upon the ground. Our boys were silent then. Every lip was tightly drawn, every cheek was pale; but not with fear. With a peculiar nervous jerk we pulled our cartridge boxes round to the front and tightened our belts. Whistling rifle shell screamed over us as, tipping the hill crest in our front, they bounded over our heads. Across the pike to our right Patton's brigade was lying down, abreast of us. "Atten-tion-n-n! Battalion Forward! Guide Center-r-rr!" shouted Ship, and off we started. At that moment, from the left of the line, sprang Sergeant Major Woodbridge, and posted himself forty paces in front of the colors as directing guide. Brave Evans, standing over six feet two, unfurled our colors that for days had hung limp and bedraggled about the staff, and every cadet in the Institute leaped forward, dressing to the ensign, elate and thrilling with the consciousness that "*This is war!*" We reached the hill crest in our front, where we were abreast the smoking battery and in full sight and range of the enemy. We were pressing towards him at "arms port" with the light tipping gait of the French infantry. The enemy had obtained our range, and began dropping his shell under our noses along the slope. Echols's brigade rose up and were charging on our right with the rebel yell.

Woodbridge, who was holding his position as directing sergeant, was ordered to resume his place in the line. Down the green slope we went, answering the wild cry of our comrades as their musketry rattled out its opening volleys. In another moment we should expect a pelting rain of lead from the blue line crouching beneath the stone wall at the lane. Then came a sound more stunning than thunder, that burst directly in my face; lightnings leaped; fire flashed; the earth rocked; the sky whirled round, and I stumbled. My gun pitched forward, and I fell upon my knees. Sergeant Cabell looked back at me sternly, pityingly, and called out, "Close up, men," as he passed on.

I knew no more. When consciousness returned it was raining in torrents. I was lying on the ground, which all about was torn and plowed with shell which were still screeching in the air and bounding on the earth.

Poor little Corporal Hill of C company, was lying near, bathed in blood, with a fearful gash over his temple, and was gasping like a dying fish. Read, Merritt, and another, also badly shot, were near at hand.

The battalion was three hundred yards away clouded in smoke and hotly engaged. They had crossed the lane the enemy held, and the Federal battery in the graveyard had fallen back to the high ground beyond. "How came they there?" I thought, and, "Why am I here?" Then I saw I was bleeding from a deep and ugly gash in my head. That villainous rifled shell that [illegible] in our faces brought five of us [illegible] "Hurrah!" I thought, "[illegible] *I've got a wound and a[illegible]* [illegible] *yet!*" And so, realizing the savory truth, another moment found me on my feet trudging along to the hospital, almost whistling with delight at the thought that the next mail would bear the glorious news to the old folks at home, with rather a taunting suggestion that after all their trouble they had not been able to keep me from having my share of the fun.

Our left had meanwhile performed its allotted task. Up the slope, right up to the second line of infantry, it went; and a second time the Federal infantry was forced to retire. The veteran troops had secured two guns of the battery, and the remaining four had galloped back to a new position in a farmyard on the plateau at the head of the cedar skirted gully. Our boys had captured over a hundred prisoners. Charley Faulkner, now a grave Senator from West Virginia, came back radiant in charge of twenty-three Germans large enough to swallow him, and insisted that he captured every man himself.

Bloody work had been done. The space between the enemy's old and new positions was dotted with their dead and wounded—shot as they fled across the open field. But this same exposed ground now lay before, and must be crossed by our own men, under a galling fire from a strong and protected position. The distance was not three hundred yards, but the ground to be traversed was a level green field of young wheat. Again the advance was ordered. Our men responded with a cheer. Poor fellows! they had already been put upon their mettle in two assaults. Exhausted, wet to the skin, muddied to their eyebrows with the stiff clay through which they had pulled,—some of them actually shoeless after their struggle across the plowed ground,—they nevertheless advanced with great grit and eagerness; for the shouting on their right meant victory.

But the foe in our front was far from conquered. As our fellows came on with a dash the enemy stood his ground most courageously. The battery, now charged with canister and shrapnel, opened upon the cadets with a murderous hail the moment they uncovered. The infantry, lying behind fence rails, piled upon the ground, poured in a steady, deadly fire. At one discharge, poor Cabell, our first sergeant, by whose side I had marched so long, fell dead, and by his side Crockett and Jones. A blanket would have covered the three. They were awfully mangled with the canister. A few steps beyond, McDowell, a mere child, sunk to his knees with a bullet through his heart. Atwill, Jefferson, Wheelwright, fell upon the green sward and expired; Shriver's sword arm dropped helpless to his side, and C company thereby lost her cadet as well as her professor captain.

The men were falling right and left. The veterans on the right of the cadets seemed to waver. Ship, our commander, fell wounded. For the first time the cadets seemed irresolute. Some one cried out, "Lie down," and all obeyed, firing from the knee—all but Evans, the Ensign, who was standing bolt upright. Poor Stanard's limbs were torn asunder and he lay there bleeding to death. Some one cried out, "Fall back, and rally on Edgar's battalion."

Several boys moved, as if to obey; But Pizzini, orderly of B company, with his Italian blood at the boiling point, cocked his gun and swore he would shoot the first man who ran. Preston, brave and inspiring, with a smile lay down upon his only arm, remarking that he would at least save that. Collona, captain of D, was speaking words of encouragement and bidding the boys shoot close. The boys were being decimated; manifestly they must charge or retire; and charge it was. For at that moment, Henry A. Wise, our first captain, beloved by every boy in the command, sprung to his feet, shouted the charge, and led the Cadet Corps forward to the guns.

The guns of the battery were served superbly; the musketry fairly rolled. The cadets reached the firm green sward of the barnyard in which the battery was planted. The Federal infantry began to break and run behind the buildings. Before the order to "Limber up" could be obeyed our boys disabled the trails and were close upon the guns; the gunners dropped their sponges and sought safety in [illegible] Lieut. [illegible] H. [illegible] a burly gunner over the head with his cadet sword. Winder Garrett outran another and attacked him with his bayonet. The boys leaped on the guns and the battery was theirs; while Evans was wildly waving the cadet colors from the top of a caisson.

We had won a victory—not a Manassas or an Appomattox, but, for all that, a right comforting bit of news went up the pike that night to General Lee; for from where he lay, locked in the death grapple with Grant in the Wilderness, his thoughts were doubtless, ever turning wearily and anxiously towards this flank movement in the valley.

Of a corps of 225 men we had lost 56 in killed and wounded.

Shortly before sundown, having had my head sewed up and bandaged, and having rendered such service as I could to wounded comrades, I sallied forth to procure a blanket. We had left our trappings unguarded when we stripped for action. Nobody would consent to be detailed. The result was that the camp-followers had made away with nearly all our haversacks and blankets.

I entered the town and found it filled with soldiers laughing and carousing as light heartedly as if it were a feast or a holiday. A great throng of Federal prisoners was corraled in a side street, under guard. They were nearly all Germans. Every type of prisoner was there. Some affable, some defiant, some light heart and careless, some gloomy and dejected. One fellow in particular afforded great merriment in his quaint recital of the manner of his capture.

Said he, "Dem leetle tevils mit der white flag vas doo much for us. Dey shoost smash mine head, ven I vos cry 'Zurrender' all der time."

A loud peal of laughter went up from the bystanders, among whom I recognized several cadets. His allusion to the white flag was to our colors. We had a handsome flag with a white and gilt ground and a picture of Washington. It puzzled our adversaries not a little. Several whom I have met since then tell me they could not make us out at all. Our strange colors, our diminutive size, and our unusual precision of movement made them think we were some foreign mercenary regulars.—*John S. Wise, in January Century.*

GOLD DUST.—A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.

True courage is like a kite; a contrary wind raises it higher.

Better walk forever than run in debt for a horse and carriage.

A man's opinions all change, except the good ones he has of himself.

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.

A grave, wherever found, preaches a short and pithy sermon to the soul.

Self-depreciation is not humility, though often mistaken for it.

Men preserve the fire by blowing it; so by diligence we must kindle the gifts God has bestowed upon us.

Vanity is the only thing which keeps most men's tempers tolerably sweet. It is like the insect which takes the color of the leaf it feeds upon.

To temporize with your health instead of promptly using Laxador, is not indicative of much thoughtfulness. Laxador is sold by all druggists.

Many of our young married people dont know what a blessing Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is until the youngster is able to 'yell' by the hour.

A muzzled dog trotting down the street attracted the attention of a five year old, who observed: "Mother, that dog has got his bustle on the wrong end."

BOYS WHO SUCCEED.—Of two boys with the same advantages and equally good training, one will succeed in life, while the other, without being bad 'never amounts to anything,' as the saying goes. Perhaps the following anecdote will explain something of the disparity in results.

A nurseryman left home a few days on a business trip. It was [illegible] weather, and not a season for [illegible] but a customer did arrive from [illegible] tance, tied his horse and went [illegible] the kitchen, where [illegible] boys cracking nuts.

'Is Mr. Barn[illegible] he asked. [illegible] said Joe, the eldest, hammering at a nut.

'When will he be back?'

'Dunno. Mebbe not for a week.'

The younger boy Jim promptly jumped up and followed the irritated stranger out of doors.

'The men are not here,' he said in a bright and courteous manner, 'but I can show you the stock.'

The stranger was conciliated, and followed Jim through the nursery, examining the trees, and left his order.

'You have sold the largest bill of the season, Jim,' said his father, greatly pleased, on his return.

A few years afterward, these two boys were left by the death of their father with but $300 apiece. Joe bought an acre or two near home, and, although he worked hard, he is still a poor discontented man.

Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired out as a cattle driver for a couple of years, and with his wages bought land at $1.25 an acre, built himself a house, and married. To-day his herds are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up in town lots and he is one of the wealthy men of the Centennial State.

'I might have done like Jim,' said Joe resentfully, 'if I had only thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as him.'

Joe was right. He had the same stuff in him, but it was not developed. The quick wide-awake energy which causes a boy to act promptly and boldly in an emergency is partly natural but it can be inculcated by parents, and it is worth more than any gift of nature.

TEUTONIC SENSE AND NONSENSE.—Der man mitout any honor vhill shwear by it shust as queck as anypody else.

Some men demand a certificate of character simply pecause dey pay deir debts. It vhas a surprise to them.

I haf seen men who vhas too good to beat a street car mit a lead nickel. Dey afterwards robbed der bank of $30,000 and skipped to Canada.

Some folks gif a poor family a turkey for Thanksgiving, und some gif 'em a sheet of piano music. I vhas all der same thing, except dot der music don't make anybody seek.

I haf found out dot der tief who plots to steal my horse goes along mit his head down, shust der same ash der man who repeats der Lord's prayer. You can't shudge a feller by his looks.

After I vhas seek on der bed I can look pack und see shust where I shouldn't haf done dat vhay. And I vhas well again I can see nottings.

I like to gif somepody advice, but when somepody advises me I feel dot he should mind his own peasness.

No doubt somepody has buried his money in der ground, but you may look for de money und I vhill take a bushel of turnips.

It vhas curious dot among all der men who know vhat ails dis country und haf a remedy for der ailments, not one recommends more sawbuck and less chinchin.

One reason vhy marriage vhas a failure vhas pecause der wife married for a home und der husband wanted a servant.

Conscience vhas a queer thing. It keeps us from sheating a man out of a cent to his face und excuses us if we find und keep his wallet mit $50 in it pehind his back.

No man is entirely satisfied mit der weather. For instance, der fly screen man firmly believes dot winter vhas invented shust to spoil his peesness und help der wood man out.—Detroit Free Press.

By innumerable cures, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has won for itself a most enviable reputation.

I've been suffering for the past three weeks with a strained wrist. I tried Salvation Oil, and find myself after having used one bottle entirely cured. CHAS. KEYSER, 199 Mulberry St., Baltimore, Md.