

Saint Mary's Beacon  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
By T. F. Yates and 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 year-  
ly advertisements. Correspondence  
solicited.

# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 65. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1904. 4208.

Saint Mary's Beacon.  
Job Printing, such as  
Handbills, Circulars,  
Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with  
neatness and despatch.  
Parties having Real or Personal  
Property for sale can obtain de-  
scriptive handbills neatly executed  
and at city prices.

## LUMBER BUYERS-ATTENTION.

BEST ONE INCH BOARDS—BRIGHT IN COLOR  
AND WIDE BOARDS. BOARDS THAT ARE ONE  
LENGTH—ALL 16 FEET—AT A PRICE WITHIN  
REACH OF ALL LUMBER BUYERS:  
\$1.65 per 100 square feet. These Boards too, are from North  
Carolina pine forests, and when sawed  
have been put through the dry kiln, thereby giving you the best kind  
of rough pine boards for general use to be found anywhere.

North Carolina Pine Flooring at only \$1.75 per 100 feet. This  
flooring is all even width, (3 inches), which makes an uniform floor, and  
enables you to match up all the cuttings in laying the floor, therefore, no  
waste occurs and the manufacture is so perfect that the tongue and groove  
match up evenly and make a good smooth floor. This flooring too is kiln  
dried and therefore bright in color.

Millwork for Frame Houses of all kinds kept in stock, and we are  
prepared to load out in one day from one to three carloads of all the ma-  
terials necessary to construct a suburban residence or a barn. There  
will be no delay, no disappointments, no errors, for we always invite the  
carpenters to spend the day with us and inspect the loading of their car.  
We have a complete stock of

SHINGLES, DOORS, BLINDS, SIDINGS, ETC.  
FRANK LIBBEY & CO.,  
6th & New York Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

## Farmers' and Planters Agency,

27 East Pratt Street, Baltimore.  
For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and all kinds of country produce.  
PHILIP H. TUCK, President; Judge JOHN P. BRISCOE, Vice-Presi-  
dent; SAMUEL K. GEORGE, Treasurer; SAMUEL M.  
HINKS, Cashier.  
Directors:  
Hon. John P. Briscoe, John W. Crawford, James Alfred Pearce,  
Edwin H. Brown, John Shepherd, Samuel M. Hinks,  
Samuel K. George, Adrian Posey, Phil. H. Tuck.

PERUVIAN GUANO, Clover and Timothy Seed and all Household and  
Farm supplies furnished. Advances made on consignments.

## EDELEN BROS.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
FOR THE SALE OF  
TOBACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE.  
Special attention given to  
The Inspection of Tobacco.  
125 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD  
ALSO DEALERS IN  
Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mix-  
ture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.

Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture we  
HAVE HAD MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

F. SHAW and JNO. M. TALBERT, JOHN M. PAGE,  
Salesmen, Cashier.

## The Maryland Commission Agency,

OF BALTIMORE CITY.  
For the Sale of  
Directors:  
J. T. HUTCHINS, President, Tobacco, Grain and Wool.  
JOSEPH S. WILSON, Secy.  
JOHN H. MITCHELL, AND  
F. H. DARNALL,  
JOHN B. GRAY,  
LOUIS F. DETRICK,  
S. E. F. PALMER,  
DR. GEORGE W. DORSETT.  
Farm Produce Generally  
South East Corner Pratt and Charles Streets.  
Mr. JOHN M. TALBERT will give his personal attention to the inspec-  
tion of all Tobacco consigned to us.

## H. G. Dudley. J. Frank Ford.

DUDLEY & CARPENTER,  
General Commission Merchants,  
125 Light Street, BALTIMORE.  
Sell Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.  
Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

## Jas. A. Dawkins. W. Bernard Duke.

DAWKINS & DUKE,  
Commission Merchants,  
FOR THE SALE OF  
TOBACCO, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE.  
No. 219 SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE.

## W. H. MOORE. JOHN MUDD.

W. H. MOORE & CO.,  
Grocers & Commission Merchants,  
105 S. Charles Street, BALTIMORE.  
Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of Tobacco,  
the sale of Grain and all kinds of Country Produce.

### CONNOR.

These words you may read any  
day upon a white slab in a certain  
Catholic cemetery not many miles  
from New York; but you might read  
them a hundred times without guess-  
ing at the little tragedy they indi-  
cate, without knowing the humble  
romance which ended with the plac-  
ing of that stone above the dust of  
one poor and humble man.

In his shabby fringed jacket and  
mad-laden brogues, he was scarcely  
an attractive object as he walked  
into Mr. Bawn's great tin and hard-  
ware shop, one day, and presented  
himself at the counter with an:

"I've been told ye advertised fer  
hands, yer honor."  
"Fully supplied, my man," said  
Bawn, not lifting his head from his  
account-book.

"I'd work faithful, sir, and take  
low wages till I could do better, and  
I'd learn spady—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr.  
Bawn had always said that "he hated  
the Irish." The speech confessed to  
incompetence, and Mr. Bawn had  
always declared that he would never  
employ an incompetent hand.

Yet the tone attracted him. He  
turned briskly, and with his pen be-  
hind his ear, addressed the man,  
who was only one of the fifty who  
had answered his advertisement for  
four workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn  
faster than other folks—are you any  
smarter?"

"I'll not say that," said the man,  
"but I'd be wishing to; that would  
make it easier."

"Are you used to the work?"  
"I've done a bit of it."  
"Much?"

"No, yer honor. I'll tell no lie.  
Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this  
place; but I know a bit about tin."

"You are too old for an apprentice,  
and you'd be in the way, I'd calcu-  
late," said Mr. Bawn, looking at the  
brawny arms and bright eyes that  
promised strength and intelligence.

"Besides I know your countrymen  
—lay, good-for-nothing fellows who  
never do their best. For I've been  
taken in by Irish hands before, and  
I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after  
bringin' 'em over in her two arms,  
thin," said the man despairingly,  
"for I've tramped all day for the last  
fortnight and niver a job can I get,  
and that's the last penny I have, yer  
honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm  
open with an English half-penny  
upon it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr.  
Bawn, arrested by the odd speech  
as he turned upon his heel and turn-  
ing back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."  
"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me  
child," said the man. "Oh, master,  
jest ttry me. How'll I bring 'em  
over to me if no one'll give me a job?  
I want to be airin' and the whole  
big city seems against it, and me  
with arms like thin."

He bared his arms to the shoulder  
as he spoke, and Mr. Bawn looked  
at them, then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said,  
"and see what you are worth; and  
now as it is noon, go down to the  
kitchen and tell the girl to give you  
your dinner—a hungry man can't  
work."

And with an Irish blessing the  
new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawn,  
untying his apron, went up-stairs to  
his meal.

Suspicious as he was of the new  
hand's integrity and ability, he was  
aggressively disappointed. Connor  
worked hard and actually learned fast.  
At the end of the week he was en-  
gaged permanently, and soon was  
the best man in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not  
fond of drink or of wasting money.  
As his wages grew he hoarded every  
penny and wore the same shabby  
clothes in which he had made his  
first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said one  
day, "and every cent I spend puts  
off the Irving Nora and Jamesy  
over; and as for clothes, them I have  
made do me—better no coat to me  
best than no wife by me beside; and  
anyhow it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at  
it all the same. Other men, thought-  
less and full of fun, tried to make  
him drink—made a jest of his sav-  
ing habits, coaxed him to accompany  
them to places of amusement or to  
share their Sunday frolics. All  
in vain. Connor liked beer, liked  
fun, liked companionship; but he  
would not delay that long-looked-for  
bringing of Nora over, and was not  
"mame enough" to accept favors

from others. He kept his way, a  
martyr to one great wish—living on  
little, working night on any job he  
could earn a few extra shillings by;  
running errands in his noontide  
hour of rest, and talking to any one  
who would listen of his one great  
hope and of Nora and little Jamesy.

At first the men, who looked them-  
selves on being all Americans, and  
of turning out the best work in the  
city, made a sort of but of Connor,  
whose "Wild Irish" ways and ver-  
dancy were indeed laughable. But  
he won their hearts at last, and  
when, one day, mounting a work  
bench, he shook his little bundle,  
wrapped in a red handkerchief, be-  
fore their eyes, and shouted, "Look,  
boys, I've got the whole at last. I  
am going to bring Nora and Jamesy  
over at last. Whooroo! I've got it!"

all felt a sympathy in his joy, and  
each grasped his great hand in cor-  
dial congratulation, and one propos-  
ed to "treat all round," and drink a  
good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood,  
most of the men going to comfort-  
able homes. But poor Connor's rest-  
ing-place was a low lodging house,  
where he shared a crazy garret with  
four other men, and in the joy of his  
heart the poor fellow exhibited his  
handkerchief, with his hard earn-  
ings tied up in a hard wad in the  
middle, before he put it under his  
pillow and fell asleep. When he  
awakened in the morning he found  
his treasure gone. Some villain,  
more contemptible than most bad  
men are, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not even be-  
lieve it. He searched every cor-  
ner of the room, shook his quilts and  
blankets, and begged those about  
him to "quit joking and give it back."  
But at last he realized the truth.

"Is any man that bad that it's  
stolen from me!" he asked, in a  
breathless way. "Boys, is any man  
that mane and bad?"

And some one answered:  
"Nodoubt of it, Connor. It's stole."

Then Connor put his head down  
upon his hands and lifted his voice  
and wept. It was one of those sights  
which men never forget. It seemed  
more than he could bear to have Nora  
and his child "put," as he expressed  
it, months away from him again.

But when he went to work that  
day, it seemed to all who saw him  
that he had picked up new determi-  
nation. His face seemed to say, "I  
will have Nora with me yet." At  
noon he scratched out a letter, blot-  
ted and very strangely scrawled,  
telling Nora what had happened,  
and those who observed him noticed  
that he had no meat with his dinner.

Indeed, from that moment he lived  
on bread, potatoes and cold water,  
and worked as few men ever worked  
before. It grew to be the talk of  
the shop, and now that sympathy  
was excited, every one wanted to  
help Connor. Jobs were thrown in  
his way, kind words and friendly  
wishes helped him mightily. But no  
power could make him share the food  
or drink of any other workman.  
That seemed a kind of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present  
from Mr. Bawn at pay day, set  
Nora, as he said, "a week nearer,"  
and this and that and the other ad-  
ded to the little hoard. It grew  
faster than the first, and Connor's  
heart was not so heavy. At last, be-  
fore he hoped it, he was once more  
able to say, "I'm going to bring them  
over," and to show his handkerchief,  
in which, as before, he had tied up  
his savings, this time, however, only  
to his friends. Cautious among stran-  
gers, he hid the treasure, and kept  
his vest tightly buttoned over it  
night and day until the tickets were  
bought and sent. Then every man,  
woman and child capable of hearing  
and understanding, knew that Nora  
and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had  
more of the brute in his composition  
than usually falls to the lot of man-  
—even he, who had coolly buried his  
hammer across the shop at an of-  
fender's head, missing him by a  
hair's breadth, would spend ten  
minutes in the noon hour in reading  
the Irish news to Connor. There  
was Tom Barker, the meekest man  
amongst the number, who had never  
been known to give anything to any  
one before, absolutely bartered an  
old jacket for a pair of gilt vases  
which a peddler brought in his basket  
to the shop, and presented them  
to Connor for his Nora's mantel-piece.

And there was idle Dick, the ap-  
prentice, who actually worked two  
hours on Connor's work, when ill-  
ness kept the Irishman at home one  
day. Connor felt this kindness and  
returned it whenever it was in his  
power, and the days flew by and  
brought, at last, a letter from his  
wife.

"She would start as he desired,  
and she was well and so was the boy,  
and might the Lord bring them safe-  
ly to each other's arms, and bless  
them who had been so kind to him."  
That was the substance of the epis-  
tle.

One day the news came that the  
Stormy Petrel had come to port, and  
Connor flung his cap in the air and  
shouted, and half a dozen men were  
ready to go with him.

The little group made their way  
into the vessel, and there Connor  
searched for the two so dear to him.

"I am looking for me wife, Cap-  
tain," said Connor, "and I can't find  
her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said  
he.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.  
"Women don't always do as they  
are bid, you know," said the Captain.

"Nora would," said Connor.  
At the name Nora, the captain had  
started. In a moment he asked:  
"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.  
"And your wife's name was Nora?"  
"That's her name, and the boy  
with her is Jamesy, yer honor," said  
Connor.

"Sit down, my man I've got some-  
thing to tell you."

"She's left behind—," said Connor.  
"She sailed with us," said the Cap-  
tain.

"Where is she?" asked Connor.  
The Captain made no answer.

"We all have our trials; God sends  
them. Yes—Nora started with us."  
Connor said nothing. He was  
looking at the Captain now, white to  
the lips.

"We had illness on board—the  
cholera. You know that."  
"I didn't," said Connor. "I can't  
read, they kept it from me."

"We didn't want to frighten him,"  
said one man in a half whisper.  
"You knew how long we lay at  
quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," he  
said. "Did ye say Nora went ashore;  
I ought to be lookin' for her, Cap-  
tain."

"Many died," went on the Captain  
—"many children. When we were  
half way here your boy was taken  
sick—"

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.  
"His mother watched him night  
and day, and we did all we could,  
but at last he died; only one of many.  
There were five buried that day.  
But it broke my heart to see the  
mother looking out upon the water;  
'It's his father I think of,' said she;  
he's longin' so to see poor Jamesy."

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can. That night  
Nora was taken ill, also; very sud-  
denly. She grew worse fast. In  
the morning she called me to her."

"Tell Connor I died thinking of  
him," she said, "and tell him to meet  
me— And, my man, God help  
you, she never said anything more  
—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up  
trying to steady himself, looking at  
the Captain with his eyes dry as two  
stones. Then he turned to his  
friends:

"I've got my death, boys," he said,  
and dropped to the floor like a log.  
They raised him and bore him  
away. In an hour he was at home  
on the little bed which had been  
made ready for Nora. There, at last,  
he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawn  
bent over him; he had been summon-  
ed by the news, and the room was  
full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old  
man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy  
now; I'll be with her soon. And  
look ye, master, I've learnt one thing  
—God is good; he wouldn't let me  
bring Nora over to me, but he's tak-  
ing me over to her and Jamesy  
—over the river; don't you see it,  
and her standin' on the other side to  
welcome me—"

And with those words Connor  
stretched out his arms. Perhaps he  
did see Nora—Heaven only knows—  
and so died.

Escaped an Awful Fate.  
Mr. H. Haggins, of Melbourne,  
Fla., writes, "My doctor told me I  
had the Consumption and nothing  
could be done for me. I was given  
up to die. The offer of a free trial  
bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery  
for Consumption induced me to try it.  
Results were startling. I am now  
on the road to recovery and owe all  
to Dr. King's New Discovery. It  
surely saved my life." This great  
cure is guaranteed for all throat and  
lung diseases. For sale by all Drug-  
gists. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial  
bottles free.

And now my dearest Amelia,  
won't you name the day?  
"Yes, Percy. We'll be married  
when you've paid all the install-  
ments on my engagement ring."

### October Eighth.

If war should come, on a big scale,  
in the present Eastern crisis, Octo-  
ber Eighth would probably be a  
famous date in history, the day in  
1903 on which Russia was bound,  
by solemn promise, to evacuate Man-  
churia. Her decision squarely to  
break her promise brought matters  
in Asia where they are, and did  
much to solidify opinion in England  
and America against her. One need  
not dislike Russia in order to ap-  
preciate the impossible moral en-  
tanglement in which she has put  
herself of late. Her conduct in  
driving Japan from the Liautung  
peninsula, on the plea of preserving  
China's integrity, contrasts so  
loudly with her aggressions since  
Japan was removed, and her lies  
of late have been so rapid and so ob-  
vious. English sympathy even a  
couple of years ago was divided,  
but now almost the only Englishmen  
to speak a word for Russia are a few  
who have a vivid nightmare about  
the yellow peril, and see visions of  
Hindoo students in Japan hatching  
plots against the British and plan-  
ning for a grand uprising against  
the foreigners in Asia. Russia prob-  
ably has a notable history in front  
of her. She is in many ways to-day  
where England was in the time of  
the Seventh Henry, which was less  
than a century before the greatest  
outburst of English genius. Russia,  
like America, and perhaps Germany,  
seems to be cast for a greater role in  
future ages than can be filled by the  
British Empire. Statesmanship,  
however, like other brands of com-  
mon-sense, takes these far distant  
speculations lightly, and is guided  
by conditions as they are. If Mr.  
Chamberlain believed that his  
schemes to keep the Empire great  
were doomed ultimately to fail, he  
would probably be no less strenuous  
in fighting for British priority as  
long as there was a chance to fight.  
Whatever Russia may be in a hun-  
dred years, to-day she is the en-  
emy of free thought, and of equal ex-  
ploitation of Asia, two positions  
which offend, one the mind and the  
other the pocket of the leading na-  
tions, and she is also the great ex-  
ample of diplomatic falsehood. Her  
mendacity about evacuating Man-  
churia on the eighth of last October  
is only one example of her indiffer-  
ence to truth in all its forms, but it  
is the example which, by leading up  
to the present situation, may fur-  
nish her with a historic lesson.—  
Collier's Weekly.

October Eighth.

### A Flank Movement.

The Rev. F. W. Sandford, the  
leader of a new sect at Shiloh, Me.,  
that threatens to exceed in numbers  
Dowie's army, likes to tell a story  
of a Presbyterian minister whom he  
used to know.

"This minister," Mr. Sandford  
will begin, "was making a little tour  
of Maine, preaching each Sunday in  
a different church. It happened  
that on one particular Sunday, hav-  
ing idled through the week, he had  
no new discourse prepared. This,  
however, did not bother him.  
Would he not be among strange  
people?"

"It chanced, though, that, when  
he arose in the pulpit, he saw a  
great number of last Sunday's con-  
gregation seated in the front row.  
There were deacons and elders and  
all manner of influential men from  
the church of the week before—a  
delegation that had come to hear him,  
again, intending, if he pleased them,  
to offer him the incumbency of their  
own church."

"Here was a pretty pickle for the  
minister. What was he to do? He  
suspected the cause of the delega-  
tion's visit, and he wanted to please  
them mightily. What was he to do?  
Like a flash an inspiration came to  
him, and, frowning down upon his  
visitors, he began:

"Dear friends, I have been much  
pained by a report that has reached  
me. I preached last Sunday, as  
you know, in Shiloh church. Well,  
I have been reliably informed that  
the good people of Shiloh took um-  
brage at my discourse. They ques-  
tioned its orthodoxy. How am I to  
defend myself? But one way is  
open to me. In order to refute this  
baseless charge from Shiloh, I am  
now going to repeat, sentence by  
sentence and word for word, the  
sermon I preached there last Sun-  
day. Give me, I pray you, your  
attention, and see if you can find  
in my sermon a single unorthodox  
thought?"

A Pigeon's Race For Life.

The passengers on the Staten Is-  
land ferryboat Middletown, on the  
10-15 o'clock trip yesterday morning,  
from St. George, were treated to the  
spectacle of a speed test between a  
large hawk and a carrier pigeon, in  
which the smaller bird won. When  
the boat was opposite to Robin's  
Reef, W. E. Fredericks, a pigeon  
fanatic of Tottenham, released two  
birds. The pigeons rose into the  
air and circled several times. One  
of them turned toward the south-  
west and flew rapidly in the direc-  
tion of home, but the other was seen  
to turn and drop toward the Middle-  
town. Then the passengers made  
out that the pigeon was being pur-  
sued by a hawk. The two birds  
were at an elevation of 1000 feet when  
the chase began, with the carrier  
pigeon a short distance in the lead.  
As if by instinct, the pigeon drop-  
ped straight for the place where its  
master had released it, and landing  
upon the afterdeck of the Middle-  
town, fluttered through the open  
door of the men's cabin. The hawk  
was so confident that it would strike  
its prey that it did not check its pur-  
suit until within ten feet of the rail  
of the ferryboat. Then it wheeled  
suddenly, and bearing about the  
stern of the boat for a few seconds,  
flew rapidly toward Long Island.

Once inside the cabin, the fright-  
ened pigeon ran under the seats un-  
til it came to a passenger reading a  
newspaper. As if sure of protec-  
tion, it fluttered up to his side, and  
perched on the arm of his seat. There  
it was caught by Mr. Fredericks and  
put into a basket. Mr. Fredericks  
said the bird was an old one, and  
that in its many flights it had prob-  
ably had previous experiences with  
hawks, and knew enough not to stop  
at its fleetness of wing in a race for  
life.—[New York Press.]

Early Spring Styles.

Dainty little designs, dots, tiny  
checks or hair lines are brought out  
in some of the prettiest of the Spring  
silks for the shirt-waist toilette,  
which is quite as fashionable as in  
preceding seasons.

Since the street costume purchas-  
ed just now will be worn during the  
Spring, no material offers quite the  
possibilities of mohair. The new  
dye and finish given mohairs and  
Sicilians have made the materials  
extremely handsome. The newest  
shirt-waists are made of finest, sheer-  
est materials—lawn, mull, batiste,  
etc.—and they will be worn even  
with tailored costumes. They are  
best liked in white. Madras, cotton-  
cheviot and linen, in white and col-  
ors and in plain or fancy designs,  
are stylish materials for the tailored  
shirt-waists.

Ruchings are to adorn not only  
gauzy creations for evening, but the  
silk or cloth gown that is intended  
for semi-formal wear as well. Braids  
are handsomer than ever and their  
popularity seemingly greater. Per-  
haps the most successful is the nar-  
row variety in black or colored silk  
or in mixed colors with a bright  
finish and in which gold appears.  
Gold braid, both wide and narrow,  
continues in vogue. This military  
touch, achieved by buttons as well  
as braids, will be popular even on  
Summer gowns and wraps. Yokes  
that run down over the shoulder and  
apertures are the prominent fea-  
tures of the new blouses.

The new stocks and belts possess  
the distinction of being novel.—From  
The Delineator for March.

Better Than Gold.

"I was troubled for several years  
with chronic indigestion and nerv-  
ous debility," writes F. J. Green, of  
Lancaster, N. H. "No remedy helped  
me until I began using Electric Bit-  
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