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Feb. 17, '96-97

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Special attention given to corporation and
real estate law.
Having closed up all outside business, which
for a year or two interrupted my regular
practice, I am now enabled to take up
this time, give my undivided time and
exclusive attention to the law and to such
persons as may desire my services. I promise
my best efforts and such ability as I may
possess.

1895. The Sun! 1895
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE,
FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

HONEST IN MOTIVE,
FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION,
SOUND IN PRINCIPLE,
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RIGHT THEORIES AND
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THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS OF THE
TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be
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AGRICULTURAL PAPER THE WEEKLY SUN IS
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What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute
for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil.
It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea
—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

Castoria cures Cough, Constipation,
Stomach, Diarrhea, Eruption,
Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes
digestion.
Without injurious medication.

For several years I have recommended
your "Castoria," and it has invariably produced
results.

"Glad I don't know," replied my
brother, sitting down oriental fashion
beside me.

"Not know?" was his answer. "How
could I be acquainted with all the ins
and outs of that Rosamond's power?"

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Is Life Worth Living?

That depends upon the
Liver. If the Liver is
inactive the whole system
is out of order—the
breath is bad, digestion
poor, head dull or aching,
energy and hopefulness
gone, the spirit is de-
pressed, a heavy weight
exists after eating, with
general despondency and
the blues. The Liver is
the housekeeper of the
health, and a harmless,
simple remedy that acts
like Nature does not
constipate afterwards or
require constant taking,
does not interfere with
business or pleasure dur-
ing its use, makes Sim-
mons Liver Regulator a
medical perfection.

I have tested its virtues personally, and
know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and
Troubling Headache, it is the best medi-
cine the world ever saw. Have tried forty
other remedies before Simmons Liver
Regulator, and none of them gave more
than temporary relief. But this one does
not only relieve but cures.

BOHEMIAN UPS AND DOWNS.

Way up in a garret high
Just a few feet from the sky
Dwelt I in Bohemia.

What care I for aught below?
There have I no friend nor foe?
Play I the struggling throng
While I live the life of song?

Even my teeth my brier root—
Best friends, since always mute,
Rare things in Bohemia.

Upward as the thick smoke curls
What care I for aught below?
Love is weak; my pipe is strong.
For love, then, be the song
Sung here in Bohemia?

Oh my little songs fall flat.
Hungry? What care I for that,
Putting my coat on in pawn.
Live on that and still sing on.
Put my pipe and think me dined—
Barbecued feast I find
Often in Bohemia.

Happy, then, my rhyme take
Woodman's axe and check my break,
Feast me in Bohemia.
Round the corner of the block,
Sign, O'erhead a crowing cat,
Mug of beer and sandwich fine,
What care we how nabobs dine,
Feasting in Bohemia!

Friends have I some three or four—
Quite enough, for who has more,
In or out of Bohemia?
With them joy is always young;
Grief is but a song that's sung.
Live, we laugh we debar.
And as we sing and drink we are
Always in Bohemia.

—J. E. Campbell in Kate Field's Washington.

THE DOOMED SKATER.

We had cast our lot, my twin brother
and myself, in the roughest township
of upper Canada. Twenty years ago
in their graves since then—20 years
rung out and rung in by the clang of the
bell, and still that township
lies in the heart of its primeval forest.
Clotted woods overhang the solitary
lake, composed of a few log huts, night-
ly drenched as with a death sweat
the melancholy but happy. But we
came, young and impressionable, from
the old country on a venturesome quest
after fortune, and the disheveled wild-
erness of thickets had its charms for us.

A river left the huge tangle of the
woods with its dark, sluggish waters,
which crept and oozed in among decay-
ing trees on either side. Banks there
were none, and the bleached skeletons
of the rotten trees alone marked off the
channel of the river from the dark forest
with myriad impurities. Such was
the aspect of the melancholy Scugog.
Our village was by no means a large one.
The scattered huts which made it up
had been knocked together by a
wholesome and an irresponsible
bluff which repelled the river from
its base and gave the fearless settlers
some ground of vantage over the sur-
rounding swamp. There was not, how-
ever, much cleared ground, very little
fence, and the few huts were hemmed in
by a battalion of battalions of monotonous
trees. As for our fellow settlers, we
found them of a piece with the country
—rough and hardy, as they had need
be who 20 years ago colonized the
Scugog.

We were twins, Jack and I, but other-
wise unlike. He was a fine fellow. I
acknowledged his supremacy and re-
joiced in his bold, free spirit. From
his first day he had been a free, im-
pulsive creature that ever pointed a
moral for headlong youth. Ever in
scrapes and difficulties, but never to his
dishonor. Jack fought one-half his ac-
quaintance and loved living terms on the
rest did of their own free will, and my
heart still warmed involuntarily toward
the wild, impulsive boy, with his head-
strong soul all agog for mischief.

I confess I was somewhat dismayed
by the prospect of my twin brother's life
from the sunny lands of Kent and the
lovely circle at home, could it be other-
wise? But as for Jack, he was in rap-
ture with everything that disquieted
me. Nothing was more charming to
him than to see a fellow settler, no
matter how old, and no matter how
no river could equal the brown, mel-
ancholy Scugog.

We did not settle down to the regula-
tion life of the settler all at once. We
resembled a ship the night we landed
the Scugog, if indeed there was any of
that ambrosial draft to be drained in
the township. The fascination of the
swift canoe kept us almost constantly
on the dark, mysterious river, and
truth, there was scarcely any other
let from our dwelling save on its wa-
ters. By day we fished, and we shot
from our frail skiffs, and by night, when
the moon was up, we would paddle
till the stars shone and driving in
I have said that a few rough settlers
formed our society on the Scugog.
Among them were some half-breeds—a
species of degenerate Indian—who had
sunk from the dignity of forest life to
the servitude and buffeting of the white
settlers. They were lazy, good for
nothing fellows, except in the matter of
fishing or shooting, wherein they were
proficients. We found them useful in
giving information to the life of the
river. I preferred, for my own
part, to go pretty much by myself on
our water excursions. Jack, however,
had no such idea of placid enjoyment,
and speedily leaving me to my squire
revels, he was a hand for looking
crowded forward to see what was the
matter another cried out the awful tale
of blood. "Here, young fellow, see your
brother—staked by Olier, as sure's
the death in a rifle bullet!"

It was as if the criminal executive
had laid over his life saddle in the
canoe, weltering in his heart's blood.
An avenging bullet had passed through
his heart. Stalked by Olier! Fiendish
Indian, that was they work, and my
brother's blood, rested on that floor.
I shall not now detail the agonies of that
Indian summer. Through all my grief
ran the thought of an exterminating
vengeance. Vengeance? Nay, saint jus-
tice. I sought what has been law since
the world began—blood for blood. It
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of wood and water where I dwelt could
proceed only from my own steady pur-
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from the settlers. Some of them indeed
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the blood-stained redskin and even went
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be long come back again. Likely enough
he would suppose I could not long re-
main in a place to which such hateful
memories clung, and then he might
safely venture back. I waited my time.
Safe he was in the tangled thickets, but
to the end I knew that no covert under
heaven would preserve him harmless
from my wrath.

Winter set in, hard and white and
cold. The river Scugog was a level road
of ice. The trees were choked up with
snow, and on each side of the ice bound
river the forests towered like massive
cliffs of white rock. The path could
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more than once come to the very
dwellings of the settlers by night to
visit his friends and obtain various
articles for his camp. I knew it would
be vain to attempt to track him to his
wigwam or, at all events, to surprise
him. His woodcraft was much too deep
to admit of such a possibility. But a
change, which I judged to be my
being when I heard he came by night to
the village. A terrible scheme of ven-
geance swept across my soul, and I felt,
no matter how fiendish the spirit, that
I would spare no effort to achieve what
I was to be his unrelenting execu-
tioner.

Night after night I lay concealed at
the bluff awaiting the murderer. I was
armed with pistols and wore skates.
Skiing was an amusement which I had
excellent in when a schoolboy, and fac-
ility in the art was of the last importance
to my scheme of retribution. At length
he came. It was an exquisite night.
The moon shone nobly to my vengeance,
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ecutioner.

Night after night I lay concealed at
the bluff awaiting the murderer. I was
armed with pistols and wore skates.
Skiing was an amusement which I had
excellent in when a schoolboy, and fac-
ility in the art was of the last importance
to my scheme of retribution. At length
he came. It was an exquisite night.
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