



# EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 2.

MAYSVILLE, MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, 1883.

NUMBER 82.

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood; expelling the blood-poisons from the system, enriching and renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalizing power.

During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven its perfect adaptation to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and a weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier and blood-food that can be used.

**Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.**  
"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years."  
W. H. MOORE,  
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism since. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public."  
E. F. HARRIS,  
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world."  
JAMES MAYNARD,  
520 West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1882.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Bolls, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

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FAMILY FLOUR,  
Corn, Shorts and Shipstuf.**  
Flour for sale by all grocers in the city.  
**FULTON & DAVIS,**  
au18dly ABERDEEN, O.

### THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOW- ING.

O, the night before the mowing,  
When the warm south wind was blowing,  
It was pleasant and sweet to pass  
Ankle deep through flower and grass—  
Grass and flowers so proudly blowing  
On the night before the mowing.

But when next my feet went straying,  
Men were busy with the haying;  
I saw the sharp scythe swiftly pass  
Through nodding flowers and blowing grass,  
Till blowing grass and flowers were lying  
Underneath the hot sun—dying.

But 'twas not long ere sweet content  
Filled the meadow with woodruff's scent;  
And flowers and grass, as if aching to fly,  
Had learned the meaning of the M. Y.  
And why they were so proudly blowing  
On the night before the mowing.

Maiden, unto woman growing,  
Maiden, with the loose hair flowing,  
With eyes blue as the skies above,  
Face as fair as the rose of love,  
Crowned with youth and joy and beauty,  
Thou shalt learn a diviner duty.

Oh, when life has fairest showing  
It is ready for the mowing:  
Then should trouble, pain or strife  
Lay the blade to thy young life,  
Do not fear; on some sweet morn-  
Thou shalt learn the way to sorrow.  
—Mary A. Ball, in Harper's Weekly.

### He Froke Him Up.

The other morning, while the urbane  
manager of Woodward's Gardens was  
smoking a four-bit cigar, and medita-  
tively listening to the muffled wails of a  
tome t that had just been swallowed  
alive by the big anaconda, a tall, thin,  
scientific looking man, with a goatee  
and blue glasses, entered the gate and  
remarked in an insinuating manner:

"Of course, you pass the scientific  
fraternity?"

"Of course, we do not!" said the  
showman, emphatically.

"But, not the servants, not the pio-  
neers in the great march of the mind  
into the hitherland of the infinite be-  
yond?" returned the professor, with  
great surprise.

"I will not deceive you," sarcastically  
replied the proprietor of the only sala-  
mander: "we pass nothing but the quills  
on the retail repairs—I mean the  
press. You can't see the ostridge, un-  
less you come down and put it up."

"Dear me, dear me!" sighed the sci-  
entist, reflectively. "To think that a  
professor of cosmographic conchology  
should be denied admittance to a third-  
class boat! As the kangatibus be in  
feet yet?"

"Skam—which?" asked the tiger  
importer.

"Oh, the Skamgatibus; you've got  
one, haven't you?"

"Ye-e-s-s, I believe we've a small  
female somewhat," said the grizzly's  
friend, doubtfully.

"Why, I never knew a first-class col-  
lection to have less than two pairs,"  
said the professor contemptuously;  
"how do your Azimuths stand this cold  
weather, eh?"

"Azimuths?" asked the Napoleon ag-  
grator of curiosities "what's them?"  
"Some kind of bird—you don't mean  
ostridge?"

"Ostridges be hanged?" said the suc-  
cessor of Darwin; "ostridges are noth-  
ing. I've shot more ostridges with  
quail shot than you've got hairs on your  
head. You don't a tually mean to sit  
there and tell me you haven't got a  
single Azimuth to your back?"

"I don't believe I have," admitted the  
algebraic bieder, mortified; "what are  
they like?"

"Oh, they're of the order Spinialis,  
about eight feet high. Fur peels off in  
the spring, you know—the Siberian  
species, I mean. I suppose you've got  
one of those Rectangular African Flip-  
goohies that reached New York the  
other day?"

our money on second-hand panthers  
and kangaroos with the rheumatics. I'll  
louche him by telegraph!"

"Haven't even got a Flipgoohie, eh?"  
muttered the scientist, in a tone of great  
pity. "And I shouldn't be surprised if  
you didn't have a Golden Cested Cas-  
pidor in your whole show."

"Neither I have—neither I have," re-  
plied the wretched promoter of pelicans,  
in a tone of great bitterness. "So poe  
you just step in, sir, and look round;  
mebbe there's some thing else you could  
say—"

"N-no, I guess not," said the tall  
man. "It would hardly pay me to  
spend so much valuable scientific time  
in a fourth-class show like this. Not  
even an Azimuth, eh? I should think  
you'd be a raid of being actually  
mobbled some time. I'm sorry for you,  
my good man; sorry for you. I've no  
doubt you mean well, but—not a soli-  
tary Skamgatibus—Great Scott!"

An' as the disciple of Audubon passed  
into a saloon across the street and  
swapped a lead nicke or a glass of  
beer the bar keeper heard him chuckle  
somehow to the effect that he had got  
even on that old hyena panther, and  
don't you forget it.

### Somnambulism in Dogs.

There is something peculiar about  
somnambulism when considered from  
a scientific and philosophical stand-  
point. The sleep-walker, it will be  
found, still retains a dim idea, even  
while he is asleep, of the condition of  
affairs when he went to sleep. For  
instance, if he leaves his clothes in a  
certain part of the room on retiring,  
he knows when he rises just where to  
find them, even in the dark. This is a  
question which opens up a wonderful  
field for physiological and mental re-  
search.

While young and giddy we became a  
somnambulist, and excited a great deal  
of curiosity by our strange freaks during  
sleep, and this one question of the slum-  
bering mind and its memory of facts ex-  
isting prior to sleep, was the most re-  
markable thing about it all to us. We  
puzzled over that a good deal. At  
night we would retire to rest, and the  
next thing we would know we would  
wake up in the middle of a contiguous  
melon patch, and there would be two  
or three other somnambulists there in  
the same patch, and as much surprised  
as we were. Still there is the same  
truth staring us in the face. Every  
somnambulist there had through his  
sleep retained in his semi-conscious  
state a perfect recollection of where  
every article of his clothing was and  
how to get out of the upstairs window  
without waking the old people.

By and by the owner of the melon  
patch procured, at great expense, a  
large, humorous bull-dog, who was also  
a somnambulist. He walked in his  
sleep a good deal. That is why we  
quit. We didn't propose to descend to  
the level of the brute creation. We  
just said, if a bull-dog wants to som-  
nam, he can do so and we will leave the  
field to him.

We made this resolution one night  
just after we had plugged a watermel-  
on. While stooping over in the act, we  
felt a pang of conscience and heard our  
suspensives break.

Perhaps the casual reader has never  
sat down on a buzz saw and felt him-  
self gradually fading away. If so he  
does not know what it is to form the ac-  
quaintance of a somnambulist bull-dog  
in the prime of life.

After that, somnambulism didn't have  
such a run in our family for a while.  
We never slept so sound that we didn't  
remember places and objects that had  
made an impression on us prior to slum-  
ber, and that is why we say that there  
is something in this matter that scien-  
tists would do well to look into.