THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN A CITY OF 8,000 AND A COUNTY OF 40,000 POPULATION

Hopkinsville E[illegible]m.

A Live, Newsy and Progressive SEMI-WEEKLY AT ONLY $2 PER YEAR

Complete Job Office IN CONNECTION.

VOL. XII.—NO. 68. HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, AU[illegible] $2.00 A YEAR.

A TIDAL WAVE OF BARGAINS

FOR NEXT WEEK, BEGINNING MONDAY, SEPT. 1[illegible]

ONE WEEK ONLY.

3c. A yard, Figured Challie, cost 4½ at the mill.

5c. Each, India Rubber Dressing Combs, worth 10c.

8c. A yard, Ladies Favorite fine bleached cotton, equal to Masonville, worth 10c.

8c. A yard, celebrated Hill Braud, Sea Island brown Cotton, worth 10c.

5c. A roll for lovely garter web ⅞-yards worth 15c.

20c. A yard, 9-4 bleached sheeting, worth 25c.

33c. A dozen, pure linen Napkins worth 50c.

25c. Best quality table oil cloth, this in the face of a heavy advance.

98c. Each Ladies' shopping pouches very new, down from $1.25.

25c. Ladies' Hemstitched fine linen Huck Towels new, down from 40c.

12½c. All Wool Red Flannel, worth 20c.

Remnants. Gingham remnants 5c. yd. Wash fabric at regular price less ⅓

20c. A yd. all wool white Flannel, worth 30c.

99c. Gloria silk umbr[illegible] cap, worth $1.50.

3c. A yard Figured Lawns, worth 5c.

10c. A yard, Extra Wide Pe[illegible]nangs, cost 10½c.

69c. A pair Ladies' Fine Kid Gloves, worth $1.00.

49c. Ladies' Fine Kid Gloves, reduced from 75c.

10c. A pair Celebrated Noxall Seamless Sox.

15c. Men's Fine Balbriggan and Fancy Socks, down from 25c.

10c. A pair Children's Full Regular Hose, cheap at 15c

15c. Children's Ribbed Lisle and Cotton Hose, seamless, down from 25c.

25c. Children's Fine Lisle and Cotton H[illegible] less, cheap at 40c.

15c. Ladies' Fine Imported full regular Hose, a great bargain, cheap at 25c.

25c. Ladies' extra fine quality imported Hose, down from 40c

23c. A yard Hand Made Smyrna Lace, wide and exquisite work, worth 50c.

39c. A yard, all wool striped dress goods, will be 50c. the week after sale.

BASSETT & CO.

- - - - By Martin

- - - - - By Blosser

- - - - By Cowan

[illegible]FF—
[illegible]TILL HUNT
[illegible]OR—
[illegible]GAINS,
[illegible]D THE—
[illegible]TCHES THEM
[illegible]Y TIME.

[illegible]ut For Us!

[illegible]ERSON & CO.,

[illegible] Main St., Glass Corner.

A CONNUBIAL QUARREL.

Two English Birds That Acted in a Singularly Human Way.

In the yard of a Scranton bird student a pair of English sparrows began a few weeks ago to get ready to go to housekeeping. They took up their abode in a little box that was fastened to the top of a pole. Other sparrows undertook to occupy the box, but the pugnacious first comers soon drove them away, and from that time on the plucky pair fixed up their household and got every thing in readiness to raise a family without being disturbed by their apparently envious neighbors.

When the industrious birds were nearly ready to settle down to a quiet married life, an accident happened that caused a row between the pair. One day before the female had begun to sit, her husband flitted away and was gone a good deal longer than usual. During his absence the female busied herself by flying from the nest to the yard and back, adding finishing touches to her household and spreading things up inside of the box. By and by Mr. Sparrow returned, but he didn't look as neat and natty as he did when he sailed away. In some way he had lost all of his tail feathers while he was gone, and his wife wouldn't have any thing to do with him or let him enter the house. He seemed to try to explain matters to her, but she wouldn't listen to him at all, chirped at him spitefully, and fought him whenever he attempted to approach her.

The student knew that the bobtailed bird was the rightful husband by a peculiar mark on his head, and he watched the result of the family trouble with deep interest. For two days the unhappy husband coaxed and begged his wife to treat him as she had formerly done, but his pleadings made her all the more determined to get rid of him for good. All at once the bobtailed sparrow disappeared, and has never been seen around there since. The female continued to occupy the box, and inside of three days she got another husband, set up housekeeping anew, and in due time hatched out a nest full of little ones.—N. Y. Sun.

PERUVIAN COURTSHIP.

It is Exceedingly Proper in Every Respect But Very Expensive.

Peruvian young ladies marry at fourteen, and, like their sisters in the United States, they look with favorable eyes upon a young man who has wealth. If a young man sees a girl who pleases him, he haunts the street where she lives, and if he finds her on the balcony, where she spends half her time, he raises his hat and bows to her.

If she smiles in return, he sees that his advances are accepted and then he applies to her father for an introduction. Even if the father consents he never can meet the young lady alone, but always in the presence of the family.

If he invites her to a concert or theater, he must always invite her mother and all the female members of the family. During the courtship the couple are never left alone, and frequently the father or mother orders the daughter to retire, when the young man has remained long enough.

Every Peruvian must have a godmother and a godfather who officiate at the baptism, at confirmation and at the marriage. The same persons may act in all the instances, or an entirely different set may be elected.

The marriage must inevitably take place in the church, and both parties must go to confession and partake of the communion before the ceremony. Invitations are issued to the gentlemen friends of the contracting parties, who attend the ceremony at the church and afterward the reception at the house, where the only ladies in attendance are the bride and her female relatives.

Each guest is presented with a solid silver medal, made at the mint, with the name of the bride, bridegroom, godfather, godmother, and the date. The medal is prettily tied with a bow of ribbon. After the wedding congratulatory calls are in order, but the bride makes no calls and remains secluded for three months.—Chicago Journal.

AMONG THE LAPPS.

Curious Table Habits of These Diminutive Natives of the Far North.

I was taken into one of the Lapp's huts, says a writer in an English journal. In the center a wood fire was burning brightly on some stones, and at first the smoke was very unpleasant, but soon one became accustomed to it, and it served the useful purpose of driving away the winged plague, which had followed us all day.

The man proceeded to boil some coffee, which in a few minutes was set before me, together with a wooden bowlful of reindeer's milk. The coffee was not very palatable, but under the circumstances worse fare would have proved acceptable. The milk I found to be too thick and rich to drink much of.

A sugar loaf was produced from beneath some cloths in a corner, and a few pieces was chipped off and handed to me. I accepted them with my politest smile, accompanied by a bow; but when I proceeded to sugar my coffee in the orthodox style the action caused much amusement to the juvenile Lapps, who roared with laughter, and appeared to enjoy the fun immensely.

I found that I ought to have eaten the sugar separately, as they did, and they evidently considered my way of sweetening coffee irresistably funny.

Cakes were then served to each one. These were about the size of a penny bun, but of the consistency of putty or dough, which they some what resemble in appearance. Sour cream was eaten with them. So nasty were they that a mouthful gave me "quite a turn," and I was glad to smuggle the remainder underneath the rug on which I was sitting. I did not like to throw it away, for fear of offending my hosts, but trusted to the sharp noses of the dogs to get me out of the difficulty.

The Court Poet Must Go.

Discussion still continues in various journals as to the poet best fitted to fill the post of laureate after Lord Tennyson. I have my suggestion to make. It is that this ridiculous office be abolished, for what can be more absurd than that a Prime Minister, who, perhaps, knows nothing of poetry, and cares, if possible, less, should suddenly be called upon to decide between the conflicting claims of a crew of versifiers, each worshiped by a select band of literary toadies, and none likely to be remembered beyond nominis umbra 100 years hence. Poetry really immortal is the rarest of products; poetry fairly good is a drug in the market. Poetry and officialdom are antagonistic. A court poet should go the way of the court buffoon.—London Truth.

Wanted.

We want an A No. 1 Agent in this county at once, to take charge of our business, and conduct the sale of one of the very best, most meritorious, and fastest selling inventions ever offered to the American people. To the person we will pay a liberal salary or allow a large commission. For full particulars address

VOLTAIC BELT CO.,
No. 218 Marshall, Mich.

Fred—What did you and your girl have a falling out over?

Ned—She wanted her father to stand up with us.

Fred—Did you object?

Ned—Yes. You see, I had already stood him up so many times; I was afraid, he would'nt have it.—Plunder.

DO NOT SUFFER ANY LONGER.

Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the first stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions, and do not find our statement correct.

H. B. Garner, Druggist.

Miss Hope—Father says he don't want you to go with me any more.

Mr Fresh—Well, we'd better get married.—Plunder.

THAT TERRIBLE COUGH.

In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising phleg, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, all or any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy *will* cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under positive guarrantee by H. B. Garner, Druggist

PITH AND POINT.

—Charity begins at home, but reform is different—Washington Post.

—A bad temper is an awkward thing to have and a dangerous thing to lose.—Lynn Press.

—Many have withstood the frowns of the world, but its smiles and caresses have hugged them to death.

—It is only when a man is complimented that he thinks he is seeing himself as others see him.—Atchison Globe.

—Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some couldn't tell to save their necks how it happened.—Van Dorne's Magazine.

—A thing becomes less formidable upon approach to it. Even a mountain dwindles and loses its immensity, if not its glory, when one stands among its spars.—Judge.

—Men talk as if victory were something fortunate. Work is victory. Wherever work is done victory is obtained. There is no chance and no blanks.—Emerson.

—That peace is an evil peace that doth shut truth out of doors. If peace and truth can not go together, truth is to be preferred, and rather to be chosen for a companion than peace.—J. Tillinghast.

—Spirit is now a very fashionable word; to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.—Chesterfield.

—The best way to influence our friends is to understand their character and sympathize with them in their sorrows and rejoice with them in their pleasures. To exert a good influence we must be unselfish, for selfishness is an ugly giant that kills every good thought in our heart.—Western Rural.

—It is very foolish to argue that because some ignorant men have made fortunes, education unfits men for business. A large part of a lifetime spent in recluse study forms a habit that would cripple or kill capacity for trade; but minds trained in youth must always be superior to the untrained.—United Presbyterian.

—"Never quit certainty for hope" is a good provisional axiom, but, had it been strictly and invariably acted upon, commerce would still have been in its infancy, and the history of discovery, invention and progress still to begin. All the great enterprises, whether in commerce or invention, have been begun and carried on in direct violation of this maxim.—Exchange.

—People say: "You mustn't be hasty; you must not speak under a sudden impulse. Wait awhile." As if you had said to a soldier at Gettysburg: "My dear sir, do not fire so under this sudden impulse. Wait till to-morrow or the day after. Then the air will be clearer, and your nerves more steady and your aim truer." But, after all, the time to fight is when the battle is on.—Dr. Wayland.

SOME OLD STORIES.

Yarns That Were Current in Paris Nearly Two Centuries Ago.

Not so long ago there was a new rood made for the loft of a certain country church, and the old rood was stored away in the loft of the parsonage. The parson, feeling a desire toward a goose, had a fine one fattened, killed, stuffed and spitted, and finaly put down to roast. He was a frugal man, and to save fire-wood lugged out the old crucifix and put it on the fire as it was, his conscience forbidding him to break it up. This done, he went off to church, leaving his little nephew to roast the goose—*id est*, to turn the spit. In course of time the crossbeam of the roof was burned through, and the figure fell down, face foremost, on the goose. The little boy fled away in terror, and ran into the church, calling out: "Uncle, uncle, that man you put on the fire is eating our goose!"

A poor old countryman was lying on his death-bed, and the priest was telling him of the life to come, that he might not sorrow after the life he was leaving. "After the judgment day," quoth the good priest, "every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and every valley shall be exalted." "Well, well," said the countryman, "that will be a famous land for us poor wagoners."

A certain learned doctor had been preaching in a country church, and was on his way back again. As he rode along he fell into a theological meditation, tackling several stiff dogmatical questions, and consequently he lost his way. At last he met a countryman, of whom he asked the way to Savonnieres. But the countryman knew him, and said: "Why, master, you're an honest man, indeed; I heard you preach in our church, and never heard a better sermon in my life. I should like to hear a dozen such sermons." "Well, well, my good friend, I hope to say a few more words in season some other time; but tell me the way to Savonnieres." "Nay, nay," said the countryman, "may God keep me from such presumptuousness! to teach a man who knows every thing; you are laughing at me, master. Why, the little children know the way to Savonnieres, and are you, who know all things, ignorant of such a little matter? Nay, 'tis not likely, master. God keep you." And so he left him.—Beroalde de Verville.

Had Enough of Farming.

The editor of the Walla Walla (Ore.) Journal has tried farming, and is disgusted. Hear him: "The basest fraud on earth is agriculture. The deadliest ignis fatuus that ever glittered to beguile and dazzle to betray is agriculture. We speak with feeling on this subject, and we've been glittered and beguiled and dazzled and deceived by the same arch deceiver. She had promised us bees and they flew away after pitting a head on us; promised us early potatoes, and the drought has withered them. She has promised cherries; the curculio has stung them; they contain living things uncomely to the eye and unsavory to the taste. She has promised us strawberries, and the young chickens have devoured them. We were in the sheep business and a hard winter closed down on us, and the lambs died in the shell. No wonder that Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is he did not kill his father, and then weep because he did not have a grandfather to kill."

Very True.

Goslin—Hellob, old man! how are you? I haven't seen much of you lately.

Maddox—You have seen more of me than I have of you.

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, I'm much bigger than you."—Harper's Bazar.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE

Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup it is a magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee.

H. B. Garner, Druggist.

Office of an Illustrated Weekly.—Editor (sharply to sub)—Mr. Shear, I see you have an old cut to illustrate that murder story; how do you explain that, sir? The circumstances are widely different.

Sub Editor (with humility)—Yes, sir; you see the time was so short, and that was such a beautiful cut, I—I merely altered my facts, sir.—American Grocer.

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH.

Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it *must* be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has *never* failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under a positive guarantee.

H. B. Garner, Druggist.

Charlie—How do you like your new boarding-house, Dick?

Dick—First-rate!

Charlie—Is the board high?

Dick—No, but the rooms are!—Plunder.

Mothers, don't let your children suffer with ill health. Try Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers—dainty candy lozenges. It will do them no harm and may be just the remedy they need.

NAMES OF NEG[illegible]

The Curious Nomenclature T[illegible] ed in the Old Plantatio[illegible]

Of course, on every plant[illegible] were several negroes of the [illegible] and the negroes, who are [illegible] things, used various and pe[illegible] quets to distinguish them. [illegible] ther's place there was an' [illegible] an' Black Liza and an' Pop[illegible] an' Unker Big Jake, Unker [illegible] and Unker Knock-Kneed Ja[illegible] were in one family three [illegible] of Bens, all possessed of a [illegible] physical infirmity. The old [illegible] had been kicked in the head by a mule, was crazy. He spent his days, and pretty nearly all his nights, standing under a broad China tree preaching of the judgment day. He was Unker Fool Ben. His son, a middle-aged man, afflicted with an ulcer that made him lame, was Unker Hoppin' Ben. The grandson, who trembled with the palsy and besides was simple-minded, was Unker Chilly Ben. Though able-bodied, he was never required to do any work and wandered about the place without let or hindrance.

At the close of the war a large majority of the Southern negroes assumed the name of the family to which they belonged, getting it fearfully twisted sometimes, as, for lustance, Grim for Graham, Buskey for Arowhuski, etc. Some went back in search of names to their former owners in Virginia or Carolina, who had either lost them through debt or raised them to be sold to the negro speculator, who brought them further South to be sold again to work the cotton and rice plantations. In this way you will now find the grandfather of a family bearing the name of his old master in Virginia, the son that of his owner at the close of the war, while the grandson assumes some fanciful name suggested by circumstances. So I know an old man calling himself Jim Sanders. His son is Jim James, Jr. There is not nor ever has been a Jim James, Sr. His son, again, is Jim Grandson. Upon the plantations you still occasionally come across the once familiar names of Sambo, Cuffee, Dinah, Sukey, etc., but very rarely even there. Grandisons, Mortimers, Lelias, Nathalies, etc., have taken their places. Bible names, with explanatory prefixes and suffixes, are great favorites among the devout portion of the negro community. The man who works my garden is King David Johnsing. My woodcutter is Rev. Solermon Wiseman, who, like St. Paul, does not disdain with his own hands to minister to his necessities. Besides these, I number among my acquaintance Rev. Simon Surrender and Holy Tabernacle, Brother John the Baptist Tubbs and Elder William Wineglass, a somewhat intemperate name for the calling. Among the more secular are Mr. Jack Hyena and Prince Albert Hardtimes, a happy equality between the aristocrat and the plebeian. The lusty young negro man who, with Webster's spelling-book and a hickory, teaches the colored idea how to shoot, has chosen the name of Prof. Sam Cape of Good Hope. A black Vulcan, hammering sparks from his anvil, dubs himself Sampson Lightning. The butcher's boy, who comes whistling into the yard with his basket upon his arm, and has a face as black as ebony, answers to the name of Ivory Temple. A little colored female tramp from the country, who comes to me once a week, totin' a bundle of lighter'd on her head, which she offers to exchange for "a nick or two em'ty flasses" (flasks), announces herself as Miss Annerlizer Purse. An empty purse, evidently, for she never fails to wind up the trade by asking: "Ain't yer got nuthin' t'eat yer kin give me?"—Philadelphia Times.

Drunkenness---Liquor Habit---In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be taken in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

coming garments, and will be comparatively free from the vexations and annoyances which ever beset the searcher after novelties and extremes in fashions. Fastidious women are selecting the softest, finest fabrics, many of them so delicate as to be almost transparent.—Fashion Bazar.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at H. B. Garner's Pharmacy.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their merit. H. B. Garner's Parmacy.

Great Borrowers—New Proprietor: See here, Slick, when I bought out your paper you guaranteed a circulation of 6,000 copies. All I could dispose of this week was 1,000.

Ex-Proprietor—Well, the people here are great borrowers, and I figured that one copy served for six families.—Union Printer.

I had chills and fever; less than one bottle of Smith's Tonic Syrup perfectly cured me.—C. D. Clarke, Frankford, Mo.

The New York World speaks of "heirs to pain." Our obituary editor has no hairs to pain. No great loss without some small gain.—Troy N. Y. Press.

[illegible]OTIVE CEMETERY.

[illegible]s With Engines After Their [illegible] of Usefulness Is Ended.

[illegible] Chicago, Milwaukee & St. [illegible] at West Milwaukee, there [illegible]ery where worn-out locomotives [illegible]mplete the metamorphosis [illegible] no less than the men who [illegible] inevitable undergo. Lately [illegible] engines from all parts of the [illegible]stem have been brought to [illegible] to be broken up and con[illegible] scrap-iron, and now some [illegible]m stand on the side-track [illegible] shops. They form a line more than a quarter of a mile long, and there is something picturesque about their rusty dilapidation. Almost every style of locomotive is represented, from the old-time wood-burner, with its bulging smoke-stack and comparatively clumsy mechanism, to the more modern coal-burning engine that has been set aside, not because it is worn out, but because it is too light for the sort of work a locomotive has to do nowadays. Some of those light engines have been sold to small roads in various parts of the country. Many of the locomotives have been very nearly reduced to scrap-iron as the result of collisions, and have been taken to the shops merely to have the process completed. One of them has had its boiler pushed backward through the cab, its pilot knocked off, the working parts of the engine dismembered, and the smoke-stack hangs over with a melancholy lop, like the head of an expiring fowl. Even the number disappeared in the general collapse, and the old iron steed has lost its identity. One of the most antiquated-appearing engines at the shops is one that was lately brought up from Savannah, where it was used for transfer purposes. Its smoke-stack has an abnormally-swelled appearance, and the whole locomotive bulges on all sides in a most preposterous manner. Its boiler is low and its cab is high, and the engine cylinders stick out beyond the dwarfed drive-wheels in a way that gives the old engine a very mumpy appearance. Compared with the huge, powerful locomotives now in use, it is an absurd-looking old concern.

Many of these iron hulks have an interesting history; some of them have been great travelers in their time, and have traversed almost every part of the United States. As for the number of miles that have been run by these fifty retired locomotives, it would, if computed, amount to something colossal in figures. Each locomotive in use now travels from 35,000 to 40,000 miles a year, and in 1889 the 783 locomotives in service on the St. Paul road traveled an aggregate distance of 10,780,603 miles.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Fame.

Fame and good reputation consists in doing the right thing in the right way at the right time. Generals are famous who led the way to victory. Orators are famous who touched the heart of the people. Smith's Tonic Syrup is famous because it has ever accomplished correct results. Used in the right way at the right time it invariably does the right thing. It never makes a failure. It never brings disappointment. It was invented by the eminent Dr. John Bull, of Louisville, Ky., as a substitute for quinine. It does its work even better than was expected. It has all the good qualities of quinine and none of its evil tendencies. It cures chills and fever, colds, influenza, la grippe, etc., even when quinine fails. It is pleasant to take, and children like it. It builds up a broken down constitution and fortifies it against the insidious attacks of malarial influences.

WILLIAM PENN'S DEED.

An Exact Copy of One of America's Most Interesting Historic Documents.

This indenture witnesseth, that we, Packenah, Jaracoam, Sinkais, Partueguessat, Jewis, Espennock, Felkroy, Hekellapan, Econus, Machlona, Metcheougha, Hisa and Powey, Indian Kings, Sachmakers, right owners of all lands from Quing Quingas, called Chester creek, all along by west side of Delaware river and so between the said creeks backwards as far as a man can ride a horse in two days, for and in consideration these following-named goods to us in hand paid by William Penn, viz.: Twenty guns, twenty fathoms of matchcoat, twenty pound of powder, 100 bars of lead, forty tomahawks, 100 knives, forty pairs of stockings, one barrel of beer, twenty barrels of red lead, 105 fathoms of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 80 pewter spoons, 100 awls, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 twists of tobacco, 200 tobacco tongs, 20 steels, 200 flints, 30 pairs of scissors, 80 combs, 60 looking-glasses, 200 needles, one lot of salt, 30 pounds of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco-boxes, 100 jewsharps, 30 gimlets, 30 wooden boxes, 100 strings of beads, and other minor things not herein listed, we do hereby relinquish all our right to the above-described tract of land forever.

Signed and acknowledged at New Castle this 2d day of 8th month, 1669.

	Packenah	Felkroy
	Jaracoam	Hekellapan
Witness,	Sinkais	Econus
Casasette	Partueguessat	Machlona
W. Byron	Jewis	Metcheougha
	Espennock	Hisa

Powey.

The above is a true copy taken from the original by Ephraim Morton, now, if not recently deceased, living at Washington, Pa. When Mr. Moore was a young man he acted as a clerk in the Pennsylvania Land Office. One day while looking over some of the oldest records in the office he accidentally discovered the above deed, and considering it an historical curiosity, made a copy of it for his own use.

Only two of the "Indian Kings" signed in full, Packenak and Econus; each of the other signed with a mark, as did also each of the witnesses.—St. Louis Republic.

May (out boating)—George, did you ever have a boat tip over?

George—Why do you ask?

May—I should hate to get in the water.

George—Weren't you ever in the water? I supposed everybody had been washed—ashore.—Plunder.

Overdone—Has that stock of mine gone up?

Broker—Yes, gone way up?

Overdone—How high is it?

Broker—it's out of sight.—Plunder.

Mr. G. Ranger—Say, Mr. Editor, I got a story I guess'll make a sensation in your paper.

Mr. Whitelaw Jones—Take your own time.

Mr. G. Ranger—Thank ye, I will. Bill Simmon's calf—

Mr. Whitelaw Jones—Take your own time, I said; don't take mine, I'm busy.—Puck.

Twitter—The woman who edits the Woman's Magazine in an old cat.

Flitter—Hen, you mean. She is always laying something before her readers.—Town Topics.

"Cheap hotels, carriage houses and potato fields are all alike."

"How is that?"

"Why they are all buggy places.—Plunder.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE