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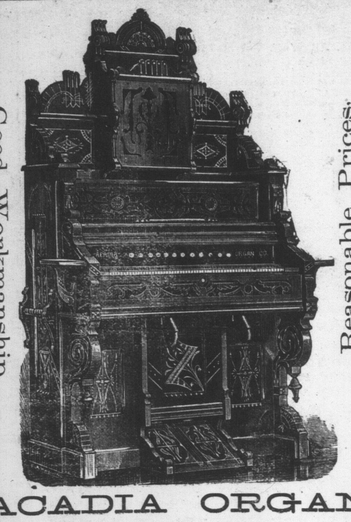

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Beg to notify the public generally that they always keep on hand an assortment of

CARRIAGES

of the latest styles, made from

First Class Stock,

which will be sold on easy terms and reasonable prices.

Middleton, April 20th 1885. n2tf.

Poetry.

Grandpa's Pet.

A bundle of sweetness, rolled up in blue—
A round, curly head that was golden.
Two wee chubby hands that came peeping through,
And ne'er one thing could be holden.
Such a lump of fun as eyes never met,
And the whole went by the name of grandpa's pet.

He's up in the morning when daylight breaks,
And every one knows all about it,
The day begins just when Roger awakes,
And none are so hardy as doubt it.
An autocrat he, whose wish must be met,
All must bow to the reign of grandpa's pet.

Does he want a crown? He'll have grandpa's hat—
The coal-scuttle serves him to fish in.
When he chooses to ride, he'll ride the cat,
And pussy must bend in submission.
He cannot do wrong—he never has yet—
Why, the whole world was made just for grandpa's pet.

When he makes a crow's nest of grandpa's wig,
Then the old man is ready to kiss him.
He draws his snuff-box about for a gig,
And the worst word that's said is, 'God bless him!'
All clocks in the house to his time are set—
Well, there's nobody there but grandpa's pet.

What a pity we cannot be always young,
And rule like a king in his glory;
What a pity that time, with his iron tongue,
Must change the sweet tune of life's story.
Alas! that we lose in flurry and fret
The dream of the time we were grandpa's pet.

—William Lyle.

Select Literature.

The False Friend.

'Go, scoundrel, and know that when my husband returns you shall be fittingly punished for your insolence.'

The slender figure of Jerome Merlotte's wife towered up like a fair Nemesis in the doorway; he face aglow with indignant scorn, her blue eyes aflame with wrath, while one slender, jeweled finger pointed toward the dwarfed figure of a man who stood shrinkingly in the shadows of a tree not ten feet distant.

The man had a comely face, but his form was ill-shaped, and he seemed to stand upright with difficulty. His dark eyes were handsome, the one redeeming feature of the ill-shaped form, and the hollow cheeks actually flushed under the sting of the pretty lady's hot words.

'Forgive me Amy—Mrs. Merlotte,' said the man in a gentle voice. 'I meant no insult to you; I only spoke of the past, and of what might have been had not an accident rendered me a miserable deformity. A cat may look at a king, and was it wrong for me to warn you, when I felt that you were in danger?'

'I will not listen. Go!'

The scornful look still blazed in the pretty eyes of Amy Merlotte:

'Be warned in time, Amy. I know Oscar Rathmore better than you. He is a villan——'

'Not another word. If Mr. Rathmore was here you would never dare to speak thus. My husband's friend and mine shall not be traduced in my presence unrebuked.'

'Very well. I forgive you, Mrs. Merlotte, for you know not what you do,' said John Edison, slowly, sadly, and then he turned from the spot and walked with the aid of a crutch down the road.

'The impudence of that creature,' uttered pretty Amy Merlotte, as she returned to her duties within. 'I know he once saved my brother's life—it was thus he came to be a cripple, they say, but am I to permit all manner of insults on that account? John Edison, you presume too much, far too much.'

Amy was a self-willed beauty before she married Jerome Merlotte, and a six months' residence in the woods had not tamed her proud spirit. She was proud of her beauty and her family name. The man she married was well-to-do, a young lumberman, who expected at no distant day to win a fortune equal to that of his father-in-law. Although city-bred, Amy gladly accompanied her husband to the woods.

'It will only be for a little time,' he said, 'I shall in the near future try and make it convenient to rear a house in one of the large towns on the lake.'

Amy loved her husband, and she was not selfish enough to attempt to thwart his wishes. And thus we find her mistress of a home in the woods, not far from the scene of Jerome Merlotte's lumbering operations. At the time of our story Jerome was absent on business, and was not expected to return under four and twenty hours.

It was just about noon when John Edison, Jerome's scaler, had stepped in and aroused the indignation of Amy by speaking in terms not flattering to Oscar Rathmore, a gentleman from Chicago, who had been on intimate terms with the Merlottes for some weeks, and in whom Amy was considerably interested.

Rathmore was a speculator, and had much to say about corners in pine. He was handsome, chatty, and withal most agreeable to the forest-imprisoned young wife. She had learned to enjoy his fascinating company immensely. One word against the speculator—her husband's friend—set the fires of indignation burning in Amy Merlotte's heart at once.

A stiff breeze was blowing from the west, and the air was strongly impregnated with resinous-smelling smoke. Several times during the afternoon Amy went to the door and looked forth. The smoke was drifting through the trees, and altogether the aspect was not pleasant. At about four in the afternoon a horseman halted at the door and called Mrs. Merlotte.

'The openings is all afire?' said the man, a rough raftsman, 'and the old choppins south of here is catchin' it. It'll be well enough for folks to look out, for it's powerful dry just now.'

'The woods on fire?' cried Amy, in alarm.

'Yes, ma'am, they be. Where's yer man?'

'He went to Muskegon this morning.'

'Creation!'

Then the man gave vent to a low whistle. He pulled at his bushy beard and seemed in trouble.

'Tain't safe here,' he at length ejaculated. 'Mobbe you'd better go to some neighbors.'

Then he spurred on before Amy could question him further.

To say that Amy Merlotte was troubled and alarmed, but faintly expressed her feelings at this moment. She gazed up and down the road. The smoke was setting like a pall, and as the girl wife bent her head to listen, a dull roar greeted her ears—the roar of swift-approaching fire!

'Mercy! What shall I do?'

As if in answer to her question a man appeared suddenly before her—a tall, slender man with midnight eyes and huge moustache. He lifted his hat and bowed gallantly.

'Oh, Mr. Rathmore, I am so glad you have come!' exclaimed Amy with a relieved feeling.

'I am always at your service, Mrs. Merlotte.' He smoothed his moustache with silken white fingers, and stood, hat in hand, as if awaiting orders.

'The woods are on fire; there is great danger!'

A pair of appealing eyes were upturned to the gaze of Oscar Rathmore. A sudden glint like red flame shot into the man's black eyes. He dropped his caressing hand and bent quickly forward.

'Danger? Yes, plenty of it. The whole country is burning. You must fly from here at once,' he cried, in low, eager tones.

'Where to?'

'Up the road. I know of a safe place, if you will trust me.'

'Your judgment is superior to mine,' she said. 'I will do whatever you think best.'

'Thanks. Is there money in the house?'

'A little.'

'Get it, and anything else of value, and then come. No time is to be lost. I came on purpose to save you. I knew you would be frightened.'

In rapid tones the man muttered the words. Trusting him implicitly, next to her brave husband, Amy complied with his orders, and soon had a small bundle gathered, and fastened with a stout cord. She came out then and closed the door. The roar of burning timber was plainly heard now, and to the south, towards Muskegon, could be seen the red glint of leaping flames.

'Come, if you would not perish.'

A hand clutched her own, and led her swiftly away. She was fleeing from home in company with the man whom John Edison, the cripple, had warned her against. Less than half an hour after a light vehicle drew up at the door of the lumberman's house.

It was Jerome Merlotte, with singed beard and scorched face. He had come to the rescue of his wife a little too late. He had hastened his return home when he learned of the sudden outburst of fire in the woods.

In the meantime Amy and her companion were far away, treading on ill-defined path that led into the depths of the green forest.

'The country is swampy along this road, and here we will be utterly safe from the fire,' said Rathmore.

Amy went on in confidence until they reached an old log shanty that stood on the edge of a steep gulch, the sides of which were almost perpendicular.

'A deserted shanty,' explained the speculator. Then he left his charge and passed in through the open door. When he came forth he had two horses.

'You will mount one of these,' proceeded Rathmore, 'and before morning leave this region far behind.'

'I do not understand,' hesitated Amy. 'Is it necessary?'

'I will explain, my dear girl. I've known how it has been all along. We have a good excuse for fleeing now. Your house is burned before this, and when Merlotte returns he will imagine you perished, and so never look for you.'

The man laughed, while Amy regarded him with sudden paling cheeks.

'I planned it all nicely,' he said with his even, white teeth gleaming in a smile. 'You ought to thank me for it.'

'Sir, I do not comprehend this language.'

'Oh, indeed! don't pretend that you haven't enticed me on with your killing ways. I could see with half an eye how odious Jerome Merlotte was, and so I resolved to take you with me to an elysian of bliss beyond the lake Mount and let us be off. There is no danger. We cannot be discovered.'

'Scoundrel!'

With the one word the young wife shrank away from this man with a shudder.

'Ha! Do you repudiate the past? What were all these tender glances for if you do not love me?' he demanded, sternly now, a very devil of flame burning in his eyes. 'My lady, no squeamishness now. You must go with me.'

He grasped her arm.

She uttered a terrified scream and broke loose, fleeing in terror. He sprang after, with a low imprecation. She sped beyond the shanty. He had placed himself between the roadway and Mrs. Merlotte. Her only chance was toward the gulch. A ladder leaned against the low roof of the desolate shanty. Without thought Amy sped to this and began to climb. Soon she stood upon the flat shanty roof. When she would draw up the ladder it was fast under the clutch of a strong hand. A dark face leered up into hers, a gleam of teeth and the flash of demon eyes terrified her. She shrank back with a moan of intense fear.

'I have you now. You ran into a trap nicely,' hissed the treacherous friend. The next moment he bounded up the ladder and stood beside the terrified Amy upon the roof. His hand grasped her arm and he dragged her forcibly to him. She tried to scream again, but the utterance died in her throat. Silky fingers closed about the white neck.

'You shall never see Jerome again,' hissed the mad villian. 'Go with me peaceably or fare worse.'

She was losing consciousness under his clutch, and the horrors of her situation. Dim lights flashed on her brain. She did not faint, however. A dark object crawling up the ladder attracted her attention. Hand over hand in painful haste moved the form, when he gained the roof and confronted the twain, Amy recognized John Edson.

'Scoundrel, release that lady!'

A crutch was lifted high above the head of Oscar Rathmore. He saw his danger, dodged, and sprang fiercely at the ungainly cripple. The two closed in a desperate struggle, rolling over and over on the shanty roof. Crippled as he was, John Edson was no match for the Chicago adventurer. Nevetheless the scaler clung to the throat of his antagonist like grim death.

Amy Merlotte crouched with a gasp of horror, and with clasped hands watched the terrible struggle. Her safety lay in the victory of the weak man over the strong. She crouched there, pallid as death, and watched the unequal struggle. Nearer and nearer rolled the combatants to the edge of the roof.

'I'll fix you now.'

It was a cry of triumph that burst from the lips of Oscar Rathmore. He was above the struggling cripple, and held a keen blade poised at his breast. A wild cry burst from Amy's lips.

'Coward!'

It was the gurgling cry of a dying man. With it the knife of the assassin was thrust home. The next instant Oscar Rathmore stood upright on the edge of the roof gazing down into the abyss below. He raised his victim and flung him savagely away.

Hark! What cry was that? A wild scream of mortal terror. Even in death the cripple was to win. With a last dying clutch his fingers closed over the wrist of his foe. It was a fatal clutch. With a feeling of horror the Chicago adventurer felt himself jerked violently forward, and the next instant he followed his victim to the bottom of the gulch.

It was twelve hours later that Jerome Merlotte found his wife lying under a pitiless rain on the shanty roof, still insensible. She recovered conciousness soon after and clasped her arms about her husband's neck and wept hysterically.

'It was such a horrid dream.'

'Alas! it is no dream,' returned Jerome. 'Our house is in ashes, and but for the rain, which has been falling since midnight, a vast ruin would have been wrought.'

When Jerome placed his wife in the buggy to depart she begged him to stay.

'Look in the gulch!'

It was all she could say then, and without questioning her, Jerome went down the steep. In a little time he returned with a slight, crooked form in his arms—John Edison, and quite dead.

'He was the lightest, and I could not bring them both,' exclaimed the husband.

'The other is dead?' queried Amy's pallid lips, shudderingly.

'Quite dead.' Then Amy entered into an explanation that was a horrible and startling revelation to the young husband, who had trusted Oscar Rathmore implicitly.

Over the dead scaler the young wife shed many bitter, remorseful tears.

'He was a hero, Jerome, and I shall never forgive myself for the wrong I did him,' bewailed Amy.

'Let him rest, dearest. Yes, John Edison was one of nature's noblemen, and this lesson, terrible as it is, will be a lasting one to us both, I hope.'

And it was. The tragedy of the gulch was long remembered, and the noble monument above the remains of John Edison bears the simple inscription: 'John Edison. One of the world's heroes.' And this tells the whole story.

—Miss Melinda Bailey, of Merrimac Mass., has been ill for some time, and on Thursday, says the Haverhill *Gazette*, lay peacefully back on her bed and to all appearances seemed to be dead. As the doctor lived nearly six miles off, and her dissolution was somewhat expected, no attempt was made to summon medical aid. The limbs grew stiff, and except for the fact that the flesh retained its natural color to some extent, there was no unusual appearances. After the body had lain in this state for some time neighbors coming in, the grave clothes were brought out and preparation made to prepare for the last sad rites. Soon a slight perspiration broke out on the body, the vital spark which seemingly had long been exhausted, flamed up once more, and, to the surprise and horror of those gathered there, the supposed corpse sat up in her bed and surveyed with half-dazed eyes the mourners gathered around. According to one of the neighbors the first word uttered by any of the party came from the-dead alive, who, with tremulous accents, said: 'Ah! heaven is a beautiful place, and I should like to have stayed there, but I so longed to see my brother and sister once more.' As soon as possible the room was cleared of the wondering spectators and the doctor sent for who found his patient rather better than on his previous visit the day before, and since that time she has to all appearances steadily improved.

It is a Fact

well established that consumption if attended to in its first stages, can be cured. There is, however, no true and rational way to cure this disease, which is really scrofulous ulceration of the lungs, except through purifying the blood. Keep the liver in perfect order and pure blood will be the result. Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' a purely vegetable compound, does all this and more; while it purifies the blood it also builds up the system, strengthening it against future attacks of disease. Ask for Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Take no other. Of druggists.

THE LAWYER GOT IT.—A country guest at a certain uptown New York hotel, having a dread of pickpockets and bunco steerers, went to the clerk and handed him a $100 bill to be put in the safe. Asking for it next day he was thunderstruck when the functionary to whom he had given the money coolly denied any recollection of the matter. Whereupon the countryman went to a lawyer. 'Get another $100 bill,' said the lawyer' and go accompanied by a friend, back to the hotel. Apologize to the clerk; say it was defect of memory, attribute it to drink or absent mindeness; deposit the second $100 in the presence of your friend, and come back to me.' The mystified ruralist obeyed instructions to the very letter. 'Now,' said the lawyer, 'go back alone to the clerk and ask him for the $100 bill. Knowing that your friend saw him receive it he will give back the second $100 bill. Then take your friend with you next day, approach the clerk ask him boldly for that $100, and as there was no witness to your receipt of the second bill he will be forced to return the first also.' The ruse proved completely successful. The lawyer sent his bill next day. It was for a fee of $100.

KEEP YOUR HOUSE GUARDED

Keep your house guarded against sudden attacks of Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Cholera Infantum. They are liable to come when least expected. The safest, best and most reliable remedy is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Dead Man's Money.

(From the Chicago Herald.)

'Tell you a story, me boy?' mused a Clark street gambler to the *Herald* reporter. 'well, I don't mind if I do. I've been carrying one around in my head for this twenty year, and I guess it won't harm anybody if I tell it to you. It was away back in the early 60's, when me and Cy Merritt were dealing faro in Baltimore. It was in the fall of the year too, by the way, for I remmeber we had just rigged up a stove near the roulette wheel. One night when the play was light and there was nobody in the house but me and Cy, a man opened the door, sat down at the faro table and bought five stacks of chips. He was a young fellow, this man was. He had a light moustache, blue eyes, and a face as white as a case sheet. Cy did the dealing and I went up into the lookout chair. The deal came our way all through and the feller lost his chips in no time. But he was a dandy, though. He was betting all over the layout, and if he had ever called the turn he'd knocked us silly. I seen that the game was going to be a heavy one so I just locked the door, put on an old straw hat, and watched the bets. The feller never said a word more'n to call for chips. He never took his eye off'n the table either. 'Long about midnight me and Cy got hungry, and we asked the feller if he would stop long enough to get something to eat. He said that he wouldn't, and so the play went on. Nearly every bet he made Cy picked up. The feller seemed strangely unlucky, but he never beefed. Never a word came out'n his head. He just set there and bet and lost until I got sick. About daylight the feller got down to his last hundred. He blew it all in for chips. He slapped ten on the queen to lose and another saw-buck on the ace to win. He whip-sawed us, begosh, and then Cy said he was hungry and we'd better get something to eat. The feller said he would't have anything of the kind. Me and Cy were about ready to fall out of our chairs from hunger, but the player seemed to be as fresh as a lark. Every once in a while he'd take a drink of whiskey, but that's all.

'From the moment he whip-sawed us he begun to win just as fast as he had lost during the night. He was just making Cy and the money box sweat when I exchanged places with my partner, and began to fix the cards in the sardine box for the next deal. The stranger had his bets all made when I tapped the box for luck. But that was all the good it did me. The feller called the turn from start to finish, and hauled in enough chips to make him even. Me and Cy were getting a little uneasy and faint, but the stranger was as fresh as a daisy. We kept on playing till away in the afternoon, with dead luck agin the bank. It had been over twenty-four hours since we'd eaten a mouthful of anything, but the feller still insisted on playing. At 6 o'clock he was about $2 500 winner and showed no signs of quitting.

'Finally I got so tired that I couldn't watch the bets no longer. I got up and walked around the room, while Cy began to deal. From that moment the feller began to lose, and at midnight he was down to his last hundred. I remember just how he looked then, although it's twenty years ago. His face looked like marble, and his great blue eyes glittered with a strange light. He had all of his chips in his left hand while with his right he stroked his long, silk like mustache. I was looking over his shoulder when he made his last bet. He played the same old cards again—the queen to lose and the ace to win. Then he leaned forward and watched Cy pull the cards. I could almost hear the stranger's heart thump when Cy began to uncover the ace of diamonds, and when he unveiled the queen of hearts I saw the player's fingers twitch nervously, a strange cry escaped from his lips, and then he fell backward upon the floor—dead.

'I will not tell you all that happened from that time till the close of the coroner's inquest, for it's rather unpleasant to me. But this much I will tell you; When they searched the feller's clothes they found nothing but this letter, which bore no date:

My Darling Henry:

Hold on to the money you have been entrusted with. You know your weakness, and just think what would become of the children and me, should anything happen you.

Lucy.

'Ever since that day I have been trying to find out who Henry was. Cy has been looking for Lucy, but neither of us has been successful. Do you know it has always been my opinion that Henry was sent to Baltimore to buy goods, and that when he realized he had lost his employer's money the shock was too much for him. Lucy was his wife, me boy, and I often wonder if she has learned of his strange death. I wish we could find her, for the money we won from her husband has been compounding interest these twenty years. Suppose me and Cy could spend a cent of that stuff after what had happened? It would have gone agin our grain, and then, besides, it would have been a Jonah. Dead men's money is wuss than black cats.'

IS IT ACTING RIGHT?

If you are troubled with inactive Liver, your complection will be sallow, frequent sick headache, aching shoulder, dizziness, weariness, irregular bowels, and many other serious complaints. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the Liver and all secretions to a healthy action.

Schr. Ivica,

Capt. Longmire.

This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between

Bridgetown & St. John

about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.

LIME

will be kept constantly on hand and for sale Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.

JOHN LONGMIRE,

Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 43tf.

—I devote a good deal of space to the discussion of the advertising feature of journalism, because, after all, it is advertising which enables journalism to exist. I was talking not long ago to Frank Siddalls, the Philadelphia soap man and millionaire. He has more original ideas on the subject of advertising than any two other men whose names are seen in the pages. He spends his money liberally, but never wastes a cent on defacing walls and rocks. He uses the papers freely and claims that people who can't read don't use soap. I guess he is about right. Merchants who wish to attract intelligent people use the newspapers and periodicals which intelligent people read, and those who desire the custom of the ignorant whose comprehension does not rise above pictures and flaming posters, daub the rocks and fences. Mr. Siddalls claims that nothing is an advertisement which does not set the people to talking and thinking about the man, who pays for it, and incidentally of the wares he announces for sale. Everything else is a "card." He wants an "*idea*" in his advertising, and he generally puts it there. His success is abundant testimony as to the value of purely newpaper advertising. He has done more than any one man to prove that advertising in the press is the only kind worth having, and to aid in turning advertising into its legitimate channels. For this he deserves the hearty co-operation of the press.—*The Journalist.*

—The Merchant Tailor's Association of Montreal, organized last spring, is now in full swing, and fear and trembling have crept into the hearts of the dudes. One of the objects of this association is to adopt such means and measures that will make the impecunious dude pay for his raiment or take to the woods. The association meets once a month and prepare and publish a black list of men who beat their tailors, advertise their bills for sale and render the lives of these "respectable" beats, a burden to them as much as possible. The fellow who has been a well dressed habitue of good society, while his sources of supply were wrapped in mystery, will move heaven and earth to prevent such an expose as a tailor's black list will subject him to. Respectable people have a horror of a swindler, no matter how nicely he may dress himself or his practices; and the very thought of an ordinary every day ninth part of a man advertising some swell humbug as a fraud before the gaze of society is calculated to bring tears to the eyes of even a politician. A black list! Just think of it! Fancy Ferdinand de Smith, arrayed in splendor, calling on Clara de Jones, and having the dear creature reading the name of that immaculate young man, in large letters, amongst the lists of beats—oh, horror! But enough.

She was Saved

From days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only 'Putman's' should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

VERDICT AGAINST A RAILROAD.—*Philadelphia, Oct. 11.*—To-day the jury in the case of Flora O. Spear vs. the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad company for the loss of her husband, Adrian Spear, who died from the effects of injuries received on the 17th of August, 1885, during the terrific explosion on board the steamer Samuel M. Felton, rendered a verdict of $6,000 in favor of Mrs. Spear. The steamer Samuel M. Felton had just left the wharf below Chestnut street, about ten o'clock on the morning of August 17, 1885, to make her usual trip to Wilmington, and almost as soon as she got out in the stream the entire front part of the boat was shattered to pieces by a terrible explosion that occurred somewhere near the boiler. A number of passengers were badly injured, but the only one who died from the effects of the explosion was Adrian Spear. The cause of the accident could never be ascertained, but it was supposed to be caused by the spontaneous explosion of some dynamite or other highly explosive matter that had been scattered on board the steamer. There were over two hundred passengers on board the Felton at the time of the explosion.

Some Folks

have much difficulty in swallowing the huge old-fashioned pill, but anyone can take Dr. Pierce's, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. For diseases of the liver and stomach, sick and bilious headache, etc., they have no equal. Their operation is attended with no discomfort whatever. They are sugar-coated and put in glass vials.

A SAFE'S GREAT FALL.—*New York, Oct. 14.*—At about 10.30 o'clock this morning a fire and burglar proof safe fell from the third story of the Parmly building, Nos. 165 and 167 Broadway, near Cortlandt street, and went crashing into the basement. Messrs. Herring & Co's., men were engaged in hoisting the safe, which weighs about 5,200 pounds, from the sidewalk to the fourth floor for the Fidelity Loan Company. Just as it reached the third floor the piece of timber to which the hoisting rope was attached broke in two and the safe went down, striking the cornice over the entrance and smashing it, then going through the iron sidewalk lights into the basement. The safe movers had placed the usual danger signs on the sidewalk to warn pedestrians, but there were about 400 people crowding the sidewalk when the safe fell. A workman had just slipped from the top of the safe to the widow sill when it dropped. No one was injured. Great excitement prevailed, however.

—We beg to call our reader' attention to the high standing of the physicians who have used and who recommend EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE in cases of Consumption, Scrofula, Debility and all Wasting Diseases. Such testimony in its favor is sufficient to warrant a trial of it. For sale by druggists.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—The Hydrographic office, Washington, D. C., has received during the last month about a dozen letters from the officers of steam and sailing vessels, narrating their experience in the use of oil in the time of storms at sea for the purpose of smoothing the water. There is a singular unanimity in the conclusion of the writers that almost at the instant the oil touched the water it spread far over the surface, and reduced the billows to long and harmless swells. The writers describe a variety of plans for applying the oil. Several of them attribute the rescue of their ships and crews from destruction to the application. Of the hundreds of similar letters received in the past, no instance of failure has been narrated when the oil was vegetable or fish oil. Kerosene and the lighter oils have sometimes failed to produce the effect desired.

THE CHOLERA

Possibly the Cholera may not reach our locality this season. Nevertheless, we should take every precaution against it. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a sure cure for Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramp, Diarrhœa and Dysentery.