THE EASTON STAR

T. K. ROBSON, Editor.

TERMS:

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One square—8 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

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The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1882. VOL. XVII.—NO. 22

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Sept6-4m.

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Miscellaneous.

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has nearly doubled its former large circulation during the year. Its contributors from week to week are among the foremost men of the nation, and no department of the home literature is slighted in any number on any pretext. It is adapted as well to women as to men; hence, although its political intelligence is full and accurate and its political editorials free and fearless, liberal provision is made for literary, dramatic and musical matters, travels and adventure, fiction, poetry, fashions and the chronicle of current social events. In all these departments the pens of the best writers are engaged, while selections from other journals are made with care, taste and fullness that are unsurpassed.

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embracing chapters of unwritten history contributed by prominent actors in the war of the rebellion, are a valuable feature of the paper and have become a recognized depository of such matters, whether from Northern or Southern sources. This department, as well as all others, will be kept fully up to the high standard of former years.

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The first number of the *Atlantic Monthly* appeared in November, 1857. Since that time there has not been a single issue which has not more or less successfully realized the wish of Mr. Phillips, its first publisher, "that the magazine should represent what is best in American thought and letters." It has not aimed to secure popularity by sensational articles, or by superficial treatment of subjects in which the people are interested. On the other hand it has not sought merely to reach the persons of highest cultivation, but rather by representing what is best in American thought and letters in the departments of Fiction, of Essays, of Poetry, of Travel, and Discussion of Current Topics, it has endeavored to command the attention and reward the careful reading of all intelligent American citizens.

FICTION.—The Serial and Short Stories of the *Atlantic* have been of a very high order. The catalogue of those who have contributed to this department embraces numerous writers of distinction, and a list of the stories they have written for the magazine includes many of the best Novels and Short Stories in modern literature.

☞In 1882 will appear Serial Stories by Thomas Hardy, the eminent English novelist; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar," etc.; W. H. Bishop, author of "Detmold"; and E. P. Lathrop, author of "A Study of Hawthorne."

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.—In this delightful field of letters the *Atlantic* has been peculiarly fruitful from the first number, which contained the first part of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," to the October number, which contained Miss Jewett's "River Driftwood." Many volumes of rare interest have been made up from this part of the *Atlantic's* contents

POETRY AND CRITICISM have received from the *Atlantic* a kind and amount of attention which have given it especial pre-eminence as a literary magazine.

TIMELY TOPICS.—The *Atlantic* profoundly believes in the discussion of subjects in which the public is or should be interested. It enlists the aid of writers who, by ability, education, experience, and impartiality, can speak with authority on topics which belong to the immediate hour, but which involve principles and consequences that give them permanent importance.

CONTRIBUTORS.—The contributors to the *Atlantic* include, almost without exception, all American writers who in the twenty-four years of its existence have produced works of enduring excellence in Fiction, Essays, Sketches, Criticism, Social Science, Poetry, and whatever may be comprised in the best and most varied magazine literature.

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G. W. MINNICK & SON,
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Persons wanting new carriages will find it to their interest to give me a call, as I can furnish them at lowest rates with McLear & Kendall's best Wilmington made carriages. This firm makes as fine carriages as are made in the United States.

FRANK G. WRIGHT.

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$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Seasonable.

Harness of all kinds, Collars, Bridles, Hames, Traces, Singletrees, Rope, Backbands, everything the farmer needs to purchase in leather the coming season. Call and see me. It will profit you.

T. C. NICOLA.

Poetry.

[From the Zion's Herald and Intelligencer.]

SONNETS.

One day Apollo met the Muses and the Graces in sweet sport, mixed with earnest. Memory, the grace and nobler mother of the Muses, was present likewise. Each of the fourteen spoke a line of verse. Apollo began, then each each of the nine Muses sang her part, then the three Graces warbled each in turn; and, finally, a low sweet strain from Memory made an harmonious close. This was the first Sonnet; which consists of a thought and its consequence. The main proposition is the subject of the first eight lines, and the consequence flows out in the last six. Apollo striking the first line, or key-note; which, being continued by the Muses and the Graces, is finally brought to a close, in the last line, by Memory. Its structure consists, therefore, of fourteen lines; the first eight of which are confined to two rhymes, and the remaining six to two rhymes, also. Such is the Sonnet as given to us by Petrarch, and other Italian poets of celebrity.

The Old Oak.

I.

Monarch of Trees:—It seems but yesterday,
In green luxuriance clothed, and ivy-twined,
Thy noble form waved proudly in the wind,
Beneath the smile of summer's genial ray.
But winter's frown now dooms thee to decay;
And, strewing wide the frosty ground, we find
To shrivelled scrolls thy verdant leaves consigned,
And, with them, all thy glory passed away:
Perhaps thou art a lesson unto me,
That, though unconscious of a single care,
The sanguine heart exults from sorrow free,—
Yet should it for that gloomy day prepare
When, all deserted by prosperity,
Misfortune's icy frown may doom us to despair.

Resurrection.

II.

Monarch of Trees:—Once more again to-day,
In green luxuriance clothed, and ivy-twined,
Thy noble form waves proudly in the wind,
Beneath the smile of summer's genial ray:
For winter's icy frown hath passed away,
And glorious spring, throughout thy leaves we find,
Hath new-born life thy verdure all assigned,
More beauteous, rising from their past decay:
Thus still a lesson art thou unto me,—
That, though our lives, embittered oft by care,
May seem unbending in adversity,
Yet will there come a day when leaving,
Transfigured then, in immortality,
The soul, from sufferings past, more glorious will appear.

—ALTON.

Select Story.

DAVID SWAN.

—:o:—

AN EXQUISITE SKETCH BY HAWTHORNE.

—:o:—

COULD we indeed know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and exaltation, of disappointment, of fear, to afford an hour of true serenity. The idea may be illustrated from a single page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him at the age of twenty on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had an ordinary school education, with a classic finish of a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise to near noon on a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down and await the coming of the stage coach.

As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little clump of maples, with a most delightful recess in the midst and such a fresh bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowless, his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday, and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him, the birds floated across the blue sky overhead, and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right nor to the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts, some laughed to see how soundly he slept; several whose hearts were brimming full of scorn ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swann. A middle aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head into the recess and vowed that the young man looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening discourse as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, merriment, scorn and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage drawn by a handsome pair of horses bowled along, and was brought to a standstill near in front of David's resting place. A linchpin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The danger occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly gentleman and wife who were returning to Boston in a carriage.

While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper casts around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the court would allow, and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How sound he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would argue health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Health and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like this than our wakefulness."

Thus did this elderly couple become interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maple grove are as a secret chamber, and the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over them. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a broad branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this act of kindness she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to departed Henry. Shall we wake him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied the wife, in the same hushed voice, earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yes, fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man in splendor who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not wake him?" repeated the lady persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

"The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they had ever dreamed of doing anything so ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in his carriage and occupied his mind with the consideration for a magnificent asylum for men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was the merry king of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it was, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees and there found a young man asleep!

Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded in a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was a peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz-z z—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine and now lost in the dark shade, till finally, he happened to settle on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is something deadly. As freehearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath and a deeper flush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome," thought she and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why at least did no smile of welcome brighten up his face? She has come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, but had been severed from his own and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires he yearned to meet. Her only could he love with a perfect love—him only could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened at that identical time to be looking for such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stole so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by dark caps, which were drawn aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals who got their living by whatever Satan sent them, and now in the interim of other business, had stayed the joint profits of their next place of villainy on a game of cards; which was to have decided here under the trees.

But finding David asleep by the spring one of the rogues whispered to his fellow:

"Hist! Do you see the bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, wickedly and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket book or else he has snug little hoard of small change stowed away among his shirts. And if not there we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded, "So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David and while one pointed the dagger towards the heart the other began to search the bundle beneath his head—their two faces grim, wrinkled and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking terrible enough to be mistaken for fiends should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring even they might not know themselves as reflected there, but David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"But if he stirs I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of those wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain, "we can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust the weapon in his pocket and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not one of that kind that kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor with a black tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram and left the spot, with some many jests and such laughter, at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to go on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls in letters as durable as eternity.

As for David Swan he slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred, now moved his lips without a sound, now talked in an inward tone to the noon day spectrees of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber, and there was the stage-coach. He started up with all his ideas about him.

"Hello, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreaming vicissitudes. He knew not that a phantom of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of love had signed softly to their murmur, nor that one of death had threatened to crimson him with his blood; all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep.

Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen.

Suspicious Symptoms.

A minister who was perhaps not too careful in his habits was induced by his friends to take the teetotal pledge. His health appeared to suffer, and his doctor ordered him to take one glass of punch daily.

"Oh!" said he, "I dare not. Peggy, my old housekeeper, would tell the whole parish."

"When do you shave?" the doctor asked.

"In the morning."

"Then," said the doctor, "shave at night; and when Peggy brings you up your hot water, you can take your glass of punch just before going to bed."

The minister afterward appeared to improve in health and spirits. The doctor met Peggy soon after, and said:

"I'm glad to hear, Peggy, that your master is better."

"Indeed, sir, he's better, but his brain's affected; there's something wrong wi' his mind."

"How?"

"Why, doctor, he used to shave at night before going to bed, but now he shaves in the morn, he shaves before dinner, he shaves after dinner, he shaves at night—he's aye shavin."

"The symptoms were, indeed, very suspicious.

A Lady Wants to Know

the latest Parisian style of dress and bonnet; a new way to arrange the hair. Millions are expended for artificial appliances which only make conspicuous the fact that emaciation, nervous debility, and female weakness exist. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is sold under a positive guarantee. If used as directed, any can be dispensed with. It will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

When a man comes out in a crowd, and says he will not run for office, he reminds one very much of that other man who pinned a temperance pledge on his coat, so that some one would ask him to drink under the mistaken impression that he would refuse.

[Evansville (Ind.) Journal.]

Mr. Frank S. Mueller, 925 W. Franklin street, cited to a *Journal* reporter the case of Mr. Henry Rhenick, who for four years suffered with Rheumatism, which was cured by the use of two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil.

Nautical: Said the sailor to his sweetheart: "I know that ladies care little about nautical matters, but in your choice of a ship what kind of one would you prefer?" She cast down her eyes, blushed and whispered: "A little smack."

[Fond du Lac Commonwealth.]

Mr. S. Clark, one of Fond du Lac's oldest citizens states: I have used St. Jacobs Oil and am well satisfied that it is a splendid article to relieve pain, and that very quickly.

Husband—"You are quite comfortable, dear?" "Yes love." "The cushions are easy and soft?" "Yes darling." "You don't feel any jolts?" "No, sweetest." "And there is no draft, is there?" "No my ownest own." "Then change seats with me."

A tunnel joke: If the Hoosac Tunnel doesn't pay any better than it has been paying Mr. Hoosac threatens to pull the whole thing up by the roots and sell it for an umbrella stabbard. When asked why it doesn't pay he always replies: "I can't see through it."

A very gushing young lady turned to Mr. Snap, and asked him in passionate tones: "Oh—ah—Mr. Snap, tell me! What—what—is your idea of real happiness?" Mr Snap: "Never reached the full meaning of the word yet, but I guess pork and beans would cover the ground."

A New Jersey couple who had been married 40 years recently got a divorce and so spoiled a first class golden wedding item.

Miscellaneous.

A Cup of Cold Water.

It was night at the Michigan Central Station in Detroit—late, dark, silent night, and only a few dim lights broke the gloom into dense shadows that were more fearful than utter darkness, and no traveler was so unfortunate as to be compelled to linger in the dreary place.

At least, that was the impression the vast silence gave, but there were two travelers who, when the trains were coming or going, waited in the depot through the chill morning hour. One was a man who had come by the latest train, and whom the conductor helped into the depot, and who, through weariness, had fallen asleep on the cushion. He was ticketed through, and his destination was the grave; no one needed to glance at him twice to see that he had almost reached the end of his journey. The other passenger was on the road to ruin; he, too, had nearly arrived at the terminus; at least, his pallid, sin marked face, and all accursed, ragged clothes seemed to indicate that he had nearly touched the foot of the ladder; the world had taken his measure and named him "tramp," but he had wrought his own ruin; low and evil as he was, he never blamed anyone but himself.

This man had been watching the sleeper for a long time, had noted his weakness, his respectable appearance, and that he had a watch chain at his vest pocket and a respectable satchel under his head; and he crept nearer, nearer, with one horrible thought uppermost—he would rob the dying man! He had no fear of the act. He hugged the baseness of it to his soul. But he did not fear that some one would come in and interrupt his project. If the man moved? Why, a turn of the wrist at his throat would settle him.

He did not move. The tramp took the satchel and the watch simultaneously, and was ready to fly, but the sick man merely groaned faintly as his head dropped on the cushion. In the face of actual death he slept as quietly as a child on its mother's breast.

As the tramp looked with greedy eyes at the watch to note its commercial value he started and shivered as if an official hand had been laid on his shoulder, stared wildly at the face of the sick man and back to the watch, which with open case lay on his hand, then he muttered something that had the name of God in it, and instantly it was back in the pocket of the sick man, and the satchel was under his head again.

What had he seen?

The picture of a captain in the Southern army, wearing the Confederate uniform. A face that resembled that of a man who, when he lay dying of thirst, was about to be transfixed by a Confederate bayonet, gave him a draught of spring water, and, setting him on his own horse, turned him to the North, and said:

"When you meet a vanquished man, spare him, as I have spared you."

And he had raised his blue cap in the air and sworn to remember.

Now they had met again.

An hour later a carriage drove in haste to the depot, and first of all a child came running in. She looked at the tramp a moment and hesitated, and then flung herself on the prostrate form.

"Grandpa, dear grandpa, wake up! We have come to take you home, grandpa."

A gentleman and lady hurried in.

"Father," said the lady, kneeling by him, "we missed the time, but we are here now. Do wake up."

The tramp was fanning him with his cap; a certain dignity was in his face and manner as he did so. The sick man opened his eyes, smiled feebly and said:

"Give—me a drink—of—water."

The tramp brought the water and knelt as he lifted the helpless head and placed the cup of water to the cold lips. When he laid him back there was a smile sealed upon them, and the lady and the little girl sobbed aloud.

The tramp rose to his feet, but his cringing manner was gone.

"The battle was most over," he said, gently. "He told me to remember, and I did. I would have died for him."

He has done better; he has lived for him, and men touch their hats to him now, who three months ago would have spurned him away from their doors.

Romance, do you say? No, my dear sir, it is reality!—*M. Quad.*

"Mary, Put on Another Plate."

A good story is told of a couple of farmers who lived a few miles apart. One day one called on the other, happening around at dinner time. The person called upon by the way, was a rather penurious old fellow. He was seated at the table enjoying his dinner. The visitor drew up to the stove, looking very wistfully toward the table expecting the old farmer to invite him to dine. The old man kept on eating.

"What's the news over you way, neighbor?" (still eating). "No news, eh?"

"No, I believe not." Presently a tho't struck the visitor. "Well, yes friend, I did hear of one item of news worth mentioning."

"Ah! what is that?"

"Neighbor John has a cow that has five calves."

"Is that so? Goodness gracious! What in the thunder does the fifth calf do when the others are sucking?"

"Stands and looks on just as I do, like a fool."

"Mary, put on another plate."

To Consumptives.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated, potent alterative, of blood-cleansing remedy, that wins golden opinions from all who use it for any humor, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the formidable scrofulous swelling, or ulcer. Internal fever, soreness and ulceration, pick o its benign influences. Consumption, which is but a scrofulous affection of the lungs, may, in its early stages, be cured by a free use of this God given remedy. See article on consumption and its treatment in Part III of the World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets, costs two stamps, postpaid. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Don't abuse whiskey," said a man to a Little Rock prohibitionist. "I owe all my happiness to whiskey. I had taken up the idea that my girl would not consent to marry me, and had started to leave the country, but stopping at a cross road saloon, I took two or three drinks, received courage, went back, asked the girl, and was afterward married." "You are right," said an old toper. "I owe my happiness to whiskey. I was engaged to a girl. The time for the wedding was arranged. Whiskey made me forever happy." "How?" asked a bystander. "I got so drunk that I couldn't go to the wedding, and the girl afterward married my enemy." [illegible]

What's Saved is Gained.

Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's "Medicine." His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system thus preventing fevers and other serious maladies, and saving doctors' bills and other humbugs. Sold by druggists.