The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1883. VOL. XVIII—NO. 39.

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R. H. T. COUNCELL.

Horse Department.

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I would call the attention of the breeders of fine horses to the STANDARD-SIRE horse HANNIBAL, No. 2191, (sire of Kate Reed 2 30¼ by Woodford Mambrino, 2.21¾. Dam, Lady McKenny; also the dam of Nil Desperandum, 2.24¾.

For size, speed and disposition, Hannibal is the equal of any horse, and his best trotter stood in Maryland.

"What's his Number? We are now just entering upon the season of the year when cross-roads, blacksmith shops, village barrooms and the sporting press are ornamented with an immense amount of "horse literature." A great many of them will be announced as "standard bred trotters," and frequent reference will be made to the Trotting Register to prove it. The "pedigrees" will contain an overwhelming array of distinguished horses, and never think of stopping short of the Godolphin Arabian. All that is needed to price the bubble is simply to ask the owner "What's his number?"—[Wallace Monthly, Vol. IX.

I am authorized by Mr. T. W. Martin, the owner of Hannibal, to give two hundred dollars in premiums to the best three colts to be shown August, 1886. To the best three years old, in harness, $100; to the best two years old, $50; and to the best yearling, $50. To those having his colts I would say, please have them in readiness, as I will see that the money is forthcoming. Hannibal will make the season of 1883 on the same terms as last year.

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T. K. GAUCH,

Trappe, Talbot county, Md.

feb20,83

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GARRICK,

Sired by Lexington, out of the imported English race mare Inverness, will make the season at my farm near Tunis' Mills.

Garrick is a bay horse, 8 years old, formerly owned by Mr. P. Lorillard, and was very successful on the turf, having beaten Parole, Bushwacker, Rhadamanthus, Idalia and other celebrities.

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ROBERT HOUGH.

mar30

The Trotting Stallion

North America,

4 years old, dark bay, 16 hands high, registered in Bruce's American Trotting Register, possesses courage, spirit, speed, power, action and endurance, and will make the season of 1883 in Talbot county.

For pedigree and terms see the book in the hands of the groom, George Jones.

JAMES M. COWGILL.

mar27tf

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SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder Blade; mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is annoyed with pain, a dull and heavy sensation, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having undone something which should have been done; A slight, dry cough, sometimes mistaken for an attendant, often complained of for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet it is so difficult to overcome the inertia that it is a fact, fortunate every exercise, but very few have resolution to do it. In fact, all the evils have occurred which befall a victim of that malady, and examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively diseased.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above

SYMPTOMS APPEAR.

Persons Traveling on Excursions, or in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dysentery, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,

And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Pill that never fails."

Dr. T. W. Mason, Baltimore, says: I have used your Regulator in my practice for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason, says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

His Soul and His Silver.

"You asking me how I came to use it, reminds me of the story of the Scotchman who, on his deathbed, after a life of meanness, wanted to make things all right with the Lord by leaving some money to the kirk."

"Will the Almighty pass me into Heaven if I give 10,000 pounds to the kirk, d'ye think?" said he."

"I can't promise ye thot, mon,' answered the minister, 'but I advise ye to try the experiment.'"

Laughing heartily at the story, Rev. F. E. Osborne, of No. 273 Ogden avenue, Jersey City, pastor of the First Baptist Church, West Hoboken, continued: "That's what I did with PARKER'S TONIC; I tried the experiment. It more than met my expectations, and I am very glad to testify to its excellence. It goes at once at the root of all digestive and nervous derangements so common among men of my profession. For women and chronic invalids the Tonic is a perfect invigorant, and is destined to supplant all other remedies for this purpose. A single dose produces the gentle perspiration and sense of life which eradicates disease. It seems to rouse every organ into activity. I admire it, too, for its power to antagonize the hold of the liquor habit over inebriates."

This preparation, which has been introduced PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be called simply PARKER'S TONIC. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers with inferior articles under the name of ginger; and as ginger is really an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There will be no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the fac-simile signature of HISCOX & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

ALMOST AS BAD.

What the Perplexed Physicians do in Cases of Emergency.

"I'll tell you the honest truth," answered the doctor. "Bright's Disease bothers the medical men almost as badly as the cancer does. Having passed a certain stage, both point straight to eternity. It may be unprofessional to let out the secret, BUT whenever a patient comes to me with Bright's Disease, or any kidney trouble acting like it, I tell him to put on BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER without delay."

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POETRY.

JANUARY AND JUNE.

Said January to June:
"My dear, we will be together,
The birds are all in tune,
And stuffy it be, I gather.
"And look you: I will show,
Before the long day closes,
A pretty sight I know,
Worth all your summer roses."

Then, as they went, the air
Grew thick with snow flakes flying;
But all the roses fair
Hung down their heads, a-dying.

Cried June, in sorrow: "Nay,
We may not walk together;
You've turned my skin to gray,
And spoiled my golden weather.

"Go now, I pray you, go,
Before my last bud closes;
Take you your cold white snow,
And give me back my roses!"

—[MARGARET JOHNSON, in St. Nicholas.

SELECT STORY.

Winning a Wife.

BY E. R. HILL.

"Go down and pick a few quarts of blackberries, Hulda, child, and don't sit doubled up over that book any longer," said Mrs. Holt, as she dumped down a basket of linen she had just brought in from the bleaching patch—fresh, fair, fragrant linen, with the odor of new-mown hay permeating through every fold of it.

Hulda lifted up her golden brown head and gazed at her aunt with great, soft, appealing eyes.

"Oh! aunty, it's the 'Two Orphans,' and I do want to know whether they ever find each other again. You know Louise is blind, and—"

"There, that'll do. I bet they found each other all right in the end. You know if they did it right off there wouldn't be any story. Take your basket and get enough berries for supper. You know Joe Travers and Aleck Hunt are helping your uncle with the hay, and hungry enough they will be. Go along."

So the "Two Orphans" had to be laid aside, and Hulda, somewhat reluctantly, took her away to the blackberries. They grew at the foot of the meadow by a running stream, and they were tempting, luscious and plentiful. Hulda's thoughts were with blind Louise, while her fingers were busy with the berries, and she scarcely let her eyes wander from her basket.

She was fair to look upon, this orphan niece of the old New England farmer. Tall and slender, with full-rounded bosom, fair, brown eyes, and sun-kissed, soft, smooth cheeks, with a peachen down on them. Her eye lashes were particularly long and curving, and she had a way of looking out from under them that had a great effect upon the young men she met at "meetin'" and singing school. Not that she tried to fascinate them, but she could not help doing it, any more than a rose can help smelling sweet. Hulda was not quite seventeen. Her father had been a teacher of music, her mother a sister of Silas Hope. They both died young and poor, so Hulda came to the Hope homestead when she was a shy girl of eleven, slender but not ungraceful, looking, with her wistful brown eyes, like a young fawn. Her uncle welcomed her with open arms, and his wife, though childless herself, was a woman who had a heart big enough to have a place for all the friendless little ones that came in her way.

Hulda was happy—thoroughly happy and content. The fresh air, new milk and early hours soon built up her slight form. Though she remained slim, she filled out with the roundness of beauty. Her warm cheeks glowed with a sunset flush, and her lips were like coral. Hulda's dress was a simple dark-blue print, and her head was covered by that well-nigh obsolete form of ugliness, a sun-bonnet. Still the waves of golden hair showed on the smooth young brow, and the black berry gatherer formed a pretty picture.

Not unobserved, either, for across the brook under the shade of some drooping willows, a tall man in a gray shooting dress lay watching her.

"What a study for Evangeline!" said he to himself. "What a Marguerite!"

The man kept very still, and in all probability Hulda would never have been conscious of his presence if another party had not appeared on the scene. The newcomer was a stout man about forty years of age, with a long, black beard, large soft hat and brown velvet coat.

"Hullo, Morley! What luck?" he exclaimed. The sound of his voice startled the girl, but a healthy, conscious existence had endowed her with strong nerves, and her surprise was not alarm. She gazed at the strangers with calm interest, for they were unlike the men she saw in her daily life.

"Poor luck, Carlton. I fear the trout are too sensible to take much notice of my unsophisticated efforts to attract their attention."

"Possibly so. Well, I have whipped the stream also with more skill than success. Let us adjourn."

Hulda had returned to her berries, but her cheeks were flushed and her young heart throbbed, for she felt Morley's eyes fixed on her face.

"What a pretty girl!" said Carleton, in an undertone.

"Yes; an unusual style of beauty. I never saw anything more lovely than the mixture tints on her face. No common pink and white blonde beauty, but the ripe tones of the old Italian masters."

The basket was full now, and the girl was turning away when Morley rose to his feet and addressed her gravely and respectfully.

"Can you tell me where I can buy some milk or cider—anything cool to drink?"

"Yes. If you go up to the middle of the meadows you will find a bridge. We wait here for you, and we can refresh ourselves at my uncle lives. Aunty will give you some milk; we haven't any cider."

"Thank you."

She stood waiting for them, basket in hand while Morley gathered up his fishing tackle and sought the bridge, followed by his friend.

Hulda was shy, but she replied to the questions addressed to her by Morley with self-possession. He was surprised to find how well informed she was. She had a passion for reading, and fortunately had been able to gratify it, for the library of the old clergyman who lived near the Hope homestead had been placed at her disposal.

When they reached the house supper was already on the table. Mrs. Hope (Christian name Prudence) was placing a fresh pitcher of milk on the table when the number of guests at her table was increased by the arrival of the strangers. She made them welcome and showed them their places. Fresh, home-made bread, new laid eggs, cold ham, and Hulda's blackberries, washed down with creamy milk, engrossed their attention for a reasonable time, then the men sought the doorstep with their pipes, and Hulda, her aunt and the hired girl went out to milk.

Silas Hope was a shrewd, middle-aged Yankee farmer, God-fearing and sober, smart and far-seeing, and Morley and Carleton soon became interested in his conversation. He asked them no questions that bordered on the inquisitive, but still learned that they were strangers in the neighborhood—Carlton, an English lawyer, come over to look for a lost heir; Morley, also a lawyer, from New York.

"I've almost given up hope of finding the man I am in search of," said the Englishman. "I lose all trace of him since the war. He was a music teacher in Boston, and joined the army. Was taken prisoner by Red Jacket and escaped from the Southern prison—Libby Prison."

"An Englishman—music teacher—served in the army. May I ask his name, sir?"

"Certainly. His name was an uncommon one—Stanley Earlwood. He was the younger son of a younger son, and when he left England had no expectation of ever coming into the title or estate."

Silas Hope took his pipe from his mouth and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Supposin' the man's dead, sir. Supposin' he married out here and left children. What then?"

"If those children can prove their descent they will inherit the title and estate."

"If they are boys, maybe; but what would they get if they are girls?"

"If they are girls they will inherit large fortunes, but the title will pass into another branch of the family. I wish I could find any trace of Stanley Earlwood. I shall return to England next month, but I have done nothing."

"You can find a trace of Stanley Earlwood, sir."

"Where?" cried Carlisle, startled out of his careless attitude by the marked significance of his tone.

"Yonder," replied Silas, pointing across the meadows, where, in the early autumn moonlight the white tombstones of the churchyard glimmered.

"What, here?"

"Yes, here. Stanly Earlwood married my only sister, Maggie, after the war. He met her in Boston, and they went to Portland. He was sickly, and couldn't get along, and they came home here for six months; then they went to Baltimore for a spell, but he got worse and worse. Now and then they would come and stop with the old woman and me, but poor Earlwood was mighty independent and didn't like to be a burden. Well, he died five years ago, and he is buried in my plot, and his headstone is there—you can see it to-morrow—and all his papers is in my sittin' room in his own desk, and his only daughter, Hulda, is out there with Miss Hope, milkin' our brindle cow."

So the object of the search was accomplished in an unexpected manner. The next day the grave was visited, the papers examined—fortunately Earlwood had been a methodical man, and in his desk all the necessary documents to prove his daughter's rights were found.

Hulda was surprised to learn that she was a member of an old aristocratic family. Her aunt said she always knew her brother-in-law longed to good kinsfolk. Silas took the matter very calmly and only seemed sorry at the prospect of losing his niece, whom he loved like a daughter.

"I 'spose you will go to England and live among lords and dukes?" he said, placing his arm around her and drawing her to his breast.

"No, I will not, Uncle Silas. I don't know the lords and dukes. Can't I stay in the States if I like, Mr. Carltone?"

"Certainly, Miss Earlwood. I think your wish is natural. Still it might be better to go home; just to form the acquaintance of your father's family."

"I don't want to know them. They never did my father any good. Uncle Silas was the one who always helped us. I'd rather stay."

Morley did not leave the Hope homestead till he was filled consent to return. He told him that he admired Hulda, and besought him to give permission that he might address her.

"No," replied Silas, sturdily. "She's too young. Go back to New York, and come here in a year's time. Then we shall see."

Morley obeyed, though he was loth to do so. He took a long walk with Hulda, but faithful to his promise, said no word of love. He was wealthy, but worked hard during his probationary year to better his fortune.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and Hulda stood beside Silas, who smoked his pipe on the stoop. Hulda was simply dressed in a flowing robe of thin texture—of a pale shade of silver grey. She was beautiful, and the past year had been well employed by her, for she had used her new-found wealth to improve her mind, with the assistance of a good teacher—a lady of genius and culture. She was sometimes thoughtful, her governess thought a little sad, but never expressed any reason for being so.

As she stood looking across the meadows listening to the chirp of the crickets, and watching the shadows cast by the clouds as they crossed the cold queen of heaven, a tall form in a grey suit stood before her—a face that looked unnaturally pale in the moonlight.

"Frank Morley!" cried Silas Hope in tones of warm welcome.

"Yes. I've come now to ask the question you would not allow me to ask you a year ago, Hulda—you know what it is. Do you, not?" He took her hand, which trembled and turned cold in his. "Do you, can you love me?"

"Yes, she whispered. "I've loved you ever since the first time I saw you."

The marriage took place at an early day. And sorry as Silas was to part with his niece, he knew she had found a husband worthy of her. So ends the history of how a wife was won by waiting until the blackberries were ripe.

He was young, he was fair,
And he parted his hair
Like the average beau in the middle;
He was proud, he was bold,
But the truth must be told—
He played like a fish for the fiddle.

An manly longest in hands to control these vicious horse.

CITY TRADE.

The greatest epoch in a man's life is courtship, and, matrimony, and there can be no more momentous crisis in his being than when he makes his declaration of love or asks for "prohoms." When to make a declaration of love is therefore, a question of interest to all men. Men should understand the conditions under which the fair sex become susceptible. Ignorance on this subject and a want of cool reason and sound judgment have swamped many a man who might by a little study have become a social and domestic ornament. Moreover man's injudicious selection of the moment for revealing the sentiment of love has ruined the life of many a woman who, under other circumstances, would have welcomed the declaration.

The element of time is the more important of all, and it is not going too far to contend that any man may succeed in riveting the affection of any woman upon himself, or at least in extracting a confession of affection, if he makes the onslaught at an instant when the stomachic conditions are favorable to the contemplation of love in the personal relations. That is, if the woman possesses the capacity to affect any one man, any man though he be not the first choice may succeed in impressing himself if he know and seize upon the proper moment. Obviously the worst moment to select is the morning. Novelists frequently fall into the error of engaging a hero or heroine before breakfast.

Whenever you find such a situation lay the book aside for the author is at fault on the fundamental principles of human nature. Primarily, even a man will not attempt love-making in the morning. The operation of sleep has drawn the blood from his brain and his imagination is stagnant. At such a time he is punctual and not romantic, and any woman of the world will tell you that, however ardent her lover, they have been the evening before, he is an unromantic biped before breakfast. To accost a woman at such a time is suicide. A woman must have satisfied her hunger twice before she is ready to regard love-making with any satisfaction. Before breakfasting, her system is chilled and her blood dispersed through her body. After breakfast it concentrates itself in the digestive functions, and it is not until after lunch that it is prepared to abandon business activity for a realization of the ideal. Even then a proposition is unsafe unless you are able to detect the instant when digestion terminates and discontent supervenes.

Students of the fair sex agree that at the moment the conditions are favorable, but nothing is more difficult to others than medical men to recognize the change, and if this discontent which rages upon every woman at some time in the afternoon is permitted to assume sway before the declaration is made, the inevitable result is disappointment. There is but one way to overcome these conditions, and that is to project some excursion for the afternoon, if business or other untoward obstacles make an afternoon proposal a necessity. But even this plan is open to serious objections. The average girl naturally shrinks from al fresco embraces, and sees an incongruity in daylight and love-making. Still, if this excursion be sufficiently romantic, she may excuse her preferences; for, as there is no reason whatever in the love of a woman, there is no selfishness, and she is consequently prepared to make sacrifices. Marvelous successes have been attained at such a time, though many a pleasant drive-way has been strewn with pitiful failures, and the waves of thousands of lovely lakes show the wreck of full many a hope shining through.

To propose to a girl in her own home in the afternoon is madness, and if the excursion fail, the inevitable deduction is that for such a girl the evening is the only time that promises any possibility of success. It is a work of supererogation to dwell on evening declarations. Every man understands them, and he has only to make the most cursory examination as to the health of the subject before intrusting his ambition to words. Only a few suggestions are necessary as to the mental conditions of the subject. Never propose to a girl who has been out during the day or the evening before with another man. Women have not the versatility of men, and cannot as readily turn from one object to another. Never propose to a woman who has recently rejected some one else. Woman is naturally sympathetic, and in refusing proffered love, she instinctively, almost unconsciously, devotes herself to a life of celibacy. She should be carefully watched until the reaction takes place, and, assuming her stomachic relations to life to be normal, she becomes even better prepared than before to lend attention to a declaration.

If she has been engaged, and the relation has been dissolved, the lover may even be a little careless in the selection of his time. To a girl once engaged an engagement becomes a necessity, and she is prepared at almost any moment to listen favorably to an advantageous proposition. But you should exercise the utmost caution in approaching a young lady who has been bereft of a lover by death. Such subjects are, for the time being, invulnerable, as the digestive organs are deranged and the blood not only depleted, but active in an effort to restore the system. In cases of this kind the mental faculties should be appealed to by sympathy, together with warm encomiums on the virtues of the deceased. You will do well to speak of the cyclone affection you entertained for the departed, and refuse to be comforted even by the subject. Recognizing the old mathematical formula in the female system, that "things loving the same thing love each other" (exception: where two women love the same man), she will gradually learn to place you for the defunct.

A bout one-half the people that address letters put on extra flourishes until it is almost impossible to tell what the party addressed is or where it is to go. If you have some loud writing you feel as though you had to work off, put it on the back of the letter, out of the way or on the barn door. Flourishes are what make [illegible] been born among the Zulu's.

It was getting well along into the night. She yawned, and then asked him if he ever saw a snapping-turtle. "One," he replied, "in a show." Said she: "It's very funny, but, do you know, you sort of remind me of that bird." "Why?" he asked. "Oh, you hang on so." He looked out of the window into the moonlight and thought it was much better to be going.

Figures were used by the Arabian Moors about 900, and were introduced into Spain in 1050, and into England in 1253.

LUTT'S EXPECTORANT

LUTT'S PILLS

ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DISEASE CURED OR NO CHARGE MADE

"WILSONIA" Magnetic Appliances

Have cured, in 50 cases out of 100, Chronic Diseases, such as the Liver and Kidneys, Piles, Constipation, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder Blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is annoyed with pain, a dull and heavy sensation, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having undone something which should have been done; A slight, dry cough, often mistaken for an attendant, often complained of for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet it is so difficult to overcome the inertia that it is a fact, fortunate every exercise, but very few have resolution to do it. In fact, all the evils have occurred which befall a victim of that malady, and examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively diseased.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above

SYMPTOMS APPEAR.

Persons Traveling on Excursions, or in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dysentery, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,

And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Pill that never fails."

Dr. T. W. Mason, Baltimore, says: I have used your Regulator in my practice for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason, says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

☞ Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE WALTER A. WOOD

IMPROVED

Twine Self Binding Harvester

THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL

Twine-Binder Put Upon the Market,

AND

Acknowledged the Best in the Country.

This Self-Binder first perfected in 1880, and proved by three successful harvests to meet the utmost desires of farmers, enabling them without trouble to harvest their wheat crop independently of labor combinations, is again offered to the farmers of Talbot and adjacent counties with the confident assurance that it will give them entire satisfaction. Of the numerous Walter A. Wood Twine-Binders sold in Talbot county in 1882 and warranted, not one single machine was returned.

One of the machines has been put up and may be seen at the Carriage Factory of Wm. Mason & Sons, near the Easton Market House, and farmers are invited to call and inspect it.

TESTIMONIALS.

We append a few certificates of Talbot farmers who bought and used the Walter A. Wood Twine Self-Binding Harvester in 1882.

TRAPPE, MD., April, 1883.

Messrs. Roe & Roe—Gents: The Walter A. Wood Self-Binder I purchased of you last season works to my entire satisfaction cutting about 30 acres without breaking or getting out of order. It is so simple that any person that can drive a team can operate it. It has eight draft easy machine I know, and binds three sizes of sheaves, all uniform and tight.

SAMUEL J. GRIFFIN.

LANDING NECK, Talbot co., April, 1883.

Messrs. Roe & Roe—Sirs: The Walter A. Wood Self-Binder I purchased of you last season gave the perfect satisfaction. I put my crop with very little labor to myself or my team. I witnessed the trial at Col. F. C. Goldsborough's of several of the leading machines sold here and am satisfied that my machine is the peer of any machine I have yet seen work, and I would cheerfully recommend the Wood to any person that may need a Binder, believing as I do that it is the lightest and most desirable machine on the market, and the easiest operated, the driver having complete control of the binder.

CHARLES UNDERWOOD.

EASTON, April, 1883.

Messrs. Roe & Roe—Gents: Desiring to purchase a Self-Binding Machine last year, it was sometime before I could decide what machine to buy. I finally settled on the Wood, and I am now so sure I have never regretted my choice. The machine worked to my satisfaction; runs easy, ties tight, and binds a uniform sheaf.

ARNER MORTON.

EASTON, April, 1883.

Messrs. Roe & Roe, Agts.—Dear Sirs: The Walter A. Wood Self-Binder purchased of you last season gave the perfect satisfaction. I cut 37½ acres in ten days, using at no time more than 7 horses, and they all small, weighing about 800 pounds each.

JAMES A. ROE, Jr.

FOR SALE BY

A. K. ROE, Easton.

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