The Easton Star.

T. E. ROBSON, Editor. | Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News. | $1.00 Per Annum Paid In Advance.

NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1885. | VOL. XXI.—NO. 5.

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Where you will find it filled, besides his New Warehouse on Railroad avenue, with a splendid lot of New and Fine Furniture from Philadelphia and Baltimore, that is hard to beat, among which you will find Walnut Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Walnut Book Cases, Ladies' Walnut Secretaries, Walnut Hat Racks, Fancy Chairs and Chairs of all descriptions. Painted and Stained Cottage Suits, Bedsteads, Husk, Straw and Woven Wire Mattresses, Wall Brackets, Pockets, &c., Children's Carriages, Picture Frames, and Moulding to make to order, Window Cornices cheap, Looking Glasses and Plates. Come and see for yourselves, and you will be politely waited on by myself or my son Willie. REPAIRING done promptly by a practical Cabinet-Maker.

UNDERTAKING!

Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

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Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of those who have had this paint has been used:

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I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint, in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.

R. H. T. COUNCELL.

POETRY.

"Don't Wait Till You're Old for Your Love to be Told."

Don't wait till you're old
For your love to be told,
For the little blind god is capricious;
In young hearts he delights,
And, if robbed of his rights,
May resent it in ways quite malicious.

He may cause you to pair
With a maid fresh and fair,
Who at heart cares for naught but your money,
I'll make you agree,
With some ancient coquette,
The old days that were buoyant and sunny.

For the first love at least,
Side his quarrel to the feast
In the heyday of youth and of passion:
And the laggard may find,
If in fondness inclined,
Both his speech and his locks out of fashion.

Too late with wrong Fate
Are excuses sedate,
As he sighs, with old smiles, to disarm her;
Not for him is the cup,
With rich joy brimming up,
In which youthful love pledges his charmer.

Then whisper your vows
Under Youth's budding boughs,
With a world and your future before you,
Nor wait till the years
Of old age to make clear
That a heart may be wooed to adore you.

So uncertain is life
That it well should be a matter of discretion
From the threshold, slate,
Of man's sturdy estate,
Lest he miss, by delay, the possession.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WHITE PHANTOM.

Major Merritt Hill, a "bold dragoon" in the service of his Majesty George III, found himself, one dark and blustering night in autumn, riding toward London on the old York road. He had supped with a friend who lived at a village some distance off the road, and he was unfamiliar with the country.

Though not raining the air was damp, and the heavy, surcharged clouds threatened every moment to pour down their contents. A good horseman cares as much for the comfort of his steed as for his own ease. To add to the discomfort of the evening, there was some chance of meeting highwaymen; but, Major Hill felt no uneasiness on that score, as, just before leaving his friend's house, he had examined his holster pistols, and freshly primed them. A brush with a highwayman would enhance the romance of a night journey.

The Major's horse began to give unmistakable evidence of distress, stumbling once or twice, and recovering himself with difficulty. At last a dim light suddenly appeared at a turn of the road. The horse pricked up his ears, trotted forward with spirit, and soon halted beside a one-story cottage. The Major rode up to the door and rapped loudly with the butt of his whip. The summons brought a sleepy cotter to the door.

"My good friend," said the Major, "can you tell me how far it is to the next inn?"

"Eh? It be-about zeven mile, zur," was the answer, in the broad Yorkshire dialect of the district.

"Seven miles!" exclaimed the Major, in a tone of deep disappointment, "and my horse is already blown! My good fellow, can't you put him somewhere, and give me a bed? I will pay you liberally for your trouble."

"Eh! goodness sakes!" said the rustic. "I be nought but a ditcher. There be noa place to put the zaj ir, and there be only one room and one bed in the cot."

"What shall I do?" cried the Major, at his wit's end.

"I'll tell 'e, zur," said the rustic. "There be a voine largo house on the road, about a moile vurther on. It's noa an inn, but the Colonel zees company for the fun of the thing—'cause he likes to zee company about 'im. You must a heard ov him—Colonel Lawrence—as used to be a soger once."

"Say no more," cried the Major. "I have heard of this hospitable gentleman, and his having been in the army gives me a sure claim to his attention. Here's a crown for your information, my good friend."

The Major rode off, feeling an exhilaration of spirits which soon communicated itself to the horse. A sharp trot of a few minutes brought him to a large mansion, which stood by the roadside. Without dismounting he plied the large brass knocker till a servant in livery made his appearance.

"Is your master up," asked the Major.

"I am the occupant of this house," said a venerable gentleman, making his appearance at the hall door.

"I am a benighted traveler, sir," said the Major, touching his hat, "and come to claim your well-known hospitality. Can you give me a bed for the night?"

"I cannot promise you a bed, sir," said the host, "for I have but one spare bed in the house, and that happens to be in a room that does not enjoy a very pleasing reputation. In short, sir, one room of my house is haunted, and that is the only one, unfortunately, that I can place at your disposal tonight."

"My dear sir," said the Major, springing from his horse and tossing the bridle to the servant, "you enchant me beyond expression! A haunted chamber! The very thing—and I, who have never seen a ghost! What luck!"

The Colonel shook his head gravely.

"I never knew a man," he said, "to pass a night in that chamber with all regretting it."

Major Hill laughed as he took his pistols from the holster pipes. "With these friends at hand," he said, "I fear neither ghost nor demon."

Colonel Lawrence showed his guest into a comfortable parlor, where a sea-coal fire was burning cheerfully in a grate, and refreshments meet welcome to a weary traveler stood upon a table.

The Major's attention was drawn toward a charming girl of twenty, the daughter of the Colonel, who graced the table with her presence. Never, he thought, had he seen so beautiful, so modest and so lady-like a creature, and she, in turn, seemed very favorably impressed with the manly beauty and frank manner of this military blade.

As night she retired. The Colonel, who had found a listener, was inclined to prolong the session into the small hours of the morning, but finding the Major was much fatigued, he felt compelled to ask him if he would not like to retire.

Major Hill promptly replied in the affirmative, and the old gentleman, taking up a silver candlestick, ceremoniously marshaled his guest to a large, old-fashioned room.

A comfortable bed invited to repose, a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and everything was cozy and quiet. The Major looked around him with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I am deeply indebted to you, Colonel," said he, "for affording me such comfortable quarters. I shall sleep like a top."

"I am afraid not," answered the Colonel, with a grave shake of the head. "I never know a guest of mine to pass a quiet night in this chamber."

"I shall prove an exception," said the Major, smiling. "But, I must make one remark," he added, seriously. "If in ill sporting with the feelings of a soldier, and should any of your servants attempt to play tricks upon me they shall have occasion to repent it."

And he laid his heavy pistols on the light stand by his bedside.

"My servants, Major Hill," said the old gentleman, with an air of offended dignity, "are too well drilled to dare attempt any tricks upon my guests. Good-night, Major."

"Good night, Colonel."

The door closed. Major Hill locked it.

Beside the door opening into the entry, there was another leading to some other room. There was no lock upon the second door, but a heavy table placed across completely barricaded it.

He threw himself into arm-chair before the fire, and amused himself with building castles in the air, and musing on the attractions of the fair Laura, the host's daughter. He was far enough from thinking of spectral visitants, when a very slight noise struck on his ear. Glancing in the direction of the inner door he thought he saw the heavy table glide backward from its place. Quick as thought he caught up a pistol and challenged the intruder. There was no reply—but the door continued to open and the table to slide back. At last there glided into the room a tall, graceful figure robed in white.

At the first glance the blood curdled in the Major's veins; at the second he recognized the daughter of the host. Her eyes were wide open, and she advanced with an assured step, but it was very evident that she was asleep. Here was the mystery of the White Phantom solved at once. The young girl walked to the fire-place and seated herself in the arm-chair from which the soldier had just risen.

She raised her left hand, and gazing on a beautiful ring that adorned one of her white taper fingers, pressed it repeatedly to her lips. She then sank into an attitude of repose, her arms drooping listlessly by her side.

The Major approached her and stole the ring from her finger. His action disturbed, but did not awaken her. She seemed to miss the ring, however, and after groping hopelessly for it, rose and glided through the doorway as silently as she had entered. She had no sooner retired than the Major replaced the table, and drawing a heavy clothes press against it, effectually guarded himself against a second intrusion.

This done he threw himself upon the bed, and slept soundly till a late hour of the morning. After performing the duties of his toilet, he was summoned to breakfast, where he met the Colonel and his daughter.

"Well, Major, and how did you pass the night" asked the Colonel, anxiously.

"Famously," replied Hill. "I slept like a top, as I told you I should."

"Then, thank heaven, the spell is broken at last," said the Colonel; "and the White Phantom has vanished."

"By no means," said the Major, smiling; "the White Phantom paid me a visit last night, and left me a token of the honor."

"A token!" exclaimed the father and daughter in a breath.

"Yes, my friends," and here it is," and the Major handed the ring to the old gentleman.

"What's the meaning of this, Laura" exclaimed the Colonel. "This ring I gave you last week."

Laura uttered a faint cry, and turned deadly pale.

"The mystery is easily explained," said the Major. "The young lady is a sleep-walker. She came into my room before I had retired, utterly unconscious of her actions. I took the ring from her hand, that I might be able to convince you and her of the reality of what I had witnessed."

The Major's business was not pressing, and he readily yielded to the Colonel's urgent request to pass a few days with him. Their mutual liking increased upon better acquaintance, and in a few weeks the White Phantom's ring, inscribed with the names of Merritt Hill and Laura Lawrence, served as a sacred symbol of their union for life.

Salvation Oil delights everybody. It can be had of all druggists and dealers in medicines. It eradicates all pain by quickly removing the cause. It cures neuralgia and rheumatism. Price 25 cents.

When Noah was in the Ark young Ham was always playing tricks on the old gentleman. One day he told his father that there was water in the cellar and they had all caught cold. Then it dawned on Noah that he had committed to secure a supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Two full grown robins were seen recently near Monticello, Ind., one of which appeared to be helpless and the other protecting and consoling it. The well bird frequently went on expeditions to the back yards of the neighborhood and brought choice morsels of food to its sick companion. The latter was caught by a boy and found to be totally blind.

THE BULWARK OF HEALTH is blood. If this be impure and runs sluggishly through the system, health must be undermined sooner or later. The most perfect renovator that the world has ever blessed is VINEGAR BITTERS. It cleanses off all impurities, enriches the life-giving fluid, renews health and vigor, and is a boon to suffering humanity.

Le Chevrart I used to believe that Error was better than Truth. Error. They prefer those who think them the wisest.

"I am surprised," said a politician to a heavy property owner, "that you never run for some office." "Well, you see, some body must do the supposing."

"If you will object to kissing you because you smoke, simply remark you know some girls who will. That settles it.

The Mystery of Easthampton.

I.

It was six years before the Mexican war, when the population, consisting of 800 inhabitants now stands, was then and for nine years later, the little Mexican settlement of Yerba Buena, whither a young man who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast," went in a Boston ship for hides. Denver, with its 50,000 inhabitants, was founded nineteen years after.

We "make history" so fast in this country that forty-five years with us count for more, indeed, in the world's progress "than a cycle of Cathy." In this corner of Long Island, however, there has been precious little change for the better, and Easthampton was a more important place than now in this month of April aforesaid. It was perhaps on just such a day as this—the sun as hot, the air as clear, the sails of the old windmill as active—that a high-bred, dignified gentleman, about fifty years of age, walked up to the Tuthill inn, followed by an attendant.

In a pleasant voice, and with a Scotch accent, he asked if he could have accommodations. The landlord looked at him with a certain hesitation.

"Is that man your servant?" he asked.

"He is," was the reply.

"Well, he must eat at the table with you."

"I shall conform to your customs and regulations," was the smiling answer.

For five long years did this country gentleman sleep in the cramped chambers, breakfast, dine and sup at the frugal board of this humble hostelry. Then he became an inmate—fortunate enough he was to find such good friends—of the home of the Huntington family, and in that substantial house (it is the fourth form the old Presbyterian church, going south) he spent about twenty-five years more. He was a man of marked piety and benevolence, of charming manners and address, of extensive culture, of rare social qualities. He had been the friend and associate of Jeffrey and the literary giants of his day. He had ample means, and remittances came to him through a chain of banks, ending in a well-known New York house, who denied any knowledge of his personality or belongings.

He led a blameless, a lovely life in this quiet town. He was the friend of all, the comforter of the afflicted, the helper of the needy. Books and magazines in large store came to him. He versified the Psalms and taught Latin to the boys. A blameless and lovely life indeed; but a martyrdom, a living death, one would have said, to a man of his tastes and antecedents. Think of it! He remained, an exile, in this town for nearly thirty-one years—from early in his fifties to the end of his eighty-first year. In all this time he never saw the face of a relative or an old friend. He went at first on Sundays to the Episcopal church at Sag Harbor, seven miles distant, but he was instrumental in the building of the little one in Easthampton which we just passed; he contributed largely to its support, and he was made a lay reader, and for a large time conducted the services himself. With the exception of this church-going at Sag Harbor, the only time in thirty-one years that this remarkable man passed the limits of the little village was on the occasion of a single trip to Southampton, twelve miles distant. The servant, a Scotch valet, went to the west and married. He made his appearance at intervals, evidently to secure money from his old master.

During his entire life in Easthampton this man successfully defeated all attempts to discover his identity. When he entered the little inn in April, 1840, the name he gave was John Wallace. John Wallace he was to the end, and John Wallace is the name which you will find, under a cross and anchor, on the plain white marble slab in that southern cemetery over which the old wind-mill watches. To the excellent family with whom he lived, and whose kindness to him while on earth and tender regard for his memory are altogether lovely, he, waking or sleeping, stalwart or failing, in the close intimacy of three decades, gave no word. The inhabitants of the village, neighbors and beneficiaries, accepted his kindness and constructed theories about him. With the perverseness of poor human nature, they constructed them to his detriment. He was a Bishop of the English church—"another good man gone wrong." He was a murderer. He was—Heaven knows what not! As years passed by and the place was more and more frequented in summer by "city folks," curiosity spread, and grew apace. The most strenuous efforts were made to discover who John Wallace was. One fresh, bearing an old New York name, and since dead, had the ill grace to threaten him. He told him that the "census marshal" was coming, and that unless he told that functionary just who he was he would be put in prison. After this interview the late excellent Dr. Huntington found the poor old gentleman in a pitiable state, and learned of the direst just made.

"Give yourself no concern," said he. "The 'census marshal' has been here. He asked me your name. I told him, and he has gone." But on the night of the 8th or 9th of December, 1870, there came to the door a census marshal who could not be turned out, a stranger who brought at once a summons and a release. Mr. Wallace raised himself from his peaceful pillow—there was not even time for him, like Colonel Newcome, to say "Adieu"—his head dropped, and his eighty-first year, his lonely life, and the year of our Lord 1870 came to an end together. One can almost fancy that even in this solemn moment, when the soul left the weary body there may have came to him a flash of satisfaction that he had baffled all the curious, intrusive disturbers of his peace. In the expressive language of Shakespeare, "he died and made no sign."

Often during his life in the village he would come from the post-office toiling a letter in his hand, and remark: "This is from my lady friend in Edinburg."

When he had passed away, Mrs. Huntington, with her good taste and perfect kindness, wrote a letter inserting his last mandate. She addressed it to "Mr. Wallace's Lady Friend, Edinburg," and sent it through the chain of banks through which the old man's money had come. In due time a reply arrived, very formal, very sympathetic. It was signed "Mr. Wallace's Lady Friend."

II.

"Who was Mr. Wallace?" I am the question I put to myself when I visited Edinburgh in the autumn of 1876, and did my best to find out. I talked with Mrs. Huntington and Miss Corbelle Huntington (author of a charming little monograph about Easthampton and its ways in days gone by, called "The Gypsy") and I should count a pilgrimage fruitful which gave me the pleasure of their acquaintance. I found them at the time of my last visit enjoying a green old age loved and respected by all. They told me much of great interest about Mr. Wallace, and among other things they spoke of finding copies of his accounts (of charities in our native land) with the buildings torn off. One had been carelessly torn, and on it I found a name. I sent this name with a note of notes to my late accomplish friend Robert Mackenzie, Esq., of Dundee, Scotland, author of "A History of the Nineteenth Century," and other interesting works. In a few weeks he wrote me that he was "sod the man." In a few weeks more he sent me what he properly called "a very hanthy letter." Said he, "I know the mystery to the very bottom, but—I may not tell you."

Not a little disappointed, I communicated this information to a circle of equally disappointed friends. One of them, a distinguished divine, told me that "it made his flesh creep like one of Wilkie Collins' stories." Then I went to Scotland? No—to Colorado, of all the places in the world, and at the foot of Pike's Peak, in the summer of 1879, I found out all about the poor exile. As living persons are concerned in the manner of my discovery, I may not rightly publish the details thereof, but they are among the strangest happenings of my life. Suffice it to say that on my return I held all the clues, proofs and facts in my hands, and that only now am I permitted to tell the truth about John Wallace.

III

Perhaps some of you know how distinguished and important a judicial officer is the High Sheriff of a great Scotch county. Such distinguished and important officer was, in 1840, Sheriff W——, resident in Edinburgh. He was a bachelor of fifty years of age. He was famed for his benevolence and his good works. He was the friend of the poor, the widow, and the orphan. His services to the State had earned him a public testimonial. He had "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." He was a founder and and ardent supporter of Sunday schools. People flocked from cultured Edinburg homes to hear his weekly addresses to the children.

One day, at the height of his fame, there was made against him the subtle charge of a grave and mysterious crime. At six o'clock in the evening the Lord High Advocate went to a mutual friend.

"Go to Sheriff W——as once," said he, in sad and measured tones, "and tell him that when I go to my office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning a warrant will issue for his arrest."

That night Sheriff W——fled out of Scotland. He had just time to say to a friend that he was not guilty of more than an indiscretion, but that he could not face even the shame of that.

His disappearance is mourned in Edinburgh after all these long years, and tears come to the eyes of old friends when it is mentioned. The man who so patiently bore the long expiation of a self-imposed exile, the man who endured the penance of thirty-one years among strangers in a strange land, the man who read the beautiful service in the little Easthampton Church, was no John Wallace. Under the white marble tablet in the old Easthampton Cemetery sleeps the scholar, the great jurist, the courtly gentleman, the humble Christian, Sheriff W——

A Day Dream Realized.

One afternoon I sat reading in my room while the first shower of the month was falling. The rainy season was several weeks later this year. It was a goodly shower, and the rivulets in the streets were soon converted into turbid torrents. While the rain was still pouring, though very gently, I heard music in the street. It was St. John's day, and I thought it part of the celebration. I stepped to the balcony and saw a band coming, followed by a score or more of men with lighted candles. The band was playing a lively march. Ahead, there ran a little boy with black locks like a cherub, painted box cover. The men were nearly all of the lower class, shabbily dressed. One of them carried on his head an open coffin, containing what, at first, looked to me like a doll having something to do with the ceremony. It was dressed in white muslin, with some gilt about it. But as they passed below I saw it was a dead baby, with long eyelashes and black eyes staring up to the skies. Meanwhile the rain kept dropping pitilessly on the senseless little form. Oh, I fancied since, the form was senseless, was the rain, pitiless, compassionate tears from heaven. The men sheltered from the wind with one hand the candles they were carrying. The procession marched along, with the martial blare of the music sounding gayly down the narrow streets, seeming strangely inappropriate to mark the entry of a little child into the kingdom of heaven.

Catching a Blue Fish.

Reader, did you ever catch a "blue fish? A school is playing off to leeward, and you feel your 120 feet of line carefully; there is a moment of almost breathless waiting, and then, as the fish seize the flannel concealing the hook, the off repeated question arises facetfully, whether a man can pull faster than a fish can swim. As the blue-fish usually makes a dart for the boat at once, apparently to slacken the line and get off. So it is easy work for a few moments, and then comes the tug of war; the line stretches to its utmost, there is a startling vision of being suddenly and ignominiously hauled overboard, a few frantic struggles, and a tempted beauty lies gasping upon the starboard deck. That is sport to make the blood rush to the cheeks and tingle the very finger-tips.

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One Dog's Hoist Powder in all cases of gnawing, biting, scratching animals, whether your horses, cattle, sheep, or hogs are affected. Price 25 cents.

When a young man walks with a girl as though he is afraid some one will see him the girls in his class, if he walks so close to her as to massage crowd her against the fence, she is some one else's sister.

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106 W. BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Registration Notice.

To the Voters of Talbot County,

The offices of Registration for Talbot county, will sit for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registry of voters and poll books, and of revising and completing said registries and poll books of the respective election districts and of the election precincts of said election districts, on—

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday,

September 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th,

AND

MONDAY AND TUESDAY,

October 5th & 6th, 1885,

From 8 O'Clock A. M. to 7 P. M.

District No. 1, EASTON.

Precinct No. 1.—AT THE COURT HOUSE, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, September 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th.

Precinct No. 2.—At Rumbl Store, TUNIS' MILL, FRIDAY, September 11th.

For both precincts at the COURT HOUSE, MONDAY and TUESDAY, October 5th and 6th.

District No. 2, ST. MICHAELS

Precinct No. 1.—At the TOWN OF ST. MICHAELS, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, September 8th, 9th and 12th.

Precinct No. 2.—AT BROAD CREEK NECK, THURSDAY, September 10th.

Precinct No. 3.—At ROYAL OAK, FRIDAY, September 11th.

For all the precincts at the TOWN OF ST. MICHAELS, MONDAY and TUESDAY, October 5th and 6th.

District No. 3, TRAPPE.

Precinct No. 1.—AT TRAPPE, THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, September 10th, 11th and 12th.

Precinct No. 2.—AT OXFORD, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, September 8th and 9th.

For both precincts at TRAPPE, MONDAY and TUESDAY, October 5th and 6th.

District No. 4, CHAPEL.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, September 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th, at CORDOVA.

FRIDAY, September 11th, at LONG WOODS.

MONDAY and TUESDAY, October 5th and 6th, at CORDOVA.

District No. 5, Bay Hundred.

Precinct No. 1.—At WITTMAN, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, September 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.

Precinct No. 2.—At MAN'S STORE on TILGHMAN'S ISLAND, SATURDAY September 12th.

For both precincts at WITTMAN, on MONDAY and TUESDAY, October 5th and 6th.

THOMAS H. TRIPPE, Register District No. 1.
JOHN T. HARRISON, Register District No. 2.
WILLIAM H. LEWING, Register District No. 3.
J. ADDISON MORGAN, Register District No. 4.
JOSEPH B. LOWE, Register District No. 5.

Trimble's Balm of Napthia.

Made from Lost Vanilla Beans. For sale by E. J. Trippe.

Johnson Hoff's Extract of Beef.

If you are weak, debilitated and have no appetite, use Hoff's Extract of Beef and it will make you feel like new in a week. For sale by E. J. Trippe's Drug Store.

DIAMOND DYES.

The best in the market, only 10 cents a package, for sale by Hayward & Bro.

Spool Cotton and Silk Twists, for sale by Hayward & Bro.

The best paint in the market, for sale by Hayward & Bro.