The Easton Star.

T. K. ROBSON, Editor. | Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News. | $1.50 per Annum, if Paid in Advance.

NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1888. | VOL. XXIII.—NO. 30.

EASTON

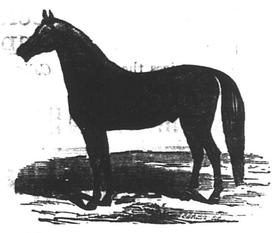
BREEDING AND SALE STABLES.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

1888. SEASON. 1888.

"Faber Suæ, Fortunæ."

WALKER & MORRILL.



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Commonly called the Keogle Colt, demonstrated his Great Powers as a four-year-old, and all conceded his ability to trot in 2 30, but untimely Death cut short his career.

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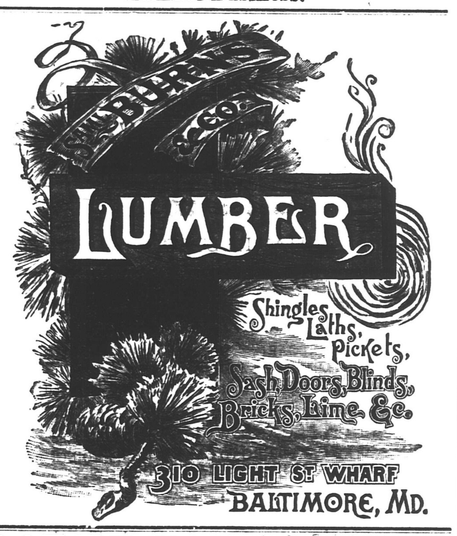

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Select Poetry.

GREATNESS.

He may be great who proudly rears
For coming years strong pyramids;
But greater he who hourly builds
A character by noble deeds.

He may be wise whose mind is filled
With all the wisdom time has given;
Who sees and does his duty well
Is wiser in the sight of Heaven.

It may be grand to deck the walls
With pictures by rare genius wrought;
Greater it is to line the soul
With tints and gems of noble thought.

He may be great who can indite
Songs that shall every bosom thrill;
He who knows how to make his life
A poem grand is greater still.

—Miss F. H. Marr, in Youth's Companion.

Select Story.

RICHARD OGDEN'S DUTY.

Mr. Wagner was superintendent of the great Bessemer Steel Works in Pennsylvania. One morning, about ten years ago, a young man came into his office whom he recognized as Richard Ogden, assistant bookkeeper in a Philadelphia importing firm. Mr. Wagner shook hands with him heartily.

He had known Ogden since he was a boy, and liked him thoroughly. He was a keen-eyed doggedly honest fellow, and, unlike most young men, always hard at work. He had married lately, too. Mr. Wagner had been at his little house and seen the wife and baby.

'Hillo, Ogden! How came you here? In the busy season, too?'

'It is not busy for me, sir,' said Ogden, gravely; 'I am discharged. The firm, like all other Philadelphia firms, found it necessary to lessen expenses, and discharged one-fourth of their men. I was the youngest book-keeper, and had to go, of course.'

'That is bad—bad.' (It was in the days when the hard times were hardest.) 'What are you going to do, Richard?'

'I can find nothing to do in Philadelphia. There are twenty thousand men there looking for work. I came to ask you for it.'

'Me? My dear boy, our book-keepers have been with us for years!'

Richard laughed. 'I did not come to oust them from their desks, Mr. Wagner. I do not hope to get any work for my head. I must put my hands to it now. Is there no place in the mill for me?'

'Among the hands? You do not mean that, Ogden?'

'Yes, I do,' coloring slightly. 'A man is a man, no matter how he earns his bread. I cannot afford to be idle a week. With the wages which you pay your puddlers or firemen, I can support Mary and the boy in this village, where living is so cheap, at least until times mend.'

'Very well, my lad,' said Mr. Wagner, after a moment's hesitation, 'you are right. I'll find a place for you tomorrow. By the way, [illegible] of chemistry, eh?'

'Yes, I thought of teaching it after I left college.'

'Very good; I'll put you near Mr. Ferris. He can probably give you a few hints which may be useful; a son of Judge Ferris, you know. Educated as mining engineer; but he has gone into the works like any poor lad, to work his way to a practical knowledge of the business. He has charge of the converter,' he added, with a tone of respect to which Ogden, never having heard of the converter, listened with indifference.

The next morning Ogden, in a workman's clothes, presented himself at the office, and Mr. Wagner himself took him into the mill and gave him his work, introducing him to Mr. Ferris in the tone which he would use in speaking of an equal. The familiarity was kindly meant, but injudicious.

'Who's that young cub old Wagner's making much of?' said Jake Crawford to the man at the coal heap beside him.

'Dunno; one of his pets, I reckon.'

Jake was one of the most drunken and vicious men in the works. He scanned Ogden's gentlemanly bearing and white hands with a scowl of contempt, which changed to a positive glare when Mr. Wagner shook hands with him, saying, 'Good by my lad, and good luck!'

From that time Jake set down the young fellow as his enemy, whom he was bound to overturn. Ogden presently noticed that this man shoved him unnecessarily when he passed him in the throng, and swore at him under his breath, but, supposing him to be a drunken fellow, thought no more about it. His indifference but enraged Crawford the more. Poor Richard, whom he met on Sundays dressed like a gentleman, going with his wife to church, became in his eyes the embodiment of the 'bloated aristocrats' whom he hated so heartily.

'I'll fix his lordship for life!' he said every day, and watched his chance to do it. Ferris, on the contrary, as Mr. Wagner had foreseen, was attracted to the young man, and gave him work near him, frequently explaining the processes to him Ogden's previous knowledge of chemistry made him an intelligent hearer.

The 'converter,' of which Mr. Ferris had charge, is an enormous pot in which the molten metal and carbon is subjected to the force of a terrific blast by which the carbon is dissipated. At the instant when the right amount is left, huge vessel is overturned into a pit, where it flows into tubes prepared for it.

Ferris's duty was to watch the lurid flames of the metal, and when, by the change in their tint, he saw the moment had come, to press on a lever which, by hydraulic machinery, overturned the vast converter.

Every time this was done, steel to the amount of six thousand dollars was made. If he missed the time, was a second too early or too late, the firm were loosers to that amount.

The men were not allowed to speak to him as the moment approached. Ogden always stood near, deafened by the thunderous roar of the blast, but watching Ferris's pale, intent face.

After a few weeks Ogden learned to distinguish the subtle change in the flame which marked the critical moment.

He told Ferris so one day, jokingly adding, 'I can take your place now, on an emergency.'

'I hope I may not have to call on you,' said Ferris, laughing.

Jake Crawford was behind the two men. His cunning eyes sparkled. He followed Ogden home in the dark, loitering about until he saw Richard's wife run down the path to meet him.

'How is Ben?' said Ogden eagerly.

'Better. I think it is not the croup, only an ordinary cold.'

'Ben's the baby! Aha! muttered Jake. 'I've got it, I'll settle his lordship, now,' thumping his fist on his leg and drunkenly.

Ogden's watch began at 2 o'clock the next morning. Little Ben was coughing and choking all night; his father sat beside his crib until it was time to go, and then set off with a heavy heart.

'What is the matter?' said Ferris, passing him.

'The boy is threatened with croup. I think I could not live, Ferris, if I should lose that child,' said Ogden. Crawford overheard, nodded, and laughed.

At nine o'clock that morning there was a blow to be made. About eight Ferris stepped aside to eat his breakfast, which was placed in a tin pail on a barrel. He had some cold coffee, which he set in a tin cup to warm beside a furnace.

'Look to that, Crawford, will you?' he said, and Jake assiduously bent over the cup. Out of his dirty pocket he took a white paper containing, not poison, but a nauseating medicine, slow and sure in action. This he hastily shook into the coffee.

Ferris made a wry face, but gulped it down. He was hungry and cold. A little before nine Mr. Berringer, the principal owner of the works, came in and stood near Ferris. He never wearied of listening to the roar of the blast, or of watching the great machinery in motion, and the rush of white liquid metal from the caldron.

'Are you ill, Ferris?' he said, coming up to the young man, as he sat with his hand upon the lever and his eye upon the fiery fluid. 'Your lips are blue.'

'Yes,' said Ferris curtly. 'But I'll see this through.'

Mr. Berringer watched him closely. 'You can't do it! You are near fainting now. How long will it be until it is ready?'

'About ten minutes,' gasped Ferris with a shudder of pain.

'Is there nobody who can take your place?'

'I—I don't know,' he said dully. Then he dropped the lever, and staggered forward. 'I—I cannot see!' he cried.

'Great heaven! What is to be done?' cried Mr. Berringer.

A quiet voice was heard from among the startled men, 'I think I can take Mr. Ferris's place if you will trust me.'

'Ogden? Yes; try Ogden,' said Ferris, as he sank down. Some of the men carried him out. Richard Ogden stepped up to his platform and put his hand on the lever which the mill owner held.

'I'll try you young man It's all I can do. Remember if you fail by an instant, it is a loss of several thousand dollars.'

'I know, sir; I'll do my duty as well as I can,' said Ogden calmly; but he breathed a hurried prayer to God for help.

The frightful roar of the blast drowned all sounds, the curious workmen gathered around, watching Richard's eye fixed on the [illegible] of the blood in his veins kept time with the fire. Suddenly, distinct and sharp, he heard, outside of the window near which he stood, his boy's name.

'Benny Ogden, he's dying of croup, where's his father?'

'Great God!' He started wildly forward; then grasped the lever again with strained eyes and clutched teeth. His duty. He had promised he would do his duty. The next instant, the flame as if in pity for man changed its hue, and the laver sank. Out from the converter rolled the fiery flood. Richard sprang down from the platform, white and trembling.

'Is it Benny you're goin' to?' said Dan McCarthy. 'I'm just after seein' the bye go past the mill wid his mother, an' its well and hearty he is. It wur Jake Crawford as played that durty thrick on yees, zur,' turning to Mr. Berringer; 'an' it wur him as dosed the coffee for Misther Ferris.'

Mr. Berringer was a man of few words. 'Send for a policeman for Crawford. Young man, the firm owes you something, and we will pay it as best we can.'

They did pay it. This was four years ago. Mr. Ferris has been promoted in the works and Richard Ogden holds his place at a high salary. In one of the prettiest cottages in the village you may find Mary and Ben, who is the big brother of two youngsters as fat and chubby as himself.—[Youth's Companion.

The Toughest of Snake Stories.

In Central Dakota, on the 'Missouri bottoms,' there exists one of nature's strangest freaks. The settlers term it the 'pump snake.' A full grown pump snake measures about three inches in diameter. They are of gregarious habits, roaming the praries in large herds. In dissecting one of these reptiles there is found a tube which extends from the root of the jaw to the extremity of the tail and terminating in an opening. This tube is about two inches in diameter and lined with a tough, yielding substance, similar to rubber. A farmer on Cat Tail creek has a flock of 50 pump snakes. At the blast of a whistle the snakes assemble on the banks of the creek. The leader dashes into the water, leaving only the extremity of his tail on the bank. Another snake grasps the end of the leader's tail in its jaws, a third snake takes hold of the second snake's tail in a similar manner and so on until there is a continuous line of snakes extended to the water troughs in the cattle yards 300 feet away. The leading snake commences to pump the water which passes through the long line of snakes as it would through a hose and falls in a heavy stream into the trough. The agriculturist a short time ago observed flames issuing from the roof of his barn. He hurried to the burning building, only to see that it was a hopeless task for himself alone to extinguish the flames. Suddenly he heard a loud rustling in the tall grass, whence issued his herd of pump snakes on the run. The leader hurled himself into the creek, the rest instantly adjusted themselves, heads and tails, from the creek to the burning building. The last snake, standing on its head, waved its long and flexible body from the tail end of which issued a stream of water that was thrown with terrific force on the burning building. The loud pumping of the leader could be heard above the roar of the conflagration. Within 15 minutes the last spark was out. Then the pump snakes quit work. They were completely exhausted, the leader fainting away. The main part of the building and its contents were saved.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A New Yorker can go to the Rocky mountains and tackle bears cheaper than he can on Wall street.—Louisville Democrat.

MADSTONES.

One Which Earned a Fortune for its Owner—During the Most Virulent Type of Hydrophobia.

One of the most celebrated madstones in this part of the world, says the Des Moines (Ia.) Leader, is that belonging to Turner Evans, of Paris, Linn county, this state. This valuable little stone was formerly owned by a gentleman in Virginia, where it is said to have effected wonderful cures during the past 130 years. It has been in the hands of the present owner for over thirty years. During this time it has been tested several times and has always given entire satisfaction, never failing to effect a cure. The word 'cure' is perhaps not the word to use in this connection, for if I am rightfully informed it is always made a point to use the stone as a preventive of hydrophobia before the actual appearance of the rabies. During the past thirty years this stone has been tried on not less than 750 persons, and as Mr. Evans charges $10 for a trial and $50 if it sticks fast to the wound, which it is said to do if there is hydrophobic poison in the system, his income from this source must be considerable In 1880 a gentleman with whom the writer was very well acquainted, was bitten by a dog thought to be suffering with hydrophobia. I refer to D. C. McGillen, who formerly worked in a harness shop in this city. Inquiries were made immediately as to where the possessor of a madstone could be found. As soon as the Linn County man was located McGillen started on his race with death having no doubt that awful disease (hydrophobia) was at that moment sowing its seeds of death in his system. He arrived at Cedar Rapids the same night, was hurried into a carriage and taken to the 'madstone man' as soon as possible. After his return he gave the writer most of the facts which have been embodied in this article. He said that as soon as he arrived Mr. Evans scratched his arm with a pin (he had been bitten in the hand) and applied the stone. Before this, as a sort of prologue, Mr. Evans had informed his patient that if the hydrophobic germ was in his system the stone would hold fast to the spot which he had scarified; but if he had not been inoculated with the fatal poison, it would not stick. In this case my informant said 'it stuck like a leech,' and that when removed it was full of a greenish fluid that looked 'like scum on a pond in August.' This the operator said, was the poison virus which had been taken from the system. When the stone had been soaked for a few minutes in a bath composed of about one part milk and three of water it was again applied. This operation was repeated for about seven hours, after which the stone would not adhere, and the operator pronounced the patient out of danger. McGillen described the stone as a whiteish, spongy looking little thing, not larger than a filbert, cone-shaped and full of fine pores. A Mr. Bunce of Mechanicsville, this state, had the stone applied something like seven hundred times [illegible] system, the time consumed for these operations being something like twenty-three hours.

J. M. Estes of Osceola, it is said, is the fortunate possessor of one of these wonderful stones.

Another is in the possession of John Nelson of Savannah, Mo.

In May, 1888, Frederick Remy, of Red Oak, was bitten by a mad dog, as were also six others of the same city, all of whom went to try the virtues of the Missouri stone. I believe Ramy was the only one that died of hydrophobia. He was bitten May 18, and showed no symptoms of the dread disease for thirty four days, or until June 21. He died after three days of terrible suffering. I am unable to tell you where the madstone is found or how procured, that is, to any degree of certainty, but believe it is found in the bladder of deer and other animals of that kind, perhaps in the gall-bag instead of the bladder. At any rate, I think it is found in some place under the skin of that class of animals when found at all. It is rarely found, however. Thomas Padden, one of the best-informed men in the south, says that it is frequently found in the south, but that most of the so-called madstones are of a very low grade, and are used on the bites of snakes and stings of poisonous insects. He also leaves the reader in blissful ignorance of where the stone is found.

Saved by Swift Running.

At Iukermann, one of the most stubbornly fought battles of the Crimean war, a young officer, who had learned at Eton not much from books but a good deal from its sports, was surrounded and made prisoner. While going to the rear in charge of two stalwart Russians, he looked at their long coats and said to himself: 'They can't run.' Watching his opportunity, he knocked one soldier head over heels, threw the other, by a wrestler's trick, into the mud, and took to his heels. Before his guardians were on their legs and could fire, he had got over a good piece of ground. A Russian lancer made at him; he ran as if leading an Eton foot-race, and cleared a good-sized fence. The lancer cleared it after him, and with lance fixed pressed the fugitive hard. A swollen brook, running fiercely, barred his way. It was seventeen feet wide, but the old Etonian had won the 'long jump' when at school, having cleared nineteen feet over Chalvey-ditch. He now jumped the brook; the lancer refused to follow, and the young officer ran back into the English lines.

She Was Ready to Lend.

Borrowing Neighbor—'Have you a drawing of tea to lend me this morning, Mrs. Greene?'

Mrs. Greene—'Indeed I have not, Mrs. Maloney.'

Mrs. Maloney—'Then have you a cupful of sugar against next Saturday night, sure?'

Mrs. Greene—'Not a drop of sugar have I in me house, Mrs Maloney.'

Mrs. Maloney—'And could you spare the children two or three slices of bread till me old man gets his pay?'

Mrs. Greene—'We haven't so much as a crust of bread in the house, ashamed am I to say it.'

Mrs. Maloney—'Then in heaven's blessed name, what have you at all, at all?'

Mrs. Greene—'Weve a house full of measles and mumps and scarlet fever and plenty to spare. Which will you have?'

The borrowing neighbor quietly subsided.—Chicago National.

'Did it rain?' exclaimed the Western man, in course of a thrilling recital of border life. 'Say, it rained so hard that afternoon that the water stood three feet on a slant roof.'—Buffalo Courier.

The Terror.

I had an ugly, unruly boy in my room, and he gave more trouble than all the rest of the class. All through the different grades of the large grammer school he had been a teror to his teachers, and he was hurried on to the next teacher with surprising alacrity. When I inherited him I felt as if Nemesis had overtaken me, and just how to control him was a problem I long wrestled with. For several weeks he was the terror of the room, and my reputation for good order was, I felt, fast disappearing. The boy would not obey unless he felt like it, and punishments had no effect on him.

It is unnecessary to narrate his pranks. Every plan I evolved for his regeneration proved abortive; he wouldn't reform. Finally, by accident, I stumbled on the cure. I discovered that he was interested in drawing, or rather was interested in sketching odd bits of scenery, or objects in the room, not even omitting his respected teacher, who was a typical schoolmarm and wore glasses. I resolved to make the most of this one talent,—if talent it was,—and so one day, when I was in my best and sweetest mood, I asked the Terror if he would draw a plan for some shelves I wanted in my closet. He assented, and the sketch was neatly and accurately made. There was a new look in his eyes, and a new expression on his face when he gave me the paper.

Then I advanced slowly and cautiously. I needed some maps made, and again I employed the Terror, and again the result was encouraging. The maps were models of neatness and precision. I judiciously praised him, and exhibited the maps to the class and called for copies. None ever equaled his.

We were studying the continent of Asia, and the Terror never had his geography lesson learned; but when I suggested that if he were to keep up his reputation in drawing he must draw the details of the country he was studying, geography became a new study to him, and he easily made excellent progress in this branch. To do this he had to forego some of his 'fooling business,' and it was given up simply because he had something more to his liking to do.

In fine, and to the point, the Terror came out of his chrysalis state a new creature. His old ways were left, and he readily adopted the better method of doing and living. Fram a slouching, unkempt, uncouth, shambling, horrid boy, he emerged into being a respectable, neat, tidy, order-loving, painstaking, and industrious young man. I had found that there was something he could do and something he liked to do, and that was all there was to it.—Winthrop, American Teacher.

His Burdens Were Two Great.

The Fourth of July found old Mollifier taking an early morning promenade, and as he was sauntering along out on Dast Chestnut street, he suddenly came upon a man coping that served as a low barrier between rather pretty grounds and the street. The man was groaning as if in great misery, and Mollifier stopped to question him:

'My good man, you seem to be in trouble,' said he.

'I am; I am!' groaned the prostrate man.

'Have you been robbed?'

'Worse than robbed!' He writhed as he said it, and Molifier stepped over the wall and gently laid his hand on the victim's head.

'Have you had domestic trouble?' he asked.

'I have. He came as my friend and—'

'And what?' askek Mollifier.

'And insinuated himself into the good graces of myself and my wife, and—' but here the poor rellow choked with grief.

'The villian!' roared Mollifier. 'My dear sir, I sympathize with you greatly. Did you find him in your house last night?'

'No, no, no!' cried the prostrate wretch.

'Had he taken your wife and fled?'

'He had; he had!'

'I pity you over and over, my friend.'

'But the half is not told, sir!'

'Can it be worse than that?'

'It is; it is!'

'What else has happened, my good man?'

'She—she—Oh! I cannot tell you!'

'Poor fellow, poor fellow!' said Mollifier. 'Open your heart to me.'

'Then, sir, she—Oh, horrors!'

'Did she murder your child?'

'No, no, no—not that—not that!'

'Speak, sir; perhaps I can aid you?'

'She returned last evening and—'

'And what?'

'And caught me kissing the hired girl, and she—she is red headed!'

Mollifier, whose wife is also red headed, and had once caught him kissing the hired girl, gave him ten dollars and passed on.—Through Mail Magazine

Wise Words.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

Even the worst people have some good left in them.

Disraeli's maxin: Ignorance never settles a question.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies.

Little minds are tamed and subdued mis fortune, but great minds rise above it.

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.

So long as we set our affection on things above, things below cannot corrupt us.

As large a demand is made on our faith by nature as can be made by miracles

It Was a Conflagration.

'Papa, what is a conflagration?'

'It is a big fire, my son.'

'And what do they call a little fire?'

'There is no special name for a little fire. Oh, they sometimes call it an incipient fire, and—let's see—well, it is sometimes called an inconsiderable fire. Why?'

'Well, I see your coat tail is on fire, and I was wondering whether it was a conflagration or an incipient fire.'

In a few minutes the young man had reason to think it was a conflagration.—Chicago News.

Energy will do almost anything, but it cannot exist if the blood is impure and moves sluggishly in the veins. There is nothing so good for cleansing the blood and imparting energy to the system as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Sold by druggists.

Who Never Cuss.

The question to Lethe Sayles, when she was upon the witness stand, as to whether or not she believed in ghosts, in one of Miss Murfree's stories, reminds me of a dialogue I once heard between a lawyer and a witness in Independence, Jefferson county, Mo. One of the 'James gang,' as the band of robbers were called, who for a few years previous to that time, 1881, had committed numerous crimes in that portion of the State, was on trial for participation in the 'Glendale train robbery.' Mrs. ——, a witness for the State, testified that on the night before the robbery occurred she saw the prisoner and heard him talking to her husband about the proposed robbery. Upon her cross-examination the following dialogue took place:

Q.—Now, Mrs. ——, tell us again how you happened to see the prisoner upon the evening in question.

A.—He come to the house 'long in the fust part of the evenin', an' asked me where was my old man. I said out-doors somers, an' he went out to find him. Bime-by I 'lowed I'd better see if he'd found him; an' when I got out-doors I heerd voices in the corn patch, an' I went along kinder still like, an' looked through the fence. I was a couple o' fence corners from 'em. 'Twas light as day, 'most.

Q.—You saw them distinctly?

A.—Yaas.

Q.—Well, Mrs. ——, I want to know if you believe in ghosts—in spooks?

A.—Waal, I don' know as it's any o' your business what I believe.

'You must answer the question,' said the judge.

A.—Waal, then, I do. I've seen 'em.

Q.—Your house is said to be haunted, isn't it?

A.—Yaas.

Q.—And ghosts have been seen walking about outside by yourself and your family?

A.—Yaas.

Q.—I thought so. Now can you swear that it wasn't ghosts that you saw and heard out in the cord field that evening?

A.—Yaas, I can.

Q.—Well, how do you know?

A.—Cause they war a-cussin. I've seen an' heerd ghosts, but never ghosts as cuss.

Stealing Black Diamonds.

Chief Train Robber—'Now, you fellows, when the train stops you will board the coaches and cover the passengers with your guns.'

'Yes, and you'll go through them and get their stuff?'

'Not by a banged sight. You keep the passengers from interfering and I'll overpower the fireman and fill our sacks with coal.'—Nebraska State Journal.

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is all that any medicine can do. In pulmonary affections, such as Colds, Bronchitis, and Consumption, the mucous membrane first becomes inflamed, then accumulations form in the air-cells of the lungs, followed by tubercles, and, finally, destruction of the tissue. It is plain, therefore, that, until the hacking cough is relieved, the bronchial tubes can have no opportunity to heal. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Soothes and Heals

the inflamed membrane, arrests the wasting process, and leaves no injurious results. This is why it is more highly esteemed than any other pulmonary specific.

L. D. Bixby, of Bartonsville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle was able to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."

Alonzo P. Daggett, of Smyrna Mills, Me., writes: "Six years ago, I was a traveling salesman, and at that time was suffering with

Lung Trouble.

For months I was unable to rest nights. I could seldom lie down, had frequent choking spells, and was often compelled to seek the open air for relief. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped me. Its continued use has entirely cured me, and, I believe, saved my life."

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Easton, Feb. 10th, 1887.