Williamsport Transcript.

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Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It is merit that wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has given to this medicine a popularity and sale greater than that of any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier before the public.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, overcomes That Tired Feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WILLIAMSPORT, MD.

OFFICE—At his residence, on Potomac street.
☞Night and day calls promptly responded to.

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CROWTHER & HUNTZBERY,
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Will visit Williamsport on Wednesday of every week.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH FROM $3.00 UP,
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Centrally Located,
Elegantly Furnished,
Bath Rooms,
Bar and Billiard Rooms.
Good Stabling and Careful Hostlers
Country people will be accommodated with rates to justify them in making the Franklin their headquarters. Polite attention and every convenience afforded.
June 20, '88-1y

Fresh Meat!

The undersigned begs to inform the public that he has opened in the building of Thos. J. Lemen, on Conococheague street, a

MEAT MARKET

and Will at all times have on hand a choice supply of fresh meats of all kinds at the

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Meat delivered at your residence promptly upon receipt of order. My wagon will make regular trips over the town every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Look out for it! Hoping to be favored with a share of public patronage, I remain Respectfully,
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Poetry.

DON'T BELIEVE IN A DEVIL.

BY ALBERT J. HOUGH.

Men won't believe in a devil now,
As their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed
To let his majestry through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot,
Or a fiery dart of his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day;
For the world has voted it so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught
That palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year
With ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day
With the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was,
Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint,
And digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the fields of time
Wherever God sows His wheat?
The devil is voted not to be,
And of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work
That the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about
As a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible
For the everlasting row?
To be heard in home, in church, and
To the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote,
Is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith,
And make their bow, and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day
Spring up? We want to know,
The devil was fairly voted out,
And of course the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know
Who carries his business on.

Miscellaneous.

A WIFE'S TRIAL.

They were just lighting the long rows of lamps down the side streets, that bitter March night, when I came home—orange dots of flame against a gray and frozen twilight. But the keen wind might have been a May zephyr, the specks of gas might have been yellow banks of daffodils, as far as the thermometer of my own heart went. I could have danced and sung out of the fullness af my joy. For I had got a place at last.

Miles knew nothing of it. Miles, dear fellow, had gone solidly and steadily along his way, never dreaming of the project in my head. His salary had been reduced; he had been obliged to sacrifice all his savings to pay the debts of that scampise elder brother who ran away to Japan, after having betrayed his employer's confidence; and I had secretly made up my mind to help him if I possibly could.

"We can board cheaper than we can keep house," thought I. "I will sell my piano and all that foolish, glittering bric-a-brac that came to me as wedding presents, and I will get something to do. A woman's brain and fingers are worth something in this age of the world."

But it was not so easy to "get something to do," as I soon discovered. Nevertheless, after much searching and many weary days, I found a book publisher who wanted some translations done at his place of business. He was willing to pay a fair price, but, of course, I could not be a housekeeper and a daily worker at the same time.

"We'll give up housekeeping," I thought. "I am sure Miles will never object to that. And I can add so much to our income. Oh, I'm glad I worked so hard on German when I was a girl at school."

I could hardly wait for Miles to come home that night, so anxious was I to impart my precious secret to his sympathetic ears. Of all nights in the year, why should he be late on this particular one?

At last he came. I could hear his step upon the stairs, halting slightly as he sometimes did when he was tired.

"Poor Miles!" I thought; "Oh, poor boy! But he shall learn, at last, what it is to have a wife who is a real helpmeet."

When he came in, to my surprise, he carried a little wicker rocking chair in one hand.

"Oh, Miles!" I cried; "what is that?"

"A rocking chair, Hannah; don't you see?"

"Where did you get it?"

"I bought it, to be sure.

"But, Miles! we didn't need it," I urged, somewhat ungraciously. "We have plenty of rockers already."

"None just like this."

"No, perhaps not, but, Miles—oh, Miles, I have such a plan!"

And I poured out my whole story into his astonished ears. He heard me without a word of interruption—then whistled low and long.

"But our home, Hannah—what is to become of that?"

"I can earn $15 a-week, Miles, and we can get comfortable board on that—and all your salary can go towards dress, and the interest on the life insurance, and—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I had enough of the boarding houses before we were married," said he. "Why puss, I wouldn't give up this bright, cozy little dwelling place of ours for anything."

My lips quivered; a choking sensation filled my throat. Was Miles like all other men? Did he want to bind me down to this everlasting wheel of domestic drudgery?

"And besides," he added, nodding at the little wicker rocking chair, "I brought that home especially for Aunt Vashti! She is coming to live with us."

"Aunt Vashti!"

At the same moment there was a knocking at the outside door. Miles sprang up to open it. There, on the very threshold, was a neat little horse-hair trunk, with the initials, "V. V." in brass-headed nails, at one end. Close behind it stood a small woman, in a Quaker gown and bonnet, and the neatest of sewing silk shawls.

"Thee is Hannah, I presume?" said she. "I am thy husband's Aunt Vashti Voorhees."

And in five minutes she was rocking in the wicker chair, with the cat in her lap, while I, with tear-bedimmed eyes, bestirred myself to get some tea for her.

Aunt Vashti Vorhees, indeed! Here was another of these family vampires, who between them, had nearly ruined poor Miles. Here she was, resolutely settling, like a human wet blanket, on my poor little resolves to help him out of the slough of despond into which he was gradually settling. What was I to do about it? Was it my duty to submit tamely to such usurpation as this?

"Miles!" I cried, when the good old woman was safely tucked up in our tiny guest chamber, "has she come to—stay?"

"Why, my dear," said my husband, apologetically, "she has nowhere else to go. My sister Corisande won't have her in Chicago, and my brother Tom quarreled with her long ago. But she is a very good woman. She brought us all up"

"Oh, yes, I know, but what is to become of my German translations? my fifteen dollars a week?"

"I rather think you'll have to give up that idea, Hannah," said Miles.

"And settle down into a mere cook—a drudge—a housekeeper?"

"A home-maker, dear, for Aunt Vashti and me," said Miles, fondly taking my hand. But I jerked it away from him and ran away to hide my tears in the secrecy of the little three-cornered cupboard behind the stairs.

I cried all night long. I thought the problem over, and towards daylight I made up my mind. Of what use was my promise at the altar to love, honor and obey, if I could not reconcile myself to such a question as this? Yes, I would accept Aunt Vashti Vorhees and make the best of her. I must give up my dreams of independence, and work on in the old treadmill of housekeeping duties.

It would be difficult to put into words the pangs which this sacrifice cost me. Perhaps some reader who has passed through the same heart ordeal may comprehend them. At all events, I rose early the next morning and prepared the daintiest breakfast I knew how to cook.

"Thee is a good housekeeper, Hannah," said Aunt Vashti, with an approving nod as she took her seat at the table, and glanced around the sunshiny little room, where the canary sang and the window glass shone like diamond sheets.

I ran after my husband when he started for his office, and overtook him on the stairs.

"Miles," said I, "I've been wrestling with the evil spirits within me."

"I saw that something has troubled you, Puss," he answered, kindly stroking my hair.

"But I'm conquered," I whispered, "I'll give up the German translations and devote myself to making you happy. And I'll be very, very good to Aunt Vashti."

He stooped over and kissed me. "My own good little girl," said he.

That was reward enough for me. Miles was not a very great talker, but every word he uttered carried weight with it.

I trimmed the wicker chair with ribbons and bought some chintz in pretty shades of olive and maroon to make curtains for Aunt Vashti's room. As I was hemming them, the old woman herself came in.

"Thee is making my room very pretty, Hannah," said she.

"I want to make it seem like home, Aunt Vashti," I answered smilingly.

"Thee is kinder to me than my nephew Thomas's wife, or even my own niece Corisande, in the city of Chicago. I might almost fancy thee was my daughter. But listen, Hannah; I am but a pilgrim and a stranger in this wicked Babel of New York. I am on my way to settle in Vermont, where there is a little colony of Friends, well known to me. And I have not been altogether truthful with thee and Miles, my child, though I have in no case sullied my lips with a falsehood."

"Not truthful, Aunt Vashti," I uttered.

"Not altogether, my child, I said; it has pleased Thomas, Corisande and Miles, all three of them to imagine—why, I know not—that I was very poor. I do not deny that in my days I have suffered poverty, but of late, the little garden that I owned in the suburbs of St. Louis has been cut up into city lots and purchased of me at a price that seems little short of marvelous in my eyes. When I unite with the colony of Friends of which I spoke to thee, a few hundred dollars will be all that I shall require. Here, in this bank book, is the residue of my little fortune. Thee is welcome to it, Hannah—thee and Miles—for thee was ready to welcome me, as thee believed, in my poverty, and to share thy scrip and thy crust cheerfully with me."

"But, Aunt Vashti! I can't take it!"

"Thee will have to, Hannah! Thee cannot help thyself! As for me, I shall rejoice to be rid of the dross!" said Aunt Vashti, calmly.

In the bank-book there was an account of a little over five thousand dollars. In vain was Miles' protest—in vain my remonstrances. For quiet obstinacy, I do believe a Quakeress excels the world. She went to her "Colony of Friends," like a nun disappearing into a convent—but she left her gold behind, greatly to the disgust of Corisande, and of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas.

Neither did we break up housekeeping. The next day after Aunt Vashti's departure I received a letter from the publisher, suggesting that I should take the literary work home to do. It was contrary to his usual practice, he said, but he approved my methods, and was willing, in my case, to make an exception. So I got the chance to earn a little money of my own, after all—and I did a good deal of solid work, between the intervals of pudding-making and mince-meat manufacture. And Miles contrived to tide over the season of financial calamity, and we have a snug little sum laid away against a rainy day, and all because—

Miles says it is because I am such a good little wife. But I think it is because I made up my mind to accept the duty nearest to my hand—as represented by Aunt Vashti—instead of having my own way in the exact shape that I wanted it.

And when we once make up our mind to leave things to the Lord, it is surprising what good care he takes of us.

A Look Into the Future.

What will our population be? Who shall say? The United States to-day contains over 60,000,000 people who increase at the rate of about 25 per cent. every decade, so at the close of the next century the increment would have run up to a total of not less than 400,000 souls. Take the population of all the other states and countries as likely to come under our sway and another 400,000,000 will be easily added. In the year of our Lord 2,000 and the year of the Independence of the United States the 224th it will no longer be the United States of North America, but the United States of North, Central and South America, and the then President will issue his Thanksgiving Day proclamation to nearly a thous and million people. The mind fails to grasp our industrial and commercial expansion at that day; the wonderful progress in the arts and sciences; the tremendous rate which enterprise after enterprise will be conceived and realized. And then Congress. Just think what Congress will be then! But stop! Better not think. When we contemplate what it is now, with 400 members, the idea of what it will be with 4,000 is simply appalling.

E. Hanna Calder, the woman-man who created such a sensation some time ago in Harford county, has settled down as a bartender at Finksburg, in Carroll county.

No More Speculation for Him.

"Yaas, there's money made in stocks, no doubt," said the old man as he removed his hat and ran fiingers through his gray locks, "but it's a risky biziness; it's suthin' like bettin' on where lightning's going to strike, with the odds of hitting the tree you stand under."

"Then you never speculate?"

"Never. I dig along on the old farm, taking one crop with another, and pulling old stumps when I've nothing else to do; and if I don't make any great shakes I haven't anything to worry over. I had a purty solemn warning during the coal ile excitement and it cured me of speculation."

"How was that?"

"Waal, I was a widower then; wife fell down the well and wass drawn out as stiff as a poker. I had a big farm, lots of stock and was called purty solid. We all got excited about ile and all of us dug more or less holes in search of the stuff. All of a sudden a widder living about two miles from me found ile in a dozen places on her farm. She was a widder with a bad nose, freckles all over her face, eyes on a squint and built up like a camel. But when she struck ile that was a different thing. I guess some six or seven of us began courting that widow within sixteen hours of the sight of that ile. I know the procession reached from the gate to the house."

"And you got her?"

"Not much I didn't, and that's what I'm thankful for. Somehow or other I couldn't work up to the pint. That nose kinder stood in the way every time I was ready to put the question. She acted like she wanted me, but Deacon Spooner got the best of all and they made a hitch."

"And then what?"

"Nothing, except she had dosed that farm with a barrel of ile and thus got a husband for herself and a home for her five children. When the news came out I was so cold along the backbone that they had to kiver me up with a hoss blanket, and since that time I haven't had the nerve to buy eggs at seven cents a dozen and hold 'em for a rise."

IF YOUR BACK ACHES
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing It is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Superstitions about Shoes.

The German mother says that should she lose the heel of her shoe, one of her children will die before the year is out.

The Scotch lassie believes that should she by accident drop her new shoes before they have been worn, they will surely lead her into trouble.

It is said that old maids believe that when their shoes come untied, and keep coming untied, it is true their sweethearts are talking and thinking about them.

The sweetheart, when on his way to see his lady love, should he stub his right toe he will surely be welcome, but if he stubs his left he may know that he is not wanted.

It is said that if old shoes are burned, snakes will squirm away from the place, while to keep old shoes that are past wearing about the place will surely bring good luck.

Should a young man be careless of his shoe laces, 'tis said that he will be as neglectful of his wife, but in case he laces his shoes very tight he will be attentive, but very stingy toward her.

Among negroes in the south, the "old aunties" say that burned shoe soles and feathers are good to cure a cold in the head, and parched shoes and hog hoofs is a good mixture for coughs.

Should you meet a person whose shoes are "worn on the toes" you may put it down as a certainty that he "spends as he goes," and on the same authority it is said that the girl that has her shoes "worn on the side" is surely fated to be a "rich man's bride."

When a pair of new shoes are brought home, never place them on a shelf higher than your head if you would have good luck while wearing them, and never blacken them before you have had both shoes on, else you may meet with an accident, and perhaps sudden death.

The United States is the greatest producer of gold, silver, lead and copper in the world. Our annual mining prodnct amounts to $550,000,000.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Fresh Fun.

A great composer—chloroform.

It is the early babe that beats the alarm clock.

How to get out of a scrape—let your beard grow.

"Why am intoxication like a wash-bowl? asked Sambo." Because it am de basin.

The greatest talker in existence could not talk long enough to tire a wagon wheel.

What is that which we wish for, and when obtained, we never know we have it? Sleep.

Any man can make a fortune who has a mind to. The difficulty is that so few people have that kind of a mind.

It requires about as long to get a girl well out of her 20th year as for a horse to get beyond "8 years this spring."

A Cork Trust is about to be organized. It will float all right until it strikes the Corkscrew Trust, which will put it.

Down in Delaware the fruit growers are raising a purse to present to the man who can tell the best original lie about the peach crop.

A friend asks this question: In case of an accident what is more desirable than presence of mind? We should think absence of body.

Snooper—"You call that a picked choir, do you?" Chorister—"Yest why do you ask?" Snooper—"I; strikes me that it was picked too soon."

A small city girl visiting with her mother at a friend's house in the country, and seeing some guinea hens, exclaimed: "Mamma, look at those chickens with calico dresses on."

If, as we are led to infer, Eve became Adam's wife on the day that she was made, she had ample reason for using the phrase so common to her daughters in these days, "Oh, this is so sudden!"

After Bobby's father had repeated the usual prayer the other day Bobby asked: "I say, pa, what makes you pray for daily bread all the time?" "Eh?" "Ain't it about time to pray for some early vegetables?"

How inconsistent some men are, to be sure! The same man who will cheerfully pay $1.50 to hear a woman whistle, has been known to threaten instant annihilation to the office boy for doing the same thing.

"Ma," said Bobby, "is it wrong for 'ittle boys to tie tin kettles to dogs' tails?" "Decidedly wrong, Bobby; I hope you'll never do such a thing as that." "No, indeed, ma," replied Bobby, emphatically, "all I do is to hold the dog."

Little Flora, three years old, lives in the country, where pigs are numerous, and are in the habit of rubbing or scratching themselves against the fence, or anything convenient. Flora saw one indulging in this one day, when she said: "O mamma, there is another pig sharpening himself!" They were razor-back hogs.

Mrs. Lugsby—"Old Mr. Grumsby, the doctor says, is suffering from elephantiasis."

Mrs. Bagsby—"Caught it at the show I suppose. Hereafter no boy of mine shall ever go to see the elephant without having been vaccinated. You can't tell exactly what the elephants fetch over here in their trunks."

A dragoon, slightly drunk, was vainly trying to mount his horse, calling loudly on the saints: "St. John help me! Saint Peter, assist me! Saint Paul, come to my aid!" By a mighty effort he jumps clear over his horse, then, turning around: "Gently, gently, my friends," says he; "not all at once!"

"Father," said a young son of Deacon Squibbs, "what is the difference between a man that dyes woolen lambs and a New York editor?"

"Well, now, really, my son," beaming benignly on his offspring, "I am not prepared to state. What is the difference?"

"Well, now, really, my son," beaming beningly on his offspring, "I am not prepared to state. What is the difference?"

"Why, pa, one is a lamb dyer, and the other a——"

"What! what! my son!"

"New York editor," continued the youth, rolling his tongue around in his cheek.