Williamsport Transcript.

VOLUME VI. WILLIAMSPORT WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY JUNE 28, 1890. NO. 41.

The Use Of

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health."—Wm. H. DeLaucett, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

Effective

than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.

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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,

LEWIS R. WOLF.

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DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

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SPECIFICS.

SALESMEN

WANTED,

Good Salary and Expenses, or Commission, paid to the right men. I want men of 25 to 50 years of age to sell a full line of *first-class* Nursery Stock. All stock *guaranteed.* Apply at once, stating age and references.

C. L. BOOTHBY, Rochester, N. Y.

Poetry.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, I often say
To those who seem to need advice,
I'd always look before I leaped,
I'd always think it over twice.
And then I'd heave a troubled sigh—
For, after all, I'm only I.

I'd never discuss, if I were you,
The failings of my fellow men;
I'd think of all their virtues first,
And scan my own shortcomings then.
But though all this is good and true,
I am but I; I am not you.

If I were you and half so vain,
Amidst my folly I would pause
To see how dull and light a fool
I was myself. I don't because—
(And here I heave a pitying sigh)
I am not you; I'm only I.

If I were you no selfish care
Should chase my cheery smile away;
I'd scatter round me love and hope;
I'd do a kindness every day.
But here again I find it true
That I am I, and you are you.

I would not be so very quick
To take offense, if I were you;
I would respect myself, at least,
Whatever others say or do.
Alas! can no one tell me why
I am not you, instead of I?

In short, if I were only you
And could forget that I was I,
I think that little cherub wings
Would sprout on me by and by.

Miscellaneous.

"JIM."

After the toasts at the dinner of the Johnstown correspondents at the Fellowcraft club on Saturday night, and when reminiscences were in order, some chance remark brought out from Gen. D. H. Hastings, who, having been the benefactor of the newspaper men at Johnstown, had become their guest in New York, a story of the flood, which, though it has waited a full year for the telling, has the freshness and delicacy of a newly plucked flower, and the always new odor of heroism inseparable from a tale of noble actions, even though the hero be but a tramp. This is the way the general told it:

"It was the night after the flood, and I had arrived on the spot only a short time before, after driving sixty miles over the mountains. You know what a horrible thing darkness was in Johnstown, anyhow, and that was the first night, and the worst. A few of us were standing on the bank overlooking the plain and the smouldering debris at the bridge, saying nothing and trying not to think. Presently some one pulled a few pieces of wreck together and built a fire. We could see each other then, and one of the toughest looking men I ever saw in my life, and it took a pretty ragged and dirty and miserable man to attract attention at Johnstown then, hunted around until he found a battered old can, and in it he made coffee over the fire and handed it around to us. I said, when he handed me mine:

"'I suppose you've lost something?'"

'We always made some remark like that to a stranger then; it seemed about the only natural thing to say.'

"'No,' said he, 'didn't lose anything.'"

"'You belong here?' said I.'

"'Nop,' said he.'

"'Got friends here?'"

"'Nop.'"

"'Look here,' said I, 'who are you, anyhow?'

"'Well,' he sort of muttered, 'I'm what they call a tramp.'"

'Then he seemed to brighten up, and said:'

"'I'll tell ye; I ain't done a stroke o' work in more'n four years, but I just happened to come along here, an' I tell you it just knocked me out. I seen all these people with nothin' left an' nobody to help 'em, an' I just pitched in 'fore I knew it. I ain't much good, but I done all I could, an' I'm goin' to stay here now as long as I kin be of any help.'"

'I sort of took an interest in the fellow at that, and told him who I was and that if he would come around to headquarters next day I'd give him something to do. He was on hand earnest next morning, and said he didn't mind what he did, so we tied a white piece of cotton about his hat, marked 'Morgue' on it in big letters, and told him to go help handle the dead. You know what awful work that was, but he looked like a ghoul anyhow, and he didn't kick at the assignment. After a day or two we noticed that he was one of the best men we had. He was patient, industrious and kindly, and as faithful as a woman. He never shirked a task, no matter how hideous, and he never stopped as long as there was work to do, day or night. When we organized a regular force I wanted to put him on the pay-roll, and I asked him:

"'What's your name?'

"'Oh, just put me down "Jim," he said; 'that'll do.'

'So as Jim he went down on the roll and that was the only name we ever knew him by. We kept him at work about headquarters most of the time, and for forty-five of the forty-seven days I was in Johnstown I had no more study, hard working, faithful and honest man among all the thousands that were there. He did everything he was set to patiently, intelligently, uncomplainingly, and we all got to think a good deal of him. He remained, in appearance, a very tough-looking citizen, but as he worked among the sick and suffering and miserable, a good deal of his toughness wore off. He got more refined, somehow, although we didn't think much about it till afterward.

'One day the last of the men were paid off, and he drew the first money he had had since he began to work.

"'What are we going to do now, Jim?' I asked him.

"'Well, I'll tell you,' he said. 'You know I ain't always been a tramp; I used to have a nice home in Massachusetts, and a wife and five children but five years ago I had some trouble with my wife, and I went away, and—well, I ain't been good for nothing much since.'

"'Now, Jim, look here,' said I. 'What you want to do is to go right back to Massachusetts and see if your wife's alive, and look up your children and live like a man again.'

"'General,' he said, 'that's just what I was comin' to. You see, I ain't been caring much what became of me since I got to trampin' around, but seein' all these people so miserable and workin', you know, an' helpin' 'em what I could, its kind o' changed me, somehow, an' I want to see if I can't be somebody myself. So, I've got some money, now, an' I'll go back an' hunt up my folks, an' I know I can get work, an' maybe I'll get along all right again.'

"'Jim, you're just right,' I said. 'How much money have you got?'

'Sixty eight dollars, general.'

"'Now, I tell you what you do; we're all going away in a day or two, you know, and you go down to the Commissary department and tell 'em to give you a suit of clothes, and fix yourself up some, and when I go home I'll take you with me, and you can stay a day or two with me, and then go on to Massachusetts.'

'He seemed very grateful. I asked him:

"'What will you do when you get there?'

"'Oh, I'll get work again.'

"'Well, all right; now you go off and get a new suit, and I'll take you home with me when I go,' I said, and Jim hurried off toward the Commissary department.

'Later in the day he came back. You wouldn't have known him. Of course the suit wasn't much, but it was neat and clean, and he'd got his hair cut and his beard shaved off, and he had on a boiled shirt and a necktie. He was a big, stalwart fellow, with a handsome, waving mustache, and he looked really handsome. But there was something the matter with him, and in a minute I knew what had spoiled Jim's life.

"'Jim,' said I, 'You've been drinking.

"'Well, general,' he said, 'you know I'm through work now, and I hadn't tasted a drop ever since I been here, so I thought I'd just get a quart of whiskey while I was down there, and—and I guess I've drunk a pint or so of it, but I ain't drunk.'

"'Now, see here, Jim,' said I, 'this isn't right; you'll never get back to your wife and children if you start in this way. Quit it right where you are, and don't spoil everything just as you are ready to begin over again.'

'He sort of half promised and went on down the road, but I noticed he met some friends and that there was a deal of tilting of elbows. I watched him until he met another party of friends and saw the elbows go up again, and then Jim went on out of sight.

'Some time afterward one of my aides came to my tent, looking very queer, and said:

"'General, there's an accident happened to Jim, and I guess you'd better come.'

'I hurried off after him, and away up the railroad track I came to a little group of men, and in the midst of them poor Jim lying on the ground. He had got in the way of a freight train somehow, and both his legs were cut off above the knee. We picked him up and carried him to the hospital. We did what we could for him, but it wasn't much. Two or three of us sat by his bedside all night, and when day broke he died. We picked out the finest coffin we had for Jim; we dug his grave in the prettiest spot there was left in the cemetery, and he had the biggest funeral that there had been in Johnstown at all. And the day we left we took a board and set it up at the head of his grave, and all we put on it was one word, 'Jim.'"—[N. Y. Sun.

How He Won the Jewel.

'Nathan, you are married, I understand,' said the Governor of Tennessee, addressing a hillside constituent.

'Yes, sir, captured the best-looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter Rose. You know'd her, I reckon.'

'Yes, but I thought she was engaged to Sam Parker.'

'She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he was the best circuit-rider we ever had. I loved Rose, and was mightily downcast, for I thought thar wa'n't no use buckin' agin him. Well, the day for the marriage was set, and a passul of us come to town to see the weddin', for Rose 'lowed that she wanted to be married in town, and then take the cars for home, thereby gittin' a ten-mile bridal tower. When we got to town, lo, and behold there was a circus, with mo' horses than a strong man could shake a pole at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show, but Sam says, says he, 'Rose, you know it's agin my religion, an' therefo' we can't go. Stay here till I go an' get the license.' Rose's under jaw drapped. When Sam was gone I says, says I: 'Rose, wouldn't you like to go to that show?'

'Yes, but Sam won't take me.'

'That's bad, Rose, fur they've got a world of horses.'

'Then she turned up and began to cry. 'Rose,' says I, 'if you marry Sam you can't go to the show, that's certain; but if you marry me I'll take you.' She studied awhile, and says, says she, 'an' let me stay to the concert airter the big show's over?'

'Yes.'

'An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?'

'Tibby shb'.'

'An' won't pull an' haul me aroun' when I get interested?'

'No, sw'ar I won't.'

'An' when the show's over will you let me look at the monkeys again?'

'Yes.'

'Nath,' said she, puttin' her hand mighty lovin'ly on my arm, 'I'm yourn.' Then I jumped up, popped my heels together, an' in less than half hour we was dun married an' a-lookin' at the monkeys. That's the way I won that jewel, Governor.'

Talk Up Your Town.

Talk up your town. Yes, talk it up. If it has a good climate, good water, a good newspaper, talk it up. Don't grumble if anything and everything is not up to your ideas, especially if you do nothing to make the place. Don't tell strangers it is the worst place you know of to live in. Give encouragement to every useful and creditable enterprise in your midst, for as sure as effect follows cause so sure will enterprise of merit repay every citizen. We cannot live to ourselves, and we cannot discourage any movement in behalf of a place without inflicting upon ourselves a personal injury. If you see a needed improvement, demand it and talk it up vigorously, until the whole community is impregnated with the idea—until a storm of public sentiment completes the work. But if you can't get anything that is needed, remember that in that respect it is just like thousands of other places in the land. Keep on talking and encouraging, but not grumbling. Don't stop because some poor mummy, out of whom has withered all public spirit and love of advancement, moans out his sepulchral whine, "It won't pay;" show to your live fellows that it will pay, and leave to the mummy his embalmed and swaddled dust and stupidity, and by and by you will see the result of your courage and talk in universal improvement, increased facilities for business, cultivated society, and a broad, liberal, generous spirit that prevails and vivifies and makes pleasant and beautiful every place where it enters.

"Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs" is the shortest sentence ever written in the English language containing all the letters of the alphabet.

Never think that you can make yourself great by making others small.

A Wonderful Blind Man.

"You talk about your extraordinary cases of blind men," said a prominent oculist to me the other day, "I have discovered one who surpasses all hitherto mentioned in medical works. He is Julius Stern, who runs a billiard saloon and tobacco store on Third avenue. Twelve years ago he was a well-known athlete and carried off many prizes in the championship field. During a race one day, he met with a serious accident, was carried to a hospital, and left it when totally blind. He had artificial eyes inserted, and to look at him no one in the world would know of his affliction. He attends to four billiard tables, tips all the cues, sells cigars and tobacco, and can tell all the different brands and make change as quickly as any one possessing sight. He has never yet been known to make a mistake. Stranger than all, he can play billiards; not, of course, a regular game, but, by placing balls at either end of the table, he can make many difficult shots. He made a bet, one day last week, that he could walk from his store to the City Hall, dine in a restaurant and board an uptown 'L' road train without using a stick or even pausing a moment. He won the bet, and although he met hundreds of people, not one could tell that he was blind."

What is a Clever Woman?

What is really a clever woman?

A clever woman is one who looketh well after the ways of her own household.

A clever woman is one who undertakes nothing that she does not understand.

A clever woman is one who is mistress of tact and knows how to make the social wheels run smoothly.

A clever woman is one who makes the other woman think herself the cleverest.

A clever woman is one who acts like hot water on tea; she brings the sweetness and strength out of everybody else.

A clever woman is one who makes the best of any situation.

A clever woman is one whose ability is never unpleasantly felt by the rest of the world.

A clever woman is one who acknowledges her neighbor's right to live, who doesn't believe that she alone is the motive power of the world.

A clever woman is the one who is at ease in any place and among any people.

A clever woman is the woman, my friend, that you and I should want for a guide, counsellor and friend.

The Chinese Way.

"I was passing by a Chinese laundry in a basement, and, chancing to look in, I saw a pigtailed Mongolian sitting in the corner with a pile of those jim-jam looking figured slips of yellow paper in front of him and the list book open on the table where you go to pay for your washee, washee."

"Nothing funny about that."

"No, it was rather tragic, though I said funny at first."

"Was he skinning a rat?"

"No; he had a log chain fastened around his neck secured by a big padlock, and there was a look of remorse and resignation on his saddle colored face that awoke my sympathies. Walking in I was met by another Chinaman, who came hustling out of an adjoining room, his face wreathed in smiles and soapsuds. Said I, 'What is the matter with this man, Gin Sling?'

'Dis man, eh? He-he! Dis man clerkee. Keepee cashee. One day say Canada. Now he sleepee here alle timee. Eh? See? He-he!

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

That is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c. and $1.00 per bottle by W. H. Beard, Jr., Druggist.

Robert T. Teamob, a colored reporter of the Bosion Globe, has become a member of the Boston Press club. He is the first colored man elected to an incorporated white man's club in Boston.

Fresh Fun.

Foot pads—cork soles.

Cold as it may be no man cares for a coat on his tongue.

'Women can keep a secret,' says a proverb: 'but it takes a big crowd of them to do it.'

Harry—I feel tickled about my mustache.

Clara—It never tickled me.

Doctor's Wife—What are you going out at this time of night for?

Doctor—Oh, for a little fresh heir.

Blessed are the rich, for they shall inherit the earth. When the Lord made shade, the devil invented loafers.

"It seems to me I have seen your face before."

"Quite likely. That's where I carry it."

Smith—And you say Bluggins died in a fit! Wilkins—Yes. You see the rope fitted too close around his neck, and wouldn't let his head slip through.

The meanest mother on record gave her youngster one cent as he started the other evening for a strawberry festival, and told him not to make a hog of himself.

An American liar writes that onions are so strong down in his district that if placed in the cellar for any length of time they will lift the mortgage off the house.

You wish to marry one of my daughters? The youngest will have £5,000, the second £10,000, and the eldest £15,000. You don't happen to have one still older?

Nurse—See, Willie! you have two little brothers. Aren't they pretty?

Willie (remembering the usual disposal of su[illegible] Which [illegible] are we goi[illegible]

"It's ho[illegible] goes and will tel you it is indis[illegible] deacon, w[illegible] penseable an[illegible] ed him w[illegible] cause its [illegible] con wouldn't be bluffed. "It's hotter than yesterday," he said.

A little fifteen cent watch delighted Raymond greatly, and he said to me as I was undressing him: "A lady did say to me on a boat, 'What time is it by your watch?' "and I did say to lady, My watch didn't went."

'I love this old horse,' said the Colonel. 'I feel that he saved my life at Gettysburg.' 'How.' 'He kicked me in the stomach before the battle so that I could not go on the field, and my substitute got shot in the neck.'

Tramp—Will you give me permission, lady, to go into your barn to commit suicide? Lady (filled with pity)—Poor man! Here's a piece of mince pie for you. Tramp—Thank you, marm, but I've got some "Rough on Rats" that'll do just as well.

The editor of an Idaho paper, as well as his typographical force and the devil, is in hiding. In publishing the statement that a local statesman had been in the territory thirty years the word penitentiary accidentally crept into the slot that belonged to the word territory.

A young man, recently married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some question frankly and fully every morning, in order to learn more of each other. The first question happened to be whether a woman could dress on $75 a year, and he took the affirmative; and, when last seen he had climbed into a hay loft, and was pulling up the ladder after him.

Stranger (in Brooklyn)—Where are all those gentlemen going?

Resident—They are going to bid farewell to a popular missionary to China who has been very successful in teaching the heathen the gospel of love and peace.

"I see. And where is this gang of boys going?"

"They are going to stone a Chinese funeral."

You Gawge Washinum Ambrose why you don't eat yo breakfus dis mawnin? Why you set dar an turn up your nose at dem taters? It seems to me yo gettin fasstijus in yo taste sence you dun take up de classiks an de lawger mathematicks. Nex thing yol be askin yo Maw to pervide angel food or some sech delicacy for yo mawnins meal. No, Paw, it ain dat, but does taters is fried in fat, an de state of de atmosfea of yesterday was such as to disenchant me wid anything prepared in an oleous manner, my celluloid collars an cuffs has jus been ruined.