

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

"IGNORANCE IS THE CURSE OF GOD; KNOWLEDGE THE WING WHEREWITH WE FLY TO HEAVEN."

TERMS:—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

Vol. V.

EMMITTSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

No. 23.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.

Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson
and Hon. John A. Lytle.
Solicitor General.—John C. Motter.
Clerk of the Court.—Adolphus Penhake, Jr.

Orphan's Court.

Judges.—Daniel Castle of T. John T. Lowe, A. W. Nicodemus.
Register of Wills.—James P. Perry.
County Commissioners.—Thos. R. Jarboe,
Nicholas C. Stansbury, Henry A. Hines,
Josiah Valentine, Henry Keller.
Sheriff.—Robert Barriack.
Tax Collector.—D. H. Routhan.
Surgeon.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearre,
Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillery, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Registrar.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

Judges of the Peace.—J. H. T. Webb,
Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, E. T. McBride.
Registrar.—E. S. Toney.
Circuit Clerk.—William H. Ashbaugh.
School Trustees.—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, Dr. H. L. Ayers.
Burgess.—Henry Stokes.
Town Commissioners.—O. A. Horner, E. R. Zimmerman, J. T. Motter, Joseph Snouffer, John G. Hess, John T. Long.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.

Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 9 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock, p. m., Infants School at 11 p. m.

Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd)

Pastor.—Rev. Geo. B. Resser. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.

Pastor.—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m., Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 10 o'clock, p. m., Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).

Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 9 o'clock, a. m., second mass 9 o'clock, a. m., Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock, p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Pastor.—Rev. Daniel Haskell. Services every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m., Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock, Sunday School 8 o'clock, a. m., Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

Arrive.

From Baltimore, Way, 11:05 a. m.; From Baltimore through, 7:00 p. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 7:00 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 7:00 p. m.; From Motter, 11:05 a. m.; From Gettysburg, 4:30 p. m.; From Frederick, 11:05 a. m.

Depart.

For Baltimore, closed, 8:40 a. m.; For Hagerstown, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 6:40 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 8:40 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 3:30 p. m.; For Frederick, 3:30 p. m.; For Motter, 3:30 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.

All mails close 15 minutes before scheduled time. Office hours from 6 o'clock a. m. to 8:15 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8 o'clock. Officers: Geo. T. Gelwick, P. M.; C. J. S. Gelwick, S. D.; J. Theof. Gelwick, S. S.; Geo. G. Byers, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of M.; Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.; Joseph Byers, Grand Sachem of the Hunting Grounds of Maryland; D. R. Gelwick, Representative.

Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md.
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Phos. Busscy, Pres.; John P. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. T. Gelwick, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Asst. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.

Emmits Lodge No. 47, I. O. M.
Weekly meetings, every Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock. D. D. Grand Architect, Jos. Byers; Worthy Master, E. R. Zimmerman; Worthy Master, W. H. Hoke; Junior Master, Lewis D. Cook; Rec. Secretary, Jun. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, M. J. Eichelberger; Chaplain, John G. Hess; Conductor, Geo. G. Byers.

Junior Building Association.
Sec., Edward H. Rowe; Directors, J. T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Withers, W. H. Hoke, Daniel Lawrence, Jas. A. Rowe, Chas. J. Rowe, Jos. Waddles.

Union Building Association.
President, J. Taylor Motter; Vice President, W. S. Guthrie; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Solicitor, Henry Stokes; Directors, Jas. A. Rowe, F. A. Maxwell, John G. Hess, D. Lawrence, R. H. Gelwick, Chas. J. Rowe.



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BALTIMORE, MD.

Western Maryland Railroad

WINTER SCHEDULE.

ON and after SUNDAY, May 27th, 1883, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

Daily except Sundays

STATIONS. Mail Acc. Exp. Acc.

Hagerstown 6:00 a. m. 6:15 a. m. 6:30 a. m.

Union Depot 6:15 a. m. 6:30 a. m. 6:45 a. m.

Pennington 6:30 a. m. 6:45 a. m. 7:00 a. m.

Frederick 6:45 a. m. 7:00 a. m. 7:15 a. m.

Emmitsburg 7:00 a. m. 7:15 a. m. 7:30 a. m.

Gettysburg 7:15 a. m. 7:30 a. m. 7:45 a. m.

Rocky Ridge 7:30 a. m. 7:45 a. m. 8:00 a. m.

Frederick 7:45 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 8:15 a. m.

Emmitsburg 8:00 a. m. 8:15 a. m. 8:30 a. m.

Gettysburg 8:15 a. m. 8:30 a. m. 8:45 a. m.

Rocky Ridge 8:30 a. m. 8:45 a. m. 9:00 a. m.

Frederick 8:45 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 9:15 a. m.

Emmitsburg 9:00 a. m. 9:15 a. m. 9:30 a. m.

Gettysburg 9:15 a. m. 9:30 a. m. 9:45 a. m.

Rocky Ridge 9:30 a. m. 9:45 a. m. 10:00 a. m.

Frederick 9:45 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 10:15 a. m.

Emmitsburg 10:00 a. m. 10:15 a. m. 10:30 a. m.

Gettysburg 10:15 a. m. 10:30 a. m. 10:45 a. m.

Rocky Ridge 10:30 a. m. 10:45 a. m. 11:00 a. m.

Frederick 10:45 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 11:15 a. m.

Emmitsburg 11:00 a. m. 11:15 a. m. 11:30 a. m.

Gettysburg 11:15 a. m. 11:30 a. m. 11:45 a. m.

Rocky Ridge 11:30 a. m. 11:45 a. m. 12:00 p. m.

Frederick 11:45 a. m. 12:00 p. m. 12:15 p. m.

Emmitsburg 12:00 p. m. 12:15 p. m. 12:30 p. m.

Gettysburg 12:15 p. m. 12:30 p. m. 12:45 p. m.

Rocky Ridge 12:30 p. m. 12:45 p. m. 1:00 p. m.

Frederick 12:45 p. m. 1:00 p. m. 1:15 p. m.

Emmitsburg 1:00 p. m. 1:15 p. m. 1:30 p. m.

Gettysburg 1:15 p. m. 1:30 p. m. 1:45 p. m.

Rocky Ridge 1:30 p. m. 1:45 p. m. 2:00 p. m.

Frederick 1:45 p. m. 2:00 p. m. 2:15 p. m.

Emmitsburg 2:00 p. m. 2:15 p. m. 2:30 p. m.

Gettysburg 2:15 p. m. 2:30 p. m. 2:45 p. m.

Rocky Ridge 2:30 p. m. 2:45 p. m. 3:00 p. m.

Frederick 2:45 p. m. 3:00 p. m. 3:15 p. m.

Emmitsburg 3:00 p. m. 3:15 p. m. 3:30 p. m.

Gettysburg 3:15 p. m. 3:30 p. m. 3:45 p. m.

Rocky Ridge 3:30 p. m. 3:45 p. m. 4:00 p. m.

Frederick 3:45 p. m. 4:00 p. m. 4:15 p. m.

Emmitsburg 4:00 p. m. 4:15 p. m. 4:30 p. m.

Gettysburg 4:15 p. m. 4:30 p. m. 4:45 p. m.

Rocky Ridge 4:30 p. m. 4:45 p. m. 5:00 p. m.

Frederick 4:45 p. m. 5:00 p. m. 5:15 p. m.

Emmitsburg 5:00 p. m. 5:15 p. m. 5:30 p. m.

Gettysburg 5:15 p. m. 5:30 p. m. 5:45 p. m.

Rocky Ridge 5:30 p. m. 5:45 p. m. 6:00 p. m.

Frederick 5:45 p. m. 6:00 p. m. 6:15 p. m.

Emmitsburg 6:00 p. m. 6:15 p. m. 6:30 p. m.

Gettysburg 6:15 p. m. 6:30 p. m. 6:45 p. m.

Rocky Ridge 6:30 p. m. 6:45 p. m. 7:00 p. m.

Frederick 6:45 p. m. 7:00 p. m. 7:15 p. m.

Emmitsburg 7:00 p. m. 7:15 p. m. 7:30 p. m.

Gettysburg 7:15 p. m. 7:30 p. m. 7:45 p. m.

Rocky Ridge 7:30 p. m. 7:45 p. m. 8:00 p. m.

PUTTING IN THE SHADE.

'Twas his little daughter's portrait—
Child as a filly fair;
Clear as some crystal stream her eye,
Smiled her golden hair.
He bent his colors tenderly;
Love was in every hue
That decked the canvas pale, whereon
His darling's face he drew.

"What dost thou, darling father, now?"
The little maid would say;
"And why that darkness on the brow
I saw not yesterday?"
Such somber hues are not for me—
I love the light," she said.
"My little daughter," answered he,
"I'm putting in the shade."

"'Twas not a perfect picture, if
The dark lights were away;
To show the brightness needeth yet
The help of shadows gray:
Be patient, little maiden mine—
No shadow without sun!
How dark was needed thou shalt see
When all the work is done!"

On 'twas the Master Painter, in
Her early morning tide,
That called that little maiden from
Her dozing father's side;
And left the old man weeping lone
Beside her little face,
Still smiling from the canvas in
Its innocence and grace.

"'Tis well, O Heavenly Master! well!"
The old man softly said;
"To make my picture perfect, thou
Art putting in the shade:
Be patient, restless spirit, then—
No shadow without sun!
The dark was needed thou wilt see
When all the work is done."

—Month.

PERSEVERANCE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavor, day by day,
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you fear-
ed
Will prove to be a plain!

"Rome was not built in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches,
And nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet lesson preaches.
And think not of big-fog duties,
But of duties which are near,
And having once begun to work,
Resolute to persevere.

—Exchange.

The Settler's Strategem.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

Mark Stanton was one of those
hardy pioneers who, in the early set-
tlement of the country, moved from
the more thickly settled seaboard and
pitched his cabin in the valley of the
Saco, far away from the seats of civil-
ization. His nearest neighbor lived at
a distance of two miles, near the
western border of Lovewell's Pond. A
wife and one child accompanied him
into the wilderness.

The Indians at this period were
peculiarly troublesome. Pungus in
deed was dead—the great Sagamore
whose name had been a source of
terror for years, to even distant set-
tlements; but the remnant of his
tribe still made the main upon the
broad meadow of the Saco and
among the adjacent hills. Unable
to make any large or connected at-
tacks upon the invading whites, the
red men contented themselves with
pillage and theft and other annoy-
ances. Against these numerous de-
predations the settlers had no ad-
equate means of defense, and if they
found their fowls, swine or cows
missing, they had to submit to the
loss as best they might.

Stanton had been a victim to these
depredations on several occasions,
but had attempted no retaliation.
The chief leaders of the savages in
these plundering incursions were two
braves noted for their strength and
ferocity, named Mattampa and Kila-
arna. On more than one occasion
these warriors had even burned cab-
ins and scalped the owners, and the

settler deemed himself fortunate
that no such injuries had been offer-
ed him.

One September day Mark found
it necessary to visit his neighbor
Drover's to obtain a few supplies
that they stood in need of. So kiss-
ing the four-year-old daughter, and
bidding his wife to guard carefully
against any attack of the Indians,
the settler took his rifle and depart-
ed for the settlement.

His stay was protracted to a later
hour than he had anticipated, and it
was nearly sundown when he set out
on his return. He hurried his steps
almost to a run as he thought of the
anxiety that would be his wife's at
his prolonged absence. Yet in his
haste he neglected not to use both
eyes and ears; for the settler was a
true hunter, and had more than
once saved his life by his craft and
forest lore.

When about half the intervening
distance had been passed, Stanton
heard a noise that made him pause.
It sounded like the cry of a child,
and it was not far from his path.
He listened in suspense and again
heard the cry repeated. This time
he recognized the voice as that of
his own child, his darling Annie,
whom he had last seen in her moth-
er's arms at home. The cry was one
of entreaty, of terror, too, and Stan-
ton's heart beat loudly at the
thought of the girl's danger.

He guessed instinctively what had
happened. The Indians had visited
his home during his absence and ac-
complished their fell purpose. As
soon as the first shock of horror was
passed he was nerve to action.
Bending his ear to the ground he
was surprised to discover that there
was but a single savage.

Quickly, but cautiously, he crept
through the bushes, and finally got
a glimpse of a red man, at a little
distance, hurrying through the deep
wood. The Indian was tall and
powerful, and he bore the light from
under his arms as though it had
been a mere feather's weight. The
little thing had ceased to struggle,
for one of the great red hands was
pressed hard over her mouth, and
she seemed nearly exhausted.

It took Mark Stanton but a mo-
ment to conclude what to do. He
did not dare to rush upon the sav-
age and attempt to beat him down,
for he knew that if the red man was
alarmed before he reached him the
life of the child would be sacrificed.
On the other hand, if he trusted to
his rifle, there was a bare possibility
that the girl might be injured, but
it was far the better course. Hur-
rying cautiously forward until he
reached a favorable point, he raised
his trusty weapon to his shoulder.
Leveling it full at the center of the
red man's head, he took a careful
aim and pulled the trigger. The
next moment a sharp report rang
through the forest.

Without waiting for the smoke to
clear away, Stanton rushed forward
and found the savage just gasping
in his death struggle, while little
Annie lay screaming by his side.
He soon pacified the child, who he
found was uninjured. Then he re-
loaded his rifle and made a hasty ex-
amination of the fallen Indian. The
settler did not recognize him, but
from his dress and ornaments he
judged he was a warrior of some
note.

Leaving him where he had fallen,
Stanton took his child in his arms
and wended his way homeward. It
was quite dusk when he reached
there, and he found his wife waiting
for him nearly crazed with grief.
The mother's strength returned
when she saw her child, and after
the congratulations of the hour, Mrs.
Stanton told her story.

She had left Annie sleeping in her
bed, and went out to milk the cow.
When she returned the child was
missing. She had immediately be-
gun a search but without avail, and
was fast approaching hysterics when
her husband returned. She now
urged an immediate flight to the
Pond, and Stanton promised to ac-
cede to her wishes as soon as their
ripening crops were harvested.

The following morning the settler
went to the place where he had left
the dead Indian, with the intention
of burying him; but he found that
the body had been carried away.

There were heavy tracks about the
spot, and Stanton readily conjectured
that some of the warrior's friends
had effected the removal. With
this conclusion he retraced his steps,
determined to keep his eyes open
and his rifle ready.

The second morning afterwards
Mark Stanton stepped from his cab-
in he saw something lying upon the
door-stone. He stooped and picked
it up, and saw that it was an arrow,
with the skin of a rattlesnake around
about it. He knew what the fatal
signal meant at once. The man who
left that snake-bound shaft at his
door had sworn to kill him.

The settler was above man, but
this stern significant taken affected
him as the presence of the avenger
himself would have not. At first he
thought he would not tell his wife,
but on reflection, he concluded it
would be better to let her into the
secret. It would be better for her
and better for him, for a constant
watch must now be maintained.

Mrs. Stanton's first impulse, as
soon as she understood what her
husband told her, was to hasten to
the settlement.

"That would hardly be a safe un-
dertaking," returned the settler;
"for my enemy may be even now
watching near the cot, and were we
to start out I might get a bullet
through my body."

The young wife was sorely fright-
ened, but she saw the reasonableness
of her husband's statement and she
urged her point no further. All
that day kept within the doors, and
during the night Stanton did not
relinquish his watch. But no signs
of Indians were visible.

On opening the door in the morn-
ing, however, the settler saw another
arrow lying near the door-step.
To this one a roll of birch bark was
attached. Carrying it into the
house, he unrolled the bark and
found it embellished with a rude
drawing. It was not difficult to
make out what was intended to be
conveyed.

In one corner of the segment was
the picture of a dead Indian, and
from the hieroglyphics underneath,
Stanton gathered the fact that it
was meant for Mattampa, one of the
noted braves of the Peguakot tribe.
Beyond him another brave, with
drawn bow in his hand and arrow
speeding from it. Under this one
was the name of Kalarna. The
third figure represented a white man
with an arrow piercing his bosom.

The settler's anxiety was not ma-
terially decreased by the knowledge
that his foe was one of these
distinguished braves. He knew he
had to deal with one of the most
crafty and relentless savages of that
region, and he knew enough of the
Indian's character to know that he
would not swerve from his revenge-
ful plan until he had performed the
deed or fallen in the conflict.

"What shall we do? What shall
we do?" cried Mrs. Stanton, shield-
ing Annie in her arms. "We may
be surrounded by enemies at this
moment."

"That is not probable," said her
husband. "Kalarna is too much of
a brave to suffer that. I have slain
his brother, and he alone will seek
revenge. He has given me fair
warning, and now he will bang
around my path till he accomplishes
his fell purpose, unless I can contrive
to circumvent him. He thinks he
has put me on the rack, and his next
step will be to put a rifle ball
through my heart. But he will
work in the dark."

"Could I not go to the settlement
and inform them of your danger?"
asked the heroic wife, brave now
that she knew what the danger was
that was to be met.

Stanton shook his head dubiously.
"You would not be permitted to do
that," he answered. "Besides, I
would not have you undergo such a
risk."

The situation was truly a perplex-
ing one. The stout settler was im-
prisoned in his own cabin as surely
as though he had been within the
walls of a dungeon. The avenger
was already on his track, and might
be even then hidden in the green
wood. He felt confident that should
he step one foot out of doors his body
would be the mark for a bullet.

In the middle of the afternoon
Mrs. Stanton opened the back door
and went out to get a pail of water.
The spring was situated a few rods
from the cabin, near a thicket of
trees and bushes. As she stooped
to dip the water she saw the paint-
ed visage of an Indian glaring at
her through some whitewood bushes.
Though trembling with fear she did
not betray a sign that she had ob-
served him and bore her burden
with seeming carelessness into the
house. Once within she sat down
pale and trembling.

"I have seen an Indian," said she,
in reply to her husband's question-
ing. "He

The new and thrifty town of Pullman, near Chicago, lies on a flat prairie, and the problem of drainage, which is so difficult to solve in a great many places, had to be met in Pullman. The following is the one adopted, and it is said to be satisfactory in its workings and profitable in its results: Sewers are built to empty into a sunken tank, from which the sewage is pumped through a twenty inch main to a farm three miles away. The system cost \$80,000; the farm yields a profit of \$8,000 a year. — *Scientific American*

MR. LEVI PEARCE, Ellicott City, Md., says: "I have experienced much relief from dyspepsia and debility by using Brown's Iron Bitters."

Not at all surprised: "Has yer
 heered what happened last week to
 Gabe Shodgrass?" "I hain't heered
 nuffin about him sence he left Aus-
 tin last week." "Two trains run
 together and Gabe's head was cut
 off!" He's dead, I s'pose?" Of
 course his dead and he has been
 dead ever sence." "Well, I ain't
 's'prised a bit. De las' time I seed
 him he was lookin' mighty poorly
 and was complainin' of a misery in
 his chest, and he had a mighty fish-
 wad lookin' gun bolt on his neck."

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