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STABLES ON NORTH STREET,
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All the freshest county news in this paper. Read it.

WALT WHITMAN.

An old man once saw I,
Bowed low was he with time,
Heart-frosted, white with rime,
Ready and ripe to die.

Upon a cliff he stood
Above the sea's unrest;
His beard broke on his breast
In venerable flood.

And suddenly there came
From far with airy tread
A maiden round whose head
There burned a wreath of flame.

Ah God! But she was fair!
To look were to disdain
All other joy and pain,
And love her to despair.

"I come," she cried, in tone
Like sweetest siren song,
"Though I have tarried long,
I come, my own, my own!"

"See, Love, 'tis love compels
These kisses, priceless, rare;
Come, let me crown thy hair
With wreath-ed immortelles."

The old man answered her;
His voice was like the sea:
"Comest to mock at me?
Mine eyes are all abler.

"Thou art too late. In sooth
Naught earthly makes me glad.
Where wert thou in my mad,
My eager, fiery youth?"

"Nay, grieve not thou," she said,
"For I have loved full oft,
And at my lovers scoffed,
Alive to woo them dead."

"Oh, fiend," I cried, "for shame!"
Yielding to wrath's surprise
She turned. I knew the eyes
And siren face of Fame.
—George Horton in Chicago Herald.

COMBING THE COLONEL.

There was a great political ferment in Simpson county, Ky., over the approaching election of a county judge. The nominating convention was to meet on Saturday, and on Friday night two well known politicians caught in a rain storm stopped at the house of old John Perdue. The politicians, Maj. Bloodgood and Col. Noix, were sly candidates for the coveted position—so sly, in fact, that neither one knew of the schemes of the other.

After supper, while old John and his guests were sitting on the porch talking over the coming struggle and listening to a wet katydid that held vesper services in a locust tree, old John, getting up and stretching himself, said to the major:

"Let me see you a moment, please."

The major followed him to the end of the gallery. "Major," old John whispered, "I am compelled to tell you something. You gentlemen are welcome to stay with me as long as you like, but ability to accommodate cannot always be measured by willingness to do so. The truth is I haven't but one spare bed."

"But can't the colonel and I sleep together?" the major rejoined.

"Yes, you can, but the truth is the colonel is awfully peculiar."

"How so?"

"Well, as rational as he appears while stirring about he's a strange man in bed. Our families, you know, are well acquainted, and I therefore know all about him. His peculiarity comes from a scare he received when he was a child. It seems that a dog once tried to bite him, and now, just before he dozes off to sleep, he begins to growl, and unless something is done to stop him he begins to bite fearfully."

"Humph," the major grunted, "that's odd, but what can be done to stop him after he begins to growl?"

"Well, his brother told me how he used to work it. He always took a coarse comb to bed with him and would rake the colonel with it when he began to growl. As strange as it may seem, it was the only thing that would quiet him. The family doctor said that a comb was somehow the only thing that would start the blood to circulating."

"That's very odd. And would it quiet him?"

"Would make him act just like a lamb. Why, he uster insist that his brother should take the comb to bed with him. He don't like to have any one mention the freakish misfortune, as he always terms it, but it would be doing him a great favor if you would take the comb to bed with you and give him a rake in case he should begin to growl. I am telling you this because I am your friend, and because I know that you are good timber, and especially because I hope that you may secure his influence if you should ever desire any office. Don't you know that we always respect the man that understands our peculiarities before we are asked to explain them to him? He is sensitive that way, and if he sees that you understand him he will then know that you have had your eye on him, have held him in your mind."

"All right. You get me the comb, and I will go through with the ceremony when the time comes."

"Here's one, put it in your pocket."

They returned to the colonel, and after a while, when the major stepped into the house to get a drink of water, the old man said:

"You and the major are good friends. I am glad to see."

"Yes," replied the colonel, "I think he is a first rate fellow."

"Glad you like him, for you and he will have to sleep together to-night, for the fact is I have only one spare bed."

"That will be all right I reckon," said the colonel.

"Yes, but the truth is the major is the most peculiar fellow you ever saw."

"In what way?"

"As a bedfellow. I am very intimate with his family and know all about him. It seems that he had a nervous trouble when he was a boy, and could not go to sleep until some one growled like a dog. I have known him to lie tossing in bed for hours at a time, and then when I would go to his bed and growl he would doze off like a lamb."

"I never before heard of an affliction so strange," said the colonel.

"I either, but then it is a very easy matter to relieve him. He and a fellow named Buck Johnson were once opposing candidates for prosecuting attorney. Well, they had to sleep together one night. Buck knew of his peculiar affliction, and shortly after they went to bed Buck began to growl. The major didn't say anything that night, but next day he withdrew from the race, declaring that he would not run against so good a man as Buck.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Yes I do, and know it to be a fact. I would advise you to humor him in the same way."

"I'll do so."

"Hush, he's coming back."

"We are going to have more rain, I think," said the major, as he resumed his seat.

"Yes," the colonel responded, "but I hope that it will not interfere with the convention. If the attendance is large and the proceedings harmonious, the result will be of great benefit to the county."

"Who do you think will be nominated for judge?" old John asked.

"Neither of the candidates that have been named. We have better timber than any of those fellers."

"Well, said the major, yawning, "I reckon we better go to bed, so as to be in trim for the work to-morrow."

"I will show you the room," the old man remarked, arising.

The politicians were shown into an upper room, and the old man, placing a candle on the mantelpiece, bade them good-night and went down stairs.

"What noise was that?" the major asked when the old man had quitted the room.

"I didn't hear any noise," the colonel answered.

"I did; it sounded like some one gasping for breath."

He might have heard a noise—might have heard old John struggling to suppress his laughter.

"Suppose we go to bed," said the major.

"All right. You go ahead and I will blow out the candle."

They talked for some time before lying down; then, after a long silence, the colonel uttered a deep growl. The major reached over and gave him a rake with the comb.

"What the deuce are you doing?" exclaimed the colonel, springing up in bed. "What do you mean?" And in his rage he began to grate his teeth.

The major, supposing that he was getting ready to begin biting, reached over and gave him another rake.

"You infernal idiot!" yelled the colonel, feeling for the major's hair, "if I don't wool you I'm a shote!"

"What are you doing?" howled the major. "Let go, or I'll hurt you! Quit, I tell you! Haven't you got any sense?"

The major had found his hair.

"I'll let you know what it is to rake the life out of me with a crosscut saw."

"I was doing it to oblige you, you confounded wolf! Let go my hair!"

"Oblige me! Do you take me for a saw log? Look out! If you hit me again I'll pull every hair out of your head!"

They tumbled out on the floor, rolled over and over, and then overturned a tottering old wardrobe that came down upon them with a crash. The major swore that he was dead, and the colonel yelled for a light, but no light came. Had they listened they might have heard another noise that sounded as if some one were breathing hard. The old man was in the hall shaking the railing of the stairway. The major was the first to scramble to his feet.

"I will throw you out of this window!" he exclaimed.

"And if I can find my pistol I'll shoot the top of your head off!" howled the colonel.

This threat so frightened the major that he gathered up his clothes as best he could and rushed from the room.

"Why, what's the matter?" the old man asked when the major came down.

"Nothing, only I am going away to get a cannon and then come back and blow that fool into eternity."

"Did he try to bite you?"

"He tried to kill me, that's what he tried to do."

"Why didn't you rake him?"

"I did rake him."

"Humph!" grunted the old man; "he must have lost his peculiarity. What are you not going out in such a night as this?"

"Yes, I am, for if I see that fool again I'll have to cut his throat. Good-by."

Shortly after the major left, the colonel came down. "Why, look here," said he; "I growled just as you told me to do, and I wish I may die if that fellow didn't come within one of ripping my life out of me."

"Mighty sorry to hear it. He must have changed since I know'd him so well."

When the convention met next day the major and the colonel fought each other so violently that neither of them could win, and at an opportune time, old John Perdue stepped in and received the nomination.—Opie P. Read in New York World.

A Noted Doctor Who Was Shy.

Abernethy, an eminent London surgeon of the last century, was noted for his independence and for his indifference to people of rank and wealth. A certain nobleman once presented himself at the surgeon's office and without waiting for his turn demanded to see Abernethy. He was refused, and when it came his turn he entered the consulting room in great anger.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"No, sir!" was the cool reply, "but I am John Abernethy, surgeon, and if you wish to consult me, I am now ready to hear what you have to say in your turn."

Yet this man, so indifferent to lords and ladies, when he had to lecture before several hundred medical students was often painfully embarrassed. As he was about to begin he would be obliged to retire in order to collect his thoughts. The consciousness of his great reputation, and the anxiety to stand well with the students, made him shy.—Youth's Companion.

Why He Cried.

Passerby—Why do you cry, little boy? Little Boy—On account of pa. If he comes home without me ma will give him an awful thrashing.—Texas Siftings.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

When Royalty Travels in Japan.

There has existed in Japan for many centuries a curious law to the effect that whenever the emperor or empress appeared in public no other person should seem to occupy a higher place than this member of the royal family; therefore on such occasions the shutters of all upper stories were drawn, and the upper parts of the houses through which the royal party moved were seemingly deserted. This law is still in effect. Three months ago, when the empress went into the country for a brief period, an elaborate announcement was posted in conspicuous places along the line of her contemplated route commanding the public to observe strictly certain requirements of etiquette, to wit:

When her majesty shall pass along no one must look at her from the frame built on houses for the drying of clothes, or through cracks in doors, or from any position in the upper part of their houses.

If anybody wishes to see her majesty he or she must sit down at the side of the road by which her majesty will pass. All children must be taken particular care of that they do not play in the road, and so obstruct the passage of her majesty through the streets.

No one must look at her majesty without taking off his hat, neckcloth or turban, or whatever else he may be wearing on his head. Moreover, no one must be smoking while he or she is looking at her majesty, nor must any one carry a stick or cane. Only women wearing the clothes of foreigners will be permitted to retain their head covering.

Although it may rain, no person will be allowed to put up an umbrella while her majesty may be passing.

Dogs must not be allowed to wander on to the road by which her majesty will pass.

Until the passage of her majesty, the route by which she will come will be kept free from all carriages and jinrikashas. The roads which she will take must be completely free from all traffic.

As her majesty passes, no one must raise his voice, nor must any sound be heard, nor must the crowd close in and follow her carriage, for no noise must be made. When her majesty reaches Umeda station there will be a discharge of fifty fireworks.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

One by One the Idols Are Falling!

The papers have been full of paragraphs about Edward Grubb, "the Bristol Centenarian," who is described as having died at the age of 109. Grubb was not a centenarian, for, according to his own account, he was living at Kingsland, where he was born, when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and yet he went to settle in London "three or four years before he was 20." It is clear, therefore, that, as only seventy-five years have passed since Waterloo, Grubb cannot have been more than 90 when he died.

A still more conclusive proof is afforded by the tombstone over his father's grave in the churchyard at Kingsland, which records that he died in 1808, at the age of 34; so that if Grubb was a centenarian he was born when his father was 16 years old, and if he was 109 he must have been born when his father was 7 years old! It would be just as well if the papers, instead of eagerly swallowing every flapdash story that is brought to them, were to take the sagacious advice which President Routh gave to Dean Burgon: "Always verify your references."—London Truth.

"Hit Me Too."

A certain genial old Bostonian, who is a gentleman of leisure, likes nothing better than to watch the sports of children and contrive pleasant surprises for them.

At one time, while loitering near the border of the pond in the public garden, which is not far from his residence, Mr. B—— observed several small boys on the curbstone, in stooping postures, paddling the water with their hands. The temptation to tap the back of one of these bending urchins was great, and Mr. B—— did tap one briskly. The boy straightened up like a flash, looked around, and called out:

"What did you strike me for, sir?"

"So that you might rise and take this piece of money, my lad," said the old man, handing him a dime.

The boy, entirely appeased, grinned broadly. And instantly all the other boys flocked up to Mr. B——, each one shouting at the top of his voice:

"Say, mister, hit me, will yer, mister?"—Boston Transcript.

Good Sense.

It will preserve us from censoriousness; will lead us to distinguish circumstances; keep us from looking after visionary perfection, and make us see things in their proper light. It will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations; to weigh consequences; to determine what to observe and what to pass by; when to be immovable and when to yield. It will produce good manners, keep us from taking freedoms and handling things roughly; will never agitate claims of superiority, but teach us to submit ourselves one to another. Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties rather than to recommend those of others.—New York Ledger.

Genuine Generosity.

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.

Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied like any other if you expect to make it a success.—London Tit-Bits.

A Tender Hearted Girl.

Old Million—My dear Miss Youngthing, if you'd only marry me I could die happy.

Miss Youngthing—Why, Mr. Million, if you were dying I'd marry you in a minute.—New York Weekly.

Powers of the English Language.

Professor Jacob Grimm, the author of the most learned German grammar and, jointly with his brother, the best German dictionary, says: "Among all the modern languages none has, by giving up and confounding all the laws of sound, and by cutting off nearly all the inflections, acquired greater strength and vigor than the English. Its fullness of free middle sounds, which cannot be taught, but only learned, is the cause of an essential force of expression such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of men."

CATCHING BLUEFISH.

SPORT ALONG THE JERSEY SHORE AND AT GREAT SOUTH BAY.

On Board a Fishing Smack—The Question of Tackle and What It Costs. Bluefishing for Business and Pleasure Combined—Catching Blues on Shore.

A slight breeze ruffles the ocean. The vessels send by under full sail, and the fishing boats, off on the banks, rise and fall like logs on the long ground swell. The surf breaks on the beach in great combers, which throw themselves high upon the sand and then rush back to mingle with the more congenial element. On the bluff at Seabright stands a man whose eyes, shaded by his hand, are bent fixedly upon a small dark patch on the ocean over which are clustered excited sea gulls. Now and then the patch scintillates with silver spots, and the gulls throw themselves from their lofty height into the silver kaleidoscope. It seems to be moving nearer shore. The watcher perceives it to be a school of bluefish. Soon the school is inside of the breakers and he runs into a neighboring house.

He comes out carrying a long fishing line, neatly coiled and ending in six inches or more of stout wire, to which is attached a lead squid. Removing his shoes and stockings and rolling up his trousers the man, carrying the coil of line on his arm, wades into the surf, and catching hold of the line about six feet from the squid begins to whirl the piece of lead around his head. It whirls faster and faster. After the retreat of a wave he finally runs down almost into the ocean bed and lets go of the line. The squid flies out straight a hundred and fifty feet or more and settles into the breakers.

FISHING FROM THE SHORE.

Then the fisherman hauls it in hand over hand as rapidly as he can. A bluefish jumps from the water and the line assumes a marked rigidity. The fisherman hauls yet faster, and pulls up on the beach a six pound beauty. He unhooks the long, powerful bodied, blue backed, white bellied fish very gingerly, for he is mindful of the razorlike teeth and does not care to lose a finger. He throws the fish high up on the beach and begins his efforts afresh. In half an hour the bluefish, which have been in chase of a school of menhaden, head for the deeper ocean, and the fisherman picks up his catch of a dozen or more and walks back to the house. Such is bluefishing on the Jersey coast.

Would you see the sport on Great South Bay, go to any of the bordering towns, and engage for a small sum a sailboat and a captain to take you out. If you do not become seasick and there is a reefing breeze you will have grand sport. A squid and line can be used, or a rod and reel with a squid. The boat keels well over on its side and rushes through the water with an exhilarating motion.

Several long lines troll out from the boat, and the squids of bone or metal fly through the water. Now the fish strikes one line, now another, until fingers, protected as they are by mitts, are sore and arms ache. A morning's sport will often yield enough fish for a large hotel.

Another method frequently practiced here is known to fishermen as chumming. Several hundred menhaden, or "bunkers," are secured, a portion of which are ground or chopped up into a kind of mush, and liberally scattered over the surface of the water where the boat is anchored.

THE OUTFIT.

An oily "stick" is thus formed which floats rapidly to leeward, and often attracts the bluefish within a radius of a mile. A slice from the menhaden's back is put on a large hook and the line is thrown overboard, and as it drifts away the bait is seized by the voracious fish which swarm about the boat.

Bluefish tackle is exceedingly cheap. A dollar will purchase all that is necessary for hard fishing, while an outlay of $6 or $7 will buy a stout casting rod, a cheap, stout reel and line, and the necessary hooks and squids. With this outfit the most fastidious can fish.

Small snappers of two pounds weight are quite abundant at Broad channel and the inlet of Jamaica bay, and also at Seawaren, Prince's bay, the Horse at Sandy Hook and at Barnegat. The large fish running from six to fifteen pounds have been found in great quantities all along the Long Island and Jersey coasts. The season is usually from the middle of July to the first of October.

To be sure of good fishing and big fish one should go aboard one of the stanch little smacks that supply Fulton market with its Friday's bluefish. A little tact and the judicious use of four or five dollars will secure a berth. These boats go out to the banks of the Jersey or Long Island shore and sail around until fish are sighted. Then they anchor.

Small hand mills are brought on deck and menhaden are ground up. Dories to the number often of a dozen, each carrying a man and menhaden, mush and bait, put off from the smacks and anchor within a radius of half a mile. At the end of the day each dory will bring in two or three hundred large fish. As the smacks remain out from a week to ten days, and meat, fish and fresh vegetables comprise the bill of fare, an enjoyable sea voyage offers its attractions in addition to the fishing.—New York World.

Pretty Little Capri Girls.

One of the prettiest sights I know is to meet a band of Capri girls, aged from 12 to 16, returning from their day's toil. Here they come with their skirts tucked up on one side, the red kerchief carelessly tied at the back of their shapely heads, from under which the dark, wavy hair escapes; cheeks flushed after hard work, eyes shining, tongues chattering. As they pass they look you straight in the face, smile merrily and wish you "Buona sera," with audible comments on your personal appearance. But they are not difficult to please, and as long as you have an agreeable expression the general verdict will be that you are "una bella signora."—Cornhill Magazine.

How City Water May Be Wasted.

In a recent water works report a table is published giving in gallons and hundredths of a gallon the discharge of water per minute through various sizes of orifices at different heads. Rough calculations are also made showing the immense quantities of water which escape in the small streams sometimes allowed to run from faucets in cold weather to prevent freezing. It is also shown that a stream the size of a pin running one year with head of 150, will flow 115,632 gallons, at a loss, counting at the rate of ten cents per 1,000 gallons, of $11.57.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call at druggists, for a free package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr Silas Lane while in the Rocky mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists'.

The first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriage in France in 1550.

Criminals are executed by the sword of guillotine in Switzerland. The mode differs in various Cantons.

We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Head-Ache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' Drugstore.

Love is a species of intoxication that swells the heart instead of the head.

It takes the Sultan of Turkey forty minutes to say his prayers in royal form.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug, store.

The lawyers in the case are like a pair of shears. They never cut themselves, but what is between.

Every Home Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cts.

There are few things in life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning-wheel.

No man is so good that he is willing people should believe that he is altogether ignorant of wickedness.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation. Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 30 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Bieys Drug Store.

One million dollars silver coin weigh 58,625,9 pounds avoirdupois.

The man who won't bend will some day have to break.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1.00 at all druggists. Sample bottle free.

Missouri is larger than Georgia by 10,000 square miles.

Our best friends are not those who always come with taffy.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH must not be neglected. Colds in the head and snuffles bring on catarrh and lung affections. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. It also cures catarrh, the worst cases yielding to it.

The reason why it hurts to have a tooth pulled is supposed to be that you can't bite your lips at the time.

A Cure For Pimples.

My face for the last few years was covered with pimples so bad, that I used to be ashamed to go anywhere. I took two bottles of Sulphur Bitters and the pimples disappeared. I use them every spring.—C. K. Dow, Fall River.

The man who is always sober is always on the right road.

To the ordinary mortal, a wilted collar tells a truer tale of the state of the weather than the Signal-Service thermometer does.

Eupepsy.

This 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 for 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 Reiner, Druggist.

Persons who have dirty back yards leave dirty memories.

Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit.

A Kind Friend.

Is what they call that famous remedy; Red Flag Oil, it quickly cures rheumatism, neuralgia, cuts, bruises, burns, scires, and all pain. It is good for man or beast.

No other medicine has won for itself such confidence as Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator. It is the best combination for the cure of all kidney and liver complaints. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drugstore.

When we see a young father wheeling his first baby in the street we obtain a realizing sence of the joys of a carriage and pare.

Failures in Life.

People fail in many ways. In business, in morality, in religion, in happiness, and in health. A weak heart is often an unsuspected failure in life. If the blood does not circulate properly in the lungs, there is shortness of breath, asthma, etc.; in the brain, dizziness, headache; in the stomach, wind, pain,