The Post.

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THE POST.

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Saddler and Harness Maker
Centreville, Snyder County, Penna.

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Poetry.

Mercy's Plea.

By W. S. GAYNEY.

Wouldst thou a sinful soul redeem,
And lead the erring back to God;
A guardian angel wouldst thou seem,
To one who long in guilt hath trod?
Go kindly to him, take his hand,
And gently press it in your own,
And by his side a brother stand
Till thou the demon sire dethrone!

He still is human, and will yield,
Like snow beneath the torrid ray;
And his strong heart, 'tho' doubly steeled,
Will to the words of love give way!
He had a mother! and he felt
A mother's kiss upon his cheek;
And by her knees at evening knelt,
The prayer of innocence to speak!

A mother! ay, and who shall say,
Though deep in sin he now may be,
That spirit may not wake to-day,
Which filled him at her sainted knee.
No guilt so utter e'er became
But 'mid it we some good might find,
And Virtue, through the deepest shame,
Still feebly light the darkest mind.

Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him, in kindest gentlest mood,
That thou the strayed one back may lead
To hope, to Heaven, and to God!
Thou art thyself but mortal; thou
As prone, perchance, to fall as he!
Then "mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee!"

Select Tale.

THE BLACK MASKS

During the fall and winter of the year 1818 the country around the ancient town of Louvaine, in Belgium was infested by a band of robbers, whose organization was so perfect and whose movements were so sudden and mysterious that, although they spread death and desolation in every direction, yet the officers of the law failed utterly in all attempts to bring them to justice.

The members of this fearful league were reported to be young men of good family, and the leader was described by common report as a man of noble presence, soldier-like bearing, and most indomitable courage, joined to a mind dark and cunning, and a heart that was a stranger to remorse or pity.

This formidable band was known far and wide as the "Black Masks," for all accounts agreed in describing them as clothed completely in black and having their faces covered with black masks. However, the mystery surrounding them was dissipated and their devastations brought to a termination by the incident I am about to relate.

There lived at the period to which I refer, in the suburbs of Louvain, a worthy curate, Father Gervaise by name, and with him resided the son of an only sister some time dead, whose education Father Gervaise had superintended, and whose manhood he had watched with almost a fathers care.

Julian had just entered his twenty-first year; he was tall, nearly if not quite six feet, well formed, with a handsome face. He was also well educated, accomplished and agreeable, so that his company was eagerly sought, more especially by those ladies having marriageable daughters. Only one thing in relation to his nephew troubled Father Gervaise and that was his very frequent and prolonged absence at night.

One evening in the month of February they were seated together in the comfortable library of Father Gervaise's residence, enjoying the warmth of a blazing wood fire, when a sudden summon came for the curate to attend the death bed of one of his parishoners, who lived at a considerable distance.

Without a moment's hesitation this excellent man arose from the soft cushions of the arm chair in which he had been reposing, and gathering the folds of his cloak about him, set forth.

The wind blew fiercely in his teeth and a dreary sheet drove in his face, but still, with a stout heart, Father Gervaise kept on his way, and in about an hour had arrived at his destination. He was just in time to administer the last rites and consolations of religion to the dying, and after remaining about half an hour, to afford what comfort he might to the mourning survivors, he set out on his return.

He had walked perhaps a mile, when suddenly he was startled from his reverie by the clatter of what seemed a troop of horses. Pausing, he looked around; he could see nothing, but still heard distinctly the sound, and all the time it drew nearer. Presently, however, coming around a turn in the road at full gallop, a party of about a dozen men, mounted on fleet steads, dashed past him, and through the darkness Father Gervaise was just able to distinguish that each rider wore over his face a black mask.

He had not proceeded many steps farther before, on passing a house, he was astonished to see a light burning, and the door wide open. Conjecturing at once that this had been the scene of one of the midnight exploits of the bold robbers, Father Gervaise entered, and his suspicions were terribly confirmed by finding stretched in death across the [illegible] wife likewise brutally murdered, her body lying beneath a table.

Sickened at the fearful sight, the curate was about to hurry out and alarm the neighborhood, when his attention was attracted by a strange gurgling sound proceeding from the chimney place. Looking in the direction indicated, his blood curdled for an instant, his presence of mind entirely forsook him, for there he beheld hanging in sight a pair of feet which gave several convulsive movements, the gurgling sound still continuing. Recovering his self-possession, however, Father Gervaise rushed forward and found the female domestic of the family suspended by the neck, in the last agonies of death. To seize a knife that luckily lay near and cut the cord that held her, was the work of an instant, but some time elapsed afterward before he was enabled to restore her to sufficient consciousness to give an account of the circumstance attending this horrid deed.

The poor girl, on recognizing the good curate, and being earnestly entreated, with many sobs told how the black masks, some dozen in number, had broken into the house and murdered the master and mistress in cold blood; she herself had found temporary safety by hiding behind the fireboard, and fancying their work of death accomplished the ruffians proceeded to ransack the house in search of gold, which it was well known the aged couple kept secreted in the building.

Having succeeded in their search, they returned to the room in which she was hidden, in order to divide their booty, and having seated themselves around the table, they all removed their masks, except the leader; and the poor girl began to relate how through a crevice in the fire-board, she recognized the countenances of every one of the robbers that were unmasked, and, to the horror and amazement of her listener, disclosed the names of young men of the highest families, before unsuspected.

So eager did the girl become in prosecuting her scrutiny, however, that leaning too heavily against the screen, it fell forward. The robbers sprang to their feet and instantly replaced their masks; then the leader rushed upon her and seized her, already half-dead with fright, by the neck. They consulted together as to the manner of her death, and concluded, with a savage leagu, to hang her by the neck in the place she had chosen to secrete herself in.

Moved by despair at hearing this dreadful doom pronounced, she made one vain effort to free herself, and in so doing managed to displace the mask from the face of the chief, and as in a trembling voice she repeated the name of that man, the good curate turned white as death and fell prostrate upon his knees, with his hands raised to heaven. The name she uttered was that of Julian de Montressor, his own much-be-loved nephew.

When she had concluded her narrative, the good curate placed her in charge of the nearest neighbor, and then, with a heavy heart but firm purpose, set out once more for his home. Before he reached his own residence he applied to the mayor, declared to him what he had seen and heard, and requested him to assist him in the plan he had formed to secure the robbers, who, from certain circumstances, he firmly believed to be secreted in his own house.

The mayor employed every measure suggested by the curate, and accompained by a sufficient guard, followed him at a short distance to his dwelling.

The curate, on entering his library found his nephew apparently watching for his return, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the good man could restrain his emotion. Making a powerful effort, however, to control his feelings, he told Julian that he had had a very painful visit, and requested him to go to the cellar and bring him some wine. The young man changed color at this unusual request, and hesitated a moment, at which the uncle offered to go himself and fetch it, and in effect rose to execute his design, when the nephew, with great eagerness, sprang to his feet and expressed himself quite ready to do as he desired.

Taking a light, he passed out of the room and down the stairs leading to the cellar. No sooner had he done so than the curate locked and bolted the door, and then gave a signal for the mayor and his guard to enter.

They did so at once, having obtained lights, unfastened the cellar door, and were about to enter, when they were set upon by about a dozen men, armed with short-swords dressed all in black, and having their faces covered with black masks.

The struggle though desperate, lasted only a few moments, the city guards were too numerous for the brigands, and succeeded in capturing every robber alive.

The mayor ordered them to be instantly disarmed, bound in fetters and conveyed to a neighboring prison, which order was at once obeyed, and shortly thereafter they were all [illegible]

Tom Potter's Shooting.

They had been talking about the remarkable performance of Dr. Carver, the marksman, who shoots, with rifle, glass balls which are sent into the air as fast as a man can throw them. Presently, Abner, Bying, who was sitting by, said:

"That's nothing.'

"What is nothing?'

"Why, that shooting. Did you ever know Tom Potter?'

"No.'

"Well, Potter was the best hand with a rifle I ever saw; beat this man Carver all hollow. I'll tell you what I've seen this man Potter do. You know, maybe, along there in the cherry season, Mrs. Potter would want to preserve some cherries; so Tom would pick 'em for her, and how do you think he'd stone 'em?'

"I don't know. How?"

"Why, he'd fill his gun with bird-shot and get a boy to drop half a bushel of cherries at one time from the roof of the house. As they came down he'd fire and take the stone clean out of every cherry in the lot. It's a positive fact! He might occasionally miss one, not often. But he did bigger shooting than that when he wanted to.'

"What did he do?'

"Why, Jim Miller—did you know him? No. Well, Tom made a bet with Jim that he could shoot the buttons off his own coat tail by aiming in the opposite direction, and Jim took him up.'

"Did he do it?'

"Do it? He fixed himself in position and aimed at a tree in front of him. The ball hit the tree, caromed, hit the corner of a house, caromed, struck a lamp post, caromed, and flew behind Tom and nipped the button off as slick as a whistle. You bet he did it!'

"That was fine shooting.'

"Yes, but I've seen Tom Potter beat it. I've seen him stand under a flock of wild pigeons, billions of them coming like the wind, and kill 'em so fast that the front of the flock never passed a given line, but turned over and fell down, so that it looked a kind of a brown and feathery Niagara. Tom did it by having twenty-three breach loading rifles and a boy to load 'em. He always shot with that kind.'

"You say you saw him do this sort of shooting?'

"Yes, sir, and better than that too. Why, I'll tell you what I've seen Tom Potter do. I saw him once set up an India rubber target at 300 feet, and hit the ball's eye twenty seven times a minute with the same ball! He would hit the target, the ball would bounce back right into the rifle-barrell just as Tom had clapped in a fresh charge of powder and so he kept her a going backward and forward, until at last he happened to move his gun and the bullet missed the muzzle of the barrel. It was the biggest thing I ever saw; the very biggest except one.'

"What was that?'

"Why, one day I was out with him when he was practicing, and it came on to rain. Tom didn't want to get wet, and we had no umbrella, and what do you think he did?'

"What?'

"Now what do you think that man did to keep dry?'

"I can't imagine.'

"Well, sir, he got me to load his weapons for him, and I pledge you my word, although it began to rain hard, he hit every drop that came down, so that the ground for about eight feet around us was dry as punk. It was beautiful, sir—beautiful.'

And then the company rose up slowly and passed out one by one, each man eyeing Abner and looking solemn as he went by; and when they had gone Abner looked queer for a moment, and said to me:

"There's nothing I hate so much as a liar. Give me a man who is the friend of the solid truth and I'll tie to him.'

Wooden Watch.

The Reading, Pa., EAGLE says that N. Doriot, a Frenchman from Bristol, Tenn., now in Reading, has a great curiosity in the shape of a wooden watch, made by himself. It is of the ordinary size, but only weighs half an ounce. It is open-faced, and the dial plate is made of the horn of a buffalo killed on the Texas Pacific railroad by being run over by an engine. The outside is of mottled brown olive wood from Jerusalem, and all the works, except a few of the more important wheels, are of boxwood. The watch keeps excellent time. It was made last year by Mr. Doriot, who is a jeweler, and who carries it as a timekeeper. Even the stem and the bow are of wood. It is marked "No. 1." A jeweler of Penn street took the watch apart and found its construction perfect.

It was a very honest old Dutch Judge in Schoharie county who listened for several hours to the arguments of counsel and then said: "Dis case has been ferry ably argued on both sides, and dere have been some ferry nice points of law brought up. I shall take dree days to consider these points, but I shall [illegible] decide for de plaintiff."

How a Man Locks the Door

There is something curious, about the way a man closes up the house for the night. A woman will secure all the doors in the house in ten minutes and spend twenty minutes taking down her back hair and getting her frizz ready for morning. The man of the house having no back hair to take down and no frizzes to put up, spends his time in closing up the house. He begins at the back door and locks and bolts all the doors from that to the front door. Then he takes off his coat and collar. By that time one of the children wants a drink of water and he has to unlock one of the doors to get it. Then he locks the door carefully, goes back and takes of his vest and winds up his watch or clock as the case may be.—His wife suddenly calls out from amongst the bed-clothes—it being the winter season—and asks her husband to make another addition to the kitchen and see if the pancake batter is liable to rise in the night and overflow the dish. He unlocks two more doors and makes a tour of inspection. All is well. He removes his stockings, warms his feet and proposes to retire. Suddenly he is overcome with the conviction that the rear door is not locked and away he goes barefooted over the cold floor of the kitchen and woodshed. By the time he reaches the woodshed door he is uncertain whether any of the doors are locked, and he makes the grand round again. All is secure. He removes his pantaloons, blows out the light and is just about to lie down when his wife suddenly bethinks herself that the girl probably forgot to put the milk pail out, and away he goes again in a half and white flowing garment. Before he gets back to bed again he steps on two marbles and a sharp piece of tin which the children have left on the floor. At last he gets between the sheets and lays him down to pleasant or horrible dreams—he is never sure which it will be. As Morpheus gobbles him up and is about to take him to the land of Nod, the brilliant thought that the hired girl is out flashes athwart his brain, and he gets up and unlocks the kitchen door. In exactly one hour and eleven minutes from the time he begins preparations to retire he is in bed for good, and one of the doors is still unlocked. He says softly but solemnly to himself that he'll be blowed if he'll undertake to lock the doors again if robbers surround the house four deep. But the next night he repeats the performance, by special request.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The Necessity of Plenty of Sleep.

A writer in "Scribner" for February, considering "The Relations of Insanity to Modern Civilization," speaks of the loss of sleep as a prominent cause of insanity. He says:

During every moment of consciousness the brain is in activity. The peculiar process of cerebration, whatever that may consist of, is taking place; though after thought comes forth, nor can we help it. It is only when the peculiar connection or chain of connection of one brain cell with another is broken and consciousness fades away into the dreamless land of perfect sleep, that the brain is at rest. In this state it recuperates its exhausted energy and power, and stores them up for future need. The period of wakefulness is one of constant wear. Every thought is generated at the expence of brain cells, which can be fully replaced only by periods of properly regulated repose. If, therefore, these are not secured by sleep, if the brain, through over stimulation, is not left to recuperate, its energy becomes exhausted; debility disease, and finally disintegration supervene. Hence the story is almost always the same; for weeks and months before the indications of active insanity appear, the patient has been anxious, worried and wakeful, not sleeping more than four or five hours out of the twenty four. The poor brain, unable to do its constant work, begins to waver, to show signs of weakness or aberration; hallucinations or delusions hover around like floating shadows in the air, until finally disease comes and

"plants his siege
Against the mind, the which he picks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and press to that last hold
Confounded themselves."

A Natural Telephone.

On the authority of Col. Talcott, who vouches for the truth of the matter, there is a certain point on a ridge high up on Kearsarge Mountain where can be heard the ramble of trains on the Southern Pacific Railroad as they cross the range to the west of Mohave, 140 miles distant. There is a regular daily train passing at 10:30 o'clock, and upon reaching the place at this hour the noise of the train is heard as stated. It is a curious thing in nature, but scarcely more wonderful than some of the mountain echoes we read of, nor more incomprehensible than late achievements of science in telephones, phonographs, and megaphones. [illegible] receiving the more

Duration of Eternity.

Various illustrations have been suggested to convey to the mind some idea of illimitable duration. It has been said, suppose one drop of the ocean should be dried up every thousand years, how long would it be ere the last drop would disappear? Far onward as that would be in coming ages, Eternity would not have been commenced.

It has been said, suppose this vast globe upon which we tread were composed of particles of the finest sand, and that one particle should disappear at the termination of each million of years, oh, how inconceivably immense must be the period which must elapse before the last particle would be gone! And yet, Eternity would then be in its morning twilight.

It has been said, suppose some little insect, so small as to be imperceptible to the naked eye, were to carry this world by its tiny mouthfuls to the most distant star the hand of God has placed in the heavens. Hundreds of millions of years would be required for the single journey. The insect commences on the leaf of a tree, and takes its little load, so small that even the microscope cannot discover that it is gone, and sets out on its almost endless journey. After millions and millions of years have rolled away, it arrives back for its second load. Oh what interminable ages would elapse before the whold tree would be removed! When whoul the forest be gone? And the globe! Even then Eternity would not have commenced!

Why Should Boys be Good?

A brisk fight between two town boys, at the foot of Griswold steet, the other day, was interrupted by a citizen who, after releasing one of them, made the other sit down on a barrel to be talked to.

"Now then," he began, "it is a terrible thing for a boy like you to be conducting in this manner."

"I'd a licked him if you hadn't come up!" wailed the boy as he carefully wiped his scratched nose.

"Suppose you had. Do you want to be considered a dog? Why don't you try to be a good boy and get along peaceably with everybody? Suppose you had rolled off the wharf and been drowned?"

"S'pose I hadn't too! It's the good boys who get drowned!"

"What!"

"It's so and I kin prove it! I'll bet a dollar agin a cent that more Sunday School boys have been drowned this year than bad uns!"

The man reflected and did not dispute the assertion.

"And more run over by the cars," continued the boy.

No answer again.

"And more of em got sick and died; and I'll bet I've got more money and have more fun and peanuts than any good boy in the town!"

"But the good are rewarded," observed the man.

"So are the bad," replied the boy; "I'll bet I make fifty cents before dark!"

"But the good are respected."

"So am I. I kin go up to the post office and borrow three dollars without any security, and I'll bet ten to five you can't! Come now put up the lucre!"

"My boy," sadly observed the man, "you must think of the future. Don't you want to be looked up to and respected when you are a man?"

"That's too far ahead," was the lonesome reply. "If anybody thinks I'm going to be called a clothes-pin and a wheelbarrow and a hair brush by all the boys, and not go for em just for the sake of looking like an angel when I get to be a man, they is mistaken in the house and you dasn't bet they ain't.

And he dasn't.

Curiosities of the Bible.

The Bible contains (3,566,480 letters) three million, five hundred and sixty-six thousand, four hundred and eighty letters. Seven hundred and seventy three words, (773,692 words. Thirty-one thousand one hundred and seventy-three verses, (31,173 verses.) One thousand, one hundred and eighty-nine chapters, (1,189 chabters,) and sixty-six books (66 books.)

The word "and" occurs forty-six thousand, two hundred and twenty-seven times (46, 227 times.) The word Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five. (1,855 times) The word "reverend" occurs only once in the Bible, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle and least chapter is the 117th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet. The finest chapter to read is 26th chapter of Acts. The 19th chapter of the 2d Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 45th of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th 21st and 31st verse of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words or names in the Bible of more than six syllables.

Baltimore work, sheep and club [illegible]

Learning to Save.

The first thing to be learned by a boy or young man, or any one else having the least ambition to become a useful member of society, is the habit of saving. No matter if a boy or girl has wealthy parents, each should save, if for no other reason than that riches are well known "to take to themselves wings and fly away." Few are so well-to-do as to be secure against poverty and want. In this country it is notoriously true that the children of the wealthy classes are often miserably poor; while the men of large means among us, as a rule, commenced life without other advantages than habits of industry coupled with the disposition to save.

It is especially important that the children of people in moderate circumstances and of the poor should learn to take care of the money they get. A boy who is earning fifty cents, seventy-five cents, or a dollar a day, should manage to save a portion of it, if possible. If he can lay by only twenty-five cents a week, let him save that. It doesn't amount to much, it is only thirteen dollars a year, but it is worth saving; it is better than wasted; better saved than fooled away for tobacco or beer, or any other worthless or useless article or object. But the best thing about it, is that the boy who saves thirteen dollars a year on a very meagre salary acquires a habit of taking care of his money which will be of the utmost value to him.

The reason why workingmen as a class do not get ahead faster—are not more independent—is that they have learned to save their earnings. It does not matter a great deal whether a man receives a salary of a dollar a day or five dollars, if he gets rid of it all during the week, so that there is nothing left Saturday night; he will not get rich very rapidly. But the individual who receives one dollar per day and is able to save twenty cents, or the one getting five dollars who is careful to lay up a dollar, is laying up something for a rainy day.

Young people who expect to labor with their hands for what they may have of this world's goods, who have no ambition or wish to become professional men, office-holders or speculators, should by all means acquire habits of economy and learn to save. So surely as they do think no single will [illegible] mulate, so surely will they be in a situation to ask no special favors.

Every man wants to learn to look out for himself, and to rely upon himself. Every man needs to feel that he is the peer of every other, and he cannot do it if he is penniless. Money is power, and those who have it exert a wider influence than the destitute. They are more independent. Hence it should be the ambition of every young man to acquire, and to do this he must learn to save. This is the first lesson to be learned, and the youth who cannot master it will never have any thing. He will be a menial, a dependent.

A Literay Curiosity.

The following rather curious piece of composition was recently placed upon the black-board at a teachers' institute, and a prize of a Webster's Dictionary offered to any person who could read it and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, however, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made:

"A sacrilegious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and a coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional caligraphy extent inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner.'

The mistakes in pronunciation were made on the following words: Sacrilegious, Belial, bronchitis, exhausted, finances, deficit, comely lenient, docile, Malay, calliope, chameleon, suit, coadjutor, caligraphy, matinee, sacrificable, carbine, hymeneal, isolated, jugular and debris.

DIDN'T KNOW WHAT KILLED HIM.—A good and grave joke is told on a comical Irishman in this city who was sent down into a well by a magistrate who sought to hold an inquest upon the body of a colored man who had fallen into the well and who was supposed to be dead. The Irishman carried down a rope and instead of tying it around the body of the negro tied it around his neck. He was hauled up, but the coroner's jury were unable to say whether the negro was killed by the fall or died from strangulation.—*Memphis Appeal.*

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MOUNTED HORSE POWERS,
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THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE
"VIBRATOR"
TRADE MARK
1878.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction as follows
MAIN LINE—WESTWARD.

Pittsburgh Express	1 [illegible] a. m.
Pacific Express	6 20 a. m.
Way Passenger	10 42 a. m.
Mail	4 00 p. m.
Fast Line	5 29 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Philadelphia Express	12 30 a. m.
Pacific Express	10 00 a. m.
Johnstown Express	11 54 a. m.
Mail	8 40 p. m.
Atlantic Express	48 p. m.

The Fast Line, Way Passenger and Pacific Express west, and the Pacific and Atlantic Express east run daily.

Way trains leave stations in Mifflin county as follows:

	WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
Granville	10 53	4 07	10 15	5 28
Anderson's	10 57	4 10	10 52	5 27
Longfellow	11 01	4 16	10 45	5 21
McVeytown	11 14	4 27	10 31	5 08
Manayunk	11 20	4 37	10 25	5 03
Vineyard	11 30	4 43	10 17	4 55
N. Hamilton	11 40	4 52	10 10	4 47

The Pacific Express west on L be flagged at McVeytown at 6 12 a. m. and the Atlantic Express east at 8 28 p. m.

GEORGE B. BENFER,
County Surveyor.
Kratzerville, Snyder County Penn'a.

Surveying and Conveyancing promptly and skillfully attended to. A share of the public's patronage solicited.
July 25th, '78, pd.

$50 For a Case of CATARRH That Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh will not instantly relieve and specedily cure. References, Hon. Wm. Weiss, Esq., Wells, Fargo & Co., Aurora, N. Y.; Wm. Bowen, Esq., McHatton, Grant & Bowen, St. Louis. Testimonials and treatise by mail. Price, with improved Inhaler, $1. Sold everywhere. WEEKS & POTTER Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

$50

THE CINCINNATI
$1
WEEKLY STAR

Is the largest and best DOLLAR WEEKLY PAPER printed in the country.

It is the paper that meets the wants of the farm and the fireside more fully than any other, as will be seen by a careful examination of the following facts, and a comparison of the paper with any other of the city weeklies:

The Star is handsomely printed on pure white paper from clear cut type, that makes it easily read, even by a poor light. Its clear and open print is a joy to weak eyes. ☞

The Star is free from political bias, and gives all the news with fairness and honesty, so as to enable its readers to form a correct judgment on whatever is passing; and it discusses questions without prejudice, but always in the interest of the producing classes.

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