The Post.

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Poetry.

"In the Long Run."

The old-fashioned saying,
So lightly expressed,
And so carelessly uttered,
Is one of the best.
Oh, ponder, young trifler,
With young life begun,
The deep, earnest meaning
Of "in the long run."

For "in the long run," boys,
The seed will spring up
That was sown in the garden
Or dropped in the cup.
And, remember! no roses
Will spring from the weed,
And no beautiful fruit
From unworthy seed.

How many a stripling
In trouble to-day,
By riotous living
With comrades too gay:
With character shipwrecked
And duties undone,
Will be sorrows harvesting
"In the long run."

And "in the long run," will
The toiler fare best
Who performs honest labor
And takes honest rest,
Who, contented and happy,
Hastes not, in a day,
Or a year, to heap riches
That will pass away!

The good and the evil
That bide on the earth,
The joy and the sorrow,
The pain and the mirth,
The battles undecided,
The victories won,
Will yield what was sown, lads,
"In the long run."

—YONKERS STATESMAN.

Select Tale.

NINON'S PRINCE.

It was the siege of Paris. Eugenie had fled from the Tuileries, the provisional government been organized under Trochu. All Paris was in a state of wild alarm, and the Prussian armies were steadily making their way toward the city, investing one point after another, and rapidly cutting off all communications between the besieged city and the surrounding country. Winter was coming on; food and fuel were becoming scarce; business was entirely suspended; the boulevards were filled with idle, aimless loungers, gazing with sad and hungry eyes upon the long defile of troops that marched before them. The heavy rumble of the artillery wagons echoed through the streets, and the ambulance formed a procession, with their terrible suggestions of the dead and wounded for whose conveyances they were prepared. The air was heavy with sadness; Paris shuddered at the thought of the suffering that it must encounter, and a bitter wail arose from the lips of the poor.

Into the quiet and aristocratic precincts of the Faubourg St. Honore the grim ghost of famine and bloodshed had not made their way, and the luxurious entersol of the fashionable hotel where Ninon the gay little Baronne de Valcour, took up her abode during the gay Parisian winters was all alight with sunshine and flowers. Ninon herself was the dullest thing amidst all the brilliant glitter of ormolu, gilding and looking-glass. She was leaning back in her cushioned fauteuil, with the toes of her slippers extended toward the fire and her head thrown back wearily, looking the very personification of ennui.

"Would madam eat her breakfast?" inquired Fifine, with solicitude, as she arranges the inevitable rolls and coffee on a small table by her mistress' side. Ninon opens her eyes and shuts them again, and the coffee grows cold. Fifine knows her fate. If this coffee is spoiled, in half an hour she will be called upon to prepare a fresh one, so Fifine ventures another suggestion.

"Madame has no appetite?"

"Fifine you bother me. Go away.'

Fifine departs, but returns again in the space of two minutes.

"Madame, voici monsieur.'

Madame turns her pretty little head and takes a comprehensive glance at the tall young officer in the uniform of the National Guard who enters the salon and makes his way to her side.

"The Prussians have not eaten us up yet?' inquires Ninon, with a yawn that she does not take the smallest pains to conceal.

"Not yet. Would it be a great source of relief to madame if such an event were to take place?"

"Rather."

"Don't you care for me at all, Ninon?"

"Don't be silly, my child. Tell me what his Excellency General Trochu is about, and when you propose to stain that elegant uniform with Prussian gore."

"Poor Paris!" The young officer sighed and shook his head.

"Paris is very nice—all but the Prussians; and no one is giving any parties. That annoys me

"Ninon are you really as heartless as you seem?"

"Just about. What do you want me to do?"

"Tell me you love me, Ninon, just a little."

"But I don't."

The boyish lips trembled, and a great wave of sorrow spread itself over the fair, fresh countenance. Then he knelt down by her side, and a single tear fell on the little hand that he stooped to kiss.

"Ninon, Ninon, won't you love me?"

"You are a great stupid boy, and you must go away, or I shall never eat my breakfast. You are a very nice boy, Armand, but you look as if you were going to cry."

"Ninon!" The word sounded like a cry of pain.

Then he kissed her hands again and turned away to leave her.

"I shall not come again, Ninon."

Madame le Barrone disfigured her pretty mouth with an incredulous little *moue*, and the door closed up on her boyish lover,

Paris in a state of siege—a city of two million of inhabitants surrounded by the forces of a terrible enemy, and all supplies cut off! Daily the distress and destitution increased. Famine and disease reaped a rich harvest among the poorer inhabitants. The short winter days were grim and cold, and the scanty supply of fuel, of food, grew less and less every hour. The streets were filled with a guant and hungry crowd of desperate men and despairing women. Emeutes broke out in all parts of the city, and the useless bayonets of the National guard were turned to destroy their own fellow-citizens.

The sounds of distress and suffering began to make themselves heard even in the luxurious quarters of the Fonbourg St. Honore, where Ninon de Valcour wore out her days wailing over the dullness and dreariness of the gay capital. The high prices demanded for all the necessary of life began to exhaust even the princely De Valcour revenues. The establishment must be reduced and Baroness Ninon awoke out of her long dream of luxury and laziness to face life for the first time seriously. The days wore on; a dreary Christmas was approaching, and the bitter cold steadily increasing. The wild eyes of the swarming populace grew hungrier and hungrier; the weak died, and the strong lived only to suffer. Tefrible reports of distress and misery about her made their way to Ninon. Her friends gather around, but their discourse was only of the horrors of the siege.

One among Ninon's friends was missing—the quick eager tread of Aymaud de Rochecoeur sounded no more in Ninon's salon. The boyish form of the young officer, with his untarnished uniform and unused sword, appeared no more among her guests. And when she found that he did not come, Ninon began to miss him. At first she smiled at his absence, then insensibly she began to watch for his coming, and as the days passed one after another. Ninon grew anxious. Sometimes she would sit alone in the twilight—the lonely little baroness, rich in everything but love—and the sweet lips would murmur, 'at least he loved me, le bebe!' Then a deep far-off look would come into the brilliant eyes. "Where is the princes?'

It was the evening of the 29th of November, Ninon was sitting alone, watching the slow motions of the hands of the clock as they pointed to eleven, when a quick, hurried tread sounded behind the chair, and the clanking of a sword startled her.

"Armand!' she exclaimed, as she turned and encountered the excited glance of the young soldier.

"Yes, Ninon, At last Paris is roused. To-morrow there will be a grand sortie. The order has been given, With a hundred thousand men we shall leave Paris, march upon Bhampigny—on to Villiers. Ducrot has sworn to re enter Paris 'only victorious or dead.' I have come to say good-by. Before to-morrow night Prussian ball or bayonet may have quieted forever the heart that loves you passionately. Kiss me, Ninon; say 'God bless you!'

Then he sank down at her feet, and laid his head upon the little hand that rested on her knee.

Ninon lifted the brown hair from the fair young forehead; a moment her lips rested there, and she murmured, "God bless you, my Armand!' Then he pressed her for a moment passionately against his heart, and left her.

In the morning the troops were in motion. Paris thronged the streets and crowded the windows on each side to watch the sad procession as it passed. Cheer after cheer rent the air; 'Vive la France!' 'A la Victoire!' sounded from the throats of the lookers on as the long defile wound its way to the gates. The well drilled men marched silently along; their countenances grave and severe. They were about to make a last effort for Paris—for France. With stern and set determination they moved forward, looking neither to right nor left lest, the sorrowful faces of the women they loved should unnerve their hearts and unsteady their hands. After them followed the artillery, the wagons loaded with provisions, and—oh, sickenig sight! the ambulances that would convey so many of the brave men, now leaving the city with buoyant tread, back again within its walls, wounded, helpless, and dying.

At the head of his company rode Armand de Rochecoeua. With head erect, and lips firmly compressed to avoid their trembling, he led his men past the windows of the boulevard where Ninon de Valcour stood watching the exit of the troops from the city. He did not turn his head, but the hand that held the bridle rein shook as the heavy tread of his powerful horse bore him slowly beyond the gaze of the bright eyes that looked down upon him.

Quietly Ninon watching him go steadily she looked after his retreating form. A soft mist clouded the flashing eyes, and as the distance hid from her view she murmured, gently, "Armand, God watch over thee!"

All day long, that terrible 30th of November the incessant roar of cannon echoed back into the stillness of the city's streets. Paris held her breath in anguish. Her best, her bravest and her nobles were fighting for fier deliverence, in deadly peril, just outside the walls. Outside the walls the sickening drama of battle, with all its horrid accompaniments of tumult, and noise and bloodshed; inside, the no less horrible torture of suspence, as those left behind waited with blanched faces and bated breath for news from the scene of conflict.

Among the foremost in the strife on that terrible morning rode the boyish officer, Armand de Rochecoeur. The pure blood of his Norman ancestry courses wildly through his veins to-day. France was his life, and he would give his life for France. His hatred of the plebeian Bonapartes, of the odious republic, were all forgotten, when for the first time he found himself face to face with the foreign foe who dared to attact the very capital and strike at the heart of his sacred land of France.

Erly in the afternoon Champigny yielded to the passionate attact of the fresh French troops. Amazed at their defeat, the Germans fell back to recover from their bewilderment produced by this—almost their first—reverse. Then, rallying from their surprise re-enforced with fresh troops and protected by their batteries, they fell upon the French with a sudden fury. Dismayed by the unexpected attack, weary with the long day's fighting, the half disciplined French soldiery fell back. With a wild feeling half fury, half dispair, Armand saw the line give way. "Cowards!" he muttered below his breath. Then turning suddenly to his men, he cried; "Courage! Will your go back to your women and tell them you fled before Prussian guns? On! on! Conquer or die like Frenchmen!" Then he rode forward; but the terrified, panic-stricken men were deaf to his call, and suffer him to go alone. With his right arm uplifted he rushed toward the Prussian line. With the cry still on his lips, a fragment of a shell struck the powerful right arm, shattered it as if it were the rotten branch of a tree, and tore its way across the fair boyish forehead just above the eyes. Prone on the earth lay the powerful form of the brave young officer. A cry of admiration rose from the lips of the men behind him. Then they turned and fled, and left him to his fate.

The evening shadows fell over the battle plain, quieting the noise and strife; the fighting ceased. The Prussian guns were silent, and the French troops retired sullenly back toward Paris On the battle-field dusky forms came flitting about. With sable uniforms, relieved only by the red cross of Geneva, they went silently about on their merciful errands. Two of these ministering spirits bend over the form of Armand de Rochecœur. 'Dead? poor fellow!" asks one. "No he breathes." Then they lift him gently upon the ambulance; and the brave young officer who rode out from the gates of paris that morning full of life, health and courage, is borne back again blind, maimed, the light gone out from his eyes forever, and the powerful form with its strength and beauty forever crippled. They lay him on a narrow bed in a crowded hospital. The gentle hands of a Sister of Charity dress the terrible wounds, and as she looks at him she murmurs, pityingly, "Poor fellow, he is blind!"

Ninon has listened all day to the sound of that terrible cannonading, waited all night in frightened surprise for news from the scene of battle—for tidings from Armand de Rochecœur. In the morning no word has come, and the suspense grows more and more intolerable every moment. Dark circles have appeared under the brown eyes, and their brilliancy is all faded, gone out in that long night of watching. Restlessly Ninon paces the long salon. "I will go and find him."

It is a long and weary search. They direct her from one place to another. The streets are filled with a hurrying, eager crowd, each intent upon his own affairs, and it is long before she can find any one who can tell her where to look for him. At last they direct her to the hospital where he is lying. Ninon passes between the long rows of beds, sees the suffering faces of the men that fill them, listens to the groans of the suffering and dying, and the tears fill her eyes and roll down upon her blanching cheeks. "It is too much for madame to witness," suggests a young surgeon. "No, no; if they must suffer it, why shoul I not see it," and the spoiled child of luxury braces up her nerves and goes on to meet the sorrow that lies before her.

She finds him at last. As she approaches his bedside she trembles. She looks at the white bandages that lie upon his eyes and shoulders. Then she speaks to him, and the glad smile that flits across his lips re-assure her. His single hand goes out to meet hers, and he tries to speak. A warning gesture from the nurse attracts Ninon's attention, and she whispers, "Do not talk, Armand. You must get well first."

From an old soldier who watches over him Ninon learns the history of the sortie. As she listens to the story of how bravely the young soldier bore himself on that dreadful day, and how he fell when, goaded to fury by the desertion of his men, he rushed forward alone upon the Prusian line, Ninon's heart swells with a new and sweet emotion The lovely mouth wears its happiest smile. There is a look of newly found happiness in the brown eyes. Suddenly they fill with tears, and the little lips murmur softly, "I have found him, the prince."

Then the Sister of Charity comes and whispers, gently and pityingly, "Madam, he will be blind."

All the horror contained in that dreadful sentence sinks into Ninon's soul, and with a voice whose utterance is choked with sobs she cries out, "Armand, my love! God help you!"

Then she lifts her tear-stained face, lit up with its wonderful light of love and pity, and looking at the sympathetic countenance of the poor Sister, whispered, "He shall see with my eyes."

The Sister looks into the depth of the lovely eyes raised to hers and thinks, "He is not so much to be pitied, the brave man."

Through long nights of fever and days of weary restlees Ninon watches by her lover's side. Strength returns to the crippled body, but the sorrowful eyes were always that helpless, vacation expression peculiar to the blind, and the strong right arm is represented only by an empty sleeve.

He is not forbidden to speak now; and one day as he hears Ninon's footstep by his bedside, and the soft rustle of her dress as she bends over him, he says, "You are always with me, Ninon, are you not, or do I dream it?"

"I am always with you, Armand."

"What brings you here?"

"Because I love you, dear."

"Love me!—but I am a cripple and blind."

"Yes, Armand. Your right arm and your eyes you have given to France. Will you give the rest to me?" "Ninon!" and the left arm, the only one he has, draws her quickly and passionately to his side. Her soft breath plays against his cheek, and as his lips meet hers she whispers, "Armand, my prince, I love you."

A Brides's Letter.

Score one against that all-conquering hero, the coachman! Oar, and number one. *He* appeared in San Francisco a mysterious, distinguished stranger, who represental himself as a *M*exican of vast estates. A San Francisco lady yielded to his wooing, married him, and discovered that he attended to a physician's horse and buggy for twenty dollars a month. Strange woman that she was, she immediately left him, after having written him the following breezy explanation:

"I am deeply sorry that hunger and other circumstances over which I have no control compel me to write you this note. *I* find that you are utterly unable to provide for me, and as I am at present unable to provide for you, I will have to leave you, and return to that happy home whence you stole me, and once more fill it with the sunshine of love. Had I known that you expected me to live on the morning breezes for breakfast, the trade winds for dinner and the evening fogs for supper, I would have honestly told you that my constitution would not be equal to it, even where the atmosphere is so odorous and substancial as in this hotel in Tar Flat, and would have declined to have become your wife. If you ever marry another lady, I trust you will remember the advice of your first wife, and that the domestic *menu* will consist of such as puddings made of plums rather than of the north wind, and pies of pumpkins rather than of zephyrs—in short, that you will provide her with a bill of fare rather than a bill of air. If you meet me on the street hereafter pass me by as a perfect stranger, for if you do not I will be compelled to give you the cut direct. Your wife,

MARY."

An Englishman, "who had seen better days," was riding in the coach to Leadville, the new mining town in Colorado. "Will you please," said the Englishman, "open that window; I want to see the mountain scenery." An Irishman, who was snoozing in a corner looked up on hearing the remark and observed, "Bedad, yu'll see plinty ov it in a month from now, when yo're comin' back on fut."

Nine times in ten, if you run against a man in the dark, you will say Hello! The other fellow will begin to say the same; often he omits the last syla ble.

A young lady while on her way to be married was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked: "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible fate."

Childhood, Youth and Manhood.

It is man's destiny still to be longing after something, and thus the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another.

The child of a year old wants little food and sleep; and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient supply of either of these things, than he begins whimpering or yelling, it may be for the other.

At three, the young urchin becomes enamored of sugar plums, apple pies and confectionery.

At six, his imagination runs on kites marbles and tops, and abundance of playtime.

At ten, the boy wants to leave school, and have nothing to do but go birdnesting.

At fifteen, he wants a beard, and a watch and a pair of boots.

At twenty he wishes to cut a figure and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him.

The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again.

From thirty to forty he wanst to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. About this time he dabbles in politics, and wants an office.

At fifty he wants excellent dinners and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensible.

The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four thousand, to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then, for the rest of his life, he wants to be young again.

A Silenced Father.

The other day a boy about fifteen years of age entered a grocery store and after looking around for a few minutes he secreted a loaf of bread under his coat and started out. He was overhauled on the street by the grocer, who was shouting for an officer, when the lad's father came along and cried out:

"What! Is it my Thomas? Has my Thomas come to be a thief? Take him to the station at once!

"You want him locked up, do you?" asked the grocer.

"I do! A scuff of mine that steals shall go to the prison. Thomas is a wild bad boy.'

"And who has made me so?" cried the boy as he looked around on the crowd. "Mother—mother died three years ago, and father there hasn't spoke one kind word to any of the children since! I haven't slept in the house for months! Look at the bruises on my arms!"

Thomas, your know I'm kind to all of you,' replied the father, as the lad bared his arms.

"Kind! Have you ever read us a word about Heaven, ma—mother used to? Have you ever seen her grave but the once? Have you sent me to school? When I've worked haven't you pounded me till I gave up the money?"

"But—But Thomas you are a thief," stammered the father.

"I—I haven't got a shirt to my name, continued the boy as he threw open his coat, "and Sam and Mary are worse off, 'cause they are barefooted. There hasn't been fire or wood in our house for two days' and when I came here to steal this bread the children were in bed shivering and starving. If you don't believe it, come along with me!"

The crowd believed it; there were tears in the boy's eyes and a quiver to his chin, and when the father, went to remonstrate, a man in the crowd seized him, shook his heels in the air and yelled:

"You old Satan, you are a loafer and a gutter drunkard, and I know it, and if you ever lay hand no one o' the children again I'll follow you to Texas but what I'll break every bone in your body.

"Let the boy go!" cried the crowd, and he was released. More, he was given more and bread provisions than he could carry home at one load.

Two Theological Stories.

Here are two matters of a theological nature—which illustrate phases of belief as to the ultimate destination of the parties to the dialogues. The first is of two old Texan rangers who had just helped to bury a neighbor, and were talking about religion, and one asked the other how pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this word, if he was in real earnest.

"Wa'al" said the other, reflectively, "I think of a man gets so't he can't swop steers or trade horses without lyin,' 'at he better pull out for better land afore he has a relapse.'

The next is of an Irish laborer, who was lying in the ditch, very much the worse for liquor. He was encountered by the priest of his parish. Very much shocked, his reverence turned the drunkard over, who, muttered: "Where am I?"

"On the road to hell,' replied the priest, sternly.

"I thought so,' said Pat, 'when I heard Father Murtagh's voice on the road too.'

What to Teach Boys

To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read,—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and in action, rather than being learned in all sciences all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banishind from society, and compelled to cry "unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence. To be unselfish; to care for the feelings and comforts of others; to be polite; to be generous noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged, and things sacred. To be self-reliant and self helpful, even from early childhood; to be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful. When a boy has learned these things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.

Unprincipaled Performance.

A citizen who should be preparing himself for the unknown life beyond the grave instead of being up to such tricks removed the setting from his big gold ring the other day leaving a marked and decided vacancy. *He* gets on a street car, holds his hand so the ring must be seen, and pretty soon a man bends forward and remarks:

"Excuse me, sir, but you have lost the set from your ring."

"So I have," replies the owner, as he looks around on the floor.

Every passenger began to peer around, and the man who makes the discovery finally asks:

"Was it valuable?"

"It was a thousand dollar diamond!"

There is another movement on the part of passengers. Some look along the seat, and under it, and some make a dive for pearl buttons and other small objects.

"When did you miss it?" asked the first man as the search weakens a little.

"A year and a half ago, when I was attending camp meeting in Illinois!"

Then every passenger straightens up, each eye looks into vacancy, and not the faintest smile can be seen on any face.

A person boarding the car just then would wonder what great man in the city hand just died, and if the passengers were on their way to take a sad farewell look at the remains.

Sunset in the City

The strangers from the county, who had apparently came into the city for the purpose of witnessing the fireman's display, were going out Whitehall street Monday evening. Both were tall and angular, and both appeared to be carrying a schooner too much of beer. They paused in front of a policeman.

"Mister," said the oldest of the two, "is you seed anything of a cart gwine 'long by here—a cart with a little gray mule a pullin' of it?"

The officer was about to disclaim any knowledge of such a vehicle, when the evening gun at the barracks went off with a bang.

"What the dingnation's that?" asked one, while both looked around to see if anything had been torn up.

"Sunset," said the officer, laconically.

"Sunset!" they exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Well, dad-blame me!" exclaimed one, "if she was to go off, that way at home wouldn't the old woman an gals git up sail!"

The other made no reply, but finally, after some reflection, drew a breath of relief and remarked:

"Well, if she didn't break her egg that time, I'll be durn.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

An English boy was beating a donkey unmercifully, when the minister of the parish coming up censured him for his cruelty. The lad resentfully resorted: "I'm sure you need not care: it's none of your congregation."

The beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle appears to be that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap. Girls who part their hair on the side, do it to make the head balance, they finding one side lighter than the other.

A man who attempted to pass counterfeit money said he did so to discourage home manufactures.

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Pacific Express	8 [illegible] a. m.
Way Passenger	10 [illegible] a. m.
Mail	3 [illegible] p. m.
Fast Line	[illegible] p. m.

EASTWARD.

Philadelphia Express	12 [illegible] a. m.
Pacific Express	10 [illegible] a. m.
Johnstown Express	11 [illegible] a. m.
Mail	3 [illegible] p. m.
Atlantic Express	[illegible] 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 Middle county as follows:

	Westward.		Eastward.	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Granville	10 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	10 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
Academia	10 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	10 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
Longistown	10 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	10 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
McVeytown	11 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	10 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
Mapleton	11 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	10 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
Wineland	11 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	10 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
N. Hamilton	11 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	10 [illegible]	4 [illegible]

The Pacific Express west can be flagged at McVeytown at 11 [illegible] a. m. and the Atlantic Express east at [illegible] p. m.

The Phoenix Pectoral.

Has proved itself to be peculiarly adapted to the wants of public speakers and singers. It breaks a cold, it stops a cough, it allays expectoration, it gives instant relief, it gives strength, it heals the throat, it has made more cures than any other medicine. Thousands of the citizens of Eastern Pennsylvania have used it for years past, and testify to the relief given and cures effected.

Price, 25 cents per bottle, or at

Prepared by Lord Chemist, M. D., and sold by John A. Morris, Middleburg, and Simpson & Barner, Centreville, Pa.

April 3d, 1878. 1 y

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$1
WEEKLY STAR
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