

An Old Horse-Dealer's Talk.

"IT IS my opinion," said Mr. Bishop, the well-known Bull's Head dealer, who has been for forty years in the business...

"I drive him for common. Bring him out of the stable any day, and he'll make his sixteen miles an hour right here in the city."

"Mr. Kelly's picture of the Androscoggin is as true as a photograph. There's Auburn one side of the river, and Lewistown on the other."

"Is it cold up there?" Well, it is, and no mistake. Many a time I have ridden for miles when the thermometer was twelve below zero."

"I don't buy all they bring me—probably not one out of ten. Some of the men that sell them are mighty smart, but there's a woman up there—a speculator—who is smarter than any of them."

"What do I do with the horses I buy?" Well, I bring them down here, trim them up nicely, clean them off, and feed them up, and when they're in good shape, sell them.

"Tricks?" There isn't any end of them. If you want to buy a horse, don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it.

"But be as smart as you can, and you'll get caught sometimes. Even an

expert gets stuck. A horse may look ever so nice, and go a mile a minute, and yet have fits, for instance.

"Do you know what a 'dummy' is? You don't? Well, I'll tell you. He's a horse that don't know anything."

"Maybe you don't believe it, but it's so. I have seen one go clear up stairs, and once I saw one go out of a second-story window, and another walked off a dock into the river."

"What do we do with horses we get stuck on? Send them to the auction, where buyers take all the risks."

"I could talk all day about these things, only your paper is full now, I guess, and I'll stop."

A Brave Trooper.

A DETROIT paper, talking of "nerve," recalls among two or three cases that of Jno. Melrose, a trooper in the Sixth Michigan cavalry.

"Say, old woman, put on more dinner here, and we'll all have a square meal together."

"You are my prisoner!" said the sergeant of the squad as he advanced. "Yes, I know it, but I'll pay for a dinner for you and your men just the same!"

His nerve upset the soldiers, and after a moment they took seats at the table, forming a complete circle around the board.

The meal was about half finished, and captors and captive were chatting away when Melrose suddenly flung himself backward, upset his chair, and bounded through the window.

In the Luray valley, just before the affair known as Woodstock races, Melrose and his companion fell out of ranks to forage.

"We are dead men," said the scout's companion as they came to a halt.

bushwhackers climbing the fence to take position on the highway. Melrose calmly viewed their situation, and finally said:

"We will charge them! Fall in behind me and there will be less danger. Draw your sabre and strike hard!"

The other dared not try it, though he was a brave man. He therefore kept his place as the scout dashed forward.

In 1864 Melrose and three other foragers were captured in the Shenandoah valley, taken to a small encampment, and the four placed in a log house under guard until their cases could be disposed of.

"Very well—I will go alone!" was the quiet announcement, and as night came on Melrose was ready.

"You git back thar', or I'll shoot!" was the prompt reply.

"Yes—I'm going right back!" said the scout, and he dashed upon the man, hit him a stunning blow and made for the woods.

Must We Give up the Bird.

GEORGE W. PECK, in his Fourth of July oration at La Crosse, said: It has been noticed that thus far I have made no allusion to the American eagle, the national trade mark, patent applied for, but it is not that I do not appreciate the position that species of poultry occupies on these occasions.

Bird of the broad and fleeting wind, Thy home is high in heaven.

This is too true. He is a high old bird, and the committee that selected the eagle as a national emblem should have been arrested for disorderly conduct.

You are a nice old bird for a trade mark, for a nation of heroes, you old coward. You sit on a rock and watch a peasant woman hanging out clothes, and when she goes in the house to turn the clothes wringer you great bird, emblem of freedom, you representative of the land of the free and the home of the brave, you swoop down on the plantation and crush your talons in the quivering flesh of her little baby.

"You are my prisoner!" said the sergeant of the squad as he advanced. "Yes, I know it, but I'll pay for a dinner for you and your men just the same! Sit right down and make yourselves at home."

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to.

SUNDAY READING.

England's National Vice.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR.

THE devotion to liquor, as every one knows who knows anything about his country, is the besetting sin of the nation; and, so far from trying to check this besetting sin, we encourage, we render attractive, we protect, we indefinitely multiply, we thrust at every step before those whom it is most likely to destroy, innumerable temptations to it; and this we do, and continue to do, though we know that so difficult is it for the poor, even when they wish to keep aloof from it; so subtle, so rapid, fatal, enslaving, is the horrible fascination of it, that a man often becomes a drunkard almost before he sees the awfulness of his peril; and when once he is a drunkard, most often he is hurried all downhill with fatal rapidity into incurable ruin of body, mind and soul.

all intoxicating drinks for their brethren's sake, if not for their own;—if they did not make this cheap and beneficial sacrifice, yet at least, in order that the next generation may be partially delivered from that which is the bitter curse of this, they would train up their children, when any fermented liquor is set before them, to say with the children of Jonadab, the son of Reehab, "We drink it not, for our father commanded us, saying, 'Drink it not.'"

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