

## THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - - JUNE 21, 1879

## TWO EDITIONS

Of this Paper are published.  
The FIRST EDITION, on Friday Evening, has a large circulation in the surrounding towns, where it is sold by newsboys and agents.

The SECOND EDITION, on Saturday Evening, goes into the hands of nearly every reading person in the city, and the farmers of this immediate vicinity.

Very Week's Issue is, in fact,  
TWO NEWSPAPERS,  
in which all Advertisements appear for THE PRICE OF ONE ISSUE.

## ARGUMENT.

## OLD BIBLE-BACK.

A MAN WITH TWO VERY DISTINCT INDIVIDUALITIES.

BY E. H. CLOUGH.

Standing in the centre of a motley group of miners, teamsters, gamblers, storekeepers, and mountaineers, Old Bible-back delivered himself of the following extravaganza oration:

"I'm the best man in forty counties an' don't ye forget it. I'm just out of the Nevada Legislature an' I'm up to all the tricks of the game, from a lobby combination to three-card monte—name yer game an' count me in. I'll bet any man in this yer town that I can jump higher, hit harder, deeper, an' come up dryer'n the best sport you can perdoose inside of twenty minutes. What'll ye hev? Name yer game, gentlemen—two to one that I'm the best collar'd elbow man in the crowd. Who wants the bet? Don't all speak at once."

He paused for a reply, and eyed his audience with an expression of such sincere confidence in his ability to win the bet that a broad shouldered Cornishman who had moved forward with the evident intention of obtaining further particulars, edged back to his former position, remarking as he did so:

"There's a stiff patter, but I don't believe that back a bloody fool of me afore he finds out 'at thes drivin' at."

And yet, as far as physical appearances were a criterion, the Cornishman need not have feared the result, for the man who had bantered for a collar and elbow fall was far from being a giant, either in height or muscle. In the first place he was old, a long, gray beard and the deep furrows that etched his mahogany colored face attested that fact. Then again, he was stoop shouldered, and this was the most remarkable feature in his anatomical make up. His chest had once been broad in proportion to his rather short stature, but constant application to stooping posture had contracted it while allowing the shoulders to retain their position. He wore a coarse flannel ulster, and his stooping attitude compelled it to drape the upper portion of his frame in such a manner that a deep crease was revealed along his back from the base of his neck downward.

"Looks like a section of flume topped 'th warped boards," criticised one of the miners in an undertone to a comrade. The latter laughed at the comparison—a laugh that seemed to irritate Old Bible-back, for he swung his hands aloft and shouted:

"Ye'd laugh out of the other side of thet clam o' yours if ye'd gi' me half a show to give ye a fall or two. Come on, some of ye, gi' me a chance to make expenses. I'm jest dyin' to gi' somebody a tussle. But mebbe collar'd elbow don't suit yer refined tastes. Mebbe ye go yer pile on fur jumps, mebbe yer on hard bitlin'—'at's yer game? I'm game for any thing thet's got muscle an' grit in it. I'm blood, I am—blood from the word go an' I don't back water fur no man. 'At's the matter of ye roosters?—don't ye bet on nobin'?—ain't yer no thoroughbred in this yer city? Bet an even ef I ain't dead ashamed of myself fur comin' yer. 'At's yer game? I come to Idaho fur? Fur nob? Not much. They told me in White Pine thatt all the bloods had come up ver—workin' over to the Black Hills mountin' games, an' sich. I'll bet fifty dollars to a Pute anyone thatt White Pine can't take an even bet thet ther ain't a man in the crowd thatt knows an ace high bluff from a full hand bet. I'll go a hundred to twenty thatt ther ain't a man in Silver City thatt ken prove up a thoroughbred record."

This last challenge produced a sensation in the assemblage and caused a tall man, clad in tweed, to elbow his way to the front, with the remark:

"Hold on, stranger. I reckon yer hoistin' in yer neck a little to fast on the thoroughbred racket."

The old man eyed his adversary keenly for an instant, and then, with an aggravating sneer, replied:

"Thee's a bluffin'! It's more fun to bluff'n 'is to strike pay gravel in new diggin's, but it don't pay nothin' 'till ninety percent o' hev'n anything in it. There's a clear gin o' clatter in the aluce-boxes though, an' mebbe that's a pint or two in the game."

"Look yer, stranger," answered the tall man, "thee's all right, an' I don't know butt ye're givin' a little game fur yer own amusement, an' I praps yer jest wot ye say ye are. Praps yer fur on the jumps, an' windy on the run. We don't calculate ye ain't, an' praps ther's jest a good man in Silver City ez yer are—praps ther ain't. But when it comes to bluffin' thet we ain't blooded ye strike whar we live. When ye blow about such games of skill ez runnin', divin', bitlin', an' them larks, praps we're liable to back a little, praps we don't come to the center fast enough to suit lightnin' calk'lars and forty mile express trains; ye ain't payin' much attention to fundamentals in these parts this season, much; but when ye talk science to us we're in ev'ry time. Ther mayn't be no billiard sharps in Idaho, an' I'll admit thatt we don't know much about croquet or ten pins, but we're all b— on keards, stranger."

"Cassin', 't'pose—twenty-one mebbe; partly good at euchre likely, specially w'en the little joker's towed in the game," sneered the old man.

"Not much, stranger; we don't play no o' weman's games in this yer camp. We're seasoned, we are."

"Name yer game, young feller; I'll bet it's—"

"Poker," interrupted the man in buckskin.

"Now yer talkin'," retorted Old Bible-back. "Whar'll we settle the business?"

"Come 'till me; I'll show ye," and the tall man led the way to a neighboring saloon, followed by Old Bible-back and the entire crowd. It was "four handed" when the game began, but during the fifty-eight hours that it lasted the number had varied, sometimes being reduced to two, and occasionally occupying the closest attention of six. The tall man left the table and returned five

times, each time leaving lighter than he returned. Over a hundred men sat down at that table during the progress of the game, but not one of them left with enough to pay for the drinks. And through it all Old Bible-back sat, stolid and apparently unconcerned, shuffling, cutting, dealing, and "raking down" all the "fat pots."

On the morning following the conclusion of the game there was a vague suspicion afloat in Silver City that sundry and diverse speculators, resident in that thriving metropolis, had been most completely "salted," to use the somewhat vigorous expression of certain heartless satirists, who had not been possessed of sufficient capital to take a hand in the disastrous diversion. And when it was ascertained that the stranger had disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared, the community unanimously agreed with the tall man clad in buckskin when he announced that they "might hev backed him on the runnin' an' jumpin' racket, but when it came to a rattle in square science the old man was thar ev'ry time, you bet yer boots."

Six months after this little episode, on a crisp, bracing morning in December, in the snow-shrouded Main street of Pioche, Nevada, a mining expert, who had witnessed the Silver City affair, and whose nomadic occupation had rendered it necessary for him to report on certain bonded mines in this vicinity, observed the self-same old man haranguing a similar congregation on "resiliency the same subject that had forced the basis of his remarks in the Idaho valley, namely, his ability to achieve greater results in any line of sport than could be accomplished by any other man in Nevada, and his entire willingness to back his propositions with coin laid on the most preposterous odds. And he was, by his method of argument, his apparent confidence in his ability to perform what he proposed, creating such a profound impression upon his hearers that for a considerable length of time no one responded to his innumerable challenges.

"I'm turtle necked and bow backed," he was saying, "but ef any man in this yer outfit can tenderfoot or native, big or little, drunk or sober, thinks he ken lam me on any racket, I've named, let him try it, an' thet's all. I ain't blowin' my horn to scare sows hens an' jack rabbits; I'm shoutin' fur coin, I am. I'm deal on it ev'ry time—I'm a thoroughbred from Omaha, an' don't ye forget it."

The tone of banter assumed by Old Bible-back was too much for the equanimity of a small man with a thin face and a fur cap, and he interrupted the bold orator by inquiring:

"Say, ol' man, how are you with a navy six at twenty paces?"

"A navy six?" shouted the old man. "A navy six! Why, ol' son, thet's jest my gait—thet's my strangle suit. Make it thirty five paces an' I'll bet forty to fifteen I ken smash the bull's-eye five times out o' six an' make a true line shot with the other one."

"Coin talks," said the little man, stepping forward and shaking a couple of twenty dollar gold pieces in his hand. "Coin talks," answered Old Bible-back, drawing a handful of gold and silver from his pocket, and meeting his challenger half-way.

"Forty to fifteen?" inquired the little man.

"Thet's 'at I said," replied Bible-back, counting his money from one hand into the other. Then suddenly: "I left my six-shooter in Austin's; 'pose I ken gi' one to suit in this yer town?"

"Why, of course, you ken," the other replied, "I don't 'spose yours is any different from mine, is it?"

Old Bible-back examined the one, as he had the other, and then returned it with a sorrowful expression on his wrinkled face.

"Wuss'n the other," he said.

The little man was evidently becoming very angry, for with an impatient gesture he exclaimed:

"Look here, my venerable ol' diffar, this ain't a ten pound trigger, nor thet ain't neither, an'—"

"But yet to one thatt ther ain't a weapon like mine in the tow," interrupted Old Bible-back.

"Two to one be blowed! I'll bet you don't—"

"Bet ye three to one ye can't find a weapon in tow'er 'till I suit it," and Old Bible-back thrust his money into his pocket and grinned amiably upon his opponent.

"You be dashed," was the profane reply of the little man, "I don't b'lieve ye've got sand enough to last ye over night. You're a bluffin'!"

"Bluffin' mos' always walks off 'till the pot, anyhow," answered the old man, with an exasperating wink of his dexter optic, and a quiet, contemptuous laugh.

"You can't prove it, anyhow," retorted the other.

"Jest you name yer little game, an' ef I don't, jest gi' me fifteen minutes to leave town, an' I won't kick. Ef it's a bluff game yer after, I'll give ye a chance too quick."

The preliminaries were soon settled and the game began. All that night the money clinked, and the cards fell with monotonous regularity. Noon of the following day came, and still the game went on with only short cessations for hastily prepared lunches. The necessary stimulants were absorbed in the intervals between the deals. The hands of the clock marked nine o'clock, of the second night, and still the crowd of interested spectators ebbed and flowed, through the Pantheon Saloon, to and from the little "club room" in the rear.

It was a hotly contested trial of skill and nerve, embodying as it did every known trick and short-card sleight familiar to professional gamblers, every phase of audacious deception native to the modern American science of draw poker.

As in the Silver City game, the faces around the board were continually changing—only one player retaining his original seat. At forty-five minutes past twelve o'clock by Murray McGovern's stern winter Old Bible-back "showed down" four queens and "raked down" the pot, beating Jack Curtis' "ace full on tens," and ending the game.

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lian "bluffer" was in a printing office in Inyo county, California. He had occasion to report on certain quarries in the place, and, becoming acquainted with the editor of the local hebdomad, visited the office, and almost the establishment was Old Bible-back. There he learned, from the summit of a tall stool, in front of a case full of type, "stick" in hand, industriously "setting" on a half column leader, headed, "Cause of the Potato Rot"—being a concise statement of fact (compiled from the encyclopedia) in regard to a subject at that time of paramount interest to the intellectual grangers of Inyo county.

Having recovered from his first surprise at so unexpectedly discovering the last man on the face of the earth who, according to his preconceived estimate of the character of the man, should have been in that particular place at that time, the expert approached the printer and asked:

"How do you do, sir?"

"Pretty fairly. How's yerself?"

The old man had not even glanced at the expert, but continued to space out his line as if nothing had happened to divert his thoughts from that particular minutiae of his occupation.

"Excuse me, sir," said the expert, "but I think I have seen you before."

Old Bible-back did not reply, but bent forward to catch the next line of his copy.

"I am sure I have met you before," the expert continued. "Weren't you in Silver City about nine or ten months ago?"

"I've bin thar."

The type fell against the steel rule with the steady click, click, click, so familiar to the *habitués* of a newspaper office.

"And weren't you in Pioche about four months ago?" asked the expert.

"Don't recollect the date to a minute, stranger," answered the other, as he raised his rule and again bent forward to read his copy.

"You cleaned the boys out of my vest in both places—they're wonderin' how you were in both Silver City and Pioche to day. It was as handsome a job as I ever saw put up."

The expert was smiling as if he thought he had perpetrated a most consummate piece of flattery upon the old man. His smile vanished, however, and a look of surprise took its place when Old Bible-back ceased his work, and, for the first time, raised his eyes from his case with the abrupt question:

"'At job?"

"Why, those games of draw thatt you played—don't you remember? The boys picked you up for a tenderfoot, you know, and you, bluffed them into the ground. You know a full hand from a four flush."

"Don't know no card from another," Old Bible-back had resumed his work and, after deciphering an unusually illegible word in his manuscript, proceeded to place its component letters in its slide.

The expert, thinking that the old man wished to chaff him, smiled, and, firmly resolved to indicate to him that such a course of action was altogether "too thin."

"What was the longest distance you ever ran, old man?" he inquired, with a quizzical wink.

"'At's on the run," was the laconic response.

"What's your average jump?"

"Ain't on the jump."

"You've done some pretty good shootin' in your time, I should judge."

"Couldn't hit the side of a mountain."

"Well, you're a pretty hard hitter, ain't?"

"Do look ez ef I could hit anythin'! Might strike a man fur a dollar or two, but you wouldn't call that hittin' him hard, would ye?"

"How about collar and elbow?"

"Collar an' what?"

"E's talkin' 'bout collarin' my landlorn an' raslin' fur hash, mebbe I'm a little 'bove average—not much, though."

"I suppose you're a 1 in your trade—printin'—ain't you?"

"Can't earn my salt—A 1 printers don't work in these kind o' shops."

As a moment the editor entered, and the expert, half amused and half astonished at the somewhat peculiar character of the ancient type, turned on his heel and sought further and more explicit information from the scribe.

"What! Old Bible-back! Have you been interviewin' him?"

"Welly, yer won't get much out o' him. He don't pump worth a cent—the pensile clam, is percolated garrulity compared to him."

"But who is he?"

"All I know about Old Bible-back is what I learn from the tramp printers thatt sometimes wander in here. They say thet he is a queer, hard workin', 'grit,' talks like, attends to his own business strictly, and only gets 'tigh' once in a great while. The most singular thing about the old man, however, is this: Whenever he does go on a spree, he leaves the town where he has been working, and does not return until he comes sober and ready to take his cases again."

"When he returns does he bring back much money?"

"I never heard that he ever did. When a man goes on a spree he generally wakes up broke, and I don't suppose Old Bible-back is any exception to a rule."

During this conversation a light had dawned upon the mind of the expert. Old Bible-back had two distinct individualities—a sober, quiet, somewhat morose disposition, and a second nature stirred up by strong drink, characterized by cunning, mischievous boasting, and perfect ability to outwit strangers whom he invariably sought at such times, into testing his wonderful aptitude for the intricacies of draw poker. But did he, while in his normal condition, really forget what had transpired during his periodical spree, and what became of the profits accruing from the poker games he played while laboring under the hallucinations produced by ardent spirits. These were the questions that puzzled the expert.

**THE SLATTERN.**

A woman may be handsome or attractive in various ways; but if she is not personally neat, she cannot win admiration. Fine clothes cannot conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder, and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop, is repulsive. Slattern is written upon her person from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet, and if she wins a husband he turns out in all probability, either to be an idle fool or a drunken ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, talk and act like honest, sensible young women, is the special task of all mothers, and in industrial ranks there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is drudgery; but it is able to work, talk and act like honest, sensible young women, and had better be well than ill done.

## HAWKEYE "DOTS."

The parol of this summer looks like a continuation of Yankee Robinson's time-honored circus tent.

School children in Ohio are taught that there were no presidents until after that State was admitted to the Union.

The two green apples are now just getting large enough and hard enough to tempt the worms and the boys in equal quantities.

A man was hanged for horse stealing down in southwestern Missouri last week, and just before he was swung off he confessed that for nearly two years he had been addicted to wearing a liver pad.

There is nothing in the world that will so quickly and completely reconce a starving man to death, as the aspect of a railway lunch counter, at a prairie station, near the close of a hot, breezy, dusty day.

Niagara Falls is to be lighted with the electric light. No light could only make the electricity strong enough to strike the hackmen and hotel keepers and the other robbers, it would be a success.

During the recent terrible famine in China, the starving people actually crushed stones and ate cakes baked out of this dust. They must have acquired the singular taste on American boarding house gasts.

"Tell me," exclaims Dr. Mary Walker, "did Venus have looked if she had worn corsets?" Dear Mary, if she had worn anything else she would have looked ridiculous, especially at an evening party.

An aggrieved member of society wants to know "if any woman has any right to use a man's hat for a footstool at church?" She has the hat and she don't use it for a footstool, some man will come along and spit in it. What, then, distresses you?

About a week ago an Iowa man died. He was very wealthy, and left three sons, his only heirs, and would you believe it, the ungrateful boys got together and ran away with all the property before the boys could get at it. There is so much sordid, mean, grasping selfishness in this world, that sometimes it is enough to discourage a good lawyer.

## AN ORTHODOX CHINAMAN.

Concerning future rewards and punishments, Colorado furnishes the following illustration, which occurred recently in a court in La. Veta, where the testimony of a Chinese was objected to on the ground that he did not understand the obligation of an oath. To test him he was interrogated thus:

"John, do you know anything about God?"

"No, me ne belly well acquaint with Him."

"Have you no Joss in China?"

"Yes, Joss is the name of Joss."

"Where do you go when you die?"

"Ma go to San Francisco."

"No, you don't understand me. When Chinaman quit whasse he do, and no live any more, where does he go?"

"Oh yes, me sabe now. If he belly goodes man, he go up to Joss. If he belly bad man, he go lupper down hellies, allee name Medicine man."

The Court was satisfied with this orthodox statement, and admitted his testimony. Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for July.

## A "CORPSE" SPEAKS OUT.

Louisville Courier Journal.

A remarkable case occurred in Memphis, Clark county, Ind., on last Thursday evening. Mrs. Eliza Weil, aged 65, wife of John J. Weil, of that city, had been suffering for a number of days with inflammatory rheumatism, and on Thursday afternoon gradually grew worse, and at 6 o'clock p. m. to all appearances breathed her last. Her pulse failed to beat. The body became cold and the attendants decided that she was dead, and made arrangements for her funeral. She was laid out in a coffin, and her eyes, a handkerchief tied under her chin, etc., and the ladies who were standing around were discussing the deceased lady's many good qualities, when suddenly, within fifty minutes of the supposed demise, the "corpse" spoke again.

There were several ladies in the room, and all of them became frightened and retired in confusion, excepting Mrs. John Weil, who remained and administered to the lady's wants. After a while Mrs. Weil breathed freely, and yesterday she was gradually returning to consciousness.

## BEAUTY'S BATH.

A FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY FINDS HERSELF IN AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

A funny incident befell a Dubuque belle the other day. In a certain fashionable residence upon a fashionable street, the bath room adjoins an apartment which is used as a family sitting room. The charming Miss H., having concluded her afternoon ablutions, rose from her bath tub as fragrant and beautiful as Venus from the waves of the sea. Into the sitting room she fluttered for an article of toilet she had left hanging in a closet, with but one scant garment covering up the shapely form, the demure face also guiltless of shoe or stocking. What was her surprise and horror as she stood within that closet to hear the sound of a servant ushering a live man through the very door of the sitting room. Here was a dilemma and no mistake. The young lady hastily closed the closet door, and peering through, discovered to her greater horror that it was a young man who had come to tune the piano, and that the servant was gone and the gentleman, sole possessor of the room, had opened the instrument and settled down to business. To add to her greater discomfort, a window in the closet stood wide open, through which the afternoon breeze came in crisp and chilly gusts. All unconscious and alone, the young man worked steadily on, humming the keys and turning the wires, while the lady peeped and listened in an agony of suspense and discomfort. A long mortal hour passed by, and yet the piano tuner worked away, when, as good luck would have it, the young lady, wondering what kind of a skeleton that closet contained, which had evidently caused the remarkable and seemingly uncalled-for proceeding on the part of the lady of the house. When he reads this he will be able to solve the mystery.

To cure warts.—Cut a slice from a red potato and rub the hand each night. Let the water dry on the hand. It will need but few applications.

## CHILDREN'S CHATTER.

A little girl, feeling her uncle's beard, cried: "O ma! he's got splinters over his face!"

"What did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?" "Don't know, ma'am, unless they dried themselves."

A pedagogue was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out, "Oh, don't! don't! I won't call you so any more—I'll never say what I think again, in all the days of my life!"

A dose of medicine that left an unpleasant taste in the mouth. When asked how he liked it, answered, "It's good enough, all but the end of it."

A young Cleveland boy said to his mother the other day, "Mother, I know what God's last name is."

"What is it?" said his mother.

"Dam," replied the youngster.

"Why, my son, who told you that?" answered his horrified mother.

"Oh, I heard pa say so when your new bonnet came home yesterday."

This is the view taken of it by an infant of St. Joseph, Missouri:

Little Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the manoeuvre.

"Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed."

"Yes," replied the youthful party, "but your hair ain't nitched to your head."

Children have their own way of solving great mysteries, and who shall say that science knows better than they? When it was thundering little Mary sat thinking. What to make of the awful noise she did not know. At last, however, she brightened up and said, "Mamma, I reckon Daddy is pointing on the floor to make the people believe."

Of the same kind of philosophy was the reply of the boy who gazed at the stars, and then guessed that they were gimlet holes in the floor of heaven to let the glory through.

Mrs. Whitefour had company. Now, if there was one thing more than another on which Mrs. Whitefour prided herself, it was her cooking. "Will you try some of my sponge cake, Mrs. Tattle-tongue?" said she. "It isn't very good, to be sure, I never had such poor luck in my life as I did in making it."

"Why, ma!" cried Johnny, in amazement. "You said yesterday that it was the best sponge-cake you ever made!"

## BEHOLD THE KING.

Virginia Chronicle.

He loved her as his own soul, and he called on her last Sunday, at her residence on South B street, to put a \$250 engagement ring on her finger.

"Can we wait down the stream of Time, past, in the future boat?"

"Yes, George, down to the shoreless sea of eternity, and beyond in the mystic spirit land our souls shall still entwine, and—Oh, my! there he goes now!" and the young girl, tearing herself from George's arms, rushed to the window and looked out longingly for several minutes, before passing on.

"What's the attraction?" asked the young man, somewhat annoyed.

"He's just too sweet for anything," murmured the maiden, too much absorbed to hear George's voice. Then he got up and looked out, and saw the end of the man of the mystic land, and, fully understanding the situation, he calmly sat down and waited for the show to pass.

## AN OPERATIC TRIO.

SOMETHING IN THE WAY OF DESCRIPTION BY ONE WHO IS NO MUSICIAN.

Peck's Sun.

At the concert on Wednesday night, the last piece sung was a trio, by Mary Rozz, Brigoli and Carleton. The men stood on each side of the girl, and began to jaw her. It was in some other language, and we could only understand by the motion of their mouths and actions. It seemed as though the men were trying to sell claims to her. First Brigoli began to whoop it up, and describe the claims he had to sell, and try to get her to invest. He yelled at her, and seemed really put up, and she was as spunky as any girl we ever saw. When Brigoli got out of breath Carleton began to tell her that B. Brigoli had been lying to her, that his claims were made of India rubber, and she could never digest them in the wide world, and he would up by telling her she could have his claims at ten per cent discount for cash. By this time she was about as mad as she could be, and pitched into both of them, looked cross and sung like blazes, went away up the musical step ladder to zero, and wound up by telling them both, to their faces, before she would buy a condemned claim. And they all went off the stage as though they had been having a regular fight, and Brigoli acted as though he would like to eat her raw. That's the way it seemed to us, but we are no musician.

## To Consumptives.

The advertiser, a retired physician, having providentially discovered, while a medical missionary in Southern Africa, a very simple and reliable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical specific for Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all Nervous Complaints, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) to all who desire it, the recipe for preparing, and full directions for successfully using this providentially discovered remedy. Those who wish to avail themselves of the benefits of this discovery without cost, can do so by returning mail, by addressing, with stamp, DR. CHARLES P. MARSHALL, No. 33 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y.

21-4w.

## Greatest Remedy Known.

Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption is certainly the greatest medical remedy ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers now loudly proclaim their praise for this wonderful Discovery to which they owe their lives. Not only does it positively cure consumption, but coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hay fever, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs yield at once to its wonderful curative powers as if by magic. We earnestly request that you call on Gulick