

C. B. MALTBIE'S Advertisements.

Merchant's Gargling Oil, for sale at the Drug Store.

Dr. King's Cough Syrup, for sale at the Drug Store.

Balsam of Honey, for sale at the Drug Store.

Folger's Oloseonian, for sale at the Drug Store.

Soda Powders, for sale at the Drug Store.

Sedlitz Powders, for sale at the Drug Store.

Temperance Bitters, for sale at the Drug Store.

Jewitt's Pulmonary Elixer, for sale at the Drug Store.

Porter's Bitters, for sale at the Drug Store.

Porter's Balsam, for sale at the Drug Store.

Brown's Salve, for sale at the Drug Store.

Poland's Headache Killer, for sale at the Drug Store.

Graefenberg Pile Ointment, for sale at the Drug Store.

Fluid Extract of Valerian, for sale at the Drug Store.

Syringes of all kinds, for sale at the Drug Store.

Costar's Rat Poison, for sale at the Drug Store.

Costar's Bed Bug Poison, for sale at the Drug Store.

Costar's Insect Poison, for sale at the Falls Village Drug Store.

Cooley's Bitters, for sale at the Falls Village, Drug Store.

Langley's Bitters, for sale at the Drug Store.

Oxygenated Bitters, for sale at the Drug Store.

Jewitt's Bitters, for sale at the Drug Store.

Extract of Bitter Apple, for sale at the Drug Store.

Kennedy's Syrup, for sale at the Drug Store.

Weaver's Salt Rheum Syrup, for sale at the Drug Store.

Hembold's Extract Buchu, for sale at the Drug Store.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for sale at the Drug Store.

Hooper's Pills, for sale at the Drug Store.

A. C. Grant's Magnetic Liniment, for sale at the Drug Store.

Cough's Pills, for sale at the Drug Store.

Hibbard's Pills, for sale at the Drug Store.

Townsend's Pills, for sale at the Drug Store.

Terrell's Ointment, for sale at the Drug Store.

McAllister's Ointment, for sale at the Drug Store.

Judd's Liquid Cuticle, for sale at the Drug Store.

Griswold's Salve, for sale at the Drug Store.

Pellet's Eye Salve, for sale at the Drug Store.

Pellet's Canker Balsam, for sale at the Drug Store.

Cooley's Regulators, for sale at the Drug Store.

British Oil, for sale at the Drug Store.

Moore's Essence of Life, for sale at the Drug Store.

Gregory's Pills, for sale at the Drug Store.

Russia Salve, for sale at the Drug Store.

Devines' Compound Pitch Lozenges, for sale at the Drug Store.

Wright's Pills, for sale at the Drug Store.

Mustang Liniment, for sale at the Drug Store.

Dillow's Green Ointment, for sale at the Drug Store.

Dillow's Heave Cure, for sale at the Drug Store.

Paul's First Love.

"Am I your only and first love?" asked a bright-eyed girl, as she reclined her classically moulded brow upon the shoulder of her lover.

"No, Leila, you are not my only, not my first. I have loved another. Long years before I saw you I loved another, and I love that other still."

"Love that other still, and better than me! Paul, why do you tell me that?" asked she, raising her dark blue eyes, and gazing steadfastly into those of her lover, half in astonishment, half in sorrow, while her jewelled fingers tightened upon his arm.

"You asked me Leila, and I answered with truth and sincerity; you would not have me deceive you, would you?"

"You love her still, then?"

"I love her still."

"And better than you do me?"

"Not better, but as well."

"And will love her still?"

"Until death, and even beyond death, over her last resting place will I strew spring's earliest flowers, and bedew the sacred spot with the purest tears that love ever shed."

"Handsome than I, is she not?"

"Her eyes are as black as night, and her hair in glossy blackness outvies the wing of the raven. She hasn't your sweet blue eyes, nor your soft brown hair; yet, Oh, Leila, her eyes have been the sweetest, to me, that ever looked the look of eternal love."

"Paul, why do you wish to break my heart? Why have you taught me to love so wildly and then in the midst of my happiness, tell me that there is an impassable barrier between us? This night, Paul, we must part forever. I would not have believed this, had another told me!" and her eyes grew dim with tears.

"Be not so rash, Leila; hear me to the end; you love me too dearly to part with me thus. Think you that you could not share my heart with one that I so dearly love?"

"Never, Paul never!"

"You shall, Leila, and must! Listen for a moment, while I tell you of my first love, and I am sure you will be willing to share with her then."

"I will listen, Paul, but will not share your love; I must have all or none; I am selfish in that respect, and who that loves as I do does not? Forget me, Paul, or forget her forever."

"Forget her, Leila? Never! I would not lose one jot of her pure affection for the faintest face that ever bloomed; no, not for the girdle of Venus or the love of a second Helen!"

"Then, Paul, you are lost to me forever; we must part. Farewell to our every dream of a brighter future. I love you too well, and am too proud to share your love with aught created. Oh, Paul, you have wronged me deeply," and her exquisitely chiselled lips curled with indignant sorrow.

"Stop, Leila, or you will deeply wrong me also. I met this loved one, as I said before, long years ago, in one of the sweetest and sunniest vales of our broad Illinois; wandered with her, hand in hand, for years, beside the sparkling waters of my childhood's home. First by her smile of exquisite sweetness, she taught my heart that she love me with unutterable fondness; and never have I doubted; my trust in her has ever been steadfast and fearless, never has her eye looked coldly upon me, and never will it, till the death angel shall dim them for the long sleep. Oft in the still hours of night have I been awakened, as if by the sleep god's wing, and beheld that face, those eyes gazing upon me with all the beatific tenderness of a guardian angel over a repentant prodigal; and a kiss would fall upon my brow more soothing than the dews of heaven."

The same gentle hand has led me along life's flowery way, and beside its unruffled waters; and if ever my arm was raised to do a deed of wrong, or my heart steered to conceive it, that gentle, ministering voice came whispering in my ear and stayed the one midway and drew the iron from the other. And I do remember, in my manhood's riper years, when deep sorrow fell upon my soul, and I fain would have drunk oblivion from the wine cup's fiery brim, that same dark-eyed woman came and bade me, in the name of God, to shun the fatal snare; and twining her arms around my neck, while her eyes beamed with love's

deep inspiration, she poured oil upon the troubled waters; told me of purer hopes and higher aims, and in my ear whispered one golden word that has outlived all sorrow.

"Leila, would you know the name of my first love? 'Tis my mother."

"Oh, Paul, I'll forgive you, and will share your love; indeed I will."

"I knew you would, Leila. Second love is as dear as the first."

A California Gambling Trial.

There is such a place as Deadwood in California. A friend of ours passed through the town, the other day, but stopped long enough to witness a trial before the chief officer of the law, vulgarly called a Justice of the Peace.

The case was Hanks vs. Breeze, and the facts were:

First—that the parties had violated the law by playing poker on the Sabbath. (It is, perhaps, proper to state that the good folks of Deadwood had not seen the Supreme Court decisions.)

Second—that Breeze played very low down, or, in other words, cheated plaintiff.

Third—that the game broke up in a row the parties being arrested by the Justice, who happened to be present.

It was an important case. Both parties were well known, and had hosts of friends. The defendant, through his attorney, a sharp little man, demanded a jury. The people of Deadwood never go to trial without a jury.

The legal preliminaries having been properly arranged, the case was called. Twelve of the best men in the locality formed the jury. The attorneys were big with events of the hour. At length an odd looking genius, named Stephen Lick, was placed on the stand by the prosecution. The case proceeded.

You said you were present during the game between the parties. Did we so understand you, Mr. Lick?

The witness nodded in the affirmative.

Did you observe the progress of the game with any interest?

I reckon I did—licker was pendin on it.

What was the amount at stake, at the time the row occurred?

Well the an'e was two bits, and Lem, Hanks bet a haf on his little par. Then Bill he went in—

Never mind the details, interrupted the lawyer, impatiently, answer my question.

That's what I'm goin' to do, replied the witness drawing a large black plug of tobacco from his pocket. You see when Lem, dropped his haf on the pot, Bill he kivered it with a big dollar, 'cause I stood just what I could see that he held a little par, too. Lem, he then tuck a drink and 'peared sort o' keerless—

Come, come, again interrupted the lawyer. Tell us the amount of money at stake at the time the quarrel commenced.

Steve said the Judge, familiarly, you say that when Bill Breeze shoved up his dollar Lem Hanks took a snifer and 'peared sort o' keerless. What did he do then?

Why he seed Bill and lifted him two scads. Bill he 'peared a little uneasy, but raised Lem a five. Lem he tuck another drink and said the game was gettin' interterstin', at the same time shaking a ten dollar piece out on the pot. Bill he then said, Lem you kinder suit me, and called out twenty better. Then—

The lawyers here protested against this manner of giving evidence, but they were overruled by the Court, who asked the witness what the parties did then.

Then we all tuck a small drink, and Lem spread himself. I see that matter of twenty dollars, said he, and go you thirty better.

By one of the Jury.—Will the constable please keep order in the court room, so that the Jury kin ketch all the words.

The witness proceeded: Bill he then got down to scratch his feet, and when he got up he lifted Lem twenty more. Then Lem began to look distressed, and pushed his shirt sleeve up to keep it from gittin' dirty, I spose, but cum up bime by like a man with—

Stop, stop, stop, shouted one of the lawyers, whose patience was exhausted. We do not care about so much detail, but simply to know what amount of money is in dispute.

Mr. Constable, followed the Judge, who was deeply interested in the witness' story, do your duty. Then fixing his eyes upon the witness, he asked: Steve my boy, when

Bill pungled his thirty better, what did Lem come up with?

Why Lem he lifted him a cool fifty. The judge collapsed.

Gentlemen of the jury, that's so, for I was thar, and seem Lem do it.

By one of the Jury—What did Bill do, then?

Bill he tuck another look at his hand, and then got down and scratched his foot agin. When he come up, he said to me, said he—Steve, lend me a hundred dollars. Says I, what fur? He said, to clesn out Lem Hanks. I said, it can't be did on your par of juces, for he's got bully sixes. Good thing, says he, giving me a wink. Kiver his pile, and I'll call him. I—

Never mind what you did, said the lawyer for defendant, that has nothing to do with the merits of the case.

The Judge gave the lawyer a terrible look. Then, turning to the witness, he said, Steve, if the court recollects herself, then you come up with the spondulicks, and Bill Breeze tuck down Lem's pile.

This announcement was followed by murmurs of dissatisfaction. The attorney for the plaintiff was the first to speak.

Now if your honor please, said he, I would like to ask one question. How comes it that the defendant got that money if he only had a pair of duces against my client's sixes?

Yes, said several members of the jury, how could that happen?

Bill did have juces fust—I'll swear to resumed the witness, but somehow when it come to the last, he was stronger.

The lawyers, thinking he was about to continue the story to an endless length, requested him to be brief. Taking a fresh chew, Steve said:

The way of it was this. When I kivered the pile, Bill called Lem. Says he, Lem, what have you fur yourself? I have three of 'em, says Lem, reaching out his arm.

Three what? says Bill. Nice little spots, all in the middle of the keerd, says Lem, laying his fist on the money. Show 'em, says Bill. Thar they be, says Lem. That's clever, says Bill, but they can't win this pop. How so? says Lem, putting his hand on his revolver. Cause here's four of the same sort, says Bill, puttin' one hand on the money and tother on his revolver. All I know is, Bill got the pot before he was arrested.

The lawyer for the plaintiff intended to have made a good case in relation to the manner in which defendant's hand became strengthened from a little pair of duces to four aces; but to do so, he would probably have been called on to explain how Lem, got his three spots.

The judge saw through the case at once. He charged the jury that if they thought there was anything wrong in a man scratching his foot during a game of poker, they could so find; but if they thought such a movement was on the square, they would also be likely to pass over the act of fumbling with shirt sleeves, committed by plaintiff.

The charge was followed by loud demonstrations of approval, such as yelling, throwing up hats, etc.

The jury, after being out just three minutes, brought in a verdict to the effect that it was a draw game, and the judge thereupon dismissed the case.—California Magazine.

A Quaker Woman's Sermon.—My dear friends: There are three things that I very much wonder at. The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones and bricks and clubs into fruit trees, to knock down fruit, if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should go to war and kill one another; if they would only let each other alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after young women; for if they would stay at home the young women would come after them.

The Law.—A celebrated barrister, retired from practice, was one day asked his sincere opinion of the law. Why the fact is rejoined he, if any man were to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a lawsuit, he should certainly have it, lest, in defending my coat, I should lose my waistcoat also.

Gold in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next.

A Singular Combat.

Says a prairie Hunter, in a recent account of incidents in the west:

About three months previous to my arrival at Fort Union, and in the height of the Buffalo breeding season, when their bulls are sometimes very fierce. Joe was taking the first Union bull, with a cart, into a point on the river above the Fort, in order to draw home a load of wood which had been previously cut and piled, ready for transportation the day before, when a very large old bison bull stood right in the cart track, pawing up the earth, and roaring, ready to dispute the passage with him.—

On a near approach, instead of flying at the sight of man that accompanied the cart the bison made a headlong charge. Jo had barely time to remove his bull's headstall and escape up a tree being utterly unable to assist his four-footed friend whom he left to his own resources. Bison and bull now in mortal combat. Our previously docile and gentle animal suddenly became transformed into a furious beast, springing from side to side, whirling around as the buffalo attempted to take him in flank, alternately upsetting and righting the cart again, which he banged from side to side, and whirled about as if it had been a bandbox.

Joe, safe out of harm's way, looked down from the tree at his champion's proceeding, at first deploring the apparent disadvantage he labored under, from being harnessed to a cart; but when the fight had lasted long and furious, and it was evident that both combatants had determined that one or the other of them must fall, his eyes were open to the value of the protection afforded by the harness, especially by the strong shafts of the cart against the short horns of the bison, who, although he bore him over and over again, down on his haunches, could not wound him severely. On the other hand, the long sharp horns of the brave Fort Union bull began to tell on the furrowed sides of his antagonist until the final charge brought the bison with a furious bound, dead under our hero's feet whose long, fine drawn horn was driven deep into his adversary's heart. With a cheer that made the woods ring again, down clambered Joe and, while triumphantly caressing, also carefully examined his chivalrous companion, who, bruised, blown, and covered with foam, had escaped uninjured.

Money.—The desire to be rich is not evil of itself. It is nonsense for a man to stand up and disclaim the desire for wealth, and urge upon us the idea that we should be poor. Money is neither an evil nor a good of itself: it has not a moral character. It is simply an agent, and whether it be good or evil, depends upon the manner in which it is used. It is like a sword.—

Whether a sword be in the hands of a Benedict Arnold, bathed in his country's blood, or in the hands of a Washington, wielded for justice and liberty, is a sword only, and has not a character. Whether it be an instrument for good or evil, depends upon the character of him who holds the hilt and not the sword itself. So it is with money. It is an agent; it is a gigantic motive-power that thunders around the world. If the devil stands engineer, it thunders on, freighted with untold mischief, scattering oppression, and cruelty, and wrong. But if it is guided by the spirit of love and truth, it is like the sun, shedding light and summer upon the world. It is an angel of mercy and love, when directed by the spirit of Christ.

Family Fallings.—In many families where both love and good temper prevail, there is what may be called an irksome, rather than a sinful mode of carrying and contradicting one another. No harm is meant and no offence is taken; but what can be more irksome than to hear two sisters, for instance, continually setting each other right upon trifling points, and differing from each other in opinion for no apparent reason, but from a habit of contradiction? And such a habit does it become, that one may sometimes see persons who have acquired it, contradict their own statements, just made, the moment any one advances the same opinion. It is generally on such trifles that bad habit shows itself, so that it may seem needless to advert to it; but it is a family fault, and should be watched against, for it is an annoyance, though but a petty one, never to be able to open your lips without being harassed by such contradictions.

Alexander Von Humboldt was eight nine years old on the 14th ult.

Management of the Vine.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph has the following practical observations in regard to the growth and management of the vine: In their native places of growth grapes grow chiefly in different situations according to their different sections. The family the Catawba and Isabella belong to generally grow in dry soils, and under trees where the numerous roots leave very little moisture. In practice this is found to be an important point for the Catawba, in fact, the soil can scarcely be too dry. The Isabella also prefers a dry soil, but will do well in a soil too damp to bring Catawbas to perfection. The section to which the Elsinborough belongs seems to do well in either a dry or moist soil, but yet undoubtably prefers a dry one. This matter of a dry bottom is of the first importance, pruning and manuring mere secondary considerations. Any good stable or other common manure is sufficient to produce superior grapes. I do not think in my experience with the native grape, I have observed any one kind of manure to have much superiority over another. Bones and bonedust are of very lasting nature, and all kinds of animal matter are certainly as good for the vine as any other manure. Pruning the grape vine is a much simpler operation than many suppose. Much skill is required with a foreign grape especially when grown under glass; but the native species are managed successfully with much less care. The object to be obtained by the operation is increased vigor and fruitfulness. Grapes are produced on the young wood of the previous season's growth, and the quality of the fruit depends on these one year canes. The number and strength of the canes are regulated by pruning.—

If the canes are weak, they should be pruned pretty severely; that is the wood of last year's growth may be reduced to six or a dozen eyes. If they are strong, but not numerous, that they may also be similarly cut, in order to obtain more wood next season. If they are tolerably strong and numerous, it is only necessary to shorten their ends about one third of the length of the cane. With a dry bottom for the vine to grow in, and a little care to induce a fair quantity of vigorous young wood, any one may easily have an abundance of grapes.— It is one of our most reliable fruits.

The Upas Tree.—The story that the Upas tree of Java exhales a poisonous aroma, the breathing of which causes death, is now known to be false. The tree itself secretes a juice which is a deadly poison, but its aroma or odor is harmless. Strychnine is made from the seed of a species of Upas tree. The story that there is a poisonous valley is true. Such is the name of a district, the atmosphere of which produces death. This effect is not occasioned by the upas tree, but by an extinct volcano near Barta, called Gueva Upis. From the old crater and the adjoining valley is exhaled carbonic gas, such as often extinguishes life in this country in old wells and foul places. This deadly atmosphere kill every created thing which comes within its range b rds, beasts, and even men; and the valley is covered with skeletons. By a confusion of names, the poisonous effects of this deadly valley have been ascribed to the Upas tree, the juice of which is poisonous, and hence the fab'e in regard to the deadly Bohum Upas tree.

Correct Speaking.—We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and in writing, and abandon as early as possible any slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste on the best speakers and poets of the country; to habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition, than the polish of an educated mind.

Why can't the captain of a vessel keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port?

