THE BLASTED PINE.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.

On a sandy road, in a Georgia pine woods, at midnight a traveler is walking slowly, with bridle-rein over his arm, followed by a weary horse. * * *

The moon seemed to be flitting in and out from passing ragged clouds, now throwing patches of light on the road, and again leaving it in darkness on the uncertain shadows of the pines. * * *

A breeze, with a faint, sighing sound, swayed the lighter pine boughs. * * *

The traveler walks slowly, peering anxiously into the distance, and wonders where he is. Weary, nervous, on a strange road at a late hour, he scans the brush at every turn of the winding road.

The moon, uncovered for a moment, throws a volume of light on a blackened pine, standing grim and bare, at an abrupt turn of the road.

A man steps from behind the blackened pine with a step that is deadened by the pine needles which imbed the sand. He stops in the middle of the road, motionless, facing the traveler, half a dozen paces distant.

The traveler stops; his horse comes to a halt before he feels the slight touch of the rein, and, raising his head, looks wonderingly at the motionless figure in the road. * * *

The traveler's eyes are fixed upon the human figure, and he lightly tosses the rein over the horse's head and drops his other hand to his hip-pocket.

He waits for a greeting from the silent figure, which seems to grow larger with every fitful lighting up by the moon's wavering rays. His heart beats rapidly and his horse is breathing hard.

"Who are you?" asks the traveler, his voice shaking in unsuppressed dread.

The figure on the road makes no response. From his sleeve drops into his hand a long knife, on the blade of which a fugitive moon ray glances for a moment.

The traveler sees the flashing blade, the grasp upon the handle and the braced figure. He slowly draws from his pocket a revolver, never losing sight of the threatening figure. * * *

The figure in the road moves toward the traveler, but makes no response.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" exclaims the traveler, as he intuitively recedes, his horse backing, with dilated nostrils and eyes aflame. * * *

The figure with dread purpose and cautious step advances. * * *

A shot rings out in the pine woods, and smoke is curling from the traveler's revolver. The startled horse bounds back, carrying his master with him. * * *

Then both horse and man stand still, and the cocking of the revolver only breaks the silence. * * *

Man and horse stare down the road where the figure was. There is nothing there now, and, as if to assure horse and man, a bank of clouds pass by and leave the full face of the moon to light up the road. * * *

The traveler, in cautious terror, backs his horse step by step, searching the roadside with staring eyes.

No sound of step, no sign of figure, recumbent or crouching is seen. Only an owl hoots in a dismal pine top. * *

Carefully feeling the pommel of the saddle, and gathering the reins over the neck of the trembling horse, the traveler mounts, his eyes still searching for the vanished figure.

With nerves at awful tension the traveler strikes his responsive horse, and they bound down the road, expectant of assault from the unseen foe.

At the cross-roads store the traveler tells the story of his escape to half a dozen belated listeners.

He describes the blasted pine tree and the figure that confronts him with knife in hand.

His curious listeners grow still, and look into each other's faces. * * *

"Stranger, that's Joe Blewitt you saw. He was stabbed to death at that tree three months ago, by his twin brother Jim." * * *

No one leaves the store until daylight. Ghosts have right of way that night in the pine woods.

In the morning they all go back over the sandy road with the traveler. They reach the blackened pine tree. The impress of hoof and foot is in the sand about.

Half a dozen yards to the right, scarcely shielded by the undergrowth, lying on his face across a fallen tree, is Jim Blewitt, with a bullet hole in his throat, his still hand clutching a long knife driven to the heft in the rotten wood.

A Drug Clerk Upon Customers.

[New York Sun.]

"In knowing just what they want, buying it and never disputing the price, the Italians have the call. The Germans are particular buyers, and ask many questions about both goods and prices. An Englishman is a square buyer, and always wants the best. He generally seems satisfied, though I've known Englishmen to grumble away for ten minutes while waiting for a prescription. Irishmen are liberal buyers, and generally lively and good-natured, but if anything goes wrong with their medicines, we expect what they call a laying out. Americans buy liberally and don't object to prices, but the American trade is the hardest on earth to hold. They would as soon buy of one man as another. The Yankee generally goes to the nearest shop."

Mutual Destruction.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

It is stated that some kinds of wood, although of great durability in themselves, act upon each other to their mutual destruction. Experiments with cypress and walnut and cypress and cedar prove that they will rot each other when joined together, but on separation the decay will cease, and the timbers remain perfectly sound for a long period.

Imjporjtant Thjeatrijcal Ijtem.

[Bjob Burjdette.]

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen hjas written a pjlay for Mjadisjon Sjquare thjeatre. jts production is lanxjiously awjaited.

CARTOONS IN ADVERTISING.

NOVEL PICTORIAL PLACARDS USED BY VARIOUS TRADESMEN IN NEW YORK.

New York Evening Post.

Few people who pass through the streets of New York have failed to notice the new style of advertising adopted by many cigar dealers and other tradesmen by means of small bill boards bearing sketches in color, either representing the nature of the business or making suggestions to intending purchasers and passers-by. Most of these placards are illustrated with hits on political or social questions which are the subjects of general discussion in society, and many of them are most cleverly done. To any one who has studied these signs closely, as it is the province of a reporter to study closely everything he sees about the streets, it is evident that most of them are the work of one man.

Desirous of learning something of the history of this new industry, a reporter of The Evening Post a day or two ago visited that man, whose studio is in Tompkins square. Said he: 'In making these show-cards for tradesmen I draw my own designs, getting my suggestions of current topics from the newspapers. The latest one of this kind I drew last week, and it was entitled, 'Settling with the traitor.' One picture represented 'John Bull' handing a bag of gold to Carey, the informer, and below it was another representing the killing of Carey by O'Donnell. The same day that this cartoon was displayed in front of one of the down town stores two Irishmen stopped in front of the house. My wife was at the door, and one of them asked if the 'publisher' lived here. She brought them up stairs, and one of them asked if I painted the cartoon. I said 'Yes,' and then he said, 'I want you to make me another one just like it to hang in my room.' I accommodated him and he departed greatly delighted.

In making these designs I adapt them to the locality where they are to be used. For my Brooklyn customers I touch on some topic of newspaper discussion in that city, and one of my customers on Fulton street, New York, has one bulletin made especially to catch the eyes of the people as they are going to and from the ferry. Those that simply announce the business carried on by the dealer who displays them are, of course, not as elaborate, and are usually of a comic nature.

I design and draw all of these cartoons myself. They are painted in water-colors, as crayon-colors would soon become blurred and indistinct. I sell them usually at $1 each, though for some of the more elaborate ones I get more money. I think to-day I am the only man engaged in this business in this city. I receive many very queer orders. Some time ago a man came to me and asked me to paint him a suit for a masquerade ball. He furnished the linen suit, and I painted it for him.

As St. Valentine's day approaches I have many applicants who wish to have special designs painted to send to some acquaintance as valentines. No, I do not have any such calls from sentimental lovers; these demands are usually from men who wish to hit off the idiosyncrasies of some friend and cannot find anything exactly suitable among the comic valentines. I have just completed a large cartoon in oil colors, contrasting the wage slave and the chattel slave, which will be exhibited in the labor procession this fall."

WHERE THE "EXPERTS" MISSED IT.

Chicago Herald.

Some time ago, in the younger days of this generation, it was thought that if a man knew all about a subject his testimony would be final in a case wherein his specialty was concerned. All this has been changed. The "expert" witness has been evolved and fully developed, and we now learn to our astonishment that the more experts know the less you can depend on them. The inside history of the investigation of Fowler Bros.' lard is a remarkable case in point. Upon the first trial several chemists and microscopists were sure that they could infallibly distinguish between lard which was entirely derived from the hog and "refined lard" which had taken on its misleading title as a certificate of cosmopolitan character. But when the testimony came to be given it turned out to be full of contradictions, the same samples being pronounced pure by some, and by others declared adulterated with cottonseed oil, while still others found no cottonseed oil, but plenty of tallow. In order to test the matter the board of trade set up an investigation on their own account. Seventeen samples were compounded for the purpose and carefully indexed. They were then assigned to several of the leading "experts," the numbers being changed in each case, so as to prevent any collusion of experts, intentional or otherwise. One of the most positive and experienced experts pronounced seventeen judgments upon the samples furnished, of which fifteen were wrong. Another was wrong in twelve. Nobody was right in half the cases. The failure to determine the composition of the samples furnished is proof that the microscope has not yet arrived at reliable tests for distinguishing different oils.

HUGO ON AMERICAN POETS.

Philadelphia Times.

Victor Hugo told an American visitor recently that he regarded Edgar A. Poe as "the prince of American poets." He thinks that Mr. Whittier is "a womanly versifier;" Mr. Lowell as a "smart chatterer" and of Oliver Wendell Holmes as "afflictingly laughable"

A PIN-WISE FAMILY.

Chicago Herald.

A family of Madison, Ohio, nineteen years ago purchased a paper of pins. When a pin was needed it was taken from the paper, and after it had served its purpose, was replaced. If a pin was lost, general search was made until it was found. In this way the one paper of pins has kept the family supplied for nineteen years.

Goethe: One can not always be a hero, but one can always be a man.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

Where the Rising Young Men of the City Hall From---City Born and City Bred Effeminacies.

[Joe. Howard in Boston Herald.]

Thank God for the country! Blessed be that rural life which believes in honesty of purpose and steady action which recognizes the existence of things as they are, which believes in sentiment, which is not ashamed of feeling, where surcharged thoughts find relief in tears, where steadfast eyes rest clearly upon equally steadfast orbs. From the country New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Chicago and San Francisco get their young men. The young gentlemen are born in these metropolises, but the young men with clear heads and with virile bodies, with muscles and nerves, with red hot blood, with ambitions and aspirations and desires and purposes come from the country. Heaven help the nation which depends for its guidance, its progress and its defense upon city born, city bred effeminacies. I am not particularly familiar with Boston audiences, but I do not doubt you can find as many "slims" in your music halls and on your promenades in proportion to your population as we have here. New York is a city of the very rich and the very poor.

There are thousands of men here who started from nothing who spend to-day annually from $40,000 to $50,000 in their home expenses. Their children are born on a plane of comfort to which their parents were strangers; affluence has taken the place of necessity. One would suppose, if he had not the evidences to the contrary before his eyes continually, that these men, having started humbly, having acquired a competency with great mental effort and physical weariness, would find pleasure in seeing their families reared in comparative comfort and ease, to be sure, but would take pains to impress upon the minds of their children the necessity of honesty and industry.

The contrary is the fact. I have in my mind a newspaper proprietor—not in New York city, and not very far from it—who was born in obscurity and in excessive poverty. He began life by selling papers on the streets, and running errands for such benevolent strangers as were willing to trust a tatterdemalion on the sidewalk. Precisely why he started with the purpose of becoming rich I don't know. The fact is sufficient. When he was 15 years old he went into a printing office and learned the job branch of that occupation. Little by little he grew, always frugal, always industrious, a sober-minded proper man. At the age of 35 he owned one of the largest job printing offices in the section of the country where he lived, and still resides, and to-day circumstances have favored him remarkably. He is chief proprietor in one of the best paying institutions in the country.

He has children, the eldest of whom, a son of 19 years of age, is pretty well along the road to ruin. I ran across him the other day. Instead of the vigorous Irish physique possessed by his father, the lad is small, slender, pale and dissipated. His eyes are weak and watery. He dresses in the extremest dude fashion, English peaky shoulders, wasp waist, nobby knees, long cuffs and toothpick shoes, and lawdy da's through life, a miserable, sickening, simpering simpleton. He has a horse and a coupe, a gold-headed cane and a package of cigarettes. He drinks champagne between the acts, occupies proscenium boxes on first nights, "falls in love" with every pretty face he sees, votes life a bore, and shares the opinion of the sapient critic, to whom I alluded in my opening sentence, "that Lucia is a hackneyed opera."

Little Plants

["Gath."]

The bankers and young capitalists in New York are turning their attention to the interior of the country. I talked to one of them during the week, who said to me: "The stock market is not favorable any longer. The magnificent development of the interior of our continent is what attracts the broker race. For instance, there is the town of Wyandot, opposite Kansas City. Kansas City takes its drinking water from the Kaw, or Kansas river. Along that river so many butcheries have been erected that the people are loudly complaining of their water supply. The suburb of Wyandot draws its water from the Missouri above the line of butcheries and packeries. Now, the sum of $83,000 built the water works of Wyandot; for that amount we issued $100,000 in bonds and $200,000 in stock. Kansas City people are now asking to get their water supply from Wyandot. If we sell we shall expect proper reward for our sagacity and investment." Said my friend: "I think that in looking for the comfort and security of the clever interior communities of the country there is much more money than in fooling with stocks in New York, which are just now manipulated."

The Watcher in Church.

[R. J. Burdette.]

His neck is fitted on a globe socket that turns clear around. He sees everything that goes on. The man that comes in late does not escape him, and it is vain for the tenor to think he got that little note to the alto conveyed between the leaves of the hymn-book unobserved. The watcher saw it. He sees the hole in the quarter that Elder Skinner dropped in the plate. He sees that Deacon Slowboy has but one cuff. If the door swings he looks around; if the window moves noiselessly he looks up. He sees the stranger in his neighbor's pew, and he sees Brother Badman, sitting away back under the gallery, furtively take a chew of the inhibited fine cut. All things that nobody wants him to see the watcher sees. He sees so much that he has no time to listen.

A Tory Society.

[Exchange.]

It is said that a Tory secret society has been formed in England known as the "Primrose league," whose members will be animated by the principles and precepts of Lord Beaconsfield, whose favorite flower has been adopted as the badge, and whose most celebrated expression has been chosen as the motto.

SAN FRANCISCO.

I am an actor, playing nightly in this city. My nervous system, from the constant strain, had entirely given out. The only relief I have been able to obtain was from morphine—then brandy, to remove the depression—so that I was always in a state of half stupor, or unnatural excitement. I saw the advertisement of Life Essence, and without faith in anything, concluded to give it one trial. Instead of my regular dose of morphine I took the Essence. I slept as well as with the opiate, and in the morning felt brighter. I have taken three bottles, and am able to sustain my parts as well as ever. I have discontinued the morphine and brandy, and have no longer any desire for them For once I have found an advertised remedy fully perform its promises. I have recommended it to my friends, and shall not be without it again.

Very truly yours, _____

We call attention to the advertisement of the Chicago Magnetic Shield Company in another column.

Dujardin's Life Essence gives brain force and vital energy.

The Strongest and Best!

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR:—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substances, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers. WM. T. WENZELL & CO., Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
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J. L. MEARS, M. D., Health Officer,
ALFRED W. PERRY, M.D.,
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D.,
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Members of San Francisco Board of Health.

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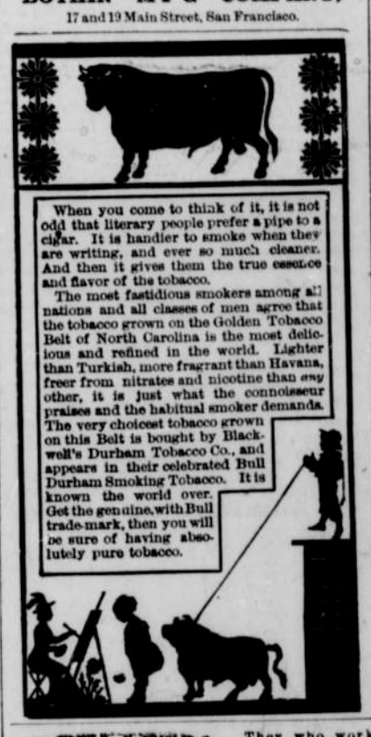

When you come to think of it, it is not odd that literary people prefer a pipe to a cigar. It is handier to smoke when they are writing, and ever so much cleaner. And then it gives them the true essence and flavor of the tobacco.

The most fastidious smokers among all nations and all classes of men agree that the tobacco grown on the Golden Tobacco Belt of North Carolina is the most delicious and refined in the world. Lighter than Turkish, more fragrant than Havana, freer from nitrates and nicotine than any other, it is just what the connoisseur praises and the habitual smoker demands. The very choicest tobacco grown on this Belt is bought by Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., and appears in their celebrated Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco. It is known the world over. Get the genuine, with Bull trade-mark, then you will be sure of having absolutely pure tobacco.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

They who work early and late the year round need, occasionally, the healthful stimulus imparted by a wholesome tonic like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. To all, its purity and efficiency as a remedy and preventive of disease commend it. It checks incipient rheumatism and malarial symptoms, relieves constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness, arrests premature decay of the physical energies, mitigates the infirmities of age and hastens convalescence. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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CAUTION.

Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable preparation, and should not be confounded with the various substitutes, imitations, non-secret humbugs, "Succus Alterans, etc., etc., which are now being manufactured by various persons. None of these contain a single article which enters into the composition of S. S. S. There is only one Swift's Specific and there is nothing in the world like it. To prevent disaster and disappointment, be sure to get the genuine.

Swift's Specific is a complete antidote to Blood Taint, Blood Poison, Malarial Poison, and Skin Humor.
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I have had remarkable success with Swift's Specific in the treatment of Blood and Skin Diseases, and in Female Diseases. I took it myself for Carbuncles with happy effect. D. O. C. HEERY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

I used Swift's Specific on my little daughter, who was afflicted with some Blood Poison which had resisted all sorts of treatment. The Specific relieved her permanently, and I shall use it in my practice.
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From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

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TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

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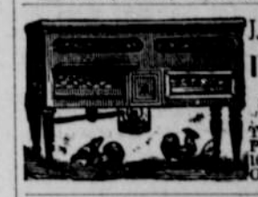

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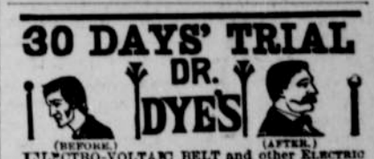

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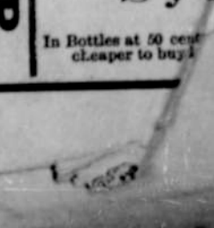

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