

## CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

## Memories of Balaklava.

There is a man living in Washington city who carries about with him enough thrilling memories to stock the lives of a few hundred ordinary citizens with recollections of war glory and disaster. This is Captain Thomas Morley, the only man in the United States who rode in the famous charge of the 600 at Balaklava. He was a sergeant in the English cavalry in the Crimea, afterwards (recommended by General C. F. Havelock to our army) an instructor and a captain of cavalry in the Northern army through the war. Here he saw plenty of hard riding and hot fighting and was a prisoner in Libya for a year.

Last June it would seem as though Experience woke up and said, "Why there is Tom Morley living peaceably along, nothing unique has happened to him for half a lifetime," and looking over her stock of assorted novelties to find something that would eclipse Balaklava, put him in the faded picture known as Ford's Theatre. He was at work there when an economical administration was undermining it to put in electric light plant so it could get more work out of its employees, and incidentally dumped a few hundred of them down with a few tons of debris, from the third floor to the cellar.

Later in the summer of 1893, when the scattered remnants of the records and pension divisions resumed work in another building, the elevator got out of order, and Morley narrowly escaped having his legs cut off by that which would have evened him up on limbs, as his left arm had been disabled in war, and the right one was badly hurt in the falling of the building. However, his usual luck seemed not to desert him, and he escaped with some bad bruises and cuts, about which he made little ado. When he got home and had to pour the blood out of his boots he was glad they were not his best ones, and went about his business as soon as possible.

## SOME ONE HAD BLUNDERED.

There is one peculiar thing about Captain Morley's experiences. They are all mixed up with some other person's mistakes. The charge of the Light Brigade is perhaps the most famous episode in the history of war. It was a thing that sent a thrill of pride, wonder and pity around the world. "Some one had blundered." There was no Tennyson to crystallize the sentiments roused by the Ford's Theatre disaster into a famous poem, but that one line fits both occasions. When a prisoner in Libya he was compelled to be vaccinated, and the stuff was a poison that nearly killed him. Fate seems to have selected him as a victim of egregious mistakes, but one thing has been demonstrated, he was not easily frightened. Captain Morley is a dignified man, without any airs. His memory is wonderful distinct, and he talks in a very interesting way about his adventures and the rare occasions when he refers to them at all.

Capt Morley was asked the other day if there was any similarity in his sensation in the falling building and in the terrific charge of the 600. He answered promptly:—

"No. There is no comparison. The feeling under fire in a disaster is entirely different. I could not say how many times in my life I have been under hot fire. The charge of the Light Brigade was far worse than any other battle, but I never thought about being killed. Of course, I knew the chances were that I would be, but I never stopped to think about it. We were in action and we did what we had to do. To tell the truth, I don't believe I was ever really frightened until I was in the Ford accident. I don't mean in a sense that I was in danger, but a real physical terror."

"There was one time during the war here when I had a most peculiar sensation. It was the night we lay in Libya. Prisoner, knowing that powder had been put in the building under us with the intention of blowing up the prison if General Kipling made his proposed raid into Richmond to set us free. I did not sleep any that night and dare say there a good many men living yet who remember it."

"If you want to compare queer sensations put that in. We knew the train was laid all ready to light, and we could not help being afraid somebody would get drunk and fool with it, even if there was no alarm of Union invaders, just to see how the thing would look going up in the air with 1,200 of us in the fireworks. It was a case of waiting all night for a train and being glad to miss it. Of course, we hoped all the time that things would turn out just as they did, and while it was a sickly sort of night it was nothing like the feeling when the building fell."

"When I felt the floor giving way beneath my feet, and heard all that crash of falling walls and screams of men I had a distinct sinking feeling about the heart, something I never felt before. It comes back to me to some extent when I recall the affair, and I don't believe any man who was in that building when it fell will ever be free from some nervous trouble."

## IN THE FALLING BUILDING.

"I shall never forget how Loftus looked just the instant before the fall. He beckoned me to come to his desk to get some letters, and I started to go to him and was about three feet from him when the floor sank and he went down and was killed. I was very close to a window and jumped for it and caught hold of the sill with my right arm, and as the floor gave way beneath my feet I held on. I could never tell just how I got out through the window, but I had a lot of letters under my left arm and kept them with me. My left arm is disabled any way, so I must have pulled myself out with my right. A shower of bricks, tiles and debris struck me from above,

Fortunately none hit my head, but they broke a belt I wear which saved my back to some extent. My right arm and shoulder were badly battered up."

"There was a second or so in which I saw clearly the men, and everything sinking down in front of me, up the desks and men coming down with all the rubbish from the floor above. Then the cloud of dust shut out everything and filled my nose and eyes. The first sound I heard was like a cart-load of coals being dumped down overhead. The floors were tiled, and the sharp, cracking sound they made as the tiles crashed together was almost more distinct to me than the roar of the falling which sounded so loud outside the building. By the time I got outside the window, on a ledge about four inches wide, there seemed to be no noise but moaning and screaming from the inside."

"I walked along the edge, and climbed over a railing to a little verandah over the first floor of a tobacco store. But the windows were closed, and I stepped across to the ledge on a little shoe shop and stepped in through an open window, where I dropped into the first chair I saw, and sat there, feeling very faint. I was surprised when John A. Wise and Lieutenant Mallack, of the office came in the room, having come in the back way, for I supposed the whole inside of the building had gone down, and everyone with it. One other man escaped through the front windows but I did not see him."

## MEMORIES OF THE CHARGE.

"As for the charge of the Light Brigade," said Captain Morley, "I believe I remember it more distinctly than I do things that happened last week, though it will be forty years ago next October."

"During the morning we had been stationed in the South Valley, as it was called, near the Heavy Brigade. We were close to them when they had their engagement with the Russians, but we were not ordered into action. It was a brilliant affair, but there were not many lives lost. The Russians attacked them when they were unprepared, some of them at breakfast, I think, and some gone to water their horses; anyway, they were all tangled up, but they soon got straightened out and advanced a splendid charge, driving the Russians before them. Of course, they were all very large men and their horses were large. The Russians had small horses. They would shrink and scatter all sorts when the Heavies charged them."

"After that we maneuvered around a little and were finally stationed over in the North Valley, little knowing that the events of the next hour would make the spot so famous that histories would contain dozen maps of it, and every hillcock, almost, would be a subject of interest. It was a little valley, about 500 yards wide, I suppose, at the narrowest part, and sloping gently down in front of us for about a mile to a Russian battery, behind and around where the main army lay. There were Russian batteries on the Causeway Heights, which were at our right and among the Fedioukine Heights, at the left."

"I did not see the arrival of the order for us to move, and of course when we were ordered forward I hardly knew what we were going to do. I was a non-commissioned officer and consequently at the end of the line, right flank of the second squadron in the Seventeenth Lancers, (they were known as the "Death of Glory" lancers). As we started down the slope I saw the action of Captain Nolan which has been the subject of so much controversy. He was the aid-de-camp who brought the orders for us to move."

## THE BLUNDER SEEN.

"After Lord Cardigan and the brigade had struck a good trot Nolan saw that the movement was directed straight down the valley, instead of against the batteries at the right. He shouted and waved his sword toward the right. My troop leader, Captain Winter, evidently understood it, for he gave the order, 'Second squadron, three right,' and we obeyed. This brought the right troop of the second squadron in the rear of the left troop of the first squadron. At this moment a piece of shell struck Nolan, and killed him. He gave a most peculiar, unearthly scream, and his horse galloped back, throwing his lifeless body off as it turned and dashed through the intervals between the lines. I heard Corporal Nunmerley, still living at Omskirik, shout, 'Three left; forward!' and we went left, and on down the valley at a great speed. In the next instant a shell burst right in our troop, and killed or dismounted a dozen or so. My horse was knocked down, but not wounded, and got up without throwing me."

"All that happened in the first few hundred yards. By that time the uproar of the cannon and the smoke and the confusion from so many falling in front and all around us was so great that no one could tell very clearly what was going on. Captain Winter, our squadron commander, was killed before we had gone far. His body was never seen. Captain Webb fell out, mortally wounded, our troop was left without leaders, but on we went like mad. The batteries at the right and left were bad enough, but they had a slight disadvantage in having to shoot down hill. The guns in front did the most destruction. They had a fair sweep and raked us through and through. The Russians were good gunners. The cannon went off in our faces in a terrific volley just as we reached them, and the next instant we were through them, over them, round them, some way struggling groups of us fighting the gunners and supporters."

"Lord Cardigan, on his white-legged horse, was one of the first persons I saw after we passed the guns, but I was looking for officers of the troop. The Lancers and Thirteenth Light Dragoons wore blue uniforms with white facing very similar. I saw an

officer I thought belonged to the Seventeenth and rode up to him. It was Lieutenant Jervis, of the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, one of the bravest men and most gallant officers that I ever knew. I said to him: 'There's Lord Cardigan over there.' He said: 'Never mind, let's take this gun.' We rode up to a cannon the Russians were already moving off. Jervis pulled out his revolver, and shot one of the horses, while I slashed away at the gunners with my sword and they disappeared and left us with the gun."

## THE SWARMING COSSACKS.

"We did not get far with it before the Cossacks came after us. They swarmed around us like bees. I wanted to get on the other side of the gun, but if I had taken time to get to the other side the Cossacks could have killed me with their lances. They carried lances about twelve feet long. So the only thing to do was to ride at them pell-mell and I got through them and a lot of them chased me into a body of cavalry, and I had to ride through that. Then a Russian officer attacked me. My lance had been shot away coming down, but I was a good swordsman. He cut my sword half through, and gave me such a blow on my head that nothing but my heavy dress cap saved my skull. I managed to get a blow across his face with the gun as he, and his conduct at the gun and all through should have entitled him to the Victoria Cross."

"Then we were fighting all tangled up together. I saw Corporal Hall, covered with blood, his lance trailing. I shouted to him to throw it away. I wanted to get it myself, but I had no time. They took the poor fellow prisoner, and he died under amputation among the Russians. I saw a body of forty or so of our men driving a brigade of Russian Hussars down the valley. It was madness, and I rode down the rear and shouted to them to turn back. I saw young Clifford, of our troop, ride in among them and cut to pieces and killed and others. The Hussars came to a halt and came about. We were half a mile beyond the guns then. I saw a regiment of lancers with flags on their lances advancing down the valley. I rode toward them, thinking at first they were French lancers, who had come to reinforce us. When I was within thirty yards they fired on me, and I saw the long gray coats of the Jopokine Lancers."

"I rode back a little and shouted to our men and they rallied around me. The Hussars were coming up and these lancers were in front. In two or three minutes we would all have been prisoners. Lieutenant Wightman joined me at that moment. By the way in an article he wrote for the Nineteenth Century, May, 1892, he described me as a 'rough Nottingham man with my long hair flying and bellowing out Nottingham oaths, as he carried the squad through the Russian ranks as if they were tinseled paper.' Some of my friends took umbrage at this speech, but it only amused me, for as the poet says, 'In peace there is nothing so adorns a man as gentleness, but when grim visaged war puts on its wrinkled front, then imitate the action of the tiger.'"

## WIGHTMAN'S TRIBUTE.

"I know Wightman and corresponded with him. He is secretary of our commemoration society. He says, 'We fell in with the handful this man of the hour had gathered round him, and if he thought I was rough he certainly did not think I was forgetful of my comrades. I was a man of twenty-three with rather long white hair. My hat had been knocked off by the Russian officer in the scrimmage, and I have no doubt my hair was rumpled. I don't suppose I used any oaths, but if Wightman says he heard me I won't contradict him. One thing I knew, the enemy were all around and were getting into action. I shouted to the fellows to fall in, as we must cut our way out. I put those who had lances in front, and led them. We closed up and got a good speed on, and as we came up to them at full gallop we could see the Russians pulling back on their horses."

"I was the first one through the ranks, but it was not much like paper. I got a lance cut in my hand, and three men fell near me. As we went through, others of our men galloped round the flanks. Then we had to pass a body of infantry and they fired a volley into us. It was there Wightman fell. He and Marshall were captured, one with nine and the other with thirteen wounds, but both survived. It was still several hundred yards to the guns, which were again named and in action. We charged through them and scattered up the valley. Two or three men kept close to me. We rode on the slope of the hill, not in the track we had followed going down."

"We were the last to get back. The skeleton lines of the regiment were on the parade, the roll had been called and Cardigan had made his speech before we got there. We made forty-five to answer to the call of our regiment. They were into action one hundred and forty-five. Of the whole brigade, 670, there were 195 to answer roll call. All of them had some bloody mark except Lord Cardigan. His clothes were cut, but I believe he had not a scratch. My recollection is that he was the only one who went through the engagement without bloodshed. There is quite a scar on my right hand, but I never thought of taking the wound to a surgeon then."

## ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

"People often seem to think the most remarkable thing in the whole affair was the amount of fighting that was done after we got down to the ground. It seems incredible that a whole army should have been thrown into confusion and momentarily into

retreat by a handful of men who had been almost cut to pieces. I have been asked why we thought of such a thing as capturing the guns, and all that. I can only say, English soldiers are not like any others. They are not worth anything at digging trenches and such work. I have set a squad of them to dig a grave and had them all day about it, but they certainly will fight when their blood is up, and it is up all the time."

"But the ride down the valley only took about five minutes. Kinglake says eight, but I could have run it on foot in five minutes. I was the champion runner of my regiment, and we went at a gallop. We were twenty minutes in behind the guns fighting. There were a dozen or more charges at the Russian troops before we started back. We jumped off our horses to fight and capture the cannon I spoke of. I could never see why Lord Cardigan said he could see none of his men and made no effort to rally them there. I saw him, but only at first, as he turned and rode back alone."

"Volumes have been written about the mistake. Nolan tried to save us, but fell dead. He was understood by some as was shown by the 'Threes right' order of Captain Winter, but it was too late. Captain Winter was killed, too. It was easy to lay the blame on Nolan, because he was dead. 'The whole affair you know was on an empty stomach. We had not eaten rations even, though the Russians said we must have been drunk to fight so like mad men. At night we fell back behind the entrenchments. During the night some troops of horses broke from the Russians and came galloping upon us. At first we thought it was an attack, and the artillery fired on them. We captured the horses and saddles, about 300 of them."

## MORE BRAVE DEEDS.

"Balaklava was on the 25th of October, 1854. Inkerman was ten days after. It was during the battle of Inkerman that I dismounted under fire and brought off Cornet Cleveland, wounded. He is alive now. I have a letter from my commander, Lord Tedder, speaking of it. After Inkerman there was a big snow storm and snow lay on the ground all winter. The Balaklava battle ground was within the Russian lines. Toward spring the Russian army fell back. As the snow melted off I went out very early one morning and walked over the ground. I saw an officer's sword, very rusty, from lying out all winter, and picked it up. I have it now. The Russians had pretended to bury the dead, but they only threw dirt over them and the rains had washed out a good many bodies. I saw an officer's body in the uniform of the Eighth Hussars, and believe it was Lord Fitzgibbon. I could see the tarnished gold lace on the uniform. When the field was taken charge of by the English some of these uncovered remains were taken up and sent home."

"The annual banquet of the Commemorative Society gets to be a small affair every year. I always receive an invitation. The others are all in England. The roll for December, 1893, shows eighty-three names, twenty of them of my regiment. This society has no members that did not ride in the charge of the 600. Of course there are lots of men living who were in the 10,000 general troops engaged at Balaklava, and the survivors of the Light Brigade have plenty of volunteers to swell their ranks, but the society keeps records, and it is very easy to verify or disprove a man's record in that affair. What relics I have of the battle I intend to give to the National Museum at my death. As none of the others ever fought in the civil war or became citizens of the United States, I think they will have a good deal of interest for people in the future."

Captain Morley has one boy named Balaklava, and one named Alvin Havelock. Probably his children will not need to be reminded by these names of the stirring events in which their father played so brave a part."

## SECT OF ASSASSINS.

A Famous Medieval Association of Murderers that was stamped out with Difficulty.

There is nothing new under the sun, and even those recent deplorable experiences, which seem at first sight unique products of the nineteenth century conditions, have their analogues in the past. It cannot have escaped notice that there is a curious likeness between the anarchistic man-slayers of to-day and a famous medieval association which sought to acquire power and influence through the terrorism caused by concerted and repeated homicidal attacks upon the representatives of the established political, religious and social order. We refer to the sect of the Assassins, who maintained themselves in western Asia for about a hundred and fifty years, and who resembled the modern Anarchists in several essential particulars, to wit, the repudiation of religion and morality, the malign completeness of their own organization, and their fanatical devotion to the interests of their secret society and the orders of its chiefs. It is also worthy of remark that these

ATHEISTIC AND ANTI-SOCIAL CONSPIRATORS were only stamped out with difficulty by the combined and desperate efforts of two great military powers. This secret society, whose members may be described as the medieval and Oriental counterparts of the Anarchists, was founded by Hassan-ben-Sabbah, a native of Khorassan, who in A. D. 1090 gained possession by stratagem of the strong mountain fortress of Alamut in Persia. His followers became known as Assassins, either with reference to the first name of their chief, or, more probably, in allusion to the hashish, an opiate made from the juice of hemp leaves, with which the neophytes were intoxicated. The speculative principles of this sect were to a large ex-

tent identical with those of the so-called Ishmaelite heresy: that is to say, the dictates of positive religion and morality were rejected as worthless, the practices of faithful Moslems were derided, the existing political and social systems were discarded, and the one fundamental rule of life imposed on the initiated was unquestioning obedience to the will of their immediate superiors in the hierarchical order. The external policy of this maleficent sect was marked by a peculiar and characteristic feature, namely, the systematic employment of secret assassination against those persons whom its leaders chose to regard as their enemies, among whom monarchs and the principal upholders of the existing social regime would naturally be conspicuous. This practice was introduced by Hassan, the founder and supreme ruler of the association, who from his place of residence was best known as the Sheikh-ul Jebel, or Old Man of the Mountains. When a deed of blood was to be done, the agents were picked out from the ranks of the young men, or Assassins proper, whose esoteric name was Fedavies, or devoted ones. The selected murderers were

## MADE DRUNK WITH HASHISH.

and introduced into the splendid gardens of the Sheikh, where they were surrounded with every sensual pleasure. Such a foretaste of the paradise which, as they believed, could only be attained through the favor of their ruler, made the young men eager to obey his slightest command, and at a word from him they were ready to resign their lives. The Assassins soon made their power felt. One of the earliest victims of their daggers was Nizam-el-Mulk, the Vizier of the Sultan Malik-Shah; and the subsequent death by poison of the Sultan himself was ascribed to the society. Under the second leader, who succeeded Hassan in A. D. 1124, the sect of man-slayers acquired a stronghold in Syria and became an object of more widespread dread, a long series of distinguished men being sacrificed, in spite of elaborate precautions, to their

## INVISIBLE AND RELENTLESS MACHINATIONS.

It was with the Syrian branch of the Assassins that the Crusaders became acquainted; and it was believed to have been the emissaries of the Old Man of the Mountains who murdered Count Raymond of Tripoli and Conrad of Montferrat. The strokes of death, however, continued to be dealt impartially at Moslem and at Christian. The Caliph Mostarschen-ali-Mansur was assassinated in his tent, and soon afterward the Caliph Rashid met with a similar fate. Nevertheless, against a sovereign of unusual abilities, like Saladin, the Sultan of Egypt and Syria, all the resources of the secret society were taxed in vain. The proof thus furnished that the Assassins were not irresistible, prompted the concerted and resolute efforts for their repression, by which in the thirteenth century they

## WERE PRACTICALLY ANNIHILATED.

It was Hulaku, a brother of Mangku Khan, wielding the forces of the Mongol conquerors of Asia, by whom, in 1256, the Persian stronghold of the homicidal sect was taken, and some twelve thousand members of the society were massacred. A little later the Syrian branch of the Assassins was nearly extirpated by Bilbars, the Mameluke Sultan of Egypt, and the sect, considered as a formidable menace to religion and society, then disappeared, although some survivors lingered in the Syrian mountains, where it is said that descendants of them yet exist. If the record of the sect of Assassins has any lesson for those who are confronted by their modern counterparts, it is that the dangers to society threatened by an organized body of fanatics eager to risk their own lives, if they may destroy those of others, cannot easily be overrated; and that the extraordinary safeguards now provided or contemplated by several European Governments are amply justified."

In the mills of Fall River, where the great strike is now on, there are 2,546, 588 spindles, chiefly employed in the manufacture of print cloths, the dyeing of cotton goods and the making of cotton thread and yarn. The weekly pay roll is about \$173,000, but very many hands are women and boys and girls, their pay running all the way from \$3 to \$20 a week.

## No Alternative.

L'Enfant Terrible—Have you got another face?

Mrs. Homeleigh—No dear: why do you ask?

L'Enfant Terrible—Mamma said you were two-faced; but I thought if you had another one you wouldn't wear that one.

## Something More Substantial.

"Ah," he mused in ecstasy, "there is nothing more soothing to the human mind than the sublime notes of melody!"

"How 'bout bank notes?" asked a sordid bystander.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

## TIME TABLE NO. 29.

In effect Monday, July 9th, 1894. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

Leave Salisbury.....	10.00
Arrive Albert.....	12.30
Leave Albert.....	15.45
Arrive Salisbury.....	18.40

Connections made with Post Express from Halifax for Pointe West, and Quebec Express for East and North. Time Table shows what hour trains are expected to arrive and depart from the several stations, but it is not guaranteed nor does the Company hold itself responsible for any delay resulting from failure to make connections advertised.

By Order, SHERWOOD, Manager.

## "DOMESTIC"

The Star that leads them all.

The most wonderful Sewing Machine of the age, awarded a DIPLOMA by the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

Two Machines in one—Chain Stitch, Lock Stitch.

STANDARD SEWING MACHINE.

Pianos and Thomas Organs.

A DIPLOMA on Reed Organs and Reed Organ Actions was taken at the St. John Exhibition, by the Thomas Organ Company. If you want a good Piano, Organ or Sewing Machine drop me a Card and I will send you circulars and full information how to get a good one. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Parties in Albert County should apply to me or my agent B. Beaumont before purchasing elsewhere.

Don't forget the Address:  
**E. CRAWFORD,**  
Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

## NORTHROP'S

PHOTO

STUDIO,

Headquarters for Portraits of every description. New Panels, New Enamel Lithograph Mounts, New Styles in large numbers. Our photo work is second to none in the Province, we guarantee first-class work in every department. Am making a specialty of *Enlarged Crayon Portraits*. First-class work at about one half price paid to Agents. It will pay you to secure your work from responsible parties, you will then be sure of good *Permanent Results*. Also in stock a large line of *Mouldings and Frames*, our prices in these lines are about 25 per cent cheaper than any other house in the trade. If you desire the best and most for your money, when in Moncton, visit

**Northrup's Studio,**  
Main street near Post Office.

MONCTON  
Steam Planing and Sawing Mill.

We keep in stock and make to order—Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Windows and Door Frames, Newel Posts, Balusters, Stair Rails, Brackets and Mouldings of all descriptions. Kiln Dried Walnut, Ash, Birch, Pine and Spruce Lumber, Flooring, Siding, Shingles, Girders, Laths and Fence Pickets. Planing, Sawing and Turning done at Short Notice.

Also, Church Altars and Seating, Wood Scaffolds, Sidesboards, Tables, School Desks and Office Fittings.

Having rebuilt my factory and furnished with the latest improved machinery, I am prepared to fill orders promptly and satisfactorily. Factory and Office—Westmoreland St., Moncton, N. B.

**PAUL LEA, - Proprietor.**

CRANDALL  
The Photographer,

262 Main Street, Moncton, N. B.,  
Over Besancon's Jewelry Store.

Good Work and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JUST RECEIVED,  
A LARGE STOCK

—or—  
Strictly Pure

Paris Green,  
BUTTER AND CREAM CROCKS.

GARDEN HOES,  
And a Full Line of

HAYING TOOLS.  
Watson H. Steeves.

W. E. DRYDEN,  
—Agent for—

FROST & WOOD.  
Agricultural

Implements  
& Machinery.

WAREHOUSE, HILLSBORO.  
assorted stock of

Ploughs, Harrows,  
Cultivators, Mowers,

Rakes, etc., etc.  
(Circulars and Information on Application.)

Farming Implements.

The subscriber offers for sale at bottom prices.  
Mowing Machines, Rakes,  
Harrows, Ploughs, Cultivators, etc.

Warehouse at Hillsboro, near the station, Albert Jan. Boyer's shop where all information will be given in my absence. Will be at Albert on Tuesdays.

**D. B. LIVINGSTONE.**

Stallion Duroc

This well-known Stallion will stand for the season at the farm of the subscriber, Middle Coveville, Terms on application.

**Jas. G. McDonald.**

ALBERT STAR \$1.00 A YEAR.

## JOB PRINTING!

Having on hand a large selection of new and ornamental type, we are prepared to do in first-class style, jobbing in the following lines:

CARDS,

Address, Business, Visiting, Wedding In Memoriam and Menu.

FORMS,

Deed, Lease, Mortgage, Order, Receipt and Blank.

MISCELLANEOUS,

Circulars, Catalogues, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, State-Meeting, Notices, Memoranda, Bills of Lading, Indexes, Schedules, Yearly Returns, Pamphlets, Dodgers and Posters.

Tinted Work A Specialty

ALBERT STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY.