The Family Circle.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY T. BUCHANAN REED.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles.
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God,
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

A CHILD TAUGHT FORGIVENESS.

MRS. ROBERTS had just gone up stairs to put Mary to bed. As she seated herself in the accustomed seat beside the pleasant window, she put her arm around the child and drew her close up to her side, at the same time looking very affectionately and wistfully upon her, but she didn't speak a word.

Mary wondered and wondered what her mother was thinking about, and what made her look so. She sat down on the low bench and began slowly to take off her shoes and stockings. "Mother generally talks to me," said she to herself, "and asks me if I have been good to-day. Strange she doesn't say anything. Oh, I guess I know what she's thinking about." So jumping up she ran again to her mother's side, and laying one hand and her head down upon the shoulder where she so often leaned, she said, hesitatingly,

"Mother, I haven't been a good girl to-day, have I?"

Quickly the affectionate arm was thrown again around the little girl, another close hug, and that same earnest look, and the mother said with much emphasis,

"Oh, Mary, how I wish you *were* a good little girl."

"Well, mother, I can't help it. I do want to be good, and yet I'm always naughty. I can't help it."

"Oh yes, my child, you can help it. If you *really* wanted to be good you would be."

"Well now, mother, I will try. I'll begin to-morrow morning the first thing. Now you shall see that I'll do everything you wish me to. What do you wish me to do first?"

Mrs. Roberts couldn't help smiling at the sudden resolution of her little girl, and at the ease with which the child thought it was all to be accomplished. Ah! she understood better than Mary about the difficulties and struggles, the broken and mended and oft-repeated resolutions, the heart-sinkings and weariness in the way of doing right. But she was going to help the little one all she could in making her plans and in carrying them out. So she began:

"In the first place, I want you to get up early and wash and dress without fretting or making trouble for any one."

"Well, I will."

"Then you are to mind the very moment you are spoken to, and not ask to do things differently from what you are told."

"Yes, I will do that."

"I want you to learn your lessons and go through school without having a single cry."

"Ah, I can't help that, mother, the cry will come."

"You must have your thoughts about you, Mary, and when you feel it coming keep it down."

"Well, I guess I will—and what else?"

"Be very kind and gentle with Susie, and try to make *her* happy, and not yourself."

"Susie won't do as I want her to. She's real contrary, mother, sometimes. I don't know as I shall be able to manage her."

"No, I don't want you to manage her, Mary. I am talking now about you managing yourself. Susie will do very well if *you* do right."

"I will, then—what next?"

"I don't know of anything else. If you mind when you are spoken to, and are pleasant and amiable, everything will go right."

"Well, mother, I certainly will—now I mean just what I say. I will try just as hard as I can, and we'll see if I can't be good for one day."

"It looks very easy now my dear, I dare say, but it will be hard. You will have to try when the time really comes for you to do all these things. When you feel like doing wrong, then is the time for you resolutely to turn about and say I *will* do right. But, above all, Mary, do not forget that you must pray to God to strengthen and help you to be good. Without him you can do nothing."

"Oh, I will, mother; you shall see," said the child; and intent upon her good resolves, with a very self-satisfied air, she finished her preparations, and was soon safely laid away under the bed-clothes. Her mother stooped over to kiss her, but Mary forgot to return the caress, so intent was she on a thought which had just flashed across her busy little mind.

"Mother," said she, "what will God do about all the naughty things I have done already? Now if I begin to be good to-morrow, and am good all the time, there's all the bad I have been doing up to now. What will happen to me for that?"

Oh, what an important question! How upon the answer to that hinges all our hopes of salvation and eternal life! This is an inquiry which has startled older and wiser heads than yours, little Mary Roberts. It is the very point that was canvassed in heaven long, long ago, and which Christ, the only-begotten and well-beloved Son of God, came on earth to settle. Listen, little children, to the answer Mrs. Roberts gave to her little girl. She felt what a grave question it was. She believed that the Spirit of God alone had awakened the thought in Mary's heart. She knew that the subject was one that the sinful heart did not readily comprehend, unless it was taught of the same Holy Spirit, and so, lifting up her heart in prayer that God would give that Spirit to her dear child, she tried to make her answer as plain and simple and direct as she could.

"God will *forgive* your past sins for the sake of Jesus Christ, Mary, if you ask him."

"Won't he be angry about them? Won't he count them anything? Won't he punish me for them?"

"No, he will *forgive* them. Jesus came into this world and was punished for our sins, so that God might forgive us. Now if you believe this, and are willing to trust Jesus, he will see that all you have done wrong is wiped away—forgiven—blotted out; and God will feel toward you and treat you, for Jesus' sake, just as though you never had done anything wicked."

"Why, how good!" said Mary. That was all she said; but she was thinking very seriously about it as she closed her eyes and turned over on her side to go to sleep.

My little readers, perhaps some of you have had this same thought arise in your minds, and have wished that you could understand all about it. I wish I might make it very clear to you. God has said, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." We have all sinned, and therefore are exposed to death. But Jesus so loved us that he came down from heaven and suffered and died in our stead. Now God can forgive us, and is willing to, if we ourselves are willing to be forgiven. If we really feel sorry for our sins we shall be glad, really glad and thankful, to be forgiven, and our hearts will be full of love to the blessed Saviour for his kindness in dying to save us. And then our love to him will make us hate sin, and we shall try very hard indeed to overcome it. Nothing will make it so easy for us to overcome our naughty ways, and to do right, as this love to Jesus Christ. And if we pray to him he will take away the desire to sin more and more. So you see that the blessed Son of God is our Saviour from our sins that are past, and also from the love and power of sin within us, so that we shall be kept from sinning in time to come. This, dear children, is the way to be saved. This is the work of redemption. This is what little Mary needed more than anything else to help her keep those good resolutions she had just made for the morrow. We will hope that from that hour she began to love the Saviour, and to be what her mother so earnestly desired—a good little girl.—*Independent.*

WHO KNOWS WHAT IT MAY DO?

IN the county of Kent lives, or lived, a clergyman and his lady, who took a very active part in the Sabbath school connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman, who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him at the school eighteen months; but at length found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad as a warning to others. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was subsequently ordered to America, it being the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called on the clergyman to beg a Bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was on the verge of eternity, and who, he knew, had one or more Bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered:—"A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and O, sir! who knows what it may do?"

She sent the Bible which the clergyman gave her by a pious soldier, who, upon his arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ringleader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said:—"James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver, (presenting him the Bible,) and, James, it was her dying request that you would read one verse, at least, every day, and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask, (opening the Bible,) so here goes."

He opened the Bible at these words:—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "that's very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the Bible that I could learn by heart when I was in the Sabbath school; I never could for the life of me commit another. It is very strange; but who is this *me* that is mentioned in the verse."

The pious soldier asked if he did not know.

He replied he did not.

The good man then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truth and invitations of the gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, from that hour he became a changed man, and was noted for exemplary conduct as before he was noted for wickedness.

Some time after this conversation, the regiment in which he was, engaged the enemy; at the close of which the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld, under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage: "Come unto me all ye that are weary." Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.—*Methodist.*

HOME CONVERSATION.

CHILDREN hunger perpetually for new ideas, and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and the ear, not the eye and the printed page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We not unfrequently pass by in the papers a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the self-same words uttered. An audience will listen closely from the beginning to the end of an address, which not one in twenty of those present would read with the same attention. This is emphatically true of children. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in the books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of the educational advantages which they desire, they can not fail to grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood and youth the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. Let parents, then, talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be, in many respects, a wise man, but he is not wise in his silence.

We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. Ireland exports beef and wheat and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companies abroad, and keep their dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful, instructive conversation. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

THE LOYAL LADIES.

WE hear much of Secession ladies, and of their efforts to inspire their husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, to attack the Constitution and the Union, and some of these delicate creatures in Washington seem to court martyrdom for the sake of showing their sincerity in a bad cause. Protected by their weakness, they and their families have taken advantage of the respect entertained by brave men for the gentler sex, and they therefore heap opprobrium upon the friends of the government in civil and in military life. In the city of Baltimore they become the representatives of their husbands, who dare not sow the seeds of discord among the people, and make their appearance on the streets, seeking every occasion to show their contempt for their own country.

A singular contrast is presented by the the deportment of the women of the loyal States. Their attachment to the republic is a profound religious attachment. Shrinking from everything like notoriety, and characteristically averse to all participation in acrimonious controversy, they address the Divine Being to vouchsafe his blessings upon our arms, and occupy, not only their leisure hours, but even the time heretofore given to other duties, in providing for their brave countrymen in arms such necessaries and luxuries as they require. Industrious in their respective wards and districts, they not only look after the families of the volunteers, not only watch over the wives and children of these gallant men, but solicit subscriptions for the purpose of enabling them more effectively and generously to carry out their great mission. There is scarcely a village in the free States in which these glorious women are not engaged in this holy work; and if the truth could be told, there is not a regiment that is not under obligations to them. Apart from the individual contributions, such as gifts sent forward by the wife to the husband, the sister to the brother, the sweetheart to the lover, the donations of organized societies of ladies are as constantly forwarded as they are constantly liberal. What a record Miss Dix, who may be called the Executive of the ladies of the loyal States, in our great struggle against the aristocracy of the South—what a record, I say, she will be enabled to leave to the historian! If the enormous amount of apparel, of medicines, of food, etc., sent forward by these noble women, could be specifically set forth in a newspaper, it would put to the blush many of the sterner sex, who, while professing to be energetic and true, are too often content with words rather than works.—*Philada. Press.*

HIRING A GIRL.

Some, at least, of our housekeeping readers will enjoy the following, which we find in the Hartford *Homestead:*

A lady who wished to hire a "maid of all work," was called into the parlor to see an applicant.

Biddy, (seated on a sofa.) "I hear yez want a girl."

Lady.—"Yes."

Biddy.—"Have yez hot and cold wather carried convaneyantly all over the house?"

Lady, (still standing.)—"Yes."

Biddy.—"Is there gas in the kitchen?"

Lady.—"Yes."

Biddy.—"Carpets on the girl's room?"

Lady.—"Yes."

Biddy.—"Do you have a man to make the fires and black shoes?"

Lady.—"No. The girl makes her own fires."

Biddy.—"That's too bad. But I likes yez and yer house other ways, and the kitchen looks convaneyant, so I think I'll come. I'll be expecting $9 a month, as I niver works for less."

Lady.—"But I want to ask *you* one question. *Can you play on the piano?*"

Biddy.—"Shure, no mam."

Lady.—"Then I'm sure you will not do for me."

Miscellaneous.

THE NORTH RIGHT.

HITHERTO I have been speaking without immediate reference to the great cause in issue. I believe that, apart from that cause, the North are entitled to our good wishes. They are in the right apart from all questions of slavery. If they really mean to leave "State rights" untouched—if they are not even fighting to keep "the territories" free—if, as we are often told in newspaper articles, slavery has nothing to say to the war at all—I must repeat that they are emphatically right.

But does anybody seriously believe this? Will any serious person get up and say, in his own name, or write in his own name, that the meaning of the whole war—the point really at issue, from first to last—has not been, and is not (to put it at the lowest,) whether slavery shall be confined to its present limits in North America, or allowed to extend as and where it can? That *was* the issue; and perhaps it is so still. But those who entered on the war with this as the goal of their hopes and efforts, who would gladly have accepted the limitation of slavery to its present limits a few months or weeks ago, will, unless they are very different men from what I believe them to be—unless the teaching of all history is vain—not be content now with this compromise. The great cause of freedom will draw them, and the nation after them, along paths which they would never have sought for themselves.

It is the battle of human freedom which the North are fighting, and which should draw to them the sympathy of every Englishman, and make him cast to the winds all Morrill tariffs and angry talk about Canada, all bad manners and hard words. If the North is beaten, it will be a misfortune such as has not come on the world since Christendom arose. An empire will be founded in these Southern States on the simple base of slavery, having no other starting-point or principle whatever than their right to enslave men of their own flesh and blood. It is of no use to speculate upon what the acts and policy of such a state will be. The world will see that soon enough, should it arise. Meantime, the Northern States stand alone between us and it, and the greatest misfortune which can happen to us and to mankind will be their defeat.

God grant that they may hold on and be strong! God grant that they may remember that the greatest triumphs have always come, and must always come to men through the greatest humiliations. God himself could not set men free but through this rule.

I am yours very truly,

THOMAS HUGHES.*

—*Macmillan's Mag.* (*Eng.*)

* Author of Tom Brown at Rugby.

NEATNESS A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

IT may be difficult to fix the point at which the care of personal appearance in man or woman becomes excessive. It does so unquestionably when it engrosses the mind to the neglect of more important things. But I suppose that all reasonable people now believe that scrupulous attention to personal cleanliness, freshness, and neatness is a Christian duty. The days are past, almost everywhere, in which piety was held to be associated with dirt. Nobody would mention now, as a proof how saintly a human being was, that, for the love of God, he had never washed his face or brushed his hair for thirty years. And even scrupulous neatness need bring with it no suspicion of puppyism. The most trim and tidy of old men was good John Wesley; and he conveyed to the minds of all who saw him the notion of a man whose treasure was laid up beyond this world, quite as much as if he had dressed in such a fashion as to make himself an object of ridicule, or as if he had forsworn the use of soap. Some people fancy that slovenliness of attire indicates a mind above petty details. I have seen an eminent preacher ascend the pulpit with his bands hanging over his right shoulder, his gown apparently put on by being dropped upon him from the vestry ceiling, and his hair apparently unbrushed for several weeks. There was no suspicion of affectation about that good man; yet I regarded his untidiness as a defect, and not as an excellence. He gave a most eloquent sermon; yet I thought it would have been well, had the lofty mind that treated so admirably some of the grandest realities of life and of immortality been able to address itself a little to the care of lesser things.—*Country Parson.*

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

WE are now, if we have reached middle life, very much what we shall be to the end of the chapter. We shall not, in this world, be much better; let us humbly trust that we shall not be worse. Yet, if there be an undefinable sadness in looking at the marred material of which so much more might have been made, there is a sublime hope in the contemplation of material, bodily and mental, of which a great deal more and better will certainly yet be made. Not much more may be made of any of us in life; but who shall estimate what may be made of us in immortality? Think of a "spiritual body!" think of a perfectly pure and happy soul! I thought of this, on a beautiful evening of this summer, walking with a much valued friend through a certain grand ducal domain. In front of a noble sepulchre, where is laid up much aristocratic dust, there are sculptured, by some great artist, three colossal faces, which are meant to represent Life, Death, and Immortality. It was easy to represent Death: the face was one of solemn rest, with closed eyes; and the sculptor's skill was mainly shown in distinguishing Life from Immortality. And he had done it well. *There* was Life: a care-worn, anxious, weary face, that seemed to look at you earnestly, and with a vague inquiry for something,—the something that is lacking in all things here. And *there* was Immortality: life-like, but, oh, how different from mortal Life! *There* was the beautiful face, calm, satisfied, self-possessed, sublime, and with eyes looking far away. I see it yet, the crimson sunset warming the gray stone,—and a great hawthorn-tree, covered with blossoms, standing by. Yes, *there* was Immortality; and you felt, as you looked at it, that it was MORE MADE OF LIFE!—*Ibid.*

THALLIUM AND THE PRISM.

By a newly discovered property of the prism, a new power has been added to man's visual faculty. A perfect prism must have all three sides of the drop exactly alike, which we can readily procure from an optician's shop for a couple of shillings, and being in possession of it, we may pursue with it many pleasing experiments. The first is to see Newton's Iris or the Rainbow of Light. If we hold the prism in a horizontal position near a window into which the sun is shining, and allow the light to fall upon one face of the prism, there will be seen on the wall at the back a reflection of colors like the rainbow—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. If, in place of the sun, an artificial light is employed, a similar reflection of colors is produced in like manner but the relative proportions of the tints vary according to the nature of the flame.

It has long been observed that certain substances when burning, or even in contact with burning materials, make the flame of a definite tint. Strontian, an earthy body found near Strontia, in Argyleshire, imparts to flame a crimson color; boracic acid turns the flame green; common salt renders it yellow; chlorate of potass blue and so on. Now, supposing we were examining the iris band, or reflection of light produced by a spirit lamp passing through a prism, it would be noticed by a careful observer that there would be a cross-bar of light issue from the side of the iris like a needle, like a ray of light which it is; but this cross ray will at all times not only have a peculiar color, but it will shoot out of a particular part of the iris band. Thus it is now found that every substance in contact with flame engenders a particular line of its own, which is always alike in the prismatic spectrum. Recently some philosophers engaged in mapping out these lines, their color and position for known substances, repeatedly observed lines which they were unable to account for. This led to further search; and the almost immediate result was the discovery of thallium, cesium and other elements. This mode of analysis by light enables us to discover the presence of a body in such infinitesimal proportions that even decimal fractions can ill describe. Analysis by light proves the presence of nickel in the sun. What knowledge we shall yet gain, the sequel will prove.

COLUMBUS.

The following anecdote may be interesting to some of our readers:—

Captain D'Auberville, in the bark Chieftain, of Boston, put into Gibralter on the 27th of August, 1851. He went, with two of his passengers, across the Straits to Mount Abylus, on the *African coast;* as they were on the point of returning, one of the crew picked up what appeared to be a piece of rock, but which the captain thought to be a kind of pumice-stone. On examination it was found to be a cedar keg completely incrusted with barnacles and other marine shells. The keg was opened, and within was found a cocoa-nut enveloped in a kind of gum or resinous substance. Within the cocoa-nut shell was a piece of parchment covered with very old writing, which none of those present could read. An American merchant in Gibralter then read it, and found that it was a brief account, drawn up by Columbus in 1493, of his American discoveries up to that time. It was addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella. It stated that, according to the writer's judgment, the ships could not survive another day; that they were between the western isles and Spain; that two similar narratives were written and thrown into the sea, in case the caravel should go to the bottom.

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The Stock consists of
Enamelled Leather Cloth.
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SILVER PLATING.

SAMUEL SMYTH, No. 1336 Chestnut Street, opposite the U. S. Mint, Philadelphia.

Electro Silver Plater on Albata and Nickel Silver Metals, Britannia, Copper, Brass, Steel or Iron, where all orders for Plating will be promptly attended to. All Plating warranted to be done according to order. Re-plating done for use of hotels and private families warranted to give entire satisfaction. sep20

WATCH THE HEALTH OF YOUR CHILDREN.

WORMS are a prolific source of sickness in children. They are seldom free from them, and by their irritation all other diseases are aggravated. Convulsions as well as St. Vitus' Dance, have been superinduced by them, and death has resulted in extreme cases. Whenever the symptoms are observed, such as disturbed sleep, grinding of the teeth, itching of the nose, weakness of the bowels, slow fever, variable appetite and fetid breath,

JAYNES' TONIC VERMIFUGE

should be resorted to without delay. It is entirely harmless, is readily taken by children, effectually destroys worms, and by its tonic action invigorates the whole system. It is prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, ETC.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

HAS BEEN FOR THIRTY YEARS THE STANDARD REMEDY.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical will acknowledge that for all pulmonary complaints it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation,—relieves the cough and pain,—removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the suffering of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

Read the following Statements:

REV. RUFUS BABCOCK, D. D., Secretary of the AMERICAN AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, writes:

"Having given Dr. D. Jayne's medicines a trial in my own family, and some of them personally, I do not hesitate to commend them as a valuable addition to our materia medica. The Expectorant especially I consider of inestimable value, and I know that it is highly esteemed, and frequently prescribed by some of the most respectable of the regular practitioners of medicine."

REV. B. V. R. JAMES, Missionary in Liberia of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, writes:—

"Your Expectorant has been administered with the most happy results, and I feel assured I never used an article of medicine that produced a more sure and certain relief for the complaints for which it is recommended."

REV. JOHN DOWLING, D. D., Pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, N. Y., writes:—

"I have long known the virtues of your Expectorant, and frequently tested them on myself and family, when afflicted with Coughs and Colds. I believe it to be one of the best remedies ever discovered for these maladies."

REV. N. M. JONES, Rector of Church of St. Bartholomew, (Prot. Epis.,) Phila., writes:—

"In all cases resembling Consumption, I recommend your Expectorant, having in so many cases witnessed its beneficial effects."

REV. J. J. WALSH, Missionary of the Presbyterian Board at Futtegurh, Northern India, writes:—

"Your Expectorant was the means, under Providence, of curing a case of Incipient Consumption, which had been pronounced incurable by competent medical men."

REV. JONATHAN GOING, D. D., while President of Granville College, Ohio, wrote:—

"While laboring under a severe Cold, Cough, and Hoarseness, my difficulty of breathing became so great that I felt in imminent danger of suffocation, but was perfectly cured on using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant."

MISS MARY BALL, of the Protestant Episcopal Mission, Cape Palmas, West Africa, says:—

"In our mission families your medicines are a general specific, and among the sick poor they enable me to do much good. Your Expectorant has proved of great value in the case of Rev. Jacob Rambo, and in that also of Rev. Mr. Green, two of our missionaries."

REV. C. L. ESSER, formerly pastor of the Dell Prairie, Wis., Baptist Church, writes:—

"A little daughter of mine, aged seven years, had been afflicted for some time with Asthma and Palpitation of the heart, and having tried various remedies without relief, I was persuaded to get your Expectorant and Sanative Pills, and after using them she was restored to a good degree of health."

REV. SAMUEL S. DAY, Missionary of the Baptist Board, at Nellore, India, writes:—

"By the use of your Expectorant my Cough and Sore Throat are now well. I find, occasionally, an unpleasant sensation in my throat, as if mucus had lodged there, but your Expectorant usually relieves it by two or three applications."

REV. J. R. COFFMAN, of Winfield, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio, writes:—

"One bottle of Jayne's Expectorant, cured my daughter of Lung Fever, after having been beyond the hope of recovery. During the attack she had a number of convulsions. She is now perfectly well."

This Expectorant, and all of JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES, are prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of agents throughout the country.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

THOUGH the remote or primary causes of Skin Disease may be various, as Impurity of the Blood, Liver Complaint, Scrofula, etc., etc., the immediate cause is always the same, and that is an obstruction in the pores of the skin, by which the perspiration, in its passage from the body, is arrested and confined in and under the skin, causing an intolerable itching, or an eruption of Pimples, Pustules, Ringworm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, etc., etc. For all these affections

JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE

has been found an invaluable remedy, as it removes both the primary as well as the immediate causes,—purifying the Blood, curing the Liver Complaint, and effectually eradicating Scrofula from the system, while at the same time it frees the pores of their obstructing matters, and heals the diseased surface.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and for sale by agents throughout the country.

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness,—a variable appetite, a fetid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs. Prepared only by DR. JAYNE & SON, at No. 242 Chestnut Street.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA, SUMMER COMPAINT, ALL BOWEL AFFECTIONS, ETC.,

ARE PROMPTLY CURED BY

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.

The remedial properties of this article have now been tested by the public for over thirty years, with a result which enables the proprietors to offer the most convincing proofs (certificates of cures effected) of its ability to remove all diseases for which it is recommended. It is quick, safe, and certain in its action, affording immediate relief when promptly administered. Age does not impair its virtues, neither is it subject to the varying influences of climate; being equally effective in all latitudes, it is in all respects what it claims to be—a "SPANIARD HOUSEHOLD REMEDY," which every family should be supplied with.

DIARRHŒA AND DYSENTERY.

It never fails to subdue the most violent attacks of these complaints, no matter from what cause they originate. As changes of climate, water, etc., often produce these serious diseases, travellers and others should always keep a supply of the Carminative by them.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

The prompt use of the Carminative Balsam will always remove the Diarrhœa and Cramps which accompany the attacks of Cholera, thus often conquering the disease in its incipiency. It has frequently been administered in neighborhoods where the Cholera has been raging epidemically, and has never failed to give immediate and permanent relief.

CHOLERA INFANTUM OR SUMMER COMPLAINT,

Is speedily and effectually cured by the Carminative. It removes all soreness of the Abdomen, allays the irritation and calms the action of the Stomach, and may always be relied on to remove the sufferings of the little ones, when used according to directions.

Cholera Morbus, Cholic, Griping, Pains, Sour Stomach, Waterbrash, Pain or Sickness of the Stomach, Want of Appetite, Wind in the Bowels, Cramps, Sea Sickness, and Bowel Affections and Nervous Diseases, are removed by Jayne's Carminative Balsam, with more certainty and ease than by any other preparation yet offered the public.

The Carminative Balsam, and all of DR. D. JAYNE & SON'S Family Medicines, are prepared only at 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country.

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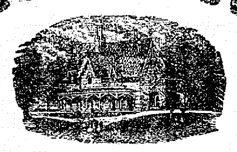
DUTY MADE EASY.

HOME LIFE



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