The Family Circle.

"OH, CALL MY BROTHER BACK TO ME."

"Oh, call my brother back to me;
I can not play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee;
Where is my brother gone?

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh, call my brother back."

"He would not hear my voice, fair child;
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see."

"And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

HOME INFLUENCE—A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNN.

I can imagine angels bending from their starry homes to catch the plaint tremulous with maternal love, or weeping sad tears over the prodigal insensible to its appeal, for it comes from a heart wrestling with its grief as did Jacob of old. He who has a praying mother has half an heirship in heaven; he may wander far away; his feet may be bruised by the rough stumbling-blocks of vice and folly, but the still, small voice of prayer follows till it finds an echo in his heart, and the words he learned at a mother's knee pass him into the fold of God. Think of this, mothers! Never weary, though your efforts have brought no fruition. He who sees the end from the beginning has marked your patience, and in His own good time will reward it. Never was the hour wasted that taught little children to lisp "Our Father." Long years of sin and folly, can never wholly erase those childish lessons, or do away with the remembrance of a good mother's teachings. Had Byron had a praying mother, his life had not become the wreck it was—imposing in its unequalled talent, grand in native power, and yet a wreck; the mind that could sway nations by its greatness of genius, itself unbalanced.

"Is that mother bending o'er me," murmur the pale lips of the dying soldier. He has read the Bible *her* thoughtful care provided, the prayer she taught has trembled on his pale lips, and amid the smoke and din of battle, the thought "Mother is praying for me" has nerved his hand for the encounter, and his heart to meet coming death; for somewhere on her knees his mother is wrestling with God for him, and his imperfect petition mingles with hers at the throne above.

Remember then, mothers, that cradle lessons are never forgotten. Better to send your boy forth armed with the shield of prayer, than give him a fortune, unblessed by precept or example, to spend in self-indulgence. Give him the gentle, refining influences of a Christian home, the remembrance of a childhood embalmed in prayer, and leave the future in God's hand. He will take up your unfinished work and perfect it in his own good time.

Many a soul has been saved by the hidden influence of a mother's prayer.

MARIETTE GUYON.

"THEY WANT ME TO MAKE THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

[illegible] and what harm was there in making the sign of the cross? If the reader will get the "Life of *Felix Neff*, Pastor of the High Alps," by Gilly, he will read that one day Neff met at Palons a little shepherdess, of twelve or thirteen years of age, who lived in the adjacent hamlet of Punayer with her grandfather and grandmother, who were Roman Catholics. She expressed great anxiety to be instructed in the gospel. She had no Protestant acquaintances. "Can you read?" said he. She burst into tears and exclaimed: "Oh if they would only *let* me come here to Sabbath-School, I should soon learn, but they tell me that I already know too much." By hearing conversations with some converts, she had learned something of the difference between Romanists and Protestants.

She had no opportunity of meeting with him or improving herself. She kept her flock near a rocky path leading to the valley of Fressiniere. Whenever she saw a peasant pass she would accost him in her simplicity and ask: "Where do you come from?" If he named a Catholic village she let him pass on, if a Protestant she approached and enquired of him. Sometimes she would get Protestant children who were watching their flock, to bring their New Testaments and read to her. Roman Catholics watched her, which required her to be more cautious.

In Spring she refused to go to mass. Her father was appealed to, and threats were made if she did not tell where she got "those new ideas." With great meekness she said to her father that God had put them in her heart. After conversing with her he said: "Who am I to oppose myself to God." "Some time after," said Neff, "I was coming to Palons, and while stopping near the bridge and cascade of Rimasse, I saw a flock of lambs which appeared to be hastily driven towards us by a young shepherdess.

"It was *Mariette*, who recognized us at a distance, and ran to us with breathless joy. She was overjoyed at meeting me. I got Madeleine Pellegrine, who was with me, to watch her flock, while she told me what she had suffered for the gospel, in so Christian and touching a manner, that I could hardly believe my ears, knowing that she did not know the letters of the alphabet." "It is the evil spirit in me which tempts me and gives me pain, and that I am too young and too feeble to persevere; but when I suffer most, then the good God supports me, and I fear nothing. *They want me to make the sign of the cross; they wish to drag me to mass*, and because I refuse, they beat me; and when they see that for the name of Christ I do not cry but rejoice in his name, they become more furious and beat me more."

One of her neighbors, a young shepherdess, with whom she often kept her flock, went to the Protestant Sabbath-School for both of them, and taught *Mariette* the verses from the Psalms and New Testament, which she learned at school. God blessed her and opened the way for her to attend the Protestant Church, and she gave every evidence of becoming a bright ornament of the gospel which she embraced from strong convictions of its purity.

Two points mainly were put in her way to test her faith. I. "*They want me to make the sign of the cross.*" II. "*They wish to drag me to mass.*"

What harm can there be in making the sign of the cross? Don't ladies wear it upon their breasts and suspended from their necks? Is it not a common thing for young men to wear breastpins in the form of a cross? Indeed is it not a common thing to place it upon churches, &c. Will it not occasionally be useful? We once heard of a Roman Catholic going past the door of a church where there was a cross on the pulpit. He entered the door, made his way to a convenient place, and went through the *Pater noster* and *Ave Marias*. Was not that a good thing? He no doubt thought it a church worthy of his attention, but if he had known the truth, what would he have thought and how his devotion would have expanded itself in cursing the church which was trying to steal the sign of his church. That old-fashioned writer *Jude*, 23: 2. speaks of "Hating even the garments spotted by the flesh," and our old writers and fathers felt that the use of the symbol of Rome, was rendering to Rome a reverence which no true Protestant Christian can do. So of *the mass*, what harm is in it? We know it is all a fallacy—that the Priest cannot make the true body and soul and blood of Jesus out of any wafer, that it is as grand a lie as ever came from Satan, and because it is a lie, shall we encourage, countenance, pay respect and reverence to it?

We admire the simplicity and fidelity of this little shepherdess—and hope that more of her spirit may possess the minds of so many in our day who are willing to wear *the spot* of Rome's filthy garments. Are we to understand when we meet a man or woman wearing these marks, that they are Papists? Or are we to hold that they do it to show their contempt for Popery? It is a vile attempt which Rome makes to get every weak-minded or thoughtless Protestant to wear it. What an argument it would have been against *Mariette*. if, when she went into the Sabbath-School or congregation of Neff, she had found a cross on the pulpit—crosses hung to the necks of the Sabbath-School children—breastpins upon the men and women? Certainly if it is no harm to have them round necks, paint them on the pulpit, stamp them on the Bible—there could be no harm in Mariette making the sign of the cross. We know that Theologians have been wont to put it down among "*superstitious devices.*" See Larger Catechism, 2nd commandment. It seems scarcely worth the time to trouble the church about this superstition—but I have been enquired of time and again what objection can be made to its use in our churches. My impromptu answer is:

I DON'T LIKE THE SPOT OF ROME.

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON'S PROCLAMATION.

Having already published President Lincoln's Proclamation, we give this week as a matter of historic interest, a similar one by the first President of the United States..

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—
A PROCLAMATION.

When we review the calamities which afflict so many other nations, the present condition of the United States affords much matter of consolation and satisfaction. Our exemption hitherto from foreign war, *an increasing prospect of the continuance of that exemption*, the great degree of internal tranquillity we have enjoyed, the recent confirmation of that tranquillity *by the suppression of an insurrection which so wantonly threatened it*, the happy course of our public affairs in general, the unexampled prosperity of all classes of our citizens, are circumstances which peculiarly mark our situation with indications of the Divine beneficence toward us. In such a state of things, it is, in an especial manner, our duty as a people, with devout reverence and affectionate gratitude, to acknowledge our many and great obligations to Almighty God, and to implore him to continue and confirm the blessings we experience.

Deeply penetrated with this sentiment, I, George Washington, President of the United States, do recommend to all religious societies and denominations and to all persons whomsoever within the United States, to set apart and observe Thursday, the nineteenth day of February next, as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer; and on that day to meet together and render their sincere and hearty thanks to the Great Ruler of Nations for the manifold and signal mercies which distinguish our lot as a nation: Particularly for the possession of constitutions of government which unite, and, by their union, establish liberty with order; for the preservation of our peace, foreign and domestic; for the seasonable control which has been given to the spirit of disorder in the suppression of the late insurrection; and generally for the prosperous course of our affairs, public and private; and, at the same time, humbly and fervently to beseech the kind Author of these blessings graciously to prolong them to us—to imprint on our hearts a deep and solemn sense of our obligations to him for them; to teach us rightly to estimate their immense value; to preserve us from the arrogance of prosperity, and from hazarding the advantages we enjoy by delusive pursuits; to dispose us to merit the continuance of his favors by not abusing them, by our gratitude for them, and by a correspondent action as citizens and as men—to render this country more and more a safe and propitious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries; to extend among us true and useful knowledge; to diffuse and establish habits of sobriety, order, morality, and piety; and, finally to impart all the blessings we possess or ask for ourselves, *to the whole family of mankind.*

{L. S.} In testimony whereof I have caused the seal of the United States of America to be affixed to these presents, and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the City of Philadelphia the first day of January, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, and of the independence of the United States of America the nineteenth.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

By the President, Edm. Randolph.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

Among all the congresses, held this year, of princes, lawyers, musicians, schoolmasters, social-science men, political economists, and a hundred others, one very notable meeting has almost escaped public attention. A few days ago a congress of the members of the illustrious house of Rothschild was sitting at Paris. The purport of the meeting was nothing less than to re-arrange the dominions of the great banking dynasty. In one word, the great object of the Rothschild congress was to reduce the five branches of the house who now rule Europe to four, and, following the example of Garibaldi, to strike another sovereign of Naples from the list of reigning monarchs. Henceforth there are to be but four kings of the house of Rothschild, with secure thrones at London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort. It is now exactly a hundred years since a poor Jew, called Mayer Anslem, made his appearance at the city of Hanover, barefooted, with a sack on his shoulder, and a bundle of rags on his back. Successful in trade, like most of co-religionists, he returned to Frankfort at the end of a few years, and set up a small shop in the "Jew Lane," over which hung the sign-board of a red shield, called, in German, rothschild.

As a dealer in old and rare coins, he made the acquaintance of the Serene Elector of Hesse Cassel, who, happening to be in want of a confidential agent for various open and secret purposes, appointed the shrewd-looking Mayer Anslem to the post. The Serene Elector, being compelled, soon after, to fly his country, Mayer Anslem took charge of his cash, amounting to several millions of florins. With the instinct of his race, Anslem did not forget to put the money out on good interest, so that, before Napoleon was gone to Elba, and the illustrious Elector had returned to Cassel, the capital had more than doubled. The ruler of Hesse Cassel thought it almost a marvel to get his money safely returned from the Jew Lane at Frankfort, and, at the Congress of Vienna, was never tired of singing the praise of his Hebrew agent to all the princes of Europe. The dwellers under the sign of the red shield laughed in their sleeves, keeping carefully to themselves the great fact that the electoral two million florins brought them four millions of their own. Never was honesty a better policy.

Mayer Anslem died in 1812, without having the supreme satisfaction of hearing his honesty extolled by kings and princes. He left five sons, who succeeded him in the banking and money lending business, and who, conscious of their social value, dropped the name of Anslem, and adopted the higher-sounding one of Rothschild, taken from the sign-board over the paternal house. On his death-bed, their father had taken a solemn oath from all of them to hold his four millions well together, and they have faithfully kept the injunction. But the old city of Frankfort clearly was too narrow a realm for the fruitful sowing of four millions, and, in consequence, the five were determined, after a while, to extend their sphere of operations by establishing branch banks at the chief cities of Europe. The eldest son, Anslem, born 1773, remained at Frankfort; the second, Solomon, born in 1774, settled at Vienna; the third, Nathan, born in 1777, went to London; fourth, Charles, the *enfant terrible* of the family, established himself in the soft climate of Naples; and the fifth and youngest, James, born 1792, took up his residence at Paris.

Strictly united, the wealth and power of the five Rothschilds, was vested in the eldest-born; nevertheless, the shrewdest of the sons of Mayer Anslem, and the heir of his genius, Nathan, the third son, soon took the reigns of government into his own hands. By his faith in Wellington and the flesh and muscle of British soldiers, he nearly doubled the fortune of the family, gaining more than a million sterling by the sole battle of Waterloo, the news of which he carried to England two days earlier than the mail. The weight of the solid millions gradually transferred the ascendancey in the family from Germany to England, making London the metropolis of the reigning dynasty of Rothschild. Like the royal families of Europe, the members of the house of Rothschild only intermarry with each other. James Rothschild married the daughter of his brother Solomon; his son Edward, heir-apparent of the French line, was united to his first cousin, the daughter of Lionel, and granddaughter of Nathan Rothschild; and Lionel again—M. P. for London—gave his hand, in 1836, to his first cousin Charlotte, the daughter of Charles Rothschild, of Naples.

It is unnecessary to say that, although these matrimonial alliances have kept the millions wonderfully together, they have not improved the race of old Mayer Anslem, of the red shield. Already, signs of physical weakness are becoming visible in the great family. So, at least, hint the French papers in their meagre notices about the Rothschild Congress at Paris. From all that can be gathered out of a wilderness of *canards*,—thin faces and thick fiction. It appears that the sovereign princes of the Stock Exchange met in conference for the double purpose of centralizing their money power and widening their matrimonial realm. In other words, the five reigning kings, descendants, according to the law of primogeniture, of the five sons of Mayer Anslem, came to the decision to reduce their number to four, by cutting off the Neapolitan branch of Charles Rothschild, while it was likewise decided that permission should be given to the younger members of the family to marry, for the benefit of the race, beyond the range of first cousinship.

What has led to the exclusion of the Neopolitan line of Rothschild seems to have been the constant exercise of a highly blameable liberality unheard of in the annals of the family. Charles, the prodigal son of Mayer Anslem, actually presented, in the year 1846, 10,000 ducats to the orphan asylum of St. Carlo, at Naples, and the son and heir of Charles, Gustavus, has given repeated signs of his inclination to follow in the footsteps of his father. Such conduct, utterly unbecoming the policy of the house of Rothschild, could not be allowed to pass unnoticed, and, accordingly, we quote the rumor of Paris journalism—the *decheance* of the Neapolitan line has been pronounced. However, Baron Gustavus de Rothschild is not to retire into private life, like famous Charles V., with only a cassock on his shoulders and a [illegible] in his hand, but is allowed to take with him a small fortune of 150,000,000 francs, or about six millions sterling—a mere crumb from the table of the descendants of poor Mayer Anslem, who wandered shoeless through the electorate of good King George the Third. It is certain that no romance of royalty is equal to the romance of the house of Rothschild.—*London Globe.*

BARON TRENCK AND HIS MOUSE.

Laden with chains, and in a horrible dungeon in the Fortress of Magdeburg, Trenck contrived to make himself the friend of a little mouse. It would eat of the mouldy bread of the prisoner, and was constantly playing with him. One night the little quadruped skipped about so much that the noise attracted attention. The town-major arrived in consequence, early in the morning, accompanied by locksmiths and masons. The floors, the walls, the baron's chains, his body—every thing, in short, was strictly examined. Finding all in order, they asked the cause of the last evening's bustle. Trenck had heard the mouse, and told them frankly by what it had been occasioned. They desired him to call his little favorite. He whistled, and the mouse immediately leaped upon his shoulder. He solicited that its life might be spared, but the officer of the guard took it into his possession, promising, however, on his word of honor, to give it to a lady who would take great care of it. Turning it afterward loose in his chamber, the mouse, who knew nobody but Trenck, soon disappeared, and hid itself in a hole. At the usual hour of visiting his prison, when the officers were just going away, the poor little animal darted in, climbed up his legs, seated himself on his shoulder, and played a thousand tricks to express the joy it felt on seeing him again. Every one was astonished, and wished to have it. The major, to terminate the dispute, carried it away and gave it to his wife, who had a light cage made for it; but the mouse refused to eat, and a few days after was found dead.

A NATION OF PIGMIES.

In the bay of Bengal, on the very high road of commerce, is a group of islands thickly covered with impenetrable jungle, and swarming with leeches in the rainy, and ticks in the dry season. Except a species of pig, until recently unknown to science, there are no wild animals that offer any molestation to man; but to make up for this deficiency, the human inhabitants are amongst the most savage and hostile that voyagers have ever encountered: They may truly be termed a nation of pigmies, being on an average only four feet five inches high, and weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds; but they are well proportioned, and display an agility and nimbleness truly wonderful. Their skin is dark, though not black as that of the negro, and their faces decidedly ugly. They go entirely naked, shave the hair off their head with pieces of bamboo or broken bottle, and further increase their unsightly appearance by daubing themselves all over with a mixture of red ochre and oil; or covering their persons towards nightfall with a thick coating of soft mud, to serve as a protection against the mosquitoes, with which, in addition to the leeches and ticks, they seem to be tormented the whole year round. They are excellent swimmers, taking to the water almost before they can walk; and they rely upon the sea for the principal supply of their food—turtles, oysters, and fish.

Remarkable Occurrence.—A negro cook in one of the regiments on Morris Island lately conceived the idea of making sinkers for fish lines out of the lead around Parrott shot. To this end he placed a shell in a stove and sat down, ladle in hand, to catch the molten lead as it fell. Just about the time the lead should have fused, the stove separated into very minute fragments, and the last seen of the smelter was a series of involutary gymnastics creditable to his agility but unpleasant from their abruptness.

CELLARS.

Farmers will soon fill their cellars with fruit and vegetables, to remain during a part or the whole of the winter. These apartments should therefore be first put in perfect order before receiving their supplies. We visited, some time ago, the residence of a friend who had given as much attention to the finishing and arranging of his cellar as to that of any other part of his house. It was more worthy of a visit than the finest drawing-rooms with rosewood furniture and Wilton carpets. In the first place, the walls were built in the smoothest and most substantial manner; the floors were covered with the best water-lime cement, now as hard as flagging, and as smooth as planed boards; the cellar was divided into apartments, one for vegetables, another for fruit, another still for provisions, a fourth for the dairy and a fifth for coal and furnace—for the cellar extended under the whole house, kitchen and all. In the vegetable apartment bins were made in the middle, so as to have a passage around them, and in these bins the vegetables were placed, some with only a cover, and others packed in sand, or in moss. Nearly dry and fine moss, was preferred to anything else for packing beets, turnips, parsnips, and cabbages. The bins were not made of rough boards, as generally seen, but were planed and painted, and the whole presented the neatest appearance. The fruit shelves were in a similar manner, with a passage all around them, both for ventilation and to allow the attendant to assort them frequently.

The partitions between the different apartments were brick walls, and each one was easily accessible, both from the outside large door and from the kitchen.

How much better is such a cellar as this, than those too frequently met with, low, damp and unpleasant, with a pile of dirty potatoes in one corner, a bin of half broken boards in another, partly filled with half rotten apples; a few scattered cabbage heads lying on the wet earth; and a general medley occupying the rest of the places.—*Country Gentleman.*

CASE OF GUNSHOT WOUND

OF THE BRAIN, TREATED AT THE MCKIM'S HOSPITAL, BALTIMORE, MD.

The surgical history of the present war will demonstrate one fact, which is frequently overlooked in the treatment of injuries about the head, viz.: that serious lesions may exist as the result of injury, and the fact escape the observation of the surgeon and even the patient himself.

Private A. Van Valker, Company A, 7th Wisconsin volunteer, was admitted into this hospital on July 8th, 1863. He was wounded at the second day's fight at Gettysburg. The wound was over the orbit of the right eye, and supposed by himself to have been made by a piece of shell. The missile struck at the external extremity of the frontal sinus, and the pulsation of the brain could be seen through the wound. The patient suffered great pain over the brow, and complained also of a numbness, caused no doubt by the division of the supra-orbital branch of the fifth pair of nerves. The treatment adopted was anodynes and cold water dressing to the wound, with rest and light diet. The patient rapidly recuperated and in a few days was able to go to his meals. In the course of ten days he was able to go on a pass, and every few days he repeated his walks. During this time he was cheerful, enjoying good appetite, and the external wound was sufficiently healed as not to require dressing. On September 12th he walked two miles in the middle of the day to witness a military parade. He was asked by his companion if he suffered any pain from the exercise and exposure of the sun; he replied, none at all.

On September the 7th he complained of headache and nausea. The symptoms increased, vomiting ensued, and the patient kept his hands continually compressed upon his head. When asked what part of his head pained most, he replied, it pained all over. All efforts to relieve him were unsuccessful. Counter-irritation and opiates were used in vain; the patient refused all food, and then became comatose, and on the night of the 20th he died.

An autopsy was held on the following morning, and revealed the following remarkable circumstances. The skull had been penetrated about the middle of the roof of the orbit, and spiculæ of bone were driven in upon the substance of the brain. On lifting up the anterior lobe of the right side, a large quantity of pus escaped. The hemispheres of the brain upon being gently separated, allowed the escape of pus, apparently from the right ventricle. The whole anterior portion of the right hemisphere was in a state of disorganization, amounting almost to gangrene; the mass was very offensive. Upon separating this mass a minie ball weighing about an ounce, fell out of the substance of the brain from the posterior part of the anterior lobe somewhere near the sella turcica. The appearence of a foreign body being so unexpected, its exact locality could not be correctly stated, as he disorganized mass was not firm enough to permit of dissection.

It will be observed that the patient carried the ball in his brain for two months, and had fragments of his skull driven in upon his brain for the same length of time, without being in any degree conscious of it. From the appearance of the brain the process of suppuration and decomposition must have been going on for some time previous to his death. His mental faculties remained the same up to the time of his final sickness, and a member of his regiment states that he knew of no difference in his mental condition previous and subsequent to the receipt of his wound. It should be remarked that a piece of foreign substance was taken from the fractured bone, apparently a portion of his cap. It had not reached the brain, and can hardly be considered as having had an important bearing upon the result of the case.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

Advertisements.

THE UNDERSIGNED INTENDS, IN A FEW days sending Agents to the various battle-fields, with Richardson's Premium Circular-ends Air-Tight Casket, for the purpose of bringing home the bodies of those who have fallen in their country's defense.

These Cask etscan be furnished at less than half the cost of the Metallic Coffin.

All orders intrusted to me will be carefully attended to, and bodies delivered to their friends free from any disagreeable odor, no matter how long interred, or no charge made for the Casket.

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PRESCRIPTION
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Eighth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.
(Established 1829.)
NONE but the best Medicines dispensed. Price uniform and reasonable. Persons residing in the country can have their orders faithfully and promptly executed, no matter how small. Physicians supplied with pure medicines and medical parations. jul2*

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CRACKER AND BISCUIT BAKERS,
1905 Market Street, Phila.
Superior Crackers, Pilot and Ship Bread,
Soda, Sugar and Wine Biscuits, Pic-Nics, Jumbles, and Ginger Nuts.
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Ground Cracker in any Quantity.
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AYERS'
SARSAPARILLA,
THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY FOR
Scrofula and Scrofulous Diseases.

From Emery Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Scores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N.J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known Gage, Murray & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost every thing a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time: but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as any body's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Sawin, Houston-St., New York.

Dr. AYER. I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alterative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakeman, Ohio.

"For twelve years, I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as any body. Being in a public place, my case is known to every body in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monro, M.P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhannock Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skilful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Neuralgia,

when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S
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possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been, and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

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