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DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Makes Delicate Females, who are never feeling Well, Strong and Healthy.

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Has restored many Persons who have been unable to work for years. DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Should be taken if your Stomach is out of Order. Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar

Will prevent Malarious Fevers, and braces up the System.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Possesses Vegetable Ingredients which make it the best Tonic in the market.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has proved itself in thousands of cases

capable of curing all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Cures all Chronic Coughs, and Coughs and Colds. more effectually than any other remedy

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has Cured cases of Consumption pronounced incurable by physicians.

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DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Removes Pain in Breast, Side or Back

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Dr. CROOK'S Compound Syrup of Poke Root,

Cures any disease or Eruption on the Skin

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT, Cures Rheumatism and Pains in Limbs, Bones, &c.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT.

broken down from Mineral or Mercurial Poisons. DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

Builds up Constitutions

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT, Cares all Mercurial Diseases. DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

Should be taken by all requiring a remedy to make pure blood.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT.

Cures Scald Head, Salt Rheum and Tetter. DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT, Cures long standing Diseases of the Liver.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT,

Removes Syphilis or the diseases it entails mo-teffectually and speedily any and all other remediescombined.

THE EMPEROR'S GIFT.

THE little city of Saadam, which had I been undisturbed for so many years except by the clink of the ship-carpenter's hammer, was destined to be the scene of the wildest diplomacy and the noisiest excitement resulting from it. A rumor of the presence incognito of the great Czar, Peter the Great, attraced high representatives from the courts of England, France and other leading European countries, all of which conceived it of the highest importance to their welfare to secure favorable treaties with Russia. With nothing but this report to guide them, Lord Syndham, on the part of England, and Chateauneuf, on the part of France, set out with their suites, all in disguise, for the purpose of secretly obtaining the advantage of each other in the matter which was so important to them and their countries.

Meanwhile, the town of Saadam went on in its accustomed routine of work and recreation, filled with busy carpenters who varied their work only with drink, song, and the pretty Dutch girls who sold them their beverages. Among the prettiest of the latter was a lass named Mary, who lived with an old Mrs. Brown, and who won the attentions and presumably the affections of two Peters, one Peter Ivanhoff, and the other Peter Michaelow. The former seemed naturally to be the possessor of the young woman's heart, but she was too pretty not to be a coquette, and he came near losing his influence over her by means of an irritating jealousy which he constantly manifested at all her actions. The other Peter, meantime, gained ground by his confidence, his self-possession and his attentions, unhampered by the bickerings of a jealous disposition.

One day the whole community was started by a order from the mayor to suspend work for an hour that he might carry on an examination which he pretended to be of the greatest importance. This Mayor -named Van Bett, was a pompous individual, who prided himself upon his shrewdness of perception and boldness of action, estimating his position to be a much more important and responsible one than that of the king under which he served. "Domneering, engineering, persevering, caunoncering, electioneering, and scrutineering," was his favorite description of himself,-in spite of which be was as ignorant a fellow as Holland could well have produced. When, however, he received a commission to ferret out one Peter, whose discovery was alleged to be one of the greatest importance, he felt not the slightest doubt of his complete success, and set about the work at once. He was to deliver this person to Lord Syndham, though he was not aware of the latter's name or position, any more than that of the man he was looking for, or any other of the dramatis personæ.

Van Bett caused all the ship-carpenters to assemble before him, and then pompously demanded a fellow named Peter.

"My name is Peter," answered one. "And mine;" "and mine;" "and mine," rang through the whole line of workmen. In fact, they all laid claim to this venerable and patriarchal prenomenon. At last, he succeeded in reducing the number to two Peters from abroad, one of them Peter Michaelow and the other Peter Ivanhoff. With his usual clear perception he chose the latter as the one he was in search of, and having dismissed all the others, intending to determine the matter.

Now the fact was that Peter Ivanhoff was a deserter from the Russian army, and he trembled in his boots at the idea of being questioned by any authority. Uncertain whether to make a clear breast of of the whole affair or still further to prevaricate he was just confused enough to render old Van Bett positive that he had found the right man. The Mayor fixed the matter finally by a reference to his niece, Mary.

"You are in love with Mary. You needn't deny it. I saw all about it. I know everything. Now, my young friend if you will go along with me, and this affair turns out all right, you shall have ber."

This promise reconciled Peter Ivanhoff to the situation, and be went off with the the mayor considerably comforted, leaving Peter Michaelow, his rival, free to court Mary for himself.

While the English ambassador has intrusted the finding of his man to the blockhead Mayor the French ambassador, Chateauncuf, set about the matter. He went to work, very like a Frenchman, by paying his attentions to the pretty girls, and finding out Miss Mary as the prettiest, soon came in contact with Peter Michaelow, The Frenchman immediately remarked the companions about him, and resolved to feel the ground he was treading. After affiliating with the people awhile, seeking the company of Miss Mary and Peter particularly, the Frenchman suddenly announced his intention of leaving.

"Why are you going so soon?" asked

"I am connected with the French embassy. Now, there is a public rumor-and the fact is scarcely to be doubted-that the Russians are defeated, and that the power of the Czar is completely broken up, so that"-

and excitedly exclaimed Peter.

"It is true. The Russian armies are all defeated and dispersed by the Turks." They have seized Moscow and are holding

er works."

"This is a shameful imposition!" cried Peter again. "The Turks have yet cause to fear the valor of the Russians-they have not forgotten the victories at Procop."

"Aha! I thought it was so. You are the czar," whispered Chateauneuf in Peter's ear. "What is that?" asked Miss Mary with

womanly curiosity, who had heard the whisper but failed to catch the words. "It is nothing-nothing in the world, my friend," hurriedly added Peter, and his haste in hushing up these words made the Frenchman's impression certain. Presently, indeed. Peter indicated to him that he

would speak further with him as soon as

an opportunity should present itself, and then they mingled in the festivities of a wedding that was fixed for that day. It was not long before Peter Michaelew, Chateauneuf, and one of his companious

found their way to a comparatively secluded spot, the only persons who were near being Lord Syndham, Peter Ivanboff, and the Mayor Van Bett, who were engaged in close conversation. Both parties being in disguise, and each ignorant of the other's true character, no suspicions were aroused on either side, and only the necessary precautions of talking low was observed.

The latter group was especially mysterious. It was Lord Syndham's object to get a treaty out of the man who had been brought to him, and whom he thought to be the czar, still maintaining his disguise. It was Peter Ivanhoff's object to get a passport by which be might escape from a city which now seemed to him to be daugerous to him as a deserter. It was Van Bett's object to be officious and to discover what was going on, but who was still more mystified when he heard the man whom he had brought called "Majesty." At last, Lord Syndham succeeded in getting Peter Ivanhoff's signature to a paper, which the latter did not even read, in exchange for a free passport from the Holland authorities, which he was not to use, however, for a certain length of time. Van Bett was intrusted with his safe-keeping meanwhile, and this succession of mysteries began to make the pompous old dignitary to think that he had to deal with a set of precious rascale

During the same time that all this was transpiring, Chateauneuff had procured the signature of Peter Micaelow to treaty of the greatest importance to France. He had secured this by revealing to Peter the existence and details of a conspiracy against him, and by offering him the means of escape and assistance to put down the league.

As already intimated Van Bett slowly came to the conclusion that there was a set of dangerous fellows about him, and resolved to assert his authority and make arrests. He regarded Chateauneuf with special suspicion, and finally approaching him told him that he was under arrest, and asked him what excuse be could offer for his presence in Saardam.

"My name is Chateauneuf-the Marquis de Chateauneuf-and I am the embassador of the King of France and Navarr."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried the Mayor at his mistake : "I did not mean you, I refer to this fellow at your side. Who are you

"Admiral Lefort, at your service, the embassador of the Emperor of all the Rus-

"Heavens and earth, what does all this mean?

I beg your pardon, admiral; the wisest men will make mistakes, you know. But here's a rascal I'll be bound. Come, sir, who are you?" he asked flercely turning to another.

"I am Lord Syndham, the embassador of his Britanic Majesty.'

"That is too bad !" cried the unfortunate Mayor in despair; "running up against a real Lord in that way." But the populace now began to hoot and jeer at him in a manner that made him all the more determined to arrest somebody. He then turned open Peter Ivanhoff and was about to arrest him, when the English ambassador stepped up and told him that he should be careful how he laid his hands on the egar of Russia. No one was more surprised at this announcement than Peter Ivanhoff himself. But the Mayor still obstimust for an arrest, at once turned about and accosted Peter Michaelow, with the purpose to arrest him. The latter was about to declare himself, when he was restrained by his friends Chateauneuf and contrast between this man and the boorish Lefort, and escaped simply by running

> Van Bett and the populace were now so much occupied with the discovery of the Czar in Peter Ivanhoff that they devoted all their attention to him. He was conducted to the palace and entertained in state. Poor Peter did not relish this treatment so much as he might have done, knowing full well that the mistake must be discovered somer or later, and feeling that a descent from the position of caar to that of a deserter would not be a pleasant one.

Besides he had a stormy interview with

"It can't be so-it is not so !" rashly the deception that he had practised upon her ; refused to forgive him for being a Czar, and declined to believe that he was not a Czar. So she left him with the thought that she would accept the attentions of his rival-Peter Michaelow-a thought which superinduced a degree of misery for which

no temporary czarship could compensate. In the meantime, Peter Michaelow had visited the fictitious Czar secretly, and the latter had made a full confession of his desertion and begged his friend to help him. Peter Michaelow promised to do so, and left Peter Ivanhoff a paper, which he gave him is exchange for the passport that the latter had. Peter Ivanhoff was instructed not to open this paper till an hour later. when it would be found to contain a solution of all his troubles.

Now came the public reception which the boorish Mayor had projected for the suppositious czar. He came in at the head of the populace, presented a flatulent address, and proceeded to lead the chorus in triumphal music which he had himself composed for the occasion. It was in the height of this celebration that the startling announcement was made that Peter Michaelow was at the head of a large armed party, and was about to force the port. The galiant mayor marshalled the people about him, reached the port just in time to see a large ship and making for the open sea with Peter Michaelow, the real Czar, accompanied by Chateauncuf and Lefort waving his adieux to those on shore.

It was then that Peter Ivanhoff bethought him to open the paper which had been given to him. He found it to be a full pardon for his desertion, future freedom from military service, and a grant of pretty Miss Mary's hand and heart-all given to him by the Emperor Peter, Czar of all the Russians. Mary was very willing, and she always had been in fact and as Peter Ivanhoff pressed her to his bosom he thought the situation to be much pleasanter than that of playing Czar.

The English ambassador went away cursing Dutch stupidity, but forgetting his own, while the French ambassador had carried off the prize.

A Good One.

PARTY of old soldiers were sitting together talking of their adventures during the war, and, as is generally the case, some pretty hard yarns were told .-The conversation finally turned on promotions, when a tall Teutonic broke loose with, " I'll tell you something about that, boys. When I joined the cavalry I hadn't been long in this country, and I didn't understand much English. We were sent up in the Valley, and at the battle of Winchester we were ordered to charge a battery. Well, the Captain gave the order to charge, and away we went in fine style. The Johnnies opened on us with grape and canister. Many a horse tumbled over, and plenty of saddles were emptied. That didn't make any difference; we went straight ahead .-Suddenly the Captain gave the order to retreat. The whole company turned and went back as fast as they could, except me. You see, I didn't understand the order, so I kept on and charged right in amongst them, and by Joe, I captured the whole battery and brought it off safe myself. Now. I tell you how it turned out. The next day the Captain was made a Major, the First Lieutenant was made Captain, and ---.

"Well, what did they do for you?" in-

"Why, they put me in the gnard-house, because I wouldn't tell a lie."

A Good Retort.

DURING the Session of Congress in which John Randolph and George Kremer were both members, the eccentric Virginian made one of his peculiar speech es, in which he often quoted Latin and Greek. After he had concluded, Kremer arose, and, in a strain of well acted indignation, poured forth a torrent of Pennsyl vania German upon the head of the amazed and startled Randolph. His violent gesticulations, his loud and boisterous tones, his defiant manner, were not more annoying to the imperious Southener than the fact that he could not understand a word that was spoken. And when honest George took his seat, covered with perspiration, Randolph arose and begged the honorable gentleman from Pennsylvania to enlighten the House and the country by translating what he had just uttered.

Mr. Kremer retorted as follows:

"I have only to say in reply to my friend from Virginia, that when he translates the dead languages, which he is constantly using, for the benefit of us country members, into something like English, I will be equally liberal in translating my living Pennsylvania Dutch into something that the house can understand." The laugh was completely against Randolph.

"Mr. C-, will you take sugar and cream in your coffee, ?" asked an excellent housewife of a country cousin.

and bald-headed." La A gentleman was introduced to a

"Ne, ma'am ; I just take it barefooted

young lady recently, and addressed her as follows; "Where do you live when you days, will be none the worse for a lesson that are at home?" to which she promptly relittle Miss Mary, who reproached him with plied. "When I am at home I live there." future.

A Persevering Chap.

COME years since there resided in Washington, a very lovely girl, who wished to marry a young man named Robert an engagement having been recently entered into between them, to that effect.

Her father, however, objected to this

match with one of his clerks, and when the lady received a tempting proposal from a wealthy suitor, the paternal influence soon effected a marriage despite the previous engagement. In less than three months her husband was killed by a kick from a horse. Robert was a second time a suitor, but dolayed the important question until fifteen months had elapsed, when, to his horror, she informed him that she was engaged -In three months thereafter she was married. Two years elapsed, when the married couple removed to Syracuse, N. Y., where, among the victims of the cholers, when the postience swept that city, was the second taken. Robert again sought her hand, and when a year had elapsed, was on the eve of a declaration, when lo! he received an invitation to her wedding! Her late husband's business was found in such a state that to avoid immense losses, she removed with her third husband to Detroit. Michigan .-A few years elapsed, when herself and husband were on a steamer that was wrecked near Buffalo. The husband perished, and the wife escaped solely through the exertion of a friend who was on board. His gallantry inspired such sentiments in her breast, that she married her brave preserver a few months after her third widowhood .-The happy pair removed to Pit sburg, where her husband was engaged in the mercantile business. Thither Robert, still cherishing his first love, followed them .-One day as he was passing the door of the husband's store, he saw a terrible commotion. Rushing in, he beheld the mangled corpse of that gentleman on the floor. A tierce of rice being hoisted to an upper story had fallen through the traps, killing him instantly. Anxiously Robert inquired if any one had been sent to inform his wife, and was told that the book-keeperhad just gone. Robert started for Allegheny city, where the deceased resided, at the top of his speed. The book-keeper was just ahead of him, and from past experiences knowing the virtue of prompt action and apprehend. ing that the clerk had designs on the widow, he ran for dear life, side by side. The race centinued until they reached Hand street bridge, when the clerk was obliged to stop to pay the toll, while Robert, a commuter, passed over without stopping .-Reaching the house of the widow first, Robert told the heartrending news, and almost in the same breath made a proposition of marriage. He was accepted. True to her promise, after a year of mourning she became his wife. As all her husbands had died wealthy. Robert was comfortably fixed, after all. This case is a remarkable example of what "pluck and perseverance" will do for a man, while at the same time it teaches a lesson on the danger of delay.

A Hair Trade.

LITTLE while ago, there was a fancy Fair at Brussels. The object was a charity, and the ladies who kept the stalls did some things which ladies as a rule avoid doing. It is supposed, of course, that the poor ought not to be deprived of money that can be got by any means not involving positive impropriety. In this way kisses have been sold at Fairs, and in this way at Brussels, a lady sold, or was supposed to have sold, part of her beautiful tresses. A gentleman passing her stall was greatly attracted by the fair saleswoman's charms, and gallantly demanded to know the price of one of the locks hanging from ber chignon. Now the lady has a husband, and, thinking it right to consult him on the subject, she diplomatically managed to postpone the negotiation until next day.-The husband said money for the poor ought not to be turned away, but, with pious fraud, his hair being, like his wife's, light brown, he cut a lock from his own head and gave it to her. Next day the ensmored purchaser received this lock, and paid an extremely high price for it. So far all was well, but the happy couple

not resist whispering the delicate little secret to just one or two amused friends .-Presently the deceived admirer heard that he had been duped and was very much laughed at. His displeasure has now expressed itself in a most disagreeable manner. In Belgium, deceit in the quality or nature of an article sold for money exposes the vendors to very severe punishment .-The gallant Belgian, who seems as warm and vigorous in fighting as in loving, has setually summoned leth husband and wife into Court, and they will be compelled to swear whether the hair sold was or was not the genuine article the lady professed it to be. The affair is producing a lively excitament, and the trial, which is just about to begin, at last accounts, will be eagerly watched. Undoubtedly, the deluded purchaser, like all who come to grief through the tender passion, deserves a certain share of sympathy; but really, a man who could have the folly to believe in the genuiness of any hair depending from a chignon in these

will teach him to be less credulous in the

were subsequently indiscreet. They could