

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Has been tested by the public FOR TEN YEARS Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar Renovates and Invigorates the entire system.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Is the very remedy for the Weak and Debilitated.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Rapidly restores exhausted Strength.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Restores the Appetite and Strengthens the Stomach.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Causes the food to digest, removing Dyspepsia and indigestion.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Gives tone and energy to Debilitated Constitutions.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR All recovering from any illness will find this the best Tonic they can take.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Is an effective Regulator of the Liver.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Cures Jaundice, or any Liver Complaint.

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

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR 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.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has cured so many cases of Asthma and Bronchitis that it has been pronounced a specific for these complaints.

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

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be taken for diseases of the Urinary Organs.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Cures Gravel and Kidney Diseases.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be taken for all Throat and Lung Ailments.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be kept in every house, and its life-giving Tonic properties tried by all.

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, Builds up Constitutions broken down from Mineral or Mercurial Poisons.

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

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT, 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 most effectually and speedily than any and all other remedies combined.

THE EMPEROR'S GIFT.

THE little city of Saadam, which had 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.

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.

One day the whole community was started by an 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.

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.

This promise reconciled Peter Ivanhoff to the situation, and he went off with 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 block-head Mayor the French ambassador, Chateaufort, 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.

"Why are you going so soon?" asked Peter. "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"—

"It can't be so—it is not so!" rashly 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 her 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 Chateaufort 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.

It was not long before Peter Michaelow, Chateaufort, and one of his companions found their way to a comparatively secluded spot, the only persons who were near being Lord Syndham, Peter Ivanhoff, and the Mayor Van Bett, who were engaged in close conversation.

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.

During the same time that all this was transpiring, Chateaufort had procured the signature of Peter Michaelow to a treaty of the greatest importance to France.

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.

"My name is Chateaufort—the Marquis de Chateaufort—and I am the ambassador 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 sir?"

"Admiral Lefort, at your service, the ambassador of the Emperor of all the Russians."

"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 fiercely turning to another.

"I am Lord Syndham, the ambassador of his Britannic Majesty."

"That is too bad!" cried the unfortunate Mayor in despair; "running up against a real Lord in that way."

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.

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

A gentleman was introduced to a young lady recently, and addressed her as follows: "Where do you live when you are at home?" to which she promptly replied. "When I am at home I live there."

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 in exchange for the passport that the latter had.

Now came the public reception which the boorish Mayor had projected for the supposititious czar. He came in at the head of the populace, presented a stultic address, and proceeded to lead the chorus in triumphal music which he had himself composed for the occasion.

It was then that Peter Ivanhoff thought 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.

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

A Good One.

A 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.

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 speeches, in which he often quoted Latin and Greek.

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."

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

"No, ma'am; I just take it barefooted and bald-headed."

A gentleman was introduced to a young lady recently, and addressed her as follows: "Where do you live when you are at home?" to which she promptly replied. "When I am at home I live there."

A Persevering Chap.

SOME 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.

Two years elapsed, when the married couple removed to Syracuse, N. Y., where, among the victims of the cholera, when the pestilence 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!

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.

A Hair Trade.

A 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.

So far all was well, but the happy couple were subsequently indiscreet. They could not resist whispering the delicate little secret to just one or two amused friends.

The affair is producing a lively excitement, 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 genuineness of any hair depending from a chignon in these days, will be none the worse for a lesson that will teach him to be less credulous in the future.