

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 disease it entails most effectually and speedily than any and all other remedies combined.

A Disappointed Darkey.

SAM is a colored "man and brother." He came north during the late war. He got as far as Connecticut and hired out to a radical farmer as a farm hand. Sam was free—that is, he was free to work early and late for a very little pay. He got his board and clothes such as they were, and occasionally, on a holiday, he found himself master of a shiplaster, of a small denomination. Once, his employer, aware that Sam was calculating to go to Hartford to attend a colored celebration, opened his heart and tendered the contraband a twenty-five cent shiplaster. Now Sam had an indistinct idea that notwithstanding his master's protestation of love for his unfortunate race, there were other colored men working in the neighborhood with himself who were infinitely better off than he was, and one especially who worked for a "copperhead," had a small sum laid away in one of the Hartford savings banks. So Sam had grown to be suspicious that his master was not treating him so generously as his self-laudations might seem to imply; and when he was proffered the twenty-five cent bill he plucked up courage to say, "Golly, massa, I knows I's a cullud pusson, and am not wuff much anyhow; but seein' dis chile ain't had nuffin' for about six months, 'peres to me you might raise it to half a dollar."

This stroke of audacity on Sam's part subjected him to a severe lecture, in which his employer figured as a benefactor, and Sam as an ungrateful creature who would not realize or appreciate what had been accomplished for his race. After this, Sam almost thought it his duty to decline the twenty-five cent piece; but when he thought of the dusky city charmers whom he might wish to treat to ice cream, he smothered his feeling of sympathy, pocketed his money and started for town to participate in the emancipation celebration.

Some time after this Sam's master was taken sick, and supposing that his end was approaching, sent for Sam to come to his bedside. The negro made his appearance, and with a joyful face drew near, expecting something vastly to his benefit would occur. What it would be he had not the remotest idea, but judging from his own feelings he thought that nothing less than a pretty good fiddle would be at all appropriate for a death bed present.

"You know," said his employer, "you have been a faithful servant to me, Sam." "Yes, massa." (Sam's ebony features developed into a broad grin.—He now hoped for a pair of cowhide boots in addition to the fiddle.)

"You know, Sam, I always treated you kindly."

"Yes, massa." (By this time Sam's imaginations had expanded into something like activity, and his desires now embraced the fiddle, boots, a handful of plug tobacco and a bandanna handkerchief, and he anxiously waited to hear the next word.)

His master then said in a solemn voice, "Sam, in consideration of your faithful services, I have directed in my will that when you die, if you in the meantime live in this neighborhood, you shall be buried by my side."

After waiting a few moments as if expecting something else was to be said, Sam asked, "Is dat all, massa?"

"Yes, Sam, all." "Then, said the disgusted African, "dis nigger don't like it! for maybe some dark night the Debbel come to look for massa, an' make a 'stake an' take poor Sam. No, massa, if all be same to you, dis chile 'fers to be buried by his self."

A Joke on A Tailor.

In Boston, many years ago, there lived (as there do now, we venture to say), two young fellows, rather waggish in their ways, who were in the habit of patronizing rather extensively a tailor by the name of Smith. Well, one day, into his shop these two young bloods strolled. Says one of them:

"Smith, we've been making a bet. Now, we want you to make each of us a suit of clothes; wait till the bet is decided and the one that loses will pay the whole."

"Certainly, gentlemen; I shall be most happy to serve you," says Smith, and forthwith their measures were taken, and in due course of time the clothes were sent home. A month or two passed by, and yet our friend, the tailor, saw nothing of his customers. One day, however, he met them, and thinking it almost time the bet was decided, he made up to them and asked how their clothes fitted. "O! excellently," says one; "by the by, Smith, our bet isn't decided yet." "Ah," says Smith, "what is it?" "Why, I bet that when *Bunker Hill Monument falls, it will fall towards the south!*" Bill, here, took me up, and when the bet is decided, we'll call and pay that little bill." Smith's face stretched twice its usual length, but he soon recovered his wonted good humor.

Here is an item for moderate drinkers and others. The distillers in this country are now agitating the question of the distillation of spirits from the garbage of cities. In this new process the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into vats, boiled, the grease skimmed off, and the pulpy mess fermented and distilled. A barrel of garbage yields four gallons of proof spirits. Any one who in his peripatetic has encountered a swill cart and enjoyed its invigorating odor, must enter upon the consumption of spirits so manufactured with peculiar zest.

SUNDAY READING.

Pompey's Conscience.

Several years ago, in a New England village might be found a very flourishing Congregational church, which was served by an elderly pastor of great worth, and of unusual ability as a preacher. It was as common then as it is now uncommon, for the pastoral relation among them to grow stronger with age, and not unfrequently to last a lifetime. "But times change and we change with them," the Roman poet says, and so our old friend the pastor found. He was not at all disposed to yield up his position, though he knew from the cold looks of some, and averted faces of old friends, members of his congregation, that he did not stand so well with the 'new set,' who had sprung up in the room of their fathers. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and the good man felt in his bones that he was to see trouble ere long.

Matters came to a crisis in the following fashion: The malcontents had for some time been finding fault—with his doctrines, which were "old fogy" and "out of date;" "too prosy," "without fire," and "not of a sort to touch the heart;" again with his manner, which was "cold," "too grave and monotonous," to suit the young people; in fact they had pretty much overhauled everything that could be made a handle to get the good parson out of his congregation. And he did not or would not pay any attention to what at last came to his ears through some of the gossips. Finally they resolved "to bolt." They had borne it as long as they could. They wouldn't endure it any longer. They resolved on the "next Sabbath," to rise in a body and leave "the meeting."

They did so, and took a pretty large proportion of the congregation, not all decidedly opposed to the parson, but several of them of that class who are ready to follow others to good or evil—mere "wax noses." One of these was named Pompey, shortened into Pomp, which in fact suited well with his character, for Pomp was a well dressed negro on Sunday, and felt himself "as large as any white man." Pomp had heard the conversations of his white brethren; and had determined to go with them if they left the congregation and he did.

As Pomp joined the rebels on the outside they were greatly taken aback. They did not evidently consider him of as much honor to their movement as he judged himself. So one of them opened fire upon him.

"Pomp! what are you doing out here?"

"Me, sah! I've got tired of de parson."

"Tired! what have you to say against him?"

"O nuffin special against de man, but I doosn't like his teachins. His sermons is too long, I goes to sleep, ye see. I like somfen more 'cittin' like; and de fact is, my conshuns won't let me sit any longer under his preachin'."

"Conscience, Pomp, that's too good."

"Yes sah. Can't the gemman of color hab conscience, I'd like to know?"

"Well I 'spouse he can Pomp; but what do you know about conscience? What is conscience?"

Conshuns sah? I tink I knows what conshuns is. Conshuns, sah, conshuns, ahem?" (Pomp here drew himself up, put his hand upon his breast, with his fingers pressed in firmly, and with his eyes rolled up in a sanctimonious fashion, said with energy,) "Conshuns is dat feelin in here what says I won't. Dat's conshuns sah!"

There is a great deal in our day that is said and done under the sacred name of conscience, and when reduced to its true meaning, it is nothing more or less than that feeling of sheer self-will, which says emphatically, with eyes raised to heaven, hand upon the breast, and fingers pressed to the heart, "I won't." Its Pomp's conscience.—*The Church Journal.*

Believe in travelling on step by step; don't expect to be rich in a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance, by its daily gains, enriches a man far more than fits and starts of fortune speculation. Little fishes are sweet. Every day's thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the worse speed. Haste trips up its own heels.

Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself had better not move. From bad to worse is poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Don't jump out of the frying pan into the fire. Remember many men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit is more desirable than a great concern at a loss; a small fire that warms you is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water may be got from a small pipe, if the bucket is always there to catch it. Large hares may be caught in small woods. A sheep may get fat in a small meadow, and starve in a great desert. He who undertakes too much succeeds but little.

A Lesson.

A laboring man coming out of one of the gin-shops of London a few years ago, saw a carriage and a pair of horses standing near the door, and two women, richly dressed, came out of the building, the lower story of which was occupied as a dram-shop, and were handed into the carriage by the proprietor of the "gin palace." The laborer stepped back into the bar-room and asked the owner—

"Whose is that establishment?"

The man of gin replied—

"It is mine, and my wife and daughter have gone out to ride."

The laboring man bowed his head for a moment, and looked up and said with an energy that made the man of gin think his customer had a sudden attack of delirium—

"I see it! I see it!"

"See what?"

"See where my wages for years have gone. I helped pay for that carriage and for those horses, and for the silks and laces and jewelry for your family; the money I have earned, that I should have used to furnish my wife and children a good home and good food and good clothing, I have paid to you, and with my wages, and with the wages of other laboring men, you have supported your family in elegance and luxury. Hereafter, my wife and my children shall have the benefit of my labor, and I will endeavor to persuade my fellow-men to do as I intend, with the help of Heaven, to do hereafter—give up entirely the use of intoxicating liquors, and care for my own; remove them into a comfortable home as soon as possible, save my wages; and you, man of gin, must then work or starve; I see it! I see it! The curse and the remedy—the poison and the antidote."

It was a man who saw the evil, and resolved that he would instantly apply the remedy.

SCIENTIFIC READING.

Camphor and the Camphor Tree.

CAMPHOR is a concrete gum, with a bitterish aromatic taste, and as a medicine is a powerful diaphoretic. Camphor is derived from the word *Kofar*, to drive off or remove; hence, to cleanse, to make atonement. The drug, when pure, is a whitish translucent substance, and is the product of the *Laurus Camphora*, or Indian laurel tree, which is a native of China, Japan, and the islands of Borneo and Sumatra. The camphor tree is of large size, and frequently attains the height of 300 feet, although its usual height is about 150 feet. The trunk is sometimes of immense circumference, grows very straight, and has a gigantic crown of luxuriant verdure, that overtops all other trees. Three varieties of camphor are known to commerce. The best is found in Sumatra and Borneo. The trade in this is mostly monopolized by the Chinese, who hold it at very high prices. This quality is known as Baros or Malay camphor, and has brought 100 guilders per catty, when a like quantity of Japanese gum was valued at only 15 guilders. The natives of Sumatra profess to distinguish three kinds of camphor-tree as growing on that island alone. These they name *Matlangan*, *Marbin Lugun*, and *Marbin Targun*, according to the outward coloring of the bark, which varies, being at times yellow, black and red. The bark is always rough and grooved, and is usually overgrown with moss. In texture the rind is very thick, and is close set and very strong. The difference in color which it undergoes is by many persons attributed to the age of the tree, or the nature and peculiarities of the situation that mark its development. The leaves are a dark green, oblong-oval in shape, and pointed. They are fragrant and very tough. These trees bear a fruit much resembling an acorn; but it has surrounding it five petals, shaped something like a lily. The fruit is impregnated with camphor, and is eaten by the natives when ripe and fresh. The tree drops its fruit in the Spring. When eaten with sugar it is deemed a very great luxury. During the flowering season the tree emits unhealthy exhalations, and is, consequently, avoided by the inhabitants. The gum for which this tree is chiefly valued is obtained by felling the trunk, dividing it into pieces, and then splitting into quarters. The substance is found in small compact flakes, situated in irregular veins or fissures, near the heart of the wood. These concrete lumps of camphor are extracted by the aid of a sharp pointed instrument made for that purpose. Trees very greatly in the quantity of gum which they contain, many of them yielding from half a pound to three times that amount. Very large and exceedingly fine trees have been known to produce as high as twenty pounds, but these were exceptional cases. After being obtained the substance is repeatedly soaked and washed in water, to separate from it all extraneous matter. It is subsequently passed through several sieves of different fineness, and by this process is divided into three sorts, designated as head, belly, and foot camphor. To show the estimation in which the Chinese regard true Baros gum, they pay for it from \$7.50 to \$20 per pound, according to its quality, while the drug grown in their own country, and in the Empire of Japan, is sometimes

valued as low, as ten cents per pound. True camphor is every year becoming more scarce in consequence of the ruthless manner, in which the groves have been destroyed. Fearing they may lose this trade, measures have at length been taken to provide for the wants of future generations by setting out young plants and making somewhat liberal provision for their growth and protection. The period of the extreme production of this drug was reached about the year 1753.

The inferior kinds of camphor are known to commercial men as two varieties; one is called Dutch, or tub camphor; and the other, the Chinese, or Formosa. The latter is carried in junks to Canton, and is there packed in square chests lined with lead. From Canton it is distributed to the various leading cities of the Globe. It is a crude, impure substance, massed in lumps, and is of a dirty grey color. Very little prime camphor finds its way to the United States; but is either consumed in Eastern countries, or else shipped to Paris and London, where it is sold to connoisseurs at high prices.

Hard Times and What Causes Them.

WE are fast becoming a nation of schemers to live without genuine work. Our boys are not learning trades; our farmers' sons are crowding into cities, looking for clerkships and Post-Offices; hardly one American girl in each hundred will do housework for wages, however urgent her need; so we are sending to Europe for workmen and buying of her artisans millions worth of products that we ought to make for ourselves. Though our crop of rascals is heavy, we do not grow our own hemp. Though we are overrun with lads who deserve flagellation, we import our own willows. Our women (unless deceived) shine in European fabrics; our men dress in foreign clothes; the toys which amuse our younger children have generally reached us over the sea. We are like the farmer who hires his neighbor's son to chop his wood, feed his stock, and run his errands, while his own sons lounge at the grog-shop, playing billiards, and then wonder why, in spite of his best, he sinks annually deeper and deeper into debt, till the Sheriff cleans him out, and he starts West to begin again.

We must turn over a new leaf. Our boys and girls must be taught to love labor by qualifying themselves to do it efficiently. We must turn out fewer professionals and more skilled artisans, as well as food growers. We must grow and fabricate two hundred millions worth per annum, that we now import, and so reduce the foreign debt that we have so long and so successfully augmented year by year. We must qualify our clever boys to run factories, furnaces, rolling mills, tanneries, machine shops, etc.; to open and work mines, improve and fashion implements, and double the present product of their father's farm. So shall we stem the tide of debt that sets steadily against our shores, and cease to be visited and annoyed by hard times.

De Pint Wid Me.

"Were you in the fight, Sam?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa, and would hab run sooner, had I knowed it war comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my pefeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis world—more dan a million ob dollars, sa, for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashun am de fust law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men set different values upon dar lives—mine is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would that be to me when de power of feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin, whatever, sa—I regard them as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were all like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance."

"Yes, sa, dar would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scale 'ginst any Government dat eber existed, for no Government could replace de loss to me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"May be not, sa—a dead white man ain't much to dese sojers, let alone a nigger—but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."