

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.
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ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

Enigma No. 1.
I am composed of seventeen letters—
My 10, 2, 13 and 16 is the name of a river in Europe.
My 11, 16 and 4 is an insect.
My 12, 13 and 9 is a valuable agricultural product.
My 1, 3, 15, 5 and 8 is the name of a county in Pennsylvania.
My 17, 11, 6, 7 and 16 is the name of a prominent character in one of Shakespeare's plays.
My 10, 7, 1, 5, 14 and 9 is the name of a Southern river.
My whole is the name of a city and the State in which it is located.

Enigma No. 2.
What word is that which begins and terminates the same and may be spelled either forward or backwards, without changing it?

Answer to Enigmas in last week's TIMES:
Answer to square word Enigma—
M O C K
O G L E
C L A Y
K E Y S

Answer to Cross-Word Enigma—Samuel Adams.

A MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

ABOUT the year 1811, memorable in Russian history, there lived upon his estate of Nemaradof, a rich landed proprietor, Gabrielovitch by name noted for his affability and hospitality. His house was always open to his friends and neighbors, who used to congregate there every evening; the old ones to enjoy a game of cards with the host and his wife Petrowna, the younger ones in the hope of winning the favor of Marie, a beautiful girl of seventeen, the only daughter and heiress of Gabrielovitch. Marie read French novels, which naturally rendered her very sentimental and Romantic. Under these circumstances love was not long in coming. The object of her affection was a Russian cadet, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, who resided in the neighborhood, and was then at home on leave of absence. As a matter of course he returned her love with equal ardor. Marie's parents had strictly prohibited her from thinking of such a union, and they treated the lover, wherever they met him, with just as much friendliness as though an ex-collector of taxes. The amorous pair meantime carried on a correspondence, and met clandestinely beneath the shade of the pine grove, or behind the old chapel. As will readily be supposed, they here vowed eternal fidelity to each other, complained of the severity of fate, and devised beautiful plans for the future. After some time they naturally came to think that, should their parents persist in opposing the union, it might in the end be consummated secretly, and without their consent. The young gentleman was the first to propose this, and the young lady soon saw the expediency of it.

The approach of winter put an end to these stolen interviews; but their letters increased in frequency and warmth. In each of them Vladimir Nikolovitch conjured his beloved to leave his paternal roof, and consent to a clandestine marriage. "We will disappear for a short while," he wrote, "come back, and cast ourselves at the feet of our parents, who touched by such constancy, will exclaim, 'Come to our arms, dear children!'" Marie was long irresolute; at length it was agreed, however, that she should not appear at supper on a day appointed, but should retire to her room under the pretext of indisposition. Her maid had been let into the secret. Both were to escape by a back door, in front of which they would find a sleigh ready to convey them a distance of five wersts, to the chapel of Jadrino, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long apologetical letter to her parents, Marie retired betimes to her room. She had been complaining all day of a headache, and this was certainly no mere pretext, for the nervous excitement had in truth indisposed her. Her father and mother nursed her tenderly, asking her again and again: "How do you feel now, Marie? Are you no better?" This loving solicitude cut the girl to the heart and with the approach of evening her excitement increased. At supper she ate nothing, but rose betimes and bade her parents good-night. The latter kissed and blessed her, as was their wont, while Marie could scarcely suppress her sobs. Having reached her room, she threw herself into a chair and wept aloud. Her maid finally succeeded in comforting and cheering her up.

Later in the evening a snow-storm arose. The wind howled about the house, causing the windows to rattle. The inmates had hardly gone to rest, when the young girl, wrapping herself in her clothes and furs, and followed by the servant with a portmanteau, left the paternal roof. A sleigh drawn by three horses, received them, and away they went at a furious speed.

Vladimir had also been active throughout the day. In the morning he had called upon the minister at Jadrino to arrange for the ceremony, and then he went to look up

the required witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he applied was an officer on half-pay, who expressed himself quite ready to serve him. Such an adventure, he said, carried him back to the days of his own youth. He determined Vladimir to remain with him, taking upon himself to procure the other two witnesses. There accordingly appeared at dinner surveyor Schmidt, with his spurs and moustache, and Ispravnik's son, a lad of seventeen, who had but just enlisted with the Uhlans. Both promised Vladimir their assistance, and after a cordial embrace the happy lover left his three friends to complete his preparations at home.

Having despatched a trusty servant with a sleigh for Marie, he got into a one-horse sleigh himself, and took the road leading to Jadrino. Scarcely had he set off, when the storm burst forth with violence, and soon every trace of the way was gone. The entire horizon was covered with thick, yellow clouds, discharging not flakes, but masses of snow; at last it became impossible to distinguish between earth and sky. In vain Vladimir beat about for the way; his horses went on at random, now leaping over banks of snow, now sinking into ditches, and threatening every moment to overturn the sleigh. The insupportable thought of having lost the road had become a certainty. The forest of Jadrino was nowhere to be discovered, and after two hours the jaded animal seemed ready to drop to the ground. At length a kind of dark line became visible in the distance. Vladimir urged his horse forward, and reached the skirt of a forest. He now hoped to reach his destination soon, as it was easier to pursue his way in the forest, into which the snow had not yet penetrated. Vladimir took fresh courage; however there were no signs of Jadrino. By degrees the storm abated, and the moon shone brightly. He finally reached the opposite skirt of the forest. Still no Jadrino; but a group of four or five houses met his view. His knock at the door of the nearest was answered by an old man.

"What do you want?" he said.
"Where lies Jadrino?" asked Vladimir.
"About ten wersts distant."
At this reply Vladimir felt as if his sentence of death was being announced to him.
"Can you procure me a horse to take me thither?" he asked.
"We have no horses."
"Or at least a guide. I will pay any price."
"Very well. My son can accompany the gentleman."

After a little while, which seemed an eternity to Vladimir, a young fellow made his appearance, holding a thick staff in his hand, and they took their way across the snow-covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir.
"It is already past midnight."

And in very truth the sun began to gild the east, when they finally arrived at Jadrino. The church door was locked. Vladimir paid and dismissed his guide, and then instantly hastened to the minister's dwelling. What he there learned will appear from the sequel.

At Nemaradof the night had passed quietly. In the morning the master of the house and his wife arose as usual, and proceeded to the dining-room, Gabriel Gabrielovitch in his woolen jacket and night-cap, Petrowna in her morning-gown. After they had breakfasted, Gabriel sent up one of the girls to inquire how Marie was. She returned with the message that her young mistress had had a sleepless night, but that she was feeling better now, and would come down presently. Marie soon after entered the room, looking exceedingly pale, yet without the least perceptible agitation.

"How do you feel this morning love?" inquired her father.
"Better," was the answer.

The day passed by as usual; but, instead of the looked-for improvement, a serious change for the worse took place in Marie's condition. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, who found her in a state of most violent fever. For fourteen days she lay at the point of death.

Nothing transpired of the nocturnal flight; for the maid took good care to keep silence on her own account, and the others who knew of it never betrayed themselves with a syllable, even when under the influence of brandy, so greatly did they dread Gabriel's anger.

Marie, however, spoke so incessantly of Vladimir when delirious, that her mother could not remain in doubt as to the cause of her illness. Having advised with a few friends, her parents resolved to let Marie marry the young soldier, seeing that one can not escape one's fate, and, besides, that riches do not always lead to happiness.

The patient recovered. During her illness Vladimir had not once showed his face in the house, and it was resolved to apprise him of his unexpected good fortune. But to the astonishment of the proud proprietor of Nemaradof, the cadet declared that he should never again cross the threshold of his house, begging them at the same time to forget utterly, so wretched a creature as he, to whom death alone could give repose.

A few days afterward, they learned that Vladimir had again returned to the army.

It was in the year 1812. No one uttered his name in Marie's presence, and she herself never made mention of him in any way. Two or three months had elapsed, when one day she found his name among the list of the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino, and had been mortally wounded. She fainted away and had a relapse, from which she recovered but slowly.

Not long after her father died, bequeathing his whole property to her. But riches were not able to comfort her; she wept with her mother and promised never to leave her. They sold Nemaradof, and removed to another estate. Suitors thronged round the wealthy and amiable heiress; but none of them received the slightest encouragement from her. Often did her mother press her to choose a husband—she would merely shake her head in silence. Vladimir was no more; he died at Moscow, on the evening before the entrance of the French. Marie seemed to hold his memory sacred; she carefully preserved the books they had read together, his sketches, the letters he had written to her—in brief, everything that could serve to keep alive the remembrance of the ill-fated youth.

About this time the war fraught with such glory to the allies, of whom Russia was also one, came to an end. The victorious regiments returned home, and large crowds of people flocked together to greet them. Officers who had gone forth as beardless youths, came back with the grave faces of warriors, their gallant breasts covered with badges.

A lieutenant of hussars, Wurmin by name, with an interestingly pale face, and decorated with the cross of St. George, having obtained leave of absence for several months, took up his residence upon his estate, which adjoined Marie's present abode. The young girl received him with far more favor than she had hitherto shown to any of her visitors. They resemble each other in many respects; both were handsome, intelligent, taciturn, and reserved. There was something mysterious about Wurmin, which roused the curiosity and interest of Marie. His affection for her was soon unmistakable; he showed her every conceivable attention; but why did he never speak of love, though his dark ardent eyes would rest upon her's half dreamily, half with an expression that seemed to announce an early and positive declaration? Already the neighbors spoke of their marriage as a settled matter, and mother Petrowna was more than happy at the thought of her daughter's finding a worthy husband at last.

One morning, when the latter was sitting in the parlor, Wurmin entered and asked for Marie.

"She is in the garden," answered her mother. "You will find my daughter there, if you would like to see her."

The young officer hastily walked out into the garden.

Petrowna crossed herself, murmuring: "God be praised! To-day, I trust his visit will have some result."

Wurmin found his beloved, clad in white, sitting under a tree by the side of the pond, a look upon her lap, like a heroine of romance. The usual salutations over, Wurmin, who was strongly agitated, told her how he had long yearned to pour out his heart before her, and begged that she would listen to him a few moments. She closed her book, and nodded in token of assent.

"I love you," said Wurmin, "I love you passionately."
Marie cast down her eyes.
"I have been imprudent enough to see you, to hear you—daily. It is now too late to escape my fate. The thought of your lovely face, of your sweet voice, will henceforth constitute the joy and the anguish of my existence. But I have a duty to perform towards you; I must reveal to you a secret, which has placed an insurmountable barrier between us."
"That barrier," murmured Marie, "existed always—I could never have become yours."
"I know," replied Wurmin, in a suppressed voice, "that you have loved before; but death—three long years of mourning—dearest Marie, do not deprive me of my last comfort, of the blissful thought that you might become mine, if—"
"Cease, I conjure you! You read my heart!"
"Yes, you will grant me the comfort of knowing that you would have become mine; but, most wretched of men that I am—I am already married!"
Marie gazed up at him with a look of astonishment.
"Yes, married for four years," continued the lieutenant, "and I do not know either who my wife is, where she is, or whether I shall ever meet her."
"Explain yourself more clearly," said the girl.
"I love you, Marie, and will confide in you. You may know all, and you will not judge to severely an act of youthful levity. It was in the year 1812. I happened to be on my way to Wilna, with the intention of joining my regiment. Late in the evening I reached a station, and had already ordered that horses should be put to again, when a fierce snow-storm suddenly arose. My landlord and the postillion urgently advised me to postpone my departure; but I was determined to go in spite of the rough

weather. The postillion had got it into his head, that by crossing a small river, the banks of which were perfectly well known to him, he should find a shorter route. He missed the right crossing, however, and got into a region to which he was an entire stranger. The storm continued to rage, but at length we discerned a light at a distance. We made for it, and stopped before a church, from the brightly illuminated windows of which the light shone. The door was open, and three sleighs were in front of it, and I saw several persons in the vestibule. One of them called me: "This way! this way!" I got out and walked toward the vestibule.

The person who had called advanced toward me.

"Great Heavens!" he said "how late you come! Your attendant has fainted, and we were on the very point of driving home again."

"Half-bewildered and half-amused, I resolved to take the adventure take its course. And, in deed I had little time for reflection. My friends tugged me into the interior of the church, which was poorly lighted by two or three lamps. A female was sitting upon a bench in the shadow, while another stood beside her and chafed her temples.

"At last!" cried the latter. "God be praised that you come! My poor mistress liked to have died."

"An aged priest emerged from behind the altar, and asked: 'Can we begin?'"
"Begin, reverend father!" I cried unadvisedly.

"They assisted the half-unconscious girl to rise; she appeared to be very pretty. In a fit of unparadonable, and now incomprehensible, levity, I readily stepped with her to the altar. Her maid and the three gentlemen present were so busied with her as scarcely to throw a look at me. Besides, the light in this part of the church was dim, and my head was muffled in the hood of my cloak.

"In a few minutes the nuptial ceremony was over, and the priest, according to custom, desired the newly-married pair to embrace.

"My young wife turned her pale, charming little face toward me, and was about to rest her head upon my shoulder with a sweet smile—when, suddenly, she stared at me as if turned into stone, tottered and with the cry of 'It is not he!' fell to the floor.

"All the furies of hell lashed me out of the church. Before anyone could think of staying me I had jumped into my sleigh, seized the reins, and was soon beyond the reach of pursuit."

The lieutenant was silent. Marie, also, gazed in silence to the ground.

"And have you never discovered what became of the poor girl?" she finally asked.
"Never. I know neither the name of the village where I was married, nor do I recollect the station where I stopped. At the time, my culpably frivolous prank seemed to me a matter of so little moment that as soon as there was no longer any pursuit to fear, I went to sleep in the sleigh and did not awake till we arrived at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle; all my efforts to find out the postillion who drove us proved unavailing; and so every clue seems indeed lost by which I might again find the scene of that folly, for which I have now to suffer so heavily."

Marie turned her pale face toward him and took both his hands. The lieutenant gazed thunder-struck into her eyes; a dim foreboding awoke in his breast a veil suddenly dropped from his eyes.

"Marie! God of Heaven, how can I have been so blind! Marie, was it indeed you?"
"I am your wife!" was the only answer of the girl, who sank fainting into his arms.
—From *The Aldine for August.*

A Grand Spectacle.
A few days since an iceberg nearly blocked the harbor, its huge proportions rising many feet above the sea. As the steamer under charge of the weather beaten pilot passed within thirty yards, the mountain of ice was seen to tremble under the recurring waves caused by the large steamer. Suddenly, with a report like thunder, an avalanche of ice fell to the water, and report after report followed, tons of ice crumbled away, and it seemed as if the whole mass was about to fall to pieces, groaning and reverberating, with peal on peal, till at last the centre of gravity having changed, the ice island toppled over with a slow and steady motion, displacing huge waves of sea, and another side arose to view throwing into the air a column of water as high as a church steeple.

Then the great monster seemed to shake itself free, the water rolling from its many peaks, and with an entire change of shape it floated steadily upon the ocean to renew its evolutions as wave and sun act upon its exposed sides.

"I wish you wouldn't give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to his grocer; who replied (remembering the customer's unpaid grocery account) "and I wish you would not give me such long wait for mine."

"A Frenchman, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb said, 'She is one mutton as is small.'