

**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 remedial combinations.

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**ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.**

Answer to Enigmas in last week's Times: Geographical Enigma, No. 1, — BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. Enigma No. 2, — "HANNAN."

Twenty men (ten black and ten white) were out at sea when a storm arose, rendering it impossible to carry more than sixteen men aboard with safety. A council of war was held, and it was determined to throw over every fifth man. The white sailors arranged them in such order that "every fifth man" should be a black man. How did they manage it? Thus they stood: N W W B B W W W B B W B B W W W B B

**Poking Fun at a Railroad.**

MR. DERRICK DODD writes as follows to the Washington Capitol about the branch railroad between Baltimore and the Capitol.

About this railroad. Of course I want it abolished, every one does. The reckless velocity with which the trains are run between here and Baltimore is absolutely frightful.

I was delighted years ago when this road was established, because I thought we had got rid of the old rickety and dangerously fast stage coaches, but the speed they are beginning to run the trains on this road is worse yet.

Now, every one knows that Baltimore is forty miles from Washington if it is an inch, and three days and a half is plenty quick enough for the trip, but the managers have already reduced the schedule time to three days and four hours, and what with making the engine fire too hot, and racing with cows along the road, and all that, the conductors are even cutting that time down.

Why it was only the other day, on the down trip, we happened to spy old Simm's mule about two miles out of town. What should the reckless wretch of an engineer do but clap on full steam and race every foot of the way into the district. We didn't exactly pass the mule, but we caught up with him twice, and came into the depot neck and neck, and which was puffing the most, the mule or the engine you couldn't have told to save your life.

Now it was all very exciting and all that, I know, but I hadn't purchased an accident ticket, and I don't believe the other four passengers had either. This is all wrong, Mr. Editor, all wrong.

And then on another occasion, I remember, we came within a hair's breadth of having a very serious accident. The engineer had gotten off to snow-ball a chipmunk, and the conductor was minding a young widow's baby for her—the result was that the train happened to get on a down grade and was started off at a terrible rate, every bit of four miles an hour, I should think.

We were just half a mile above the Annapolis junction, and the first thing we knew—there being no one to whistle and wake up the switch tender—we were turned off into the Annapolis road and went down the wrong track at the full speed. Imagine our consternation, when just at this moment we heard the whistle, not half a mile ahead of us, of the Annapolis up train.

We were paralyzed with terror. Here were two trains on the same track approaching each other at the dizzy speed just mentioned. Evidently our time had come! In a few short hours the engines would meet, and then—destruction!

With great presence of mind a minister on board organized a prayer meeting. Pale but calm the doomed band of passengers sat, and though with the very shadows of death upon them, raised their voices in a parting hymn.

"Send for the baggage-master," said a young man, with a sad smile.

"Why?" was asked.

"Because we are all about to pass in our checks."

Everybody wept. From the rear platform, we could see the miserable engineer straining every nerve to catch up, but he had tight boots on and didn't gain anything to speak of.

At this moment a ray of hope dawned on us. I had just finished writing my will on the back of a visiting card, when I observed a young lady in the act of detaching her bustle. Placing the article—which was composed of eight hundred papers and a hair mattress—under her arm, the heroine marched through the car.

We followed her anxiously. She climbed up on the tender and then over the engine. It was very interesting and thrilling to see her climbing over the wheels and brass things on her way to the cow-catcher. It reminded me of a country girl getting over a wire fence. But never mind about that now. Let me see where I was. Oh! yes; on the cow-catcher. Holding on by the cross-bars with one hand, the noble maiden tied the bustle on the sharp prow with the other.

You can guess the result. In the course of the afternoon a collision came off. Protected by the bustle the engine received a gentle bump, and we were saved. I took up a collection for the woman on the spot. I always take up a collection on such occasions—always. And what's more, I never forget to give the object interested something nice out of it—never. There is nothing mean about me. I suppose you have noticed my clothes?

**Anecdotes of a Russian General.**

THE stories told of Marshal Suvoroff display, better than whole pages of description, the wonderful way in which he contrived to adapt himself to the rude spirits with whom he had to deal, without losing one jot of his authority. What Napoleon was to the French army, Suvoroff was to that of Russia; now jesting with a soldier, and now rebuking a General; one day sharing a ration of black bread beside a bivouac fire, and the next moment speaking as an equal Prince and potentate. Suvoroff comes before us as an uncrowned king, one whose authority needed no outward symbol; an autocrat of nature's making; full of a rough, hearty familiarity, that was in no danger of breeding contempt, and surrounded by men who enjoyed the *bonhomie*, while they dreaded the displeasure of the little, pug-nosed, grimy man, who was in their eyes the incarnation of earthly power and grandeur.

It must be owned, however, that in his own peculiar vein of pleasantry, the old Marshal more than once met with his match. One of his favorite jokes was to ask a man unexpectedly: "How many stars are there in the sky?"

On one occasion he put his question to one of his sentries, on a bitter January night, such as only Russia can produce. The soldier not a whit disturbed, answered coolly: "Wait a little and I'll tell you," and he deliberately began to count,— "One, two, three," &c. In this way he went gravely on to a hundred, at which point Suvoroff, who was already half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of this ready reckoner. The next day the latter found himself promoted, and the story (which Suvoroff told with great glee to his staff) speedily made its way through the whole camp.

On another occasion one of his Generals of division sent him a Sergeant with dispatches, at the same time recommending the bearer to Suvoroff's notice.

The Marshal, as usual, proceeded to test him by a series of whimsical questions, but the catechumen was equal to the occasion. "How far is it to the moon?" asked Suvoroff.

"Two of your Excellency's forced marches," answered the Sergeant.

"If your men began to give way in battle, what would you do?"

"I'd tell them that just behind the enemy's line there was a wagon load of corn-brandy."

"Supposing you were blockaded, and you had no provisions left, how would you supply yourself?"

"From the enemy!"

"How many fish in the sea?"

"As many as have not been caught."

And so the examination went on till Suvoroff, finding his acquaintance armed at all points, at length asked him as a final poser: "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?"

The difference is this replied the soldier coolly: "My colonel cannot make me a captain, but your excellency has only to say the word!"

Suvoroff, struck by his shrewdness, kept his eye on the man, and in no long time after, actually gave him the specified promotion.

Suvoroff always affected the utmost brevity both in speaking and writing, the terseness of his dispatches being almost unrivalled. The correspondence with Prince Potemkin, relative to the assault of Ismail, is unique in military history. Potemkin copying the brevity of his general, wrote to him thus:

"Marshal, you will take Ismail within three days, at whatever cost."

"POTEMKIN."

The day after the letter arrived Suvoroff carried the town by storm, with a loss of fifteen thousand men to himself, and thirty-eight thousand to the enemy, summing up the fearful tragedy in one doggerel couplet, which, literally translated runs as follows:

"Praise to God, and praise to thee! Ismail's taken, and there I be."

The anecdotes of the great Marshal's eccentricities—his habits of wandering about the camp in disguise, his whim of giving the signal for an assault by crowing like a cock, his astonishing endurance of the heat and cold, his savage disregard of personal comfort and neatness, are beyond calculation; but perhaps the most characteristic of all, is his appearance in 1799 at the Austrian Court, then one of the most brilliant in Europe. On being shown to the room prepared for him, (a splendid apartment filled with costly mirrors and rich furniture,) this modern Diogenes said simply: "Turn out all that rubbish, and shake me down a bundle of straw."

**What Causes It?**

A curious phenomenon has just happened in Russell county, Va. The rocks around a spring have been cracking and making reports as loud as guns, and some weighing from four to five hundred pounds have been thrown up. The people of that section are at a loss how to account for it.

To grow rich, earn money fairly, spend less than you earn, and hold on to the difference. The first takes muscle, the second self-control, the third brains.

**Two Mares at Enmity.**

Mr. Thomas Kilpatrick put his two road mares to the pole early in the spring. As both are good steppers they promise to make a rapid team. Both are a little high strung, and each seems to have a good opinion of her. The two were courteously polite to each other, but there was no strong display of affection. While gently driving in Central Park one day, the sorrel mare made an awkward step, and cut the bay mare on the ankle. The accident appeared to stir up bad blood. Maddened with pain, the bay mare bit the sorrel, and this act of hostility was quickly resented. The mares now forgot their politeness, and each struggled to inflict as much injury upon the other as possible. On arriving at the stables and being detached from the wagon, instead of walking quietly to their stalls, they turned upon each other with great fury and engaged in a savage fight. They were separated with some difficulty. But now it is out of the question to drive them together. When they come within sight of each other, the eyes flash and the nostrils snort defiance. If left to themselves, they would surely engage in a conflict bitter and remorseless in the extreme.—N. Y. Paper.

**A Singular Robbery.**

This is an age of bold thefts but the latest case that has come to light is the robbery of a fashionable private boarding-house in New York. Board was engaged about a week ago at this house by a man and woman, who represented themselves as Mr. and Mrs. James. Thursday morning two men called at the house and desired to see Mr. James. They were shown into the parlor, and the servant summoned the new boarders. Both Mr. and Mrs. James appeared overjoyed to see their visitors, and Mrs. Hardy, the landlady, was called in and introduced. The girl brought in some refreshments, and without a second's warning, the strangers sprang up and seizing Mrs. Hardy and the girl, gagged them, and bound them hand and foot to chairs. Accompanied by the boarders, they then ransacked the house, and plundered it of \$1,200 worth of jewelry and plate, after which all parties left the house. A boarder returning from a shopping expedition, discovered the outrage, and called the police. No trace of the robbers has yet come to light.

The police of London lately unearthed a den in which a business was carried on more atrocious than imagination can conceive, and which one even with the evidence adduced can hardly believe possible to exist. The place was devoted to the manufacture of cripples; children of tender age and babes, even, being taken there to have their limbs twisted out of shape, their features burned and distorted, their eyes put out, or to be so mangled or maimed in other ways as to attract attention and sympathy from the alms-giving public.

The majority of these children were orphans or were taken,—"adopted,"—from almshouses or very poor families while others were undoubtedly stolen. The scale of prices for maiming varied according to ages, the cost of twisting the legs of a babe under a year old out of shape being only seven dollars, a variety of other injuries being thrown in for ten dollars. Incurable ulcers and sores were manufactured for from one to five dollars and so on.

**Wanted.**

The following amusing advertisement, a mixture truly of rhyme and reason, lately appeared: "Required, by a gent, near to Bromley in Kent, a cook on plain cooking plainly intent. She need not make entremets, sauces or jellies, that cause indigestion and irritate—enough if she can serve up a dinner that won't make her master a dyspeptic grinner. If asked to bake bread, no excuse she must mutter; must be able to churn, and to make melted butter. If these she can do—eke boil a potato, and cook well a chop with a sauce called tomato—the writer won't care to apply further test that she's up to her work and knows all the rest.—She must be honest, industrious, sober and clean, neat in her garb, not a highly dressed queen; and must be content, whatever her age is, with sugar and tea and £20 wages.

Memphis has a romance. Once upon a time, very many years ago, John E. Perkins was a school boy of 18, in Kentucky. He had a bosom friend, who, in a fit of passion, deliberately killed another young man. Upon Perkins' evidence alone the boy was convicted of murder and hanged. Stricken with remorse at having brought about the murder of his friend, Perkins took a solemn oath that he would never again testify in a case where his evidence might cause the infliction of the extreme penalty of the law. Some time since, he witnessed a murder in Memphis, and on Monday last he was brought before the court as the principal witness against the murderer. True to his oath, he refused to give testimony, and was sent to jail, where he says he will remain forever rather than testify.

If you would live to purpose, and live long, live industriously, temperately, regularly, all the while maintaining a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man.

**Curiosities of the Chinese.**

It is difficult for us to conceive that mankind, like the various orders of creation, is constructed on the principle of infinite diversity, nature's constant effort to avoid repeating herself, whether it be in race or individuals. A letter from the Rev. Dr. Prime to the New York Observer recalls some remarkable contrasts between Chinese civilization and ours. The mariner's compass is made to point South, instead of North, by putting the index on the opposite end of the needle; a rider mounts a horse from the off side; instead of blacking shoes, they whiten them with chalk; the old men fly the kites, while the boys look on.

An American, as an act of hospitality, treats you to a glass of wine. A Chinaman introduces you to his dead grandmother, in her coffin. He shows you his own coffin with as bland profuseness as a Frenchman would show his picture or an Englishman his dog. To express his pleasure at meeting you, he does not shake your hand, but his own, moving up and down as if he were pumping out his feelings, and the gush was slow. In cases of small pox and itch, this mode of salutation has the highest hygienic qualities. Instead of taking of his hat, on coming into your presence, he takes off his shoes. As a mark of special honor at a feast, he seats you at the left hand, not on his right, and sends your ladies into an interior room, to eat by themselves so that you can get as drunk as you please without gratifying their curiosity.

Unmarried women are regarded as of very little account, but mothers always rule their children and their grandchildren, to whatever age they may attain. Here, on the contrary, pretty young girls command all who approach them, and the rule of children over their parents is only less perfect than their sway over their grandparents. Here you ask a father how many children he has, and he answers, perhaps, three. In China he would answer, "one child and two girls." Chinese men wear frocks and carry fans, and the women wear pantalons and smoke. In these respects, however, the two countries are not very unlike. When a man marries, his mother acquires the right to "boss" his wife as well as himself, which is very consoling to both parties. The mother-in-law is consoled by having one more to boss. The husband is consoled by the feeling that his labor is divided. The daughter-in-law is consoled by knowing that she'll do the same when she becomes a mother-in-law.

In China your dressmaker is a man, if you are a woman, but the person who constructs your hat for you is a woman. The men wear their hair, braided and never cut it, esteeming it, as St. Paul says, "an ornament." The woman do theirs up very close, or shingle it short, feeling, as the Apostle remarks, that it is a shame to them to wear long hair. A book is read from the left of the page to the right from the bottom to the top, and beginning with the last page and ending with the first. The written language is not spoken, and the spoken language is not written, so that two persons may be able to understand each other perfectly by writing when neither can comprehend what the other may say. The detectives sound a tom tom as they go through the streets, to warn rogues and thieves that they are coming.

**Our Neighbor's Good Name.**

Anybody can spoil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of. A puff of the idle wind can take a million of the seeds of the thistle and do a work of mischief which the husbandman must labor long to undo, the floating particles being too fine to be seen and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander—so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so pernicious in their fruitage. The slanderer knows that many a wind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by his insinuations without ever seeking the antidote. No reputation can refute a sneer, nor any human skill prevent mischief.

**A Beautiful Thought.**

The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in other lands, show some distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in the great ocean cemetery the king and clown, the prince and peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same requiem by the minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump.

Everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.