

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 every 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 use of 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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A Novel Way to Pay a Debt.

BY SIGNOR ELITE.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, was a large town and every person seemed engaged in some mercantile, or mechanical pursuit. As in all large cities, there were many very sick persons, and a much larger number of persons miserably poor and distressed. The following case of poverty came under my observation.

One day my attention was directed to a shop of rather humble appearance, from the circumstance of seeing the owner of it always sitting at his work and a group of pretty, happy children playing about the floor, who from the dark color of their dresses, were evidently motherless. I discovered from the sign over the door that the poor tradesman was named John Penny, and that he exercised the art and craft of boot and shoe making. He was tall and thin, with a rude visage, and long hair, combed straight down his cheeks; his countenance was thoughtful, not to say serious, but there was an air of meek resignation about him very touching; I found it impossible to resist giving poor Penny a turn, and improve my "understandings" at the same time, by ordering a pair of boots. The humble tradesman gratefully acknowledged the order, and promised to execute it as soon as possible.

"I will leave you half a sovereign as a deposit, only have them done as soon as possible," said I.

To my surprise John Penny refused to take my advance.

"It will be time to pay when you get the boots," said he, significantly.

I was perplexed, and after much pressing, he finally divulged to me that owing to sickness and misfortune, he was behind on his rent.

"Why, how much do you owe?" I inquired.

"I am now nearly three quarters in arrears; it will soon be upwards of thirty pounds."

"Who is your landlord?"

"Why, Squire Sumner."

"Will not he give you time?"

"He has been very patient; I cannot complain of him; but he is a man of business—a man of money. The last time he was here he said he should call once more, and then, if the money was not forthcoming, the law must take its course. I expected him yesterday, and—"

"Eh, mercy, man! what's the matter with you?" I said. "You tremble."

"Yes, I see he is coming; he has that fellow Broadman the broker with him."

I looked out and saw, indeed, the squire, his footman, and a very shabby, suspicious-looking man, apparently an employee of the broker. I had scarcely time to cast a rapid glance around the scantily-furnished shop, and call my thoughts together, ere the party were at the door, and had entered.

"Let them come," cried Penny, with an air of despairing resignation. "I have struggled, Heaven knows, as long as I was able, and can do no more."

"Well, Mr. Penny," observed the squire, leisurely advancing to the counter, "you know of course the cause of my visit?"

Here a huge, staring poll-parrot, sitting in its cage, which formed one of the few articles of furniture in the shop, began to whistle "Call again to-morrow!" to the astonishment of all present, excepting myself, which she followed up by, "I know a bank." The squire, however, resumed: "You are of course provided, Mr. Penny?"

"Alas! no, sir," said the poor tradesman. "It is useless to deceive you further. I cannot pay you at this moment, nor do I know how soon I can; take my little property; let it pay so far as it will; I will do the best I can. Providence will not forsake me."

"What's the time?" interrupted the parrot; "polly wants her breakfast."

The children, who had by this time stolen silently in, anxious to know what was going on, were as much surprised as their father at Polly's sudden loquacity; their little round eyes dilated with wonder and twinkled with delight; but the awful presence of the great man somewhat repressed them.

"Well," continued the prudent man of cotton, after a short pause, "if that's the case, I may as well have the things as anybody else. John Broadman, you will do what is necessary."

"Polly! polly! polly!" here exclaimed the poll.

"That's a fine bird," remarked the squire, his attention being attracted to it.

"I must leave a man in possession," said the broker; but before I go, I may as well make out the inventory, for I suppose there is no chance of matters being settled without a sale, Mr. Penny?"

"None whatever."

"Then I'll proceed to my work at once. Item one, Dutch clock."

"What's o'clock? what's o'clock? Polly wants her breakfast," said the bird.

Poor Penny looked stupefied the children, who had been regarding the scene, as I have said, half with curiosity, and half with fear, could not help clapping their hands at Polly's way of talking; but a look from their father restrained them. Broadman continued:

"One high desk and counter; one stove; one shoemaker's bench and tools; three chairs; two tin candlesticks; six boot-trees—"

"Woodman, spare that tree," sang Polly.

"Clever bird, that," said the squire. "You put the parrot down, I suppose, Mr. Broadman?"

"Oh, no, we never mention her," sang the parrot, twisting her head very knowingly.

"Answers quite like a christian, and seems to understand everything," said the squire.

"What's o'clock?" cried Polly.

"Wonderful, upon my honor," ejaculated the squire. "Now I think of it," said he, "my daughter Cecilia has been worrying my life out the last six months to get her such a bird as this; one that can talk, sing, and whistle. I'll tell you what I'll do Penny: I don't want to be hard upon you; let me have the parrot, and a note of hand for ten pounds balance, and I'll withdraw the distress, and give a receipt for fifteen pounds."

"Don't you wish you may get it," saucily chattered Polly, as if she knew what the landlord was talking about.

"Such a bird is worth more money," I observed. "I'll give that much myself."

"Whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad," whistled Polly.

"Wonderful!" said the squire. "I must have that bird; I'll take it in payment for the rent in full. Penny, will that suit you?"

Poor Penny seemed thunderstruck; he hesitated as if he had some compunction. The squire observed it, and quickly said:

"That's not enough? Well, then, I'll make it twenty pounds. Here is a receipt for the rent, and there's five sovereigns—will that do for you? Broadman, withdraw your man."

"You don't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson with your ninepence," added Polly.

The squire was delighted; I thought the arrangement honorable to all parties, and poor Penny, apparently unwilling, delivered the bird to the squire.

"Good-by, polly," cried all the children.

"Good-by!" "My native land, good night!" sang Polly, appearing very grave, and turning her head first to one side and then to the other, placing herself in her swing and violently rocking backward and forward, seeming to give the signal for her departure.

As soon as the squire's party was fairly clear of the shop, Penny turned to me and with an air of perplexity, begged I would look in the next morning, when he would have some skins from which I could choose the leather for my boots, for just at that moment, he felt quite bewildered.

Highly delighted that John Penny had got so well through his difficulties, I did not intrude, but considerably took my leave. I was, however, a punctual visitor at John's the following morning, and found the honest cordwainer had laid out the five pounds he received over and above his rent the preceding afternoon to the very best advantage. He had stocked his shop with a good supply of leather and other articles necessary for his trade, and now only wanted customers.

While I was selecting the material for my boots, the squire suddenly made his appearance, followed by his footman, bearing Polly.

"Well, Mr. Penny, we have brought back your parrot, and it is very extraordinary that it has never spoken a single word since I have taken it,—never sung a single song, nor whistled a single tune; it has done nothing but squeak, squeak, and scream, till my head has been ready to burst; in fact, without any wish to offend you, she is a perfect nuisance."

Return to me the five pounds that I paid you, and I'll forfeit the rent."

"I am sorry to say, said the conscientious John Penny, "that I have laid out the five pounds; but, however, as the bird don't suit you, if you will take my note of hand for the five pounds—"

"Why, stay! stay!" "Parrots very seldom talk in a strange place at first.—Put Polly in her usual place, and then see."

The cage was accordingly restored to its former place, with the utter astonishment of all present, Polly immediately began to sing—"Home, sweet home: be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

"Well, I declare!" said the squire, lift-up his hands, "this is wonderful; but I've heard of such things before. What a sensible creature she is! I must give her another trial. Take her back, John."

"I'll gang nae mair to your town," whistled Polly; but, however, to no effect, for she was borne off, crying, "What's o'clock? what's o'clock?"

"You appear to be surprised at my amazement, sir," said honest John Penny, when the party was out of sight, "but will not be so long, when I tell you until yesterday, I never heard that bird utter a single syllable. As Mr. Sumner has said, she has never done anything but scream, disturbing the whole neighborhood; but they got used to it at last, although they threatened to break my windows and wring her neck. It was a long time before I could get to like it myself; but use reconciles us to anything, and I think now I shall miss her, disagreeable as she was."

I called next morning, and while there, who should appear but squire Sumner, accompanied, as on the previous day, by his man, with Polly.

"Bless me, sir!" said Penny; "is it you?"

"Yes, Mr. Penny, I have come again," returned the squire, "with this diabolical bird, for not a moment's peace have we had."

"What! do you find her too talkative, sir?" inquired the shoemaker with great simplicity.

"Talk too much! Why, the obstinate brute—confound her—she has never talked at all!" Put her in her old place again, John."

"Don't I look spruce on my nobby?" whistled Polly.

"You have found your tongue, have you?" said the squire; "but I am not to be done a third time. Keep your bird, Mr. Penny; I wish you joy of her."

"But I have spent the money you gave for her," said honest John, "and I don't know when I shall be able to pay you back again."

"Oh! never mind the money; only release me from such a torment as this, and I'll put up with the loss the best way I can."

Poor John was somewhat reluctantly prevailed upon to take back the bird, and as soon as the squire had departed, and was fairly out of hearing, said, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Had I not been seized for my rent, my parrot might never have spoken."

I could not refrain from having a good laugh, as I disclosed the secret to Penny, and explained to him how I was a ventriloquist, and had talked and whistled instead of the bird, and, as it appeared, to a very good purpose.

"I see it all," said John. May God bless you!"

A Mouthful of Eggs.

An Irishman has for some months kept an egg stand in Court Street Market. He was accommodating, courteous, polite, and upon suitable occasions fond of a joke. With his customers these qualities made him grow in favor, and so his business flourished. Upon his shrewdness he indulged in a special pride, flattering himself that it was an exceedingly difficult matter to "take him in." Yesterday morning he met his match—that is, according to the judgment of disinterested observers. A huge Switzer, whose youthful muscles had been hardened by toiling up Alpine steeps, clambering over mountain rocks, and, with rasped heel and mountaineer's crook, gliding at railroad speed down glaciers, approached his market stand. He was, indeed, a muscular, heavy-jawed customer. "Here is fifty cents I will give you for a mouthful of eggs," said the Alpine mountaineer, laying down the fifty cents by the egg-dealer's cash box, and looking his man straight in the eyes. Our egg merchant surveyed his customer's mouth, took in its capacity at a single glance turned his eyes a moment to the sky, then lifting them, looked right into the face of his customer, answering: "Yes, for one mouthful of eggs, I'll take you at your word."

"Done," said the customer, "take your money, and I'll take my mouthful." The dealer whipped the half dollar into his money box, and the brawny Switzer, seizing one board of a twenty-five dozen box, full to its capacity, between his teeth walked off with it, his hands hanging free by his side.

He had gone about twenty-five yards when the dealer saw the "sell," repented him of his bargain, and started in pursuit of his remarkable customer. The dealer caught his man, and choked him until he let his whole mouthful of eggs, box and all drop on the pavement. The eggs turned out and broke spontaneously into a raw custard. The bystanders laughed their sides sore, shouted, and hurled for the Switzer. The Irishman said the terms of the bargain had not been complied with. The Switzer said that they had, and the crowd took sides with him. "Pay me for twenty-five dozen of my eggs," said the dealer. "Give me back my half dollar and take your eggs," said the customer. So it went. A policeman was called to arrest the customer, and then, upon consideration, let him go. Then the Irishman thought he would fight it out but upon taking in the dimensions of his customer, reconsidered his determination. The Switzer left his card, and the dealer intends to appeal to the courts for a decision of the question, "What constitutes a mouthful of eggs?"

A True Love Story.

FROM a train of the Pacific Railroad, eastward bound, there came into the City of Council Bluffs, Iowa, a fortnight ago, a fine-looking woman, slightly past the first bloom of life, but still not very matronly in manner—who upon registering at the Pacific House, complained that she felt unwell and desired that a doctor should be called. She was an English lady, she told the hotel clerk, she was on her way homeward to England from a trip by sea to San Francisco, and, finding herself attacked by alarming indisposition in the cars, had decided to pause on her journey until assisted by medical skill. It not being supposable the custom of English ladies of rank to travel across continents without masculine escort, the clerk was skeptical as to the exact veracity of this explanation and troubled not himself to consider whether a medical practitioner of the highest professional grade should be summoned in such a case. Amongst the guests of the house at the time was a certain traveling doctor, of some reputation for "wonderful cures," and him the young gentleman recommending with off-hand fluency as the physician to be called with the least trouble to himself. Accordingly when the lady had been conducted to the room, the aforesaid itinerant was notified to pay his respects, and skilful enough to discover that his patient's ailment existed more in imagination than reality. This he frankly told her, in effect, and prescribed some trifling nerving; but the lady who gave her name as Mrs. Fitch, persisted in thinking herself an invalid, and demanded a course of treatment. She was, she said, a spiritualist and a clairvoyant, and knew her own condition better than any doctor could tell her, and she must take such and such drugs for the restoration of her health.—Believing that he had a hypochondriac to deal with, the man of nostrums made no strenuous protest against the involved prospective profit to himself of such a case, but being rather busy at the time with the general callers drawn to his room by his advertisements, deputed his "secretary," a young Englishman named Stanton, to render the professional services desired by Mrs. Fitch. The latter at her second interview with the young deputy, astonished him greatly by asking if he believed in "Spiritualism." His polite evasion of a direct answer subjected him to a still greater surprise at a third interview when, upon confessing that he was an Englishman, the eccentric lady secretly told him that he was the person selected by the spirits for her husband! He thought her mad, and would have retreated without further conversation, but his patient begged him to stay and hear her story. Her father, she declared, is an English bishop, and her family one of the most respectable and wealthy in England. Although but thirty-five years old she had wedded and buried three husbands already, losing the last one in California; and on her way from San Francisco was "spiritually impressed" with the conviction that she should very soon meet a fellow country man destined to be her fourth helpmate. At first sight of Mr. Stanton she had known him to be the person appointed for her by fate and now offered him her hand and fortune, as commanded by the spirits. Overwhelmed by the oddity of the affair, the charlatan's secretary managed to express his sense of the honor designed for him by immaterial parties in another world, yet requested time for consideration for his answer.—This was granted, and Mrs. Fitch made no other effort to influence his judgment than by a display of what he deemed satisfactory proofs of her fortune and respectability of family. He poor in a strange country, and in an unpromising employment, while the widow, with all her eccentricity and spiritual delusions, was both rich and homely. In short, if the Omaha Bee is to be credited, Mr. Stanton finally concluded to accept the destiny thus curiously thrust upon him, was married to the lady in a parlor of a hotel a few days ago, and is now on his way to Europe with his bride.

The Beggars' Bridge.

The Grand Duke of Florence, it is said, once proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time, should be provided with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected, enough money was found concealed, to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggars' Bridge!

The representative of the district at Columbia was an old family servant of Mr. B.'s, and was taught to read by his mistress, that he might be the better able to follow his vocation as a preacher among his fellow servants. His acquirements were not so great, however, as to prevent his rising in his seat, when an additional tax of several mills on the dollar was under discussion, and declaring that "Mas B. had more mills now on his place than he could use, and he didn't see how any more could be needed."