DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Has been tested by the public

FOR TEN YEARS. Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar

Repoyates 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.

All recovering from any illness will find this the best Toxic they can take.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR.

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 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

OR. 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.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

Answers to enigmas in last week's Enigma No. 1-"Buy the truth and sell it

it not.' Enigma No. 2-Northampton, Montgomery, Schuylkill, Huntingdon.

A Court Jester.

DOPULAR traditions in Russia unite in presenting the jester Balakireff as the constant attendant of Peter the Great, who figures largely in all the stories attached to the name of his buffoon. A writer in All the Year Round gathers up some well authenticated stories of the jester's wit.

On one occasion Balakireff begged permission of his imperial master to attach himself to the guard stationed at the palace, and Peter, for the sake of the joke, consented-warning him at the same time that any officer of the guard who happened to lose his sword, or to be absent from his post when summoned, was punished with death. The newly-made officer promised to do his best, but the temptation of some good wine sent to his quarters that evening by the czar, "to moisten his commission," proved too strong for him, and he partook so freely as to become completely "screwed." While he was sleeping off his debauch, Peter stole softly into the room and carried off his sword. Balakireff, missing it on awakening, and frightened out of his wits at the probable consequences, could devise no better remedy than to replace the weapon with his own professional sword of lath, the hilt and trapping of which were exactly similar to those of the guardsmen. Thus equipped, he appeared on parade the next morning, confident in the assurance of remaining undetected, if not forced to draw his weapon. But Peter who had doubtless foreseen this contingency, instantly began storming at one of the men for his untidy appearance, and at length faced round upon Balakireff, said, "draw your sword and cut that sloven down !"

The poor jester, thus brought to bay, laid his hand on his hilt as if to obey, but at the same time exclaimed fervently, "Merciful heaven ! let my sword be turned into

And drawing the weapon, he exhibited indeed a very barmless lath. Even the presence of the emperor was powerless to check the roar of laughter which followed, and Balakireff was allowed to escape.

The jester's ingenuity occasionally served him in extricating others from trouble as well as himself. A cousin of his, having fallen under the displeasure of the czar, was about to be executed; and Balakireff presented himself at the court to petition for a reprieve. Peter, seeing him enter and divining his errand, shouted to him : "Its no use your coming here; I swear that I will not grant that which you are going to ask !"

Quick as thought, Balakireff dropped on his knees, and exclaimed, "Peter Alexerevitch, I beseech you to put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death !" Peter, thus caught in his own trap, had

no choice but to laugh, and sent a pardon to the offender.

During one of the czar's Livonian campaigns, a thick fog greatly obstructed the the army. At length a pale watery gleam began to show itself through the mist and two of the Russian officers fell to disputing whether this was the sun or not. Balakireff, happening to pass by that moment, they appealed to him to decide. "Is that light yonder the sun brother ?"

"How should I know?" answered the jester; "I've never been here before!"

At the end of the campaign, several of the officers were relating their exploits, when Balakireff stepped in among them. "I've got a story to tell, too," cried he, boastfully; "a better one than any of yours

"Let us hear it, then," answered the officers; and Balakireff began.

"I never liked this way of fighting, all in a crowd together, which they have nowa-days; it seems to me more manly for each to stand by himself, and therefore I always went out alone. Now it chanced that one day, while reconnoitering close to the enemies outposts, I suddenly espied a Swedish soldier lying on the ground just in front of me! There was not a moment to lose; he might start up and give the alarm. I drew my sword, rushed opon him, and at one blow cut off his right foot !"

"You fool!" cried one of the listeners, " you should rather have cut off his head !" "So I would," answered Balakireff, with a grin, but somebody else had done that,

At times Balakireff pushed his waggeries too far, and gave serious offense to his formidable patron. On one of these occasions the enraged emperor summarily banished him from the court, bidding him " never to appear on Russian soil aguin." The jester disappeared accordingly, but a week had hardly elapsed when Peter, standing at his window, espied his disgraced favorite very coolly driving a cart past the very gates of the palace. Foresceing some new jest, he hastened down, and asked with pretended roughness, "How dare you disobey me,

when I forbade you to show yourself on Russian ground?"

"I haven't disobeyed you," answered Balakireff, coolly; "I'm not on Russian ground now !"

'Not on Russian ground?" "No; this cart-load of earth that I'm sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day!"

Peter, who had doubtless begun already to regret the loss of his jester, laughed at the evasion, and restored him to favor. Some Russian writers embellished this story (a German version of which figures in the adventures of Tyll Eulenspiegel) with the addition that Peter, on hearing the excuse, answered, "If Finland be Swedish soil now, it shall be Russian before long",-a threat that he was not slow to fulfil.

A Comical Neutral Letter.

The following letter was written by a gentleman to his son in St. Louis, and was kindly furnished by him for publication:

"MY DEAR SON: One of the most pleasing reflections in my declining years is the ready obedience which you have always yielded to my whishes. Your Father's advice to you now is, as it was when you enlisted in the war, namely, to be neutral. You and I must be neutral-that is to say, that while we take neither side as a side, we go our length for Greeley and Brown. This is the genuine thing, my son. It is, in my judgment, the quintessence of neu-

I have lately been much amused at some of my Democratic friends who appear anxious to know which side I am going to take in this contest. I have uniformly assured them that I should take neither side as a side; that if I knew myself I was perfectly neutral, and that I should mind my own business and vote for Greeley and Brown. Not for the round world, my boy, would I have you think that I am attempting to dictate, or in any way to control you in this matter. I have only this to say on that head.

You asked me by the last mail to let you have one hundred dollars to purchase sugical instruments. I will answer your letter shortly. Meantime, (do you under stand?) I am neutral, I take no side as a side, but I swear by Greeley and Brown. They are my men and I am doing all I can for them. I send you a white hat, which is a sign and symbol of our neutrality. I will answer your hundred dollar letter in good time. Meantime I would like to know how the Greeley hat fits.

Understand me, my son. Some parents andertake to control and direct the opinions of their children. This is cruel. It is barbarous. Parents should be neutral in such matters and leave their children do as they please. All that I find in my heart to do is to kindly advise you in the premises, and to give you a gentle hint-no more. You inform me that the surgical instruments are necessary, and that you are unable to purchase them. You therefore, like a good and dutiful son, call upon your father to aid you.

Certainly you ought to have the instruments. You may soon expect to hear from me. But, as I was saying, I am determined to mantain my neutral ground and go it strong for Greeley and Brown. If your hat is too small, stretch it. You ought to have those instruments just as certainly as that I am going to vote for Greeley and

While not wishing or intending in any way to influence you in the least, I would remark that I have just the one hundred dollars that I have no present use for-and I stand on neutral ground-in other words, I am for the Cincinnati ticket against Baltimore and the field. I repeat I have just the one hundered to spare that you asked for. Meanwhile would it not be well for you to drop me a line as to how you stand on the subject? Upon my soul I think it would.

I agree with you that the surgical instruments are a necessity. I do not see how you have done without them so long. But, my son you must remember that there is another necessity. It is necessary for the good of our common country that you should be neutral-that is to say, that you should imitate the pariotic example of your father, and vote for Greeley and Brown.

Indeed, I scarcely know what to do with that loose hundred dollars. You can write at your leisure and let me know how you stand, I wish you to exercise your own judgment and act as you think best, but you ought to have those instruments, and you know where to find me. Your affectionate father.

"Doctor," exclaimed a waggish Son of Temperance to a well-known doctor, "how long will it take hanging to produce death 2"

"Twenty, or at most thirty minutes," replied the doctor, "but why do you ask?" "O, because last night I saw a man hanging for two hours, and is not dead yet."

"You did !" exclaimed the doctor emphatically. "I havn't heard a word of this yet. Where was the man hanging?"

"He was hanging around an ale shop on North St.,," replied the wag. The doctor gave atterance to something that sounded like a blasphemous expression and passed on.

Dutch Justice.

An enterprising butcher of Cattaraugus county, New York, some time ago bought of a German farmer a calf, with the under standing to come for it on a certain day. Being for some reason detained he did not go for the calf at the stated time. Meantime a butcher from Olean came along and bargained for the calf, but could not take It just then. It happened they both went for the calf, on the same day and both were determined to have it. The little butcher of Alleghany was not an equal for the big butcher from Olean, and therefore didn't get the veal. So he goes to sue "the Orlean feller or somebody mit the laws by the Justice." A brother German hearing the difficulty takes it upon himself to arrange things amicably—they agreeing to leave it to him.

Now, Shake, you says you buys him first?

Yaw. You gets him not?

Nein. Rudolph, you buys him second? Yaw, I buys him all the time.

Well, then, you gets him? Of course, he bees mine all the vile. I kills him and sells him in mine shop.

So you gets more ven you sells him as ven you buys him? Of course-yaw. I makes no monish

ess I do not. How much you make on dis calf?

O, from two ash three dollars. Well, then you shust pay dis man for his calf. Den you shust give Shake one half what you make on dis veal. Dats what I say.

So that law suit was tried without swearing a witness, and equal justice rendered.

How they Shave in China.

A fellow who has been shaved in China says that his barber first strapped the razor on his leg and then did the shaving without any lather. The customer remonstrated, but was told that the lather was entirely useless, and had a tendency to make the hair stiff and tough, and was therefore, never used by persons who had any knowledge of the face and its appendages. After the beard had been taken off-and it was done in a very short timethe barber took a long, sharp, needle-shaped spoon and began to explore his customer's ears. He brought up from the numerous little crevices bits of wax and dirt that had been accumulating since his childhood. The barber suddenly twisted his subject's neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked as if the vertebree had been dislocated.

"Hold on!" shouted the party, alarmed for the safety of his neck. "All right!" replied the tonsors "me hurt you!" and he continued to jerk and twist the neck until it was as limber as an old lady's dish rag. He then fell to beating the back, breast, arms, and sides with his fists, and pummeled the muscles until they fairly glowed with the beating they received. Then he dashed a bucket of cold water over his man, dried the skin with towels, and declared that his work was done. Price, two cents.

A Singular Hotel.

Of all the hotels in the world the very oddest is a lonely one in California, on the road between San Jose and Santa Cruz. Imagine ten immense trees standing a few feet apart and hollow inside; these are th the hotel-neat, breezy and romantic. The largest tree is sixty-five feet around, and contains a sitting room and that bureau of Bacchus wherefrom is dispensed the thing that biteth and stingeth. All about this tree is a garden of flowers and evergreens. The drawing-room is a bower made of redwood, evergreens and madrona branches. For bed-chambers there are nine great hollow trees, white washed or papered, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes. Literature finds a place in a leaning stump, dubbed "the library." If it were not for that same haunt the guests of Bacchus, it is certain that the guests of this forest establishment would feel like nothing so much as dryades.

A splendid illustration of Mr. Darwin's theory has turned up in Vienna. There is a girl there, aged thirteen, a native of Palermo, Therese Gambardell, who is literally covered with hair so thickly that the Vienna papers pronounce her skin more like a fur than any thing else. The famous Julia Pastrana is described as perfeetly smooth compared with the new claimant to celebrity, whose hairy covering ex-tends from head to foot even the forehead -which in similar cases is said to have been invariably found bare-being entirely overgrown. The head closely resembles that of a monkey, and several abnormities in the build of the body still further complete the resem blance.

At Sharon, N. Y., recently a pretty Shakeress eloped with a young Shaker, greatly to the surprise and 'indignation of the Community. The runaway couple were followed but the pursuers found that they were too late as the happy couple had been made man and wife. The lady, in answer to the angry expostulations of her friends, is reported to have said:

You can make your apple sass and warrant it to keep; but gals ain't apples, and you can't bile 'em down so they won't sour on your old rules about marrying."

SUNDAY READING.

The Testimony of the Dying.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE name of Sir Humphry Davis is one L of the most conspicuous in the annals of the past. As a philosopher he attained the highest eminence. He had opulence which enabled him to surround himself with all the luxuries of life. His celebrity gave him rank which hade him a welcome guest in the castle of nobles and the palaces of kings. This illustrious man as he placed his head upon the pillow of death left behind him the following testimony:

"I envy no qualities of the mind and intellect in others, nor genius, nor power, nor wit, nor fancy. But if I could choose what would be most delightful and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of good, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, throws over the decay of existence the most gorgeous of all lights, awakes life in death, and calls from corruption and decay beauty and everlasting glory."

Such testimony from such a man is certainly worthy of being deeply pondered by every thoughtful mind. And how much confirmatory testimony have we of the same nature. Recall to mind the words of Prince Albert as he was breathing his last, amid the splendors of one of England's most gorgeous palaces:

"I have enjoyed wealth, rank, and power. But if this were all I had, how wretched should I be now.

'Rock of ages cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in thee." Visit in imagination the solitude of Marshfield, where Daniel Webster is dying with a heart broken by disappointments and regrets. The silence of the dying chamber is disturbed only by the ticking of the clock, and the breaking of the surf upon the shore. It is midnight. Listen to the last utterances of that voice to which a nation has often lent its ear in willing

homage: 'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour, The paths of glory lead but to the grave." The silence of the death-chamber remains for a few moments unbroken, when again that voice is heard exclaiming in its most

solemn and fervid tones: Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a repenting rebel live, Are not thy mercies large and free?

May not a sinner trust in thee? Enter the mournful glooms which envelop the dying bed of Sir Walter Scott .-His genius has won the admiration of nearly all Christendom. Now impoverished, disappointed in all his plans, paralyzed, he is gasping in the death-struggle. He raises his imploring eyes to his son Lockhart, who is standing by his side, and says:

"My dear, dear son, be a good man; be a religious man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

Edmund Burke has arrived at the close of his wonderful career. The diplomacy of every cabinet in Europe has been swayed by the energies of his gigantic mind. He has stood upon the highest pinnacle of intellectual greatness, the admiration of an applauding world. With weary heart and pallid cheek he now stands upon the verge of the spirit land, and looks back, and looks forward. Hear him:

What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. I would not, in this hard season, give one peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world."

Prince Talleyrand, one of the most renowned and successful of European statesmen, having attained the age of eightythree years, is prostrate on a dying bed .-In scarcely legible lines he traces with pencil upon paper the following as his dying testimony:

"Behold eighty-three years passed away! What cares, what agitations, what anxieties, what ill-will, what sad complications! And all without other result save great fatigue of body and mind, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust with regard to

And now let us enter the death-chamber of Edward Payson. He had devoted the energies of his life, as a disciple of Jesus, to winning souls to God. Thus he had been preparing for a dying hour and laying up treasure in heaven. To his sister he wrote:

"The celestial city is full in my view .-Its glories beam upon me. Its breezes fan me. Its odors are wafted to me. Its sounds strike upon my ear and its spirit is breathed into my heart. The sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun.

"O my sister, could you but know what awaits the Christian, could you only know as much as I now know, you could not refrain from rejoicing and even leaping for joy. And now, my dear, dear sister, farewell! Hold on your Christian course but a few days longer, and you will meet in heaven your happy and affectionate broth-

Reader, you soon will be passtrate upon a dying bed. Are you prepared for that hour? And what will be the testimony you will leave behind you?