

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 Affections. 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. 5 26 1y

A Practical Joke.

TWO of the most popular comedians in London are Toole, of the Gaiety, and Lionel Brough, of the Holborn. They are both opera bouffers, now and each may count about four notes in his vocal organ—Toole, perhaps, only three; but opera bouffe nowadays does not demand voices so let that pass. Both are excellent comedians, and their names are so valuable on a "bill of the play" that the managers disregarding the fact that they are not singers, press them into Offenbach's tuneful tomfoolery, and as those who can usually do not act, a sort of dramatic balance is established. Some time ago the two appeared conjointly to a drama in which they were very ragged woe-begone costumes, and at the desire of eminent artists in Regent street, they went in their rage to be photographed. While waiting "between the plates," Toole, who is fond of a joke, suggested to his brother comedian to saily out and call upon a certain mutual acquaintance—a stuck-up pompous sort of person, who would be horribly shocked at receiving visitors in such a garb. Brough, who is a confirmed joker, at once assented, and popping on their battered hats, out into the street the pair slipped, and made for the house of their would-be-well friend. "Rat! tat! tat!" went the knocker in a most pronounced manner, and in order to make it appear that the visitors were of more than ordinary distinction they pulled the bell almost out of its peaceful socket. The house resounded with its tintinnabulatory din.

A neat but flurried housemaid, followed by a boy in buttons, rushed to the door with great anxiety of expression. At the sight of the two cadger-looking men their first impulse was to shut the door in their faces. "Hey! stop—is Mr. —in?" "No, he's not; and we don't open the door to beggars," said the maid. "We've no cold meat here." "Git out, do," squeaked out the page from the rear of the maid's crinoline. "I axes your parding," said Toole in an assumed tone; "you're making a slight mistake, pretty maid. We want to see your master," and he mentioned the gentleman's Christian name and that of his wife. "We have important business with him," chimed in Brough, giving his tatters a twist "it's awful important."

The girl's face wore a dazed aspect, and then said: "Master never sees the likes of you at his house. He's most partickler ain't he, Charles?" appealing to the page. "You must be making a mistake." "Oh! no we ain't," responded Toole with extreme gravity. "But I'm sorry William is out (the Christian name of the gentleman); I haven't got a card about me (pretending to fumble among his rags), but when he comes in to dinner, just say, his two cousins from the Work house called as they were passing through London."

About Turtles.

Audubon, the naturalist, stated that at certain places on the coast of Florida sea turtles, those huge, stolid-looking reptiles on which aldermen are fed at the expense of tax payers, possess an extraordinary faculty of finding places. Working their way up out of reach of tide water with their flippers, quite a deep hole is excavated in which a batch of eggs are deposited and then carefully covered up. On reaching the water they do not infrequently swim 300 miles out at sea, foraging for proper food. When another batch of eggs are developed after a lapse of about fourteen days, they will return unerringly in a direct line, even in the darkest night, and visit the buried eggs. Removing the sand, more are deposited and secured. Away they go again as before. They know instinctively the day and hour when the young brood, incubated by the solar rays will break the shell and are promptly on the spot to liberate them from their prison. As soon as fairly out of the hole the mother turtle, leads them down the bank to the waves, and there ends her parental solicitude and maternal duties.

An instance of rare honesty, and showing how a dog may desire to pay his board-bill, recently occurred in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. A lady saw a dog frequently about her house picking up odd bits which had been thrown out and one day she called him in and fed him. The next day he came back, and, as she opened the door, he walked in and laid an egg on the floor, when he was again fed. The following day he brought his egg to pay for his dinner, and on the fourth day, he brought the old hen herself, who it seems had failed to furnish the required egg.

A Negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock her on the head with an axe. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired, "You gwine to hit where you look?" "Yes," "Den," said Caffee, "hold the cow yourself. I ain't gwine to let you hit me."

For the Bloomfield Times.

Our People—Their Degeneration and Regeneration.

Mr. Editor:—After an absence of nearly twenty years, I have returned to the mountains in search of health, but judging from the physique of the rising generation, I think that the genius of good health has left. Each generation of mankind is like a season of flowers and fruits. The ancient Greeks destroyed those children that were born with weak and sickly constitutions—horrid murder! But the parents of this day are about as culpable for their neglect in not properly developing those precious buds of humanity—fresh from the hands of nature. The lightsome picture of love—home—mother—and childhood with dimpled arms and rosy cheeks—and laughing eyes—and cooing baby-talk—has a poorly finished foreground of puny muscles—rotten teeth, and a premature old age. All this is the result of bad food, and deficient clothing. You say we have no bad air here among the mountains! Yes, but you have, for you shut up some good air in a close room, and breathe it over and over until it becomes poison! Throw open your sleeping-room windows and doors—and if it is cold weather pile on more cover.—Make sleeping-dresses for the children—well wadded with cotton or wool, and fastened so that they cannot kick out and get cold. As to food, children should live on wheat bread made from unbolted flour; also use some corn bread—(mush and milk makes the best supper)—beef, mutton, poultry, eggs, fish, vegetables, &c. But no hog meat, no coffee, tea, nor tobacco, until after they are grown. As to clothing, every body should wear good soft flannel next to the skin during the winter season—"keep the feet and body warm and the head cool." Change your clothing once a week in winter and twice a week in summer—always washing the skin thoroughly every time you change.

But after all, the great step in improving the human race, lies in the physical and moral education of woman. Make woman look upon herself as happy and beautiful—and she shrinks from pollution, and becomes more and more perfect. Pollution, Intemperance and Tobacco, are also three great vampires that are sapping the vitality of our people. It should be the work of woman to banish these foul harpies. Her influence is the strongest power on earth, save that of the Holy Spirit. A healthy woman! Creation's crown—so full of throbbing life, and sweetest possibilities. The fair ideal of Nature's budding, swelling, bursting luxuriance. The warm embodiment of all pleasant, thrilling forces and choice materials, whose very presence makes even the cold air tremulous with delight. Great guerdon good! Each one—the centre of her own little world. Her labors lead on to purity, perfection, and beauty. If you would have the stream pure, you must take care of the fountain.—Girls should have plenty of bathing, sunlight, playing in the open air—but no rope-jumping—also plenty of out-door work, such as garden, dropping corn, raking hay, gathering berries and apples, (but no heavy lifting.) At school, her education should never be allowed to interfere with her physical well-being. Her roses should never be paled by mental exertion. And finally, a law should be passed, that no sickly or cadaverous girl should ever marry.

Weather Signs.

EVERY man has some way of telling the change of weather, or rather no way of telling what the weather will be. He fixes on some rule and agrees with himself that he will believe the weather to be thus or thus, according as his rule demands. These signs do not generally receive from those who follow them a very critical investigation. When a man says, "I have noticed for more than forty years that always, when," etc., it may be quietly assumed that he has noticed no such thing. He has heard some one say thus or so; he has a vague idea that once or twice he has seen the sign come true, but the dozens of times that it has utterly failed he paid no regard to.

It is a common saying there will be a change of weather with the change of the moon. Now, as the moon changes once a week, a change of weather must come somewhere near a change of the moon. But take a long series of observations, such as those made by the agents for the Smithsonian Institute—observations which give the state of the thermometer, the direction of the wind, character of the clouds and fall of rain in a particular place noted three times a day for years, and by comparing the changes of the moon, we find there is no tractable connection between the two—that sometimes the weather changes with the moon and just as often does not.

The moon changes the same day all over the earth. A change of weather moves more slowly than the moon, so that if the moon and weather run together on the Atlantic coast, they would not be on the Rocky Mountains or on the Pacific coast. Again, when the weather is very wet on the Atlantic slope, it may be very dry in the Mississippi Valley. If a change from wet to dry in one place, it should change from dry to wet in the other. People forget that the

moon changes elsewhere than in their own township.

Says some old farmer, "It will turn warm next week, Tuesday for there is a change of the moon." "Turn warm where?" we ask him. "Why, turn warm here." But the moon will change up in Alaska—will it turn warm there? And it has already turned warm down in Texas—has the moon already changed there—or does not Texas weather go by the moon?

Says some old observer, "I have noticed for more than forty years that the first frost of the fall comes at the full of the moon." But the first frost does not come at the same time in Montreal, Philadelphia, and Savannah; and if the first frost in Montreal comes on a half-moon, the first in New York could not be before the first full moon, and Richmond would have to wait till another moon before it could have a frost; and the first frost would not come in Cuba until the next July.

Beans should be planted in the new of the moon," says some old fellow who has had "experience." But beans should not be planted in Missouri at the same time as in Arkansas or Louisiana, and if each latitude has to wait for a new moon for bean planting, the people up in Dakota or British America would not get in their beans at all.

"The 28th of the month," says another, "shows what is to be the prevailing weather for the next month." But a while ago the almanac was changed from old style to new style, and now the 28th comes at a different time by eleven days from what it did before. Is it just as reliable to reckon from as before? We reckon it is.

If the new moon is tipped up so that you can hang a powder-horn on it, the month will be a dry one—or a wet one—the weather prophets are not agreed which.

When the sun crosses the line on the 20th of March or September, we shall have an equinoctial storm in March, and one may come some where near the 20th, but it may have as much connection with St. Patrick's Day as with the sun crossing the line.

Let a man take notes of the matter for a series of years, and set them down on paper; he will be able to test these signs. But the hap-hazard recollections of an old sailor, or an old farmer are no guide. He thinks he has observed, when in fact he has paid no strict attention to the matter at all.

Arithmetical Puzzles.

"Libussa," the lady of Bohemia put forth the following problem to her three lovers, offering her hand and throne as the prize for a correct solution:

"I have here in my basket," said the Lady Libussa, "a gift of plums for each of you, picked from my garden. One of you shall have half and one more, the second shall again have half and one more, and the third shall again have half and three more. This will empty my basket. Now tell me how many plums are in it?"

The first knight made a random guess at threescore.

"No," replied the lady; "but if there were as many more, half as many more, and a third as many more as there are now in the basket, with five more added to that, the number would by so much exceed threescore as it now falls short of it."

The second knight getting bewildered, speculated widely on forty-five.

"Not so," said this royal reckoner; "but if there were a third as many more, half as many more, and a sixth as many more as there are now, there would be in my basket as many more than forty-five as there now are under that number."

Prince Wladimir then decided the number of plums to be thirty; and by so doing obtained this invaluable housekeeper for his wife. The Lady Libussa thereupon counted him out fifteen plums and one more, when there remained fourteen. To the second knight she gave seven more, and six remained. To the first knight she gave half of these and three more; and the basket was empty. The discarded lovers went off with their heads exceedingly giddy and their mouths full of plums.

A Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travelers into eleven bed-rooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven bedrooms:

Table with 11 columns numbered 1 to 11.

Her Bedtime.

FATHER, not very far from here, read in the paper, the other morning that the "Utica girls who want their beaux to go home the same night they call, pull a string at the proper hour which reverses a picture, on the back of which appears the words "Ten o'clock is my bed time."

This father, who has a daughter given to late hours when a certain youth sits up and helps her keep them, thought he would try the Utica plan, so he wrote in large characters, on the back of a large portrait of George Washington, this inscription: "10 O'CLOCK IS SALLIE'S BEDTIME."

Then he arranged the picture so that when he attached a string to the frame, he could reverse it from his bed-chamber. But when Sallie entered the room an hour later, her asthetic eye was outraged by observing the portrait of George hanging slightly out of plumb, so to speak, and in adjusting it her father's little game was revealed in all its subtle ingenuity.

Sallie was not a Utica girl, however, so she just went to work and neatly effaced the figure "0," leaving the figure 1 standing solitary and upright—which, you will observe, made a few hours difference in her bed time. That night, as usual, Sallie received a visit from her young man—which his front name it was Harry—and her paternal parent attached his string to G. W.'s portrait, and retired to his downy couch.

About ten o'clock, when Henry and Sallie were deeply absorbed in some knotty problem, with their heads so contiguous that you couldn't insert a piece of tissue paper between them, the Father of his country suddenly turned his face to the wall, as if he was ashamed to gaze upon such doings. Henry, with a sudden start, glanced at the picture, and saw the handwriting on the wall, as it were, which read "1 o'clock is Sallie's bedtime." Then Henry looked at Sallie with an interrogation in his eyes, which was partly dispelled by the fair maid murmuring, "It's all right." Henry said of course it was all right—that he had long known 1 o'clock was her bedtime, and he thought it was plenty late enough, too for a young girl to be out of bed; but what business, he said, had Geo. Washington's portrait to be flopping about that way? Then Sallie explained—and the twain resumed work on the problem, Henry putting his arm around Sallie to prevent her falling off the chair.

Meanwhile the old man was listening to hear the front door open, and his would be son-in-law's footsteps pattering over the pavement with the toes of his boots pointing from the house. These sounds not falling upon his ears, thinking maybe the old thing didn't work right, he gave the string another pull, and George W. again faced the audience. Then he listened, but he heard no foot-steps nothing but a peculiar sound, something resembling the popping of champagne corks.

Then he grew cross, and gave the string another jerk, causing G. W. to turn about with violent suddenness, just as if he was dreadfully out of humor too.

And still all is quiet below—except that popping sound.

Then the string was pulled again—and again—and again—indicating that the old fellow was just ready to explode with rage. And for fully fifteen minutes did he have the portrait of the man who could not tell a lie turning excited flip-flaps and things on the wall, like a bewitched gymnast, until he fell asleep exhausted—Sallie's father fell asleep, not the portrait.

Henry kissed Sallie good night at one o'clock A. M., remarking as he did so, that it would seem like a long long weary year before he would see her again—because you know, he didn't expect to see her again until the evening of that day.

The next morning her father examined the portrait, and when he fully understood the situation he was pained. He shed a silent tear, detached the string, sponged out the inscription, and walked away with the weight of fifty-five years on his shoulders—that being his age. He says a girl who will go back on her father in that way would just as lief as not disgrace her parents by marrying a Congressman.

Matches.

Although friction matches are as common as nails, a very small proportion of those who use them understand the principle on which they operate. It is, in fact, a very simple affair. The tip of the match is a combination of sulphur and phosphorus. The phosphorus ignites at the heat of one hundred and twenty degrees, which a slight friction will produce, and this in turn ignites the sulphur which requires four hundred and fifty or five hundred degrees. The flame of the sulphur sets fire to the pine wood, of which the match is composed, and which ignites at about six hundred degrees. The combination is necessary, because the phosphorus alone would not kindle the match, while the sulphur alone would not ignite with the ordinary friction.

An Alderman at Janesville, Miss., was asked to estimate the damage a cow had done in the yard of a neighbor. He did so liberally, but was much chagrined when informed that it was his own cow that had done the damage.