

**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.

**John and Family visit the Circus.**

"WHAT you wouldn't charge anything for lettin' a mere child like that go in, would you? No madame, we would not charge a cent; our book-keeper is sick, but you will have to pay half price before he can enter. Why, he ain't but ten. Can't help that, madame, them feet of his is what takes up room. Lought to ask you a dollar and a half, but twenty-five cents will do. Well there's your money, but it's a swindle—come on, darling.

What on hev'n and airth ails you, John Simmit, that you drag that child right by everything, and don't give him a chance to see anything? Slack up a little; I've paid for these tickets, and am going to see what's going on, and if it don't suit you, you can poke ahead.

There, Isabel, look there; don't you see his jaw drop and his chest go up and down? That is the dying zouave, just as he looked when he was dying. O my, I can't look at him, John; keep hold of my hand. Is he alive? No; he's embalmed, and they run the body by steam, so the show feller told me. That woman there is his sweetheart, waiting for his eyes to get dim so he can't see her go for his watch and pocket-book to remember him by.

Get off my corns, you tarnal great lubber you; can't you get around without running over people? If I had you outside I'd put such a head on you that you would have to get into your shirt feet first for a month. Got to step somewhere? Well, what of it? You had better keep off from my mud hooks, confound your picture!

There, my children, you see an allegorical representation of what drinking leads to. There is the "drunkard and his family." Oh! most horrible of all! Here, Maria, hold the twins up so that they can have a good view, while I boost Johnnie. What ails the woman's eye, pa? and her legs is cut off. That is the effect of whiskey, my child. The drunkard has "pasted" her one on the eye, and the stuffing run out of her legs from riding on the cars. But see that big bottle sticking out of the man's vest pocket—what is in that? Old rye, my boy and that red color you see on the drunkard's nose and face is the bloom that's on the rye. All drinking men carry pint bottles of liquor in their vest pockets. But you must take warning, my son, and never carry the accursed stuff thus, hide it in a more secret place—in your boot!

There! there is—the family of the temperate man in that cage. Look, children! see the difference between this scene and the one you have just left. Here the man that don't drink is seen sitting in his house surrounded by his wife and children, who wear their Sunday clothes all the week. See the bullfinches and parrots sitting around on the trees. Everything betokens comfort and wealth. If you don't drink, Johnnie, you will have a wife, two children and a parrot and side whiskers when you are a man.

Come, ladies and gentleman, move on; don't stand staring at one thing an hour at a time. Here, you big lummo, get out of the way and give that woman with a bile on her elbow a chance to see. Pass right on into the next tent.

Oh, father, come and see this cage of monkeys. Let go of my coat, you young rascal; don't, tear me to pieces; you've seen them nasty little monkeys a hundred times before. Mister, why don't you give your monkeys fine tooth combs? They wouldn't have to work half so hard if you would.

Look at that showman's red face; what makes him blush so, father? I don't know my daughter, unless it is because he's a good templar on a strike, or about to join the lager beer drinkers, eight hour movement. His face looks like a piece of raw beef. Yes, that's a fact, and come to think of it, that's why he walks up and down before the animals' cages, so as to make them hungry and keep them in good condition.

Look, Imogene, what an elegant shade of green on that parrot's tail; I would give the world to have a dress of that shade, and gloves and parasol to match.

That's a pelican, dearest, the bird with the gaiter, in the little cage on your left. The thing that looks like a swelling, or as if he had the mumps, 'tis the pouch where it lays its eggs and carries its young until they are old enough to cut bait and fish for themselves. How does it lay eggs in there? That's more than I know. Naturalists state that such is the fact, however, and that like the opossum it carries its young there until they can go it on their own hook.

I don't believe you, Nathaniel, and I'm going to ask that showman. Mister, what is that bladder under that bird's chin for? That's what he uses as a life preserver, m'dam, when he is out fishing and happens to wade into a deep hole that is over his head, which is not often, as you will see by length of his legs. He frequently fills it up with fish when traveling, so as to have a lunch with him. He also puts it over his head when it rains as a water-proof.

Thank you sir. Is that an ostrich, sir? Yes'm, that his the hons stretch, so called because he runs faster than any 'oss and stretches his neck all the time for grub.

We just fed'm on a keg of railroad spikes, but if you have a pocket knife you would like to give him I will see that he receives it when he is hungry.

Take your hand out of my pocket, you rascal!

My hand wasn't in your pocket. Yes 'twas, I felt it.

Your own hand is in there now, what are you blowing about?

Well, I swear to gracious, so it is. I beg your pardon, mister I saw that sign there, "look out for pickpockets," and feeling something moving in my pocket, I thought it was your hand. I am so used up by this crowd I can't remember which end I'm standing on.

Well, Marie, I declare, I never thought I should live to see a giraffe. Where is Joshua, I wonder? Back in the other tent looking at the "Sleeping Beauty," I'll bet a cent. You stay here, Marie, and I'll go back and give him a hint that he'll remember.

There goes the band—Come on quick, or we wont get seats—Never mind the camels.—Fans, nice cool fans—Hurry up mother here's a seat—Ain't this hot—Here's your nice lemonade—There's that hateful Mary Spriggs; look at her hat—If I had a baby as young as that I would stay at home—Don't bow to John Smith; he's tight—There they come—Oh! Oh! Oh!

**Political Anecdotes.**

It is related of a worthy Connecticut yankee that he declined a nomination to an elective office on the following grounds: "I have lived," he said, "a long and tolerable respectable life. I have established my sons in business. I have married my daughters comfortably. My grandchildren have arisen to call me blessed. I can get up a good audience at a family gathering, all the members of which listen to me with respect. My neighbors treat me with courtesy. Shall I forfeit all this by setting up my fame as a target for political opponents. Decidedly not." Perhaps the old gentleman was right. There is, however, another side of the case and another anecdote in point. A blameless and respected old man, like many other "innocents," desired an elective office. He was not positively good enough to be remarkable, and there was no striking event in his life, or point in his character, on which he could effectively be abused. His nomination made no show, and he was likely to fall by default. A friend volunteered to insure his election, but would not in advance disclose the process. In a few days the astounding "political" fact came out that the worthy candidate in his youth "stole a horse." The opposition charged. The candidate's friends defended. A very exciting canvass arose, the point of thief or no thief bearing as much on the political questions supposed to be in issue as the collateral points raised at election times generally do. The "horse thief" was triumphantly elected by the reaction in his favor when the charge was demonstrated to be a falsehood; a thing easily done by "the friend," who had published only such a charge as could not be substantiated.

**Curious Wills.**

Chambers' Journal gives some strange facts and figures appertaining to will making: In 1814 Lady Frances Wilson, daughter of the Earl of Aylesbury, was informed by Archdeacon Potts that a parishioner of his, named Wright, then lying dead at a poor lodging in Pimlico, had left her a valuable estate in Hampshire. The fair legatee ridiculed the idea, as she knew no such individual. However she went to Pimlico, and recognized her defunct friend as a constant frequenter of the opera, who had annoyed her by continually staring at her there.

One would naturally suppose that the friendless man had fallen in love with the lady, or been attracted, perhaps by her resemblance to some lost love of his youth. There may have been some tender feeling in the case; but then, how are we to account for his leaving £4000 to the Countess of Roselyn, £4000 to the speaker of the House of Commons, and \$1000 to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—all of whom were ignorant of his existence? The worthy archdeacon would have scouted the notion of the man being insane, for had he not proved himself in his right mind by leaving him £1000 "as a mark of approbation of a sermon he had heard him preach?"

In 1772, a Monmouthshire squire left £20,000 to a laboring man to whom he would not speak while living. A Mr. Furstone left £7000 to the first man bearing his surname who should marry a female Furstone.

Rev. Mr. Laurie, of Erie, changed with Dr. Chapin one Sunday, and soon after he appeared in his desk, people began to go away. He watched the exodus a few minutes, and then rising, said, in a deep voice, clearly heard throughout the church, and with just sufficient Scotch brogue in his voice to give raciness to his words:—"All those who came here to worship Almighty God will please join in singing a hymn, and while they are doing so, those who came here to worship E. H. Chapin will have an opportunity to leave the church." His audience did not diminish after that.

**BOGGS' FRONT YARD.**

WE have recently moved into a house that has a front yard. We have always lived in houses whose front yard was in the street. Children will play in the yard whether there is a street running through it or not. After two or three had barely escaped being run over by the teams that insisted in running through our front yard, my wife said we must rent a yard that hadn't any street in it. So we did. But Lord! the children don't make any account of it. They are in the street as much as ever, accumulating their daily supply of narrow escapes.

Wife said the yard looked bare without shrubs and flowers and vines. I hinted that a little grass would help it, too. She asked me if I knew where I could get some, and I told her I knew a little grass widow on the next street if she would do. I retreated, followed by the rolling pin.

One morning, as I was going away, wife asked me to bring her a few "annuals" when I came back. I wondered what she wanted of annuals as I rode down in the street car, but I am accustomed to a blind obedience to her requests, so when I went home at night I brought her some annuals. There were "Dr. Jaynes' Annual Almanac," I remember "The Odd Fellows Annual Offering," and a "New Year's Address" for 1863, and the "Birth Day Gift" and numerous annual addresses before agricultural associations that had accumulated on my hands.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Boggs (she never swears like that except under great excitement), what have you brought me?"

"Annuals, Mrs. Boggs," said I. "You said you wanted some annuals and here they are."

Then Mrs. Boggs burst out laughing and cried, "Why, you old fool you (we have been married twenty years and Mrs. Boggs calls me pet names yet) the annuals I meant are flowers, such as verbenas, pansies daisies, morning glories, mignonette and the like, to set out in our front yard." Then she took all the annuals I had been at so much pains to collect and set them out in the back yard among other rubbish.

The next morning she asked me if I thought I could get her some roses for the front yard. Told her I knew a man who had got a lot of early rose potatoes, but it wasn't the right time a year to set them out. (I have an idea that ground is much better employed in raising a potato than in raising a flower, unless it be a barrel of flour.) Wife said I hadn't a bit of taste. She then gave me a memoranda of roses she wanted. I was busy all day, but just as I was about taking a car for home, I thought of the roses. I referred to the memoranda and found the following:

"Get a few geraniums, fuchs, heliotrope, roses, bourbon-running rose, "Prarie Queen," golden tea plant, vines, English Ivy, Wandering Jew, seeds, etc."

I studied it hard but it was slightly incomprehensible. She had evidently got florists mixed up. However, I went to a florist's and told him what I wanted. Said I—"Give me a few geraniums and a few she's, and—"

"A few what?" asked the flower man, looking puzzled.

"A few she's," said I, turning very red. I know, for I couldn't tell for the life of me what my wife wanted of a few she's about the place, she could never live in the same house with another woman.

As the florist looked more staggered than ever, I handed him the memoranda, when he bursted out into a loud laugh.

"Why, man," he cried, "it's fuchs she wants!" and then he roared again.

"Well, whatever it is, give me a couple of yards of it, anyhow, front and back yard, too."

You see I was mad.

I got the things the memoranda seemed to call for at various places, and went home. "Here, Mrs. Boggs," said I, testily, "are the things for the front yard."

"Why, what is this?" she cried, as I thrust a two-gallon jug upon her among other things.

"Bourbon, my dear. I found it on the memoranda. Pretty thing to set out in the front yard, though. How long do you s'pose it'll stay there with the neighbors we've got?"

"Boggs, you are an infernal—; that memorandum was Bourbon Rose. But what is this nasty little book?" holding up a dime novel with a highly-colored title-page representing a gorgeous squaw on a fiery untamed mustang.

"That? Why you ordered it, didn't you? That is Running Rose, or the Prairie Queen one of the Beadle's you know."

My wife carried it arms length and threw it into the stove. Then she took the jug of bourbon and emptied it into the back gutter. While she was gone I concealed Alexander Dumas, "Wandering Jew," which I had also purchased, for I began to see that I had made a terrible blunder in filling the order. (I have ascertained since that "Wandering Jew" is the name of a vine, but how was I expected to know all about it?)

"Here, my dear," said I, as my wife entered the room again, desiring to mollify her, "here is some ivy. I know that is

right, for I hired a boy to go out into the woods and cull it."

"Go out in the woods and cull it!" shrieked Mrs. Boggs, suddenly dropping it, "why, Boggs, you villain, that's pizen ivy!"

So it was. Dear! dear! how was I expected to know anything about it? I didn't know there was any other kind of ivy except that which grows in the woods. I went around for a week or two with both hands done up in a linen rag soaked in salt and water, and Mrs. Boggs' hands looked like a pair of boxing gloves. I will never meddle with ivy again, ivy notion.

But my mishaps are not all related yet. I planted the seeds I had brought, and what do you think came up? A lot of gourds, sunflowers, hollyhocks and pumpkin vines!

"What are these?" said Mrs. Boggs, examining a flower bed where I had stuck some plants. Then she bent down, scrutinized the leaves closely, and with a scream pulled them up by the roots and threw them away.

"What is the matter now, my dear?" I groaned.

"Tomatoes and cabbage plants!" shrieked Mrs. Boggs, and fainted away.

We fixed it at length. We hired a landscape gardener, and turned the front yard over to him. Mrs. Boggs bossed the job, and under her eagle eye very little land 'scaped gardening. A hose became necessary, of course, to sprinkle the grass and flowers, so he bought one properly furnished with a nozzle and sprinkler. Mrs. Boggs going out marketing one evening, requested me to take the hose and sprinkle the front yard.

I had never operated such a contrivance and made horrible work of it. I forgot to substitute the sprinkler for the nozzle and played havoc among the plants and flowers. Where ever the stream struck a plant it was either scooped out or driven into the ground out of sight. The flower-beds looked as though they had been fooling about a water-spout. I was disconcerted at the ruin I was working, and turning around to see if my wife was coming, I let the stream go full drive in my neighbor's face who was observing me from his parlor window. He yelled and I turned it quickly around, firing into a passing baby wagon. Baby screamed, and getting a dose into my own eye, I popped it next into the face of Mrs. Boggs who was just entering the gate. That concluded my performance with a rubber hose.

If you know of any one who wants to rent a house with a front yard, send me word.—Fat Contributor.

**Turned Black.**

It has been ascertained that the fumes of the purifying rooms of gas works, will cure the whooping cough. To test it, the wife of a city merchant, took two of her children there. The superintendent very kindly waited upon her, to the rooms.

After a few moments he noticed a black streak along the fore head, near the hair, but supposing she had made it by some brook from her fingers, thought nothing more of it, and he left the parties to inhale the vapors. When ready to depart, he suggested to the lady that before she went back to the city she had better look into a mirror, which she did and was not a little surprised to find her face as black as charcoal, from the hair around to her ears, and under the chin.

After much scrubbing with soap and water, she succeeded in making herself white. She inquired anxiously of the superintendent, who is a family man, and knows how it is himself, what could possibly have caused it. He very politely intimated that it might be something she put on her face before she came there, which she indignantly denied—she didn't "powder," not she!

"Madam," said he, "that's too thin. You can't cheat the gasworks."

**How to Enjoy Life.**

It is wonderful to what an extent people believe happiness depends on not being obliged to labor. Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. Idleness and luxury induce premature decay much faster than many trades regarded as the most exhaustive and fatal to longevity. Labor in general actually increases the term of life. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, but play the part of drones, and, like them, make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its day in usefulness and honor. Let young people heed the above facts, and remember that industry—labor—is not only requisite to success in any calling, but also the great source of health and happiness.

It is asserted upon the authority of a distinguished physician, that it is a rare thing to find a person decidedly fond of fruit becoming intemperate. The two tastes are said to be antagonistic. We are fully persuaded that good ripe fruit is one of the very best remedies for thirst. A regular fruit eater drinks but little water. When there is no desire for water there is little probability of there being thirst for intoxicating beverages.