# The Post.

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**Advertising Rates.**

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| One column one year, | $60.00 |
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THE POST

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JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r

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## Poetry.

### Hoe Your Own Row.

This world is surely large enough,
For each to live his life
Without colliding with his friend,
Or giving cause for strife,
There is no need to hardy words
O'er what to find to do,
And he who gives unsought advice
Will oft have cause to rue.

So, he who takes his time to roam
O'er other people's land,
Will find when squaring his account,
He has no cash in hand.
The man whom once we tho't a friend
With enmity we view,
Should he come telling us the way
Our business to pursue.

Too many irons in the fire
May cause a blistered hand,
And he who guards a neighbor's gold,
Will find his own but rend.
So, then, perhaps it might be well
To let our friends alone;
Be sure when digging up the ground,
The land we hoe's our own.

You'd better save your breath to cool
The dinner on your plate,
Than use it up to give advice,
And get, alas! but hate.
For in this land of liberty
The best way you must know,
To win success in any path,
Is just to "hoe your row."

### Rattle of the Bones.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they are all in place.

How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human head?
Right, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four nine and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each, one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each fore-arm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band,

How many bones in the fingers too?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each—and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knee?
One in each—the knee-pan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each—but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each; as in the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes, half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now, all together, these many bones fix—
And they count in the body two hundred and six,

And then we have in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And we now and then have a bone, I should think,
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink.

A Sesamoid bone, or a Wormian we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

## Select Tale.

### NORA'S PLOT TO WIN A HUSBAND.

She was sitting under the shadow of a fragrant lime tree that overhung a very ancient well, and as the water fell into her pitcher she was mingling with its music the tones of her Jew's harp," the only instrument upon which Norah Clary had learned to play. She was a merry maiden of "sweet seventeen," a rustic belle as well as a rustic beauty, and a terrible coquette; and as she had what in Scotland they call a "tocher," in England a "dowery," and in Ireland a "pretty o' money," it is scarcely necessary to state, in addition, that she had a bachelor, Whether the one—which was certainly given in alto—was or was not designed as a summons to her lover, I can not take upon myself to say; but her lips had not been long occupied before her lover was at her side.

"We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan," she said somewhat abruptly; "look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top of the great hill of Howth as make father and mother agree about one thing. They have been playing the role of contrary lately these twenty years, and it's not likely they'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Moris, "that married people can't draw together! Norah alanna! that wouldn't be the way with us. It's one we'd in heart and soul, and an example of love and—"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing. "Morris, Morris, we've quarreled a score of times already; and a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall *I* talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kearney, or repeat what Mark Doolon said of me to Mary Grey?—eh, Morris?"

"Leave joking, now Norry; God only knows how I love you," he said, in voice broken by emotion; "I'm yer equal as far as money goes; and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet I don't pretend to deserve you for all that; only *I* can't help saying that when we love each other (now don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again) and yer father agreeable, and all to think that yer mother, out of divilment, should be putting betwixt us for no reasons upon earth only to spite her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good for—"

"Stop, Mister Morris," exclaimed Norah, laying her hand on his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping; "it's my mother ye're talking of, and it would be ill-blood as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Isj that the pattern of yer manners, sir; or did ye ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?"

"*I* ask your pardon, my own Norah," he replied meekly, in duty bound; "for the sake of the lamb we spare the sheep. Why not? and I am not going to go against yer mother—"

"The least said the soonest mended!" again interrupted the impatient girl. "Good even, Morris, and God bless you, they'll be after missing me within, and it's little mother thinks where *I* am."

"Norah, above all the girls at wake or pattern, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and since ye were the height of a rose-bush ye have been dearer to me than anything else on earth. Do, Norah, for the love of our young hearts' love, do think if there's no way to win your mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss of thousands, let alone what you've got. Dearest Norah, think you'll do nothing without her consent, do think; for once be serious, and don't laugh."

"I'm not going to laugh, Morris," replied the little maid at last, after a very long pause. "I've a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father to speak to mother about it. I wonder, and he a priest, that he hadn't more sense! Sure, mother was the man; but I've got a thought. Good-night, dear Morris, good-night."

The lass sprang lightly over fence into her own garden, leaving her lover perdu at the other, without possessing an idea of her "wise thought" might be. When she entered the kitchen, the were going on as usual, mother bustling in style, and as cross as a "bag of weasels."

"Jack Clary," said she to her husband who sat quietly in the chimney corner smoking his dudeen, "well you've got a wife that's what's what! God help me! little good of a husband, barring the name! Are you sure Black Nell's in the stable?" The husband nodded. "The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?" Another nod. "Bad cess to ye, can't ye use yer tongue, and answer a civil question?" continued the lady.

"My dear," he replied, "sure one like you has enough talk for ten."

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable that severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father and whispered in his ear, "I don't think the stable door is fastened." Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of black Nell.

"I'll go with father myself and see," said Norah.

"That's like my own child, always careful," observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Norah, "It isn't altogether about the stable I wanted to see ye, but—but—the priest said something to you to-day, about—Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, about yourself, my sweet Norry."

"Did you speak to mother about it."

No, darling, she's been cross all day. Sure I go through a great deal for peace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in reason; as to Morris, she was very fond of the boy till she found that I liked him, and then, my jewel, she turned like sour milk in a minute. I'm afraid even the priest will get no good of her."

"Father, dear father," said Norah, "suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come around."

"Out of opposition to me, eh?"

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day, then—that would be cowardly," replied the farmer, drawing himself up. "No, I won't."

"Father, dear, ye don't understand," said the cunning lass, "sure ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean—suppose—father, you know what I mean," she continued, and luckily the twilight concealed her blushes—"if that took place, it's you that would have his own way."

"True for ye, Norry, my girl, true for ye. I never thought of that before!" and pleased with the idea of "tricking his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. "But stay awhile—stay, aisy, aisy!" he commenced, "how am I to manage? Sure the priest himself will be here to morrow morning early; and he's out upon a station now, so there's no use speaking with him. He's no way quick, either. We'll be bothered entirely, if he comes in on a sudden."

"Leave it to me, dear father, leave it all to me!" exclaimed the animated girl. "Only pluck up spirit, and whenever Morris' name is mentioned, abuse him; but not with all your heart, father—only from the teeth out!"

When they re entered, the fresh, boiled potatoes sent a warm, curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker dish, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of course, white salt; noggins of buttermilk were filled on the dresser, and on a small round table a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

"What's for supper, mother?" inquired Norah, as she drew her wheel toward her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it around

"Plaguy snipeens," she replied, "bits o' bog chickens, that you're always such a fancy for; Barney Leary kilt them himself."

"So I did," said Barney, grinning, and that stick wid a hook of Morris Donovan's is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down."

"If Morris Donovan's stick touched them they shan't come here," said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow with his clinched hand as made not only it but Mrs. Clary jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because nothing that belongs to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into this house," replied Clary; "he's not to my liking, anyhow, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

"Excellent," whispered Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, "what's come to the man?"

[illegible] his [illegible] to one." [illegible] dish [illegible] mes, food [illegible] not [illegible] lind How [illegible] away [illegible] tion, you [illegible] by [illegible] der [illegible] of

mine looking at the side of the road he walks on, I'll take the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!"

"You will! And dare you say that to my face, and to a child o' mine! You will, will you! we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye what, if you like, Morris Donovan shall come into this house, and, what's more, be master of this house, and that's what you never had the heart to be yet, you poor ould snail."

So saying, Mrs. Clary endeavored to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother, but Clary, lifting her up, somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mr. Clary persisted in abusing not only Morris, but Morris' uncle Father Donovan, until at last the farmer's helpmeet swore, ay, and that roundly, too, by cross and saint, that, before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eyes, dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole; it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in her monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning, before the sun was fairly up, he was throwing his early beams over the glowing cheeks of Norah Clary; for her wise tho't had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting tree, where, "by chance," either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment the course of true love "runs smooth," it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now left for me only to say that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, told him her saucy plan and its result. And the lover hastened, upon the wings of love (which I beg my readers clearly to understand are swifter and stronger in Ireland than any other country,) to appraise the priest of the arrangement, well-knowing that his reverence loved his nephew and niece that was to be—to say nothing of the wedding supper and the profits arising therefrom—too well not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing gave the country people enough to talk about during the happy Christmas holidays, *I* cannot now describe. The bride of course looked lovely, and "sheepish," and the bridegroom—but bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worthy of mention. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, former Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up, seized a shillalah of stout oak and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted: "Carry me out! by the powers, she's best! we've won the day! ould Ireland forever! Success boys! she's best! she's best!"

The priest seemed vastly to enjoy the extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her plot.

### Useful and Interesting.

There are 2,750 languages.

Two persons die every second.

The average human life is thirty-one years.

Slow rivers flow four miles per hour.

Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

A storm moves thirty-six mile per hour.

A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.

A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.

Sound moves 743 miles per hour.

Light moves 192,000 miles per hour.

Electricity moves 288,000 miles per hour.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first insider match was made in 1829.

The horse railroad was built in 1830 7.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1638.

The first almanac was printed by Geo. Von Purbach in 1460.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand-spinning wheel.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre, within an inch.

A square mile contains 640 acres.

A mile is 5,280 feet or 1,760 yards in length.

A fathom is six feet.

A league is three miles.

A Sabbath day's journey is 1,155 yards (this is eighteen yards less than two thirds of a mile).

A day's journey is thirty three and one-eighth miles.

A cubit is two feet.

A great cubit is eleven feet.

A hand—horse measure—is four inches.

A palm is three inches.

A span is ten and seven-eighth inches.

A pace is three feet.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.

A firkin of butter weighs 84 pounds.

A tub of butter weighs 60 pounds.

The following are sold by weight per bushel.

Wheat, beans and clover seed, sixty pounds per bushel.

Corn, Rye and flax seed, 56 pounds per bushel.

Buckwheat, 52 pounds per bushel.

Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.

Oats, 32 pounds per bushel.

Bran, 35 pounds per bushel.

Timothy seed, 45 pounds per bushel.

Coarse salt, 85 pounds per bushel.

DEFINITIONS.—An old maid furnishes the following definitions:

Man—A conglomerate mass of hair, cigar-smoke, conceit and boots.

Woman—The waiter, per force, of the aforesaid animal.

Husband—An instrument constructed to growl over shirt buttons that "aren't thar."

Wife—A machine made for darning stockings, making puddings, and sewing on buttons.

Father—A being who thrashes boys, and won't "fork over" as his olive branches desire.

Mother—A pleasant song—a sweet vision of childhood.

Child—A compound of delightful and distressing elements.

Baby—An invention for keeping people awake at night, and for the aggrandizement of washer-women.

### Confederate Bill of Fare.

While the Yankees had us shut up in Vicksburg rations became scarce, and even the hotels were reduced to mule beef and corn dodgers. One of our witty fellows got up the following bill of fare, had it printed and distributed among the guests at one of the leading hotels in the beleaguered city.

*Hotel de Vicksburg.*

*Bill of Fare for July 1, 1863*

Soup—Mule tail.

Boils—Boiled mule; mule with bacon and a few beans; mule with pokeberry greens; mule ham; mule canvased.

Roasts—Mule sirloin.

Vegetables—Peas and rice.

Entrees—Mule head stuffed à la mode; mule beef jerked à la mode; Mexicana; mule ears fried; mule ears dressed à la gotch; mule stewed (new style, with hair on); mule spareribs, plain; mule liver hash.

Side Dishes—Mule salad; mule hoof souse; mule brains à la omelette; mule kidneys stuffed with peas; mule tripe fried in pea-meal batter; mule tongue, cold, à la bray.

Jellies—Mule foot.

Pastry—Pea meal pudding; blackberry sauce; cottonwoodberry sauce; Chinaberry tart.

Dessertes—White oak acorns; beech nuts; blackberry leaf tea, genuine satisfaction coffee.

Liquors—Mississippi water, vintage of 1863, very superior, $5 per quart; Lucretian water, late importation, very fine $2.75 per quart; spring water; Vicksburg brand, $1.40 per quart.

Meals at all hours. Gentlemen to wait upon themselves. No guests allowed in the kitchen. Any infraction upon the part of servants should be promptly reported at the office. J. H. Beatles & Co., proprietors.

Advertisements—The proprietors of this now celebrated hotel are justly proud of its reputation. They have just enlarged and refitted the whole house by adding the "Clara," and are now prepared to accommodate all who favor them with a call. Parties arriving by the river or Grant's island route will find Grape, Cannister & Co's carriages awaiting them at the landing or depot on the line of arrangements. Nick. Ball & Co. take charge of all baggage. No efforts will be spared to make the visits of all as pleasing as possible. Guests are rarely killed at this house by shells from the Union batteries.

Amusements—The shelling from the Yankee batteries generally begins at nine o'clock p. m. and lasts until one o'clock p. m. It is very lively, but not at all dangerous.

### Benefits of Advertising.

Bread is the staff of life so is advertising the staff of business.

Blessed are they who do not advertise for they shall rarely be troubled with a customer.

You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

Business can go without advertising, as a car can go without greasing, but in both cases it is hard work.

No hollaring so loud as a good advertisement. People are more apt to heed what they read than what they hear.

Those who take the lead in pushing their business through the newspapers, generally take the lead in everything else.

If you don't mean to attend to your business, and prefer a slender income while your neighbors grow rich, it won't pay to advertise.

Judicious advertising is sure to bring large returns, to increase your business reputation and add to your acquaintance.

If you haven't business, advertise. If you have business, advertise. It is a "poor rule that won't work both ways." A place well advertised is known to many, while one not advertised is known only to a few passers-by.

Quitting advertising in dull times is like pulling down a dam when the water is low. When trade revives, it will rush by him who does not stay it with ready customers. The way to have such always on hand is through advertising.

### Value of Spare Moments.

*Madame De Genlis* composed several charming volumes while waiting in the school-room for the tardy princes to whom she gave daily lessons.

Daguessau, one of the chancellors of France, wrote an able and bulky work in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner.

Elihu Buritt, when earning his living as a blacksmith, learned eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, simply improving his "spare moments."

A celebrated physician in London translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage on his daily rounds.

Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, writing down his thoughts in a memorandum book which he carried for the purpose.

Kirk White also learned Greek while walking to and fro from a lawyers office.

### After Marriage.

THREE WEEKS AFTER.

"My precious pupsy wupsy love,
I'm going out," he softly said,
And she upon his manly breast,
All lovingly reclined her head.
"You will not leave your darling long?"
"I will my darling, rest content."
And then they kissed a dozen times,
"By by!" "ta ta!" and so he went.

THREE WEEKS AFTER.

"My dear, I'm going out to-night—
Pray don't sit up—I may be late!"
She laughed a pretty little laugh,
"Oh, never fear, I shall not wait!"
Then having kissed his chiefest joy,
Adieu for short he took,
And closed her somewhat longingly,
A single kiss—and off he went.

THREE MONTHS AFTER.

"Jenny, I'm going out to-night,
Don't wait and sit up for me."
Cross Mrs. Smithson's street, 'tis
Not fair it seems to me, sometimes,
He home on Christmas eve.
And then upon his knees he fell,
"Pray, darling, do!" Sharp it came,
"Why don't you go?" and so he went.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

"Yes, Mrs. B., I am quite out!"
"Then let me change a note, I pray!"
"I wish, upon my soul I could,
"Why, what a wretch I must be, that you say!"
Little wife I have a note,
You handle note I've none to spare!"
"I wish, in earnest, I had the wife I've
And followed by the door—he went.

### Receipt For Prosperity.

1. Let every youth be taught some useful art and be trained to industry and thrift.

2. Let every young man lay aside and keep carefully (after a certain proportion of his earnings).

3. Let every young man set out with a fixed determination to engage in business for himself and let him put his determination into practice as early in life as possible.

4. Begin in a small way, and extend as your business and experience shall teach you is advantageous.

5. Keep your own books and know constantly what you are earning and just where you stand.

6. Do not marry until in receipt of a tolerable certain income adequate to live on comfortably.

7. Never get into debt. A man who owes nothing can never fail.

8. Let every man, who is able to pay a fare upon which to bring up his young, do so. It is in the first that the best men are made, and intellectually are turned out.

9. Bear in mind that your business can not be permanently prosperous unless you share its advantages equally with your customers. Quick money, all honest men of business can never succeed in the long run. Both buyer and seller must be mutually benefited if the trade is kept up.

10. Experience has shown that a salaried clerk employed is not the most profitable for the employer. Care is the price he pays for the labor they do.

11. Never let your income so much outstrip your expenditure that you are forced to become a debtor. If you engage in speculation at all, let it not be forced upon you.

12. If you find yourself incommoded by an unexpected "pressure upon you," carefully settle down and wait for better times. Make the interest your interest and shape your expenditures so as to live within your income. Every one is not qualified by nature to manage successfully but as much real happiness is enjoyed in a salaried position as in any other, if the individual be only frugal and prudent.

13. Don't seek political office.

14. Aim to be just and fair in all your dealings, and cultivate a good reputation for paying promptly.

If these rules were generally observed we should hear but little complaint of hard times.

### Etiquette of Letter Writing.

As a rule every letter, unless insulting in its character, requires an answer. To neglect to answer a letter when written to is as unwise as to neglect a reply when spoken to.

In the reply acknowledge first the receipt of the letter, mentioning the date and afterwards consider all the points requiring attention.

If the letter is to be very brief, commence sufficiently far from the top of the page to give a nearly equal amount of blank paper at the bottom of the sheet when the letter is ended.

Should the matter in the letter continue beyond the first page, it is well to commence a little above the sheet, extending as far as necessary on the other pages.

It is thought improper to use a half sheet of paper in formal letters. As a matter of economy and convenience for business purposes, however it is customary to have the card of the business man printed at the top of the sheet, and a single leaf is used.

In writing a letter, the answer to which is of more benefit to yourself than the person to whom you write, inclose a postage stamp for a reply.

Letters should be free from erasures, interlineations, blots and postscripts as possible. It is decidedly better to copy the letter than have these appear.

A letter of introduction or recommendation should never be sealed, as the bearer to whom it is given ought to know the contents.


"OH! MY BACK!" HUNT'S REMEDY. The Great Kidney and Liver Medicine, cures pain in the Back, Side or Loins, and all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Urinary Organs. Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Nervous Diseases, Female Weakness, and Excesses; HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared EXPRESSLY for these diseases.

From Rev. E. G. Taylor, D. D., Pastor First Baptist Church, Lawrence, R. I., Jan. 8, '79.

I can testify to the virtues of HUNT'S REMEDY in Kidney Diseases from actual trial having been greatly benefited by its use. E. G. TAYLOR.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 16, 1878.

MR. H. T. CLARKE—Dear Sir: Having witnessed the wonderful effects of HUNT'S REMEDY in my own case, and in a great number of others, I recommend it to all afflicted with Kidney Diseases or Dropsy. Those afflicted in Lowell should call at Merrill's Drug Store, 91 Merrimack street, and obtain a pamphlet containing valuable testimony, free. HUNT'S REMEDY is for sale by all druggists everywhere, price $1 a bottle. ONE DOLLAR SIZE CONTAINS TWICE THE QUANTITY OF THE SMALLER SIZE.

Respectfully Yours, H. T. CLARKE, 95 Dyer St.

HUNT'S REMEDY

Sold by all Druggists.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Emissions, Sexual Debility, Impotency, Premature Decay, Nervousness, Lassitude, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., etc.; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangers and hazards of surgical operations or the use of internal medicines or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and effectually.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent, under sealed envelopes, to any address, postpaid, on receipt of six cents or two stamps.

Address, DR. CHAS. J. C. KLINE, 128 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 4586.

WOOD CLEANING MILL.

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Keely & Wagner

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