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Poetry.

THE GOAT AND ENGINE.

The goat stood on the railway track
Whence all his mates had fled,
And proudly arched his sturdy back
And beat his horned head.

With feet firm planted, there he stood,
As bound to hold his own;
The creature had got up its blood—
'Twas game clean to the bone.

The train rolled on, 'twas time to go,
Oh! why did he refuse?
The engine whistled shrill, but no,
To leave he did not choose.

He seemed to call, "Say, comrade, say,
Why have ye turned and run?"
And wondered that they wouldn't stay
To see a little fun.

Again he stood, in haughty pride,
A challenge from each horn;
The hissing steam around him rolled,
And fast the train rolled on.

He heard the engine's laboring breath,
The thunder of the train,
Yet stubbornly, his post of death,
Determined to maintain.

Then came a sudden, fearful shock,
The goat—oh! where was he?
Ask of the bush or big gray rock
With fragments scattered free—

Of hoofs, and horns, and things per-
haps,
It were not well to note,
For naught but discomfited scraps
Was that poor billiard goat.

THE CRIER.

While they sat before the fire,
Nothing more did he desire,
Than to get a little nigger,
If he could;

And his heart beat high and higher,
And her look grew and shy shyer,
While he slid up close beside her,
As he should.

Then he ventured to inquire,
If her sister, Jane Marlar,
And her mother and her sies,
Were quite still?

And from time to time his eyes he
As though he would like to buy her,
And his bashfulness was dire,
For a spell.

Then his husky throat grew dryer
When he told her that the "quire
To himself would gladly tie her
If she would;

Might he now go ask her sies?
And he thought he would explore,
When she said to his desire,
That he could.

—BURDETTE.

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. BROTHER.

The dead, that were gathered to-
gether during the day were placed
in what was known as the dead-
house,—a rude shed frame, covered
with bushes. From thence, each
morning, they were taken, and
thrown upon a wagon drawn by
three mules, with a negro driver,
seated upon the right mule, and
were taken to the place of inter-
ment.

The dead bodies were loaded up-
on this wagon, the same way our
Northern farmers load cord-wood
to haul to market. Sometimes they
were piled upon each other, so high
that one or more would roll off, of-
ten the head, shoulders, and arms
of one or more of the bodies protrud-
ing over the side and from the rear
of the wagon, or from under the
dead piled above them,—the droop-
ing jaw, the swaying head, undulat-
ing with each motion of the wagon,
the whole mass of dead bodies jolt-
ing and swaying, as a comrade ex-
pressed it,—like so much soft
soap.

It was said that from this
wagon maggots and vermin of va-
rious kinds could be scooped, after
such an excursion, by the bandful.
In this same wagon our rations were
hauled into prison for us, shovelled
in were the dead bodies had lain;
and with flies, which gather, in a
climate like Georgia, upon all mat-
ter exposed, gave us food, espe-
cially for thought, and when cooked,
well mixed with everything which
could be offensive and disagreeable.
Death in prison, under such cir-
cumstances, was not always looked
forward to with longing or yearning,
—not always preceded by agonizing

trembling joy, as a message of free-
dom spoken to imprisoned men.
Death ended all the untold misery
men had to endure, under such fiend-
ish, and inhuman wretches. Death,
was the harbinger of peace and joy.
Soon after our arrival in Ander-
sonville prison, we were continually
troubled and annoyed by having our
seamy clothes, blankets, and cook-
ing utensils stolen from us. There
were so many temptations, and so
few restrictions thrown in the way
of the perpetration of the theft, that
it became an evil, at last, that must
be checked. Stealing blankets from
the boys unaccustomed to hardships
was down-right murder; for if no
one intended the corner of his blank-
et to protect the unfortunate from
chilling dews of evening, and from
the frequent rains, deprived thus
suddenly, he was sure to sicken and
die. Stealing cooking utensils se-
duced from any of the boys, reduced
the unfortunates, thus deprived,
that they were necessitated to eat
their scanty rations without cooking
or steal or beg from others.

Begging was as much out of fash-
ion and good standing in prison as
at any other place. It was rumored
around camp, from time to time,
that raiders and flankers were or-
ganized, and of protecting themselves
against the punishment of such acts.
Although there was no definite or-
ganization among us, it was agreed
upon, that these villains should be
promptly dealt with; that when any
of the Plymouth prisoners could in-
dentify a "raider," or was attacked or
robbed by one of the raiders, he was
to call loudly "Plymouth;" when
every one of the boys within hearing
were to turn out to his assistance.

In accordance with this agree-
ment, we heard one morning the
rallying cry, and captured a fellow,
who was caught in the act of steal-
ing a blanket. The boys gathered
around him, not knowing what to do
with the Tartar now that they had
caught him. He sat down, and
gaunched his teeth, threatening his
captors with vengeance of a band of
his stripe, which he said was formed
for mutual thieving, if they would
injure or inflict punishment upon
him. Feeling some reluctance to
proceeding against him, they were
about to release him without pun-
ishment, otherwise than a few kicks,
when a corporal of Company C, 78th
Reg. P. V. familiarly known in pris-
on as "Big Pete," came into the
crowd, and taking the raider fear-
lessly in hand, inflicted summary
punishment upon him by shoving
half his head and face, giving no
heed to the desperates savage gush-
ing of teeth and threats of ven-
geance, except to thump his head
at each beginning and repetition of
his oaths. After dealing out justice
in this off-hand manner, and an ad-
ministrative reminder (in the rear)
from a pair of the heaviest of cow-
hide boots, the thief was released
with admonitions to sin no more,
he was a funny looking specimen of
humanity. Thousands of the boys
cheered him, asked him whether a
shell had busted and knocked the
bar off his head and face, he all the
while swearing at the "Big fellow,"
who administered the punishment.

The incident narrated was the be-
ginning of a power in camp to pun-
ish offenders, which finally provided
us with an effective police organiza-
tion. Pete was an uneducated Keo-
tuckian—a man of gigantic stature
and great good nature and a heart
as big as an ox, and had innate
ideas of justice, in the carrying out
of which, he was as inflexible as iron.
A blow from his fist was like that
from a sledge hammer, and from
first to last he maintained so great a
supremacy in camp, that description
of the prison at that time would be
incomplete, without a sketch of him.
His trials were often intensely grot-
tesque and amusing to spectators,
but not generally so to the culprit.
I took pains to follow some of his
trials, and I must say in justice, I
never know him to make a wrong de-
cision, though baffled in his purpose
by ingenious lies. Through all the
intricate lies, he had a talent for de-
tecting them, and sifting out the
truth. Thus, at last, by common
consent, if any one had complaint
to make, he carried them to the
"Skebang" of Big Pete. He either
sent himself, or sent some of his
adherents, who returned with the

Justice being dealt out in this man-
ner, when one morning it was an-
nounced—and to our sorrow we
found it carried out, that our rations
were to be stopped on account of
men being missing from the stock-
ade—supposed by rebel authorities
to have escaped by means of tun-
nels.

Investigation led to no new dis-
coveries, and after twenty-four hours
extra starvation, the rations were
again issued as before, it being im-
possible to discover the missing men,
or find out the mode of the escap-
e. About this time, the raiders, under
the leadership of one Mosby, became
exceedingly bold, they attacked new
comers in open daylight, robbing
them of blankets, watches, money,
and other property of value. Rum-
ors of frightful import were circu-
lated through the camp of men being
murdered for their blankets and
money. After this, more men miss-
ing at the morning roll-call, of whom
there could be no reasonable account
given. Under Big Pete's company
was organized, armed with clubs,
who proceeded to the shelter form-
erly occupied by the missing men. In-
quiries being made among those who
were living near, no information
could be obtained, otherwise than
the fact that outcries were heard
during the night, and that there was
a scuffle near; but scenes of disor-
der being common during the night,
they had taken but little notice of
them, since, as peaceable men, they
wished to avoid all wrangling.
Nothing at first could be found, in
the shelter formerly occupied by
these men, to excite suspicion. Most
of the crowd had dispersed, when
one of the men, on his hands and
knees at the entrance, looking down
into the grave like hole, which
formed the principal part of the
abandoned dwelling-place, saw a
piece of blue cloth, partially cover-
ed with dirt. Seeing in this the ele-
ment of a patch for the repairing of
his shattered ward-robe, he pulled
at it, and found was fastened to the
ground. This excited his curiosity,
also his desire for possession; and
he began to dig and pull, until fur-
ther progress was arrested, and he
started back with horror at the un-
expected appearance of a human
hand. A crowd soon gathered
around, and speedily a dead man
was unearthed, whose throat had
been cut in a shocking manner, and
his head bruised in a terrible man-
ner, no doubt done by a terrible
blow of club. In the same space,
beneath him, was found another
victim, with his throat cut.

The news of these horrible mur-
ders which had been discovered,
spread through the prison, as if by
telegraph, and a large crowd soon
assembled around the scene of these
horrible atrocities.

The police proceeded to the shel-
ter of several notorious thieves and
bad characters of the prison, and ar-
rested them. Through information,
or else gained of one of these, they
were induced to dig in the shelter of
some of those arrested, which re-
sulted in the discovery of money,
watches, &c. in many cases identi-
fied as the property of the murdered
man.

Rapidly after the perpetration of
these cold-blooded atrocities, strong
police forces were organized, under
the leadership of Big Pete, after-
wards a judgment was established
in prison, and there were two regu-
lar practicing Attorneys, who took
fees of Indian meal, beans, and small
currency in payment for services
rendered; and sometimes, it was
said, bribed the judge and chief
of police. In the case of Staunton, a
big brute, and tool of the rebels,
killed a man, as mentioned in pre-
ceding pages, it was rumored that
his money, procured by dicker with
prisoners, obtained him a mild sen-
tence and punishment. Not to
digress further, the supposed mur-
derers, some fifteen in number, were
arrested, and after gaining sufficient
evidence, consent was obtained of
the prison authorities for their trial.
Besides this we obtained the privi-
lege of conducting the trial under
guard, in a building outside the
prison. The accused were also held
in custody through the kindness of
Capt. Wirzo, the commandant of the
prison. A jury of men was equalled,
composed of prisoners just cap-
tured, who had never been in any

either side. The trial lasted through
a number of weeks. Competent At-
torneys were appointed to defend
the prisoners by the authorities.
Two able lawyers, one an officer of
the rebel guard, conducted the de-
fence, afterwards he stated to me,
that he had no doubt of the guilt of
those who suffered punishment. The
prosecution was conducted by men
selected from among the prisoners.
Six of these men tried, were pronoun-
ced by a jury guilty of murder. On
the 11th of July, Capt. Wirzo, ac-
companied by a guard, brought the
prisoners into the stockade, where
on the south side, near the gate, and
the scene of murder, a gallows had
been erected.

To be Continued.

Wholesale Farming.

Newspaper correspondents writ-
ing from the new Northwest grow
very enthusiastic over the mammoth
farms of Dakota. There are single
farms there of tens of thousands of
acres. One called the Bonanza
farm, and owned by Oliver Dalrym-
ple, embraces fifty square miles of
contiguous territory. In Cass
County there are four farms with
a combined extent of 85,000 acres.
These big farms are owned in almost
every instance by non-residents,
often by a syndicate of capitalists,
whose sole object is to get as much
money out of their investment as
possible. Everything is done as far
as it can be by machinery and by
wholesale. The laborers employed
are often imported for the purpose,
and leave again after harvest. The
wheat is sown, ripens and is harvest-
ed and sent East; the railroads re-
ceive some benefit in freight, but, as
far as the Territory is concerned,
the crop might almost as well have
been carried off by the grasshoppers
or never have been planted.

It is doubtless very interesting to
ride through these big farmlands and
see the fields of ripening wheat ex-
tending without interruption as far
as the eye can reach in every direc-
tion. It were better, however, if
these vast expanses of cereal wealth
were broken by fences, hedges, and
here and there a home. There are
no clustering villages where bonanza
farms abound—no churches, school-
houses or other incidents of civiliza-
tion. The soil is worked for all
there is in it, without any attempt
at rotation of crops or any regard
for the future. The profits of each
crop are spent elsewhere by the
non-resident owners, and the idea is
growing that the system is not con-
ducive to the permanent interests of
the Territory. The Northern Pacific
Railroad is mainly responsible for
this state of things, as it adopted
the policy of selling its lands in as
big lots as it could find purchasers
for. It now perceives that actual
settlers are more profitable as pur-
chasers of land along its line, as they
not only ship their grain by the rail-
road, but give the road return
freights as well. Unquestionably
the big farm business will eventually
become an issue in Dakota, as it
already has, with far less cause, in
California. The mammoth farms
are bad enough in themselves, but
when there is added to this non-resi-
dent ownership we have a condition
of things which no State can afford
to have become a prominent and
permanent feature.—Philadelphia
Press.

The first law of gravity—never
laugh at your own jokes,
Colorado calls for more women.
It has scarcely a single one.

The girls of an Illinois seminary
amuse themselves by spitting at a
mark.
Who is the laziest man? The fur-
niture dealer; he keeps chairs and
lounges about all the time.
There is nothing more calculated
to weaken a boy's moral character
than to get his fishing-hook fastened
on rubbish in the creek.
A Chicago editor, who went out for
a day's sport with the gun and rod,
shot a forty-five dollar cow, and
caught an old bat with a stone in it.

When the wife is detected show-
ing unusual affection for her husband
it may fairly be expected that she will
appear before long in a new bonnet.
A Tennessee man wrote his will on
a paper collar, and it passed through
the Probate Court as well as any

Never Dry to Deceive Your Fader.

A good deal of amusement has
been caused in dry goods trade cir-
cles during the past few days by the
leaving out of a little story at the
expense of two young gentlemen
who are widely and favorably known
in the trade. The father of these
young men is a prominent Market
street merchant, noted for his large
wealth, shrewd business ability and
great economy, particularly in the
matter of wearing apparel. The
sons, who are models of elegance
and taste in dress have for a long
time borne a particular antipathy to
a certain venerable coat which has
clung to their respected parent for
many years, and often tried by
persuasion to induce him to sell it
to the ragman and buy a new one,
but the old gentleman's invariable
reply was, "You boys spend money
enough for clothes for you family.
Dis coat is good enuff for me."

At length, knowing their father's
fondness for a bargain, they thought
of a ruse by which to induce him to
lay off the old garment and get a
new one. Taking a coat which their
father had worn, they went to their
tailor and instructed him to take it
as a pattern as to size and fit, and
make the finest coat he could.

"We will, said one of them, "get
father down here on some pretense
or other, and then you must sell
him that coat. No matter what he
offers, you take it and well pay
you the balance."

In due time the sons received
word that the coat was finished—
price \$80. The next morning, at
breakfast, the eldest son casually re-
marked:

"Father, you will be going near
the tailor's to-day, and I wish you
would stop and tell him to be sure
to send home my new coat to-day,
for I have a party to attend to-
night."

"Very well, my son, I will do so,
but I don't see what you pays want
wid so many goats."

The old gentleman delivered the
message and the tailor's opportuni-
ty had come. Fingering the vener-
able garment, he remarked, persua-
sively:

You ought to have a new coat, it
is a shame for a rich man like you to
wear such an old garment as that."

Thank you very much, but dis goat
is good enuff for me."

"I have got something," persisted
the tailor, "that I believe will fit
you, and it is the greatest bargain
that you ever heard of. I made it for
a customer, but it was a misfit. The
price of that coat," said the tailor,
producing the garment, "is eighty
dollars, but it won't fit the man I
made it for, and I'll let you have it
for next to nothing. Try it on."

The coat was tried on and proved
a perfect fit.

"You'll never get such a bargain
again if you live a hundred years,"
said the tailor. "You may have that
coat for forty dollars."

"I'll give you twenty-five," said
the old merchant, who knew cloth when
he saw it."

Carrying his old coat in a bundle,
the purchaser went out arrayed in
the \$80 coat.

At supper that night he appeared
in the familiar old coat, and in ex-
cellent good humor. To his sons
he said: "I made a nice little ting
to-day. Ven I vas at the tailor's I
bought a goat, a nice fine goat. The
price was \$80, but I got it for \$25.
I put it on, and had not got one
square before I met a friend. He
noticed my new goat and spoke
about it, and I told him about how
I got it so cheap. He offered me
\$30 for the goat, and I took it—
made \$5 in five minutes."

"Yes," said the sons, dolefully, in
chorus, "you've made \$5, and we
have lost fifty-five."

Then they explained.
"My gracious! that is paid!" said
the old man when he comprehended
the situation; "but let dis be a les-
son to you, my children. Never dry
to deceive your fader."—Philadel-
phia Times.

"One word more," said the speak-
er, "and I am done." And the re-
porter found, when the word was
written down, that it contained fif-
teen hundred syllables.

A St. Louis jury decided that a

Interesting Facts Concerning Water

One cubic foot of water weighs 1 cwt
One gallon of distilled water
weighs 10 lbs.,
One gallon of sea water weighs 10
32 lbs.

One cubic foot contains 6 3/4 gal-
lons.
1-100 inch of rain is about one
ton weight per acre.

Sixty six cubic feet weighs 1 ton
and equal 224 gallons.

The ordinary speed to run a pump
is 80 feet to 100 feet per minute.

Doubling the diameter of an aper-
ture increases the flow fourfold.

A nominal horse-power for a boiler
requires one cubic foot of water per
hour.

Circular apertures are most effec-
tive for discharging water, since
they have less frictional surface for
the same area.

In pipes the square of the diam-
eter in inches equals pounds weight
of water per yard. Example—A
three inch pipe holds 9 lbs. per
yard.

The pressure in pounds per
square of a column of water is the
height of the column in feet multi-
plied by 4.32, or for an approxima-
tion one-half pound pressure per
square inch for each foot in height.

Water, in flowing through an
aperture, has a velocity equal to
that acquired by a heavy body fall-
ing freely from the height equal to
the distance between the centre of
the aperture and the surface of the
water.

The approximate time occupied in
discharging equal quantities of wa-
ter under equal heads, through
pipes of equal lengths, varies from
ninety for a straight line, 100 for a
curve, to 140 for a right angle.

A Man who Carried Six Bullets and Still Lives.

As I sat on the hotel steps at Dal-
ton, Ga., talking with a drummer
from Cincinnati, the landlord came
out and asked us if we wanted to see
a man who was carrying six bullets
about with him. Of course we did,
and we walked down to the other
end of the verandah and were intro-
duced to Col. Beach. I was going to
approach him slowly and gracefully
when the drummer rushed right at
him with:

"So you are carrying six bullets
about with you eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do they pain you much?"

"Oh, no."

"Lands alive! but I don't see how
you lived through it. How many
battles were you in?"

"Eighteen."

"Did you get all those bullets at
once?"

"Yes; all at once."

"By George! Well, I never heard
the likes of it! Colonel, I don't want
to be imprudent, but—"

"You want to know where they
are located?"

"Exactly—Exactly."

"I'm carrying 'em in this pocket-
to-day," was the quiet reply, as he
fished down and brought up six old
bullets picked up off the battle
field.

It was a job put up on me, but the
drummer got ahead, and he was so
mad about it that he wouldn't eat
any supper.

There is a mule in East Wheeling,
W. Va., who has kicked the roof off
his stable every night for the past
week, in addition to knocking the
squeal out of a family of pigs.

A New York paper gravely ob-
serves that the suicide of a farmer,
which it notices, "is singularly
strange, inasmuch as he has not been
in the habit of doing such things."

A painter being asked to estimate
the cost of painting a certain house,
drew forth a pencil and paper, and
made the following calculation: "A
nought is a nought; three into five
twice you can't—I'll paint your house
for fifty dollars."

A St. Louis paper had a two-
column account of a hotel of
The baggage, after read
carefully, held a me-
naced the paper for a
them.
Twenty women of
repute by remaining
hour without speak-
the sixtieth minute de-
man in the night.

MALARIA

Malaria is an almost in-
describable malady which
not even the most talented
physicians are able to fath-
om. Its cause is most fre-
quently ascribed to local
surroundings, and there is
very little question, but this
opinion is substantiated by
facts. Malaria does not nec-
essarily mean chills and
fever while these troubles
usually accompany it. It
often affects the sufferer with
general lassitude, accom-
panied by loss of appetite,
sleeplessness, a tired feeling
and a high fever, the per-
son afflicted growing weak-
er and weaker, loses flesh
day after day, until he be-
comes a mere skeleton, a
shadow of his former self.

Malaria once having laid its
hold upon the human frame, the
door of the system is thrown open
to nervous diseases. The body
weak and exhausted absorbs no
nourishment, but subsiding upon
itself, the digestive organs no
longer perform their functions;
the liver becomes torpid, and other
organs failing to do their regular
work, speedily become disordered,
and distention and death are apt
to ensue.

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muscles, and gives new life to the
nerves. Acts like a charm on the
digestive organs. It is for sale by
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PIMPLES.

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Pimples, Pustules and Blotches, leaving
the skin soft, clear and beautiful. Also in-
structions for producing a natural growth of hair
on a bald head. Send the name of the
city where you live, and I will send you a
copy of the receipt, and a bottle of the
Ointment, free of charge, with the direc-
tions for preparing and using. See how
they will find a sure cure for the
Common Pimples, &c.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertisement here at the corner of
Broadway and 14th Street, New York, is
correct of that disease. Consumption, by a
simple remedy, is not only cured, but the
patient is restored to his former health. The
only cure is a natural growth of hair
on a bald head. Send the name of the
city where you live, and I will send you a
copy of the receipt, and a bottle of the
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