## Advertisements.

"What lots of advertisements! Who reads them, I wonder? I'm sure I dont!"

Until last week I confess myself to have been in sympathy with such sentiments, and to have often spoken words to the same effect, unwisely, as I now see. For, being forced to be idle, like a traveler waiting at a railroad station for a tardy train, I took up my paper and actually read its advertisements through, and with profit, I found.

A newspaper, as it is provided for all ages, and as advertisers purvey for all tastes, offers, as it were, a scale of life, by which one may measure not his years but his age; for years belong to the flesh only, but age is a matter that lays hold of more subtle and spiritual qualities. If any one would know how far they have traveled or how much they have backslidden, they will find in the advertisements of a large newspaper a scale of spiritual miles, by which they may measure themselves with vividness and accuracy.

The questions that arose in my mind as I read, which my present information was not able to answer—questions of geography, history, and mechanics, and finance—these questions have suggested to me the value of advertisements in the school-room. I suspect that any teacher will find the foundation in the advertising columns of any commercial newspaper for better lessons in geography, and a better, because more intelligent use of atlases than in any text-book now in use.

Lessons of language, its use and abuse, and profitable criticisms of the same, will be found teeming in the columns of our newspapers, where every advertiser is allowed to express himself as he will. My boys, is it in good taste to say "A patent lightning saw?" Shall we advertise thunderbolt axes? Shall we say, "Ladies' solid gold hunting case watches," without a hyphen? Is "a first-class sewing-machine" good English? "We are assured that the Songs of Salvation gives entire satisfaction." Is this a correct sentence? "Any 20 pieces of sheet music for one dollar." Is there any fault in that?

To that great number of outlying people waiting for something to turn up by which they may get a living, what better reading is possible than page after page of advertisements? He must be of sluggish temperament, indeed, who stimulated by the unbounded variety of suggestion found in advertising columns, is not quickened to some useful motion.

It is very difficult to sit in one's chair and think up what to do; but when the panorama of busy life is set in motion before a waiting man's eyes, it would seem as if, sooner or later, something would come along which would set him thinking in a new channel, and prompt him to a possible industry. By this I do not mean that people who are waiting for a place will probably find a place advertised. For if a place be advertised and they rush to fill it they will probably find fifty or five hundred more before them. But I mean that higher good which comes to an intelligent man when he himself is set on thinking by noticing what it is that other men are thinking and wanting. A true man will make his own place.

And this has set me wondering whether the children of this world are not wiser in their generation than the children of light; in other words whether the publishers are not wiser than the editors and preachers in being willing to publish good things about their so-called rivals. I wonder whether a minister in his pulpit is wise or foolish when he refuses to give notices, real hearty notices, about his brother ministers and sister churches. I suspect the truth to be that he helps himself and his own work best who reaches out a hand of greeting and shouts a word of welcome to the men around him who are working for the same ends. Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, yet he walketh not with us. Rebuke him not, replied Jesus, for there is no man that can do a good work in my name that can lightly speak evil of me. May not our denominations themselves learn a lesson of Christian sagacity, not to say charity, from our denominational newspapers in their different claims?

And clergymen, too, who have need to bring forth things new and old out of the treasury of their pious imagination, will they not find on the advertising pages of a newspaper suggestion as to the occupations of men, and consequently their habits of thought? Will not the whole community, first and last, pass before his eyes if he read with intelligence the flags which they hang out declaring what they are doing and what they are wanting, and how they propose to win to themselves the gain which all desire? Will not the preacher who reads the utterances of advertisers learn the dialect of the people? And when he is all aglow with some magnificent Christian truth will he not be able to cause it to shine reflected by a new and unexpected object, when his imagination is peopled not merely with creations (for it is very exhausting work to create), but also with accumulations of fact and experience, that will come rolling in upon him if he reads the advertising pages of a newspaper.

## A Possible Peril.

Mr. Greeley's death will have the effect, says the *N. Y. Times*, of establishing a precedent which may be of some interest at a future period. It is well known that none of the formalities connected with the late election have yet been concluded, but that on Wednesday next the electors chosen by the people meet at the several State capitals to vote for President and Vice-President. By usage rather than law, the electors have always voted for the Presidential nominees of the political party in the interest of which they were candidates. But Mr. Greeley being dead, the electors chosen in the States of Georgia, Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Texas must exercise their individual judgments in voting for President. Under the circumstances of the present case, the matter is of no importance, since the result cannot be changed, but the incident is likely to call public attention to the dangerously indirect method by which the President is chosen. If at any time the person in whose name the majority of the electors was chosen should die in the interval between the voting day and the day fixed for the meeting of the electors, it is easy to see that by the arts of professional politicians acting upon a small body of men, a notoriously unfit person might be foisted upon the nation as its Chief Magistrate. The only obvious and certain way to avoid the risks which would attend such a contingency would be to vote directly for President and Vice-President, and thus pat the succession, in case of the death of the former before inauguration, beyond all question.

"COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS."—*Mrs. G.*—"I really must give cook warning, Charles. She does use such very bad words!"

*Mr. G.*—"Really, dear! What sort of words are they?"

*Mrs. G.*—"O—well——the same as you use!"

## A Huge Work.

There are probably few travellers, says a New York paper, who do not remember, when crossing the tract of country between Jersey City and Newark, N. J., known as the Jersey Flats, before the late Mr. Pike had begun his undertaking, how at high tide the entire expanse seemed like a large lake, and as far as the eye could reach hardly anything could have been seen but water, through which the embankments of the various railroads twined their way. At low tide the water receded, exposing a mass of mud 4,000 acres in extent, which exhaled noxious vapors to the air and was productive of all manner of disease. Numerous were the endeavors to put an end to this state of things and to emulate the Hollander in wrestling his dominions from Neptune, but none were successful till Mr. Pike, fresh from rebuilding his Cincinnati opera-house after its destruction by fire, with characteristic energy took hold of the work. It was no light undertaking in a pecuniary point of view, even at the start. The owners of the vast tract of mud, conscious of its immense value should it ever be reclaimed, were not disposed to part with it on easy terms, and Mr. Pike did not become its purchaser at a small outlay. This was in the fall of 1866. At that time the entire tract, extending from Bergen Heights to the suburbs of Newark, five miles in length and three in width, was nearly completely covered with water at every high tide.

Before twelve months had elapsed, by a system of dyking which has seldom had its parallel, a considerable portion of the land was reclaimed, and stood high and dry out of reach of the waves. The rivers which intersected this region, and whose overflow caused all the trouble, were the Passaic and Hackensack, and all along the banks of each strong embankments were reared at every necessary point. A species of iron-plate was used in the construction of the dykes, to prevent rats and other rodents from making holes in the embankment through which the water could find its way. This the iron plates prevented, and in the Passaic, where the current was stronger, large stones were placed all along the dyke to prevent the earth from being washed away from the top. All this time the land was being intersected in every direction by drains which carried off the water from the surface. Where the water remained in too great quantities to be disposed of in this way, it was dyked off from the rest of the land, channels being left through which it could find its way to either of the two rivers, till with the aid of other appliances its entire removal could be effected. Mr. Pike was his own engineer, and superintended the entire work himself. Notwithstanding the slow nature of the undertaking, and the thoroughness with which it was performed, it was completed in something less than four years. As a proof of its thoroughness may be taken the fact that during the spring of last year, when the tide rose unusually high, and the cellars on Front and other streets near the water in this city were flooded, the Jersey flats, which for centuries before had been under water, were not affected in the least.

The cost of the work was commensurate with the grandeur of the undertaking. An enormous number of men had to be employed, earth and stones brought from a great distance, the appliances for driving piles and other tools employed were all of an expensive character, and before it was completed more than one million dollars had been expended. The property acquired, it is needless to say, is of immense value. There are over 4,000 acres, estimated at an exceedingly moderate computation to be worth on an average over $2,000 an acre. Indeed, sixty acres on the side nearer Jersey City have already been disposed of to the Pennsylvania Railroad as a site for repair shops and car factories at the rate of $3,000, and this is said to be by far the least valuable of the whole.

## The Disease in Horses

By the time this statement is in print it is to be hoped the sickness will have disappeared; but should it be still existing to the alarm of farmers and others, it may calm their minds to know that there is nothing to fear if they will but leave drugs alone. My whole force of mules and horses have had it, and in accordance with my usual practice in all passing or casual ailments, I used no medicine, considering it nothing but what is called "bastard strangles" by the common people in England, or influenza (as it was termed thirty years ago by the "Vets." I determined to treat it exactly as I did somewhere about that time; and instead of giving any of the drugs recommended, covering with clothes, fomenting, &c., nothing whatever was done but to turn them out in a field in the day time, where in grazing they coughed and discharged at the nose, and had no protection from the cold air. The grass was very short having been grazed close all summer, and kept them moving all the time to get a little; and this did for them quite as well as bran, so that without either doctoring or cobbling they went through the regular course of the disease, eating oats and hay greedily every time they came in from pasture, and they lost no flesh. A horse living in the same stable, attended to by a young man having time to nurse it in the most careful way, and who put two cloths on, and cut up apples and, did many things recommended by the papers, has the appearance of a skeleton, and has difficulty in getting up—in fact will not be fit to work for a week or two, though all the others are doing their regular work again, merely allowing them to take it easy and guard against sweating or pulling up kill, so as to set those coughing which have not quite got rid of that affection. These animals have been living on oats and hay made from grass, mowed when young, which doubtless was in their favor, for corn and cornmeal and ripe seeded hay produce a state of the system which causes liability to more serious results from any distemperament or ailment of any kind.—*Country Gentleman.*

LACQUERING BRASSWORK.—First see that there is no ironwork about the piece of brass to be cleaned; dip in strong aquafortis, dry it off with hot water and sawdust, then take and burnish the high parts with ox-gall or beer, by rubbing it with the burnisher till it becomes quite bright, dry it with fine tissue paper. The lacquering is done by giving it a coat over with pale lacquer with a fine camel's-hair brush when cold; then heat over a Bunsen burner till you can just touch it with the back of your hand, brush it over again with the lacquer, and if not high enough in color heat and brush it over to required height.

WHEAT-FLOUR CAKES.—Mix, at night, four pint bowlfuls of flour or half white corn-meal, one teaspoonful of salt, two and a half bowlfuls of tepid-warm milk, one-half tumblerful of yeast. In the morning add an egg, well beaten, also add milk if too thick; the cakes must be spongy. This same combination made with the "Horsford preparation," instead of yeast, is excellent.

## Anecdotes of Greeley.

One night in the spring of 1853, while Dave Rhoades stood behind the counter in the publication office, in stumbled a poor, half-drunk printer, whom rum had thrown out of employment. He had just been up stairs and borrowed $5 of Horace, and now he was down stairs boasting of it. "I struck the old man for a fiver; how's that?" And he rung the changes of self-congratulation until Mr. Greeley himself stepped into the publication office. Instantly the able borrower approached him as though he had never seen him before, and coolly asked for $5. Mr. Greeley, mistaking the applicant for another, said: "I let you have $5 three months ago, and you promised to come and pay me in a week." Applicant—I have called upon you several times, but couldn't find you in, H. G.—Yes; you never find me when you have money to pay me; but you take good care to find me when you want $5.

Horace was a teetotaller before teetotalism came up. It happened one day that a neighbor stopped to take dinner with the family, and, as a matter of course, the bottle of rum was brought out for his entertainment. Horace, it appears, either tasted a little or else took a disgust at the smell of the stuff, or perhaps was offended at the effects which he saw it produced. An idea struck him. He said, "Father, what will you give me if I do not drink a drop of liquor till I am twenty-one?" His father, who took the question as a joke, answered, "I'll give you a dollar." "It's a bargain," said Horace. And it was a bargain, at least on his side, for he kept the pledge inviolate.

The Fremont campaign profoundly interested Mr. Greeley. In those days the telegraph and mail facilities were not what they are to-day, and the election returns were tardy and untrustworthy. He had compiled figures from various sources, and had a mass of documents before him from which he expected to close his work. A number of friends demanded his attention, and while he was in conversation with them the office boy handed him an evening newspaper containing what seemed to be a carefully prepared table of the figures that he needed. Mr. Greeley grasped his scissors, cut out the table, made his comments upon the total, and sent it up to the printers. The next day any close observer of the eminent statistician could have seen that he was deeply troubled. And he had reason to be. The evening newspaper had the reputation of being habitually inaccurate in its political figures, and in this case the totals that Mr. Greeley had copied were erroneous by many thousands. Forgetting the source whence he had taken his figures, Mr. Greeley went to the composing-room direct, remonstrated with Mr. Rooker, the foreman, saying that he ought to be kicked; then to the printers, that they ought to be kicked; and finally to the proof-reader, that he ought to be kicked more soundly than all the rest. The latter meekly produced the original manuscript of Mr. Greeley, with the reprint from the evening newspaper. "What paper is that cut from?" said Mr. Greeley. "The Evening ——," replied the proof-reader. Mr. Greeley, suddenly bethinking himself of the character of the newspaper, promptly, with that sense of justice which was one of his greatest attributes, turned to the proof-reader, and asked in a sad and humiliated manner, "Would you like to kick me?"

## An Arab Wedding Ball.

A curtain drawn across the door of the tent (writes a traveler in Algeria) concealed the bride, who, closely veiled, sat within, surrounded with women. On the outside, between four and five hundred people were collected, and a clear space was kept in the middle for the dancers, by two men with drawn swords, who vigorously applied, right and left, the flat of the blade to all who pressed too forward. On one side of the ring squatted the band, consisting of two men, with instruments like flageolets, and a drummer who occasionally accompanied the music with his voice.

In the centre was a middle-aged woman, dressed in the usual dark blue cotton garments, but decked with all her ornaments—ear-rings, bracelets, and a necklace, to which sundry charms and amulets teeth of wild beasts, verses of the Koran sewn up in little bags, and various other odds and ends, considered as protections from the evil eye, were suspended; a large circular brooch of silver or white metal (the same in form as those used by the Scotch Highlanders) confined the loose folds across her bosom; and a small looking-glass, set in metal, dangled conveniently at the end of a string of sufficient length to allow of her admiring her charms in detail. Her face was uncovered, and her features were harsh and disagreeable, except the eyes, which were large and expressive, with that peculiar, lustrous appearance given by the use of a mineral paint. Her feet were hardly visible from the length of her dress, and her finger nails, together with the palms of her hands, were stained with henna.

As soon as we had taken our stand in the front row, the music which had ceased for a few minutes, struck up, and the lady in the midst commenced her performances; inclining her head languishingly from side to side, she beat time with her feet, raising each foot alternately from the ground with a jerking action, as if she had been standing on a hot floor, at the same time twisting about her body with a slow movement of the hands and arms. Several others succeeded her, and danced in the same style with an equal want of grace. A powerful inducement to exert themselves was not wanting, for one of them more than once received some tolerably severe blows, both from a stick and the flat of the sword; what the reason was I do not know, but suppose that either she was lazy or danced badly.

While the dancing was going on the spectators were not idle; armed with guns, pistols, and blunderbusses with enormous bell mouths, an irregular fire was kept up. Advancing a step or two into the circle, so as to show off before the whole party, an Arab would present his weapon at a friend opposite, throwing himself into a graceful attitude, then suddenly dropping the muzzle at the instant of pulling the trigger, the charge struck the ground close to the feet of the person aimed at. After each report the women set up a long continued shrill cry of *lu-lu, lu-lu*, and the musicians redoubled their efforts. The advance of one man is usually the signal for others to come forward at the same time, all anxious to surpass their friends and neighbors in dexterity and grace. Ten or a dozen men being crowded into a small space, sometimes not more than six feet wide, brandishing their arms and excited by the mimic combat, firing often at random, it is not to be wondered at if accidents happen occasionally to the actors or bystanders.

Mrs. Colt, of Hartford, placed to her income account last year $800,000, made from profits on revolvers. As this lady is said to possess $8,000,000, she may be presumed not to be in what Mrs. Partington calls "indignant circumstances."

## A Legend of Indian Days.

A savage tribe in or about 1663 infested the recesses of the Shawangunk and adjacent mountains, and according to the custom of the red men, would at times descend upon the plain and pillage and burn the houses of the white settlers. On one occasion they secured the wives of four worthy Dutch farmers, and carried them off to the mountains. All the region around was speedily aroused, and bands of farmers at once started in pursuit. They were a day or so behind the savages, for the country was but sparsely settled and communication was difficult. They feared that the unhappy women had already been slain, but they determined at least to punish the murderers.

At the foot of the mountain they were fortunate enough to capture a tardy Indian and obliged him on pain of death to guide them to his fellows. This savage exhibited none of the stoicism which story-books attribute to the red man, and did not even have the cunning to mislead his captors. He conveyed them up the mountain path toward the camp of the retreating savages.

In the meantime the latter, who, as they supposed, had reached a place of safety, prepared themselves for one of their horrid scenes of triumph. They decided to burn alive the captured women, and prepared the fagots before their very eyes. The four Dutch matrons in this extremity, far from being overwhelmed by their imminent doom, bade each other farewell and then began to sing a psalm—the 137th of the collection in use in that day in the Dutch church. The savages were pleased with the music.

The novel sounds awakened their curiosity and they delayed the murderous deed. They encouraged the poor women to sing, and these, anxious to prolong their lives, repeated with a holy fervor, which only such an occasion could awake, their song of martyrdom.

This very delay, however, proved their salvation. The succoring party, guided by their voices, hastened to the spot, while the music of the four singers aided to prevent their stealthy footsteps from being heard by the savages. At a signal they sprang into the camp, and the Indians, taken utterly by surprise, were slain or turned and fled into the depths of the forest. Not a white man was lost. The captives, who had abandoned all hope, were saved, and the fagots, intended as their fiery tomb, served to light their homeward footsteps. It is further recorded that these four women lived to a good old age, and their descendants are now among the oldest families in Ulster country.

GIVES HIM UP.—A Boston paper says that an heiress of that city, worth some $200,000, who was engaged to marry a poor man at home, was traveling in Europe at the time of the fire. That catastrophe left her in utter poverty, and accordingly by the cable, next day, she sent him a message of dismissal, which, it is probably safe to say, will not be accepted.

THE PEOPLE'S STAMP OF VALUE.—The Government endorsement, which legalizes the sale of *Plantation Bitters*, is not the only stamp affixed to that famous Vegetable Tonic. It bears, in addition to that official sanction, the still more valuable stamp of public approbation. This inestimable voucher of its rare properties as a Tonic, Corrective and Alterative, is of much earlier date than the Government credential; for millions of sick persons had pronounced the Grand Specific of the Age long before Congress thought of taxing proprietary medicines. It is unnecessary to repeat, in detail, the properties of this wonderful Vegetable Invigorant. The best reference that can be offered to those who desire the full particulars of its virtues, is the General Public. Ask those who have tried it as a remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, billiousness, intermittent fevers, nervous debility, rheumatism, sea sickness, low spirits, or loss of vital power, what Plantation Bitters has done for *them*, and be governed by the responses they make to your inquiries.—*Com.*

### THE WEEKLY SUN.

**Only $1 a Year. 8 Pages.**

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER.—The Weekly N. Y. Sun. 8 pages. $1 a year. Send your Dollar.

THE BEST AGRICULTURAL PAPER.—The Weekly N. Y. Sun. 8 pages. $1 a year. Send your Dollar.

THE BEST POLITICAL PAPER.—The Weekly N.Y. Sun. Independent and Faithful. Against Public Plunder. 8 pages. $1 a year. Send your Dollar.

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THE BEST CATTLE REPORTS in the Weekly N. Y. Sun. 8 pages. $1 a year. Send your Dollar.

THE BEST PAPER in Every Respect.—The Weekly N. Y. Sun. 8 pages. $1 a year. Send your Dollar.

Address THE SUN, New York City.

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST COD LIVER OIL is the world is Hazard and Caswell's, made on the seashore, from fresh, selected livers, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely *pure and sweet*. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.—Com.

SAID A PARENT TO A CHILD.—"Just look at those Shoes, only bought last week; good as new, all but the toes, which are worn through. Money thrown away, feet wet, stockings soiled, all because they were not Metal Tipped." Parents, take your choice. Neat, genteel, Silver-Tipped Shoes, which never wear out at the toe, or shoes without Tips, with ragged holes and protruding toes. Which looks the Best? Which is the Cheapest?—*Com.*

Sufferers from coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup, influenza or whooping cough, will find relief in *Dr. Wister's Balsam of Wild Cherry*, which has now been in use for nearly half a century, and still maintains its long established reputation as the great remedy for all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest.—[Com.

ONE-FOURTH OF THE MORTALITY in this country, is due to neglected Coughs. This is a statistical fact, and it is equally true that no Cough or Cold would ever prove fatal if the great balsamic remedy "Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar," were taken in the early stages. Reflect on this.—*Com.*

MORMON SECRETS sent free. Address ANDREW HENLEY, Omaha, Nebraska.—Com.

### Medical Blunders.

From the period when surgeons applied their salves to weapons instead of wounds to the present wide-awake age, the medical profession has often unwittingly taken side with Disease in its conflicts with the human system. Even yet, in spite of the teachings of centuries of experience, some physicians believe in depleting their patients, already seriously exhausted by sickness, with powerful evacuants, emetics, salivants, cantharidal plasters, or the lancet. But, providentially, public intelligence is ahead of these medical fossils, who belong, of right, to the era of the Crusades! That powerful ally of nature in its warfare with the causes of sickness, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has opened the eyes of the masses to the paramount importance of increasing the vital strength of the body when menaced by disease. They understand that when the atmospheric conditions are adverse to health—as, for example, in damp, chilly, or severely cold weather—it is wise to reinforce the system with a wholesome tonic and stimulant, and thus enable it to combat and repel the depressing influence of an inclement temperature. If the constitutional and animal powers were always thus recruited in the presence of danger, the mortality from consumption, bronchitis, chronic rheumatism, &c., would be much less than it now is. The causes which produce croups, colds, quinsey, diptheria, and catarrh seldom affect a strong and active vital system; and of all vitalizing preparations, Hostetter's Bitters has proved the most efficient. It is not claimed that this standard tonic is a specific for lung and throat maladies, as it is for dyspepsia, liver complaint, and intermittents, but it is unhesitatingly asserted that it is the best known safeguard against all the atmospheric elements of disease.

MEDICAL FAILURES.—"These are our failures," said Beau Brummel's valet, as he was carrying a tray full of abortive neckties down stairs. The failures in medicines, however, have been infinitely more numerous than in the art of tying cravats. The therapeutics of a century ago are to a great extent repudiated by the young physicians of this generation, and the community, still more daring in its innovations, seem inclined to throw all the specifics of the faculty overboard, and to take a "new departure on its own responsibility. The introduction of Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters, about two years ago, initiated what may be fairly called a great medical sensation. Nineteen twentieths of all the sick who tried the new remedy, approved and recommended it. The doctors very naturally did not agree with their patients in this matter, but the popular enthusiasm in favor of the Bitters could not be arrested, and we suppose that this celebrated vegetable restorative now commands a larger sale than almost any other proprietary medicine of American origin. The temperance people insist that it has set at rest a vexed question in pharmaceutics, by demonstrating that a peerless tonic is possible without alcohol—nay, more, that the mixing of alcohol with the juices of medicinal vegetables, weakens or destroys their remedial properties. The general public, without entering upon this question, are content to believe that the alterative, anti-bilious, anti-dyspeptic tonic and carminative properties of VINEGAR BITTERS render the preparation a specific for most bodily ailments.—[Com.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT, AND OF SOME OF THE DISEASES PRODUCED BY IT.—A sallow or yellow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face and other parts of body; dullness and drowsiness and frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of throat and internal heat; palpitation; in many cases a dry teasing cough, with sore throat, unsteady appetite, raising of food, choking sensation in throat, distress, heaviness, bloated or full feeling about stomach and sides, pain in sides, back or breast, and about shoulders, colic, pain and soreness through bowels, with heat, constipation alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa, piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of extremities, rush of blood to head, with symptoms of apoplexy, numbness of limbs, especially at night, cold chills alternating with hot flushes, dullness, low spirits, unsociability and gloomy forebodings. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present at one time. All who use Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery for Liver Complaint and its complications are loud in its praise. Sold by all first-class druggists. 619.

The *American Agriculturist*, speaking about the great merits of CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and Shoes, says: "A trial of these goods for several months past, and the testimony we have from dealers, prove this method of fastening soles to be a good improvement; there is no ripping, the wire holds until the sole of the shoe is fairly worn out.—*Com.*

Every farmer who owns a good stock of horses, cattle and sheep, and intends to keep them through the winter, should get at once a good stock of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*. One dollar's worth will save at least a half ton of hay.—*Com:*

Persons who have become thoroughly chilled from any cause, may have their circulation at once restored by taking into the stomach a teaspoonful of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*, mixed in a little cold water, well sweetened.—*Com.*

THE BROWNS AND BLACKS produced by that sterling preparation, Crisadoro's Excelsior Hair Dye, cannot be excelled by nature, its tints challenge comparison with Nature's most favored productions, and defy detection.—[Com.

FLAGG'S INSTANT RELIEF, warranted to relieve all Rheumatic Afflictions, Sprains, Neuralgia, etc. The best, the surest, and the quickest remedy for all Bowel Complaints. Relief guaranteed or the money refunded.—[Com.

A handsome Christmas present to a gentleman will be a hundred Elmwood Collars. They will last him a year. All first-class furnishing stores can supply them.—[Com.

Ladies whose Complexions have been injured by the use of poisonous powders, cosmetics and washes, would do well to try "The Queen's Toilet."—[Com.

For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Disorders, use *Brown's Bronchial Troches*, having proved their efficacy by a test of many years.—[Com.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure Toothache in one minute. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents.—[Com.

STRANGE WAY.—It is said that medical science has lately made a frightful discovery, and that one of the most eminent professors of Paris has submitted to the Academy an invention of his own to kill animals by blowing air into their eyes. A few seconds only are required for the operation, which, besides, causes little suffering. Experiments, it is affirmed, have been made at Alfort which have succeeded perfectly. One remarkable feature in this new method of killing is that it leaves no trace behind it, and is as applicable to human beings as to animals. It is to be hoped—as no doubt it is—that this is another joke of those mad wags, the Paris journalists, whose chief object is to sell their paper, and not to embarrass their readers with politcs or statesmanship, otherwise any one might murder his friend without knowing it.

### A CHALLENGE

Is extended to the world to place before the public a better cough or lung remedy than ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

VERILY IT HATH NO EQUAL.

CONSUMPTIVES READ!

Would you cure that distressing Cough, and bring back that healthy vigor till lately planted in your chest? If you would, do not delay; for, ere you are aware, it will be too late.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

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