CURES DYSPEPSIA — DR. CLARK — CURES LIVER DISEASES

JOHNSON'S INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP

Laboratory, 77 W. 31 St., New York City, LATE OF JERSEY CITY.

[TRADE MARK.]

The Best Remedy Known to Man!

Dr. Clark Johnson having associated himself with Mr. Edwin Eastman, an escaped captive, long a slave to Wakametkia, the medicine man of the Comanches, is now prepared to lend his aid in the introduction of the wonderful remedy of that tribe.

The experience of Mr. Eastman being similar to that of Mrs. Chas. Jones and son, of Washington Co., Iowa, an account of whose sufferings were thrillingly narrated in the *New York Herald* of Dec. 15th, 1878, the facts of which are so widely known, and so nearly parallel, that but little mention of Mr. Eastman's experiences will be given here. They are, however, published in a neat volume of 300 pages, entitled, "Seven and Nine Years Among the Comanches and Apaches," of which mention will be made hereafter. Suffice it to say, that for several years, Mr. Eastman, while a captive, was compelled to gather the roots, gums, barks, herbs and berries of which Wakametkia's medicine was made, and is still prepared to provide the same materials for the successful introduction of the medicine to the world; and assures the public that the remedy is the same now as when Wakametkia compelled him to make it.

Wakametkla, the Medicine Man

Nothing has been added to the medicine and nothing has been taken away. It is without doubt the BEST PURIFIER of the BLOOD and RENEWER of the SYSTEM ever known to man.

This Syrup possesses varied properties.

It acts upon the Liver.
It acts upon the Kidneys.
It regulates the Bowels.
It purifies the Blood.
It quiets the Nervous System.
It promotes Digestion.
It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates.
It carries off the old blood and makes New.
It opens the pores of the skin, and induces Healthy Perspiration.

It neutralizes the hereditary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors.

There are no spirits employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate babe, or by the aged and feeble, *care only being required in attention to directions.*

Edwin Eastman in Indian Costume.

SEVEN AND NINE YEARS AMONG THE COMANCHES AND APACHES. A neat volume of 300 pages, being a simple statement of the horrible facts connected with the sad massacre of a happy family, and the captivity, tortures and ultimate escape of its two surviving members. For sale by our agents generally. Price $1.00.

The incidents of the massacre, briefly narrated, are distributed by agents, FREE of charge.

Mr. Eastman, being almost constantly at the West, engaged in gathering and curing the materials of which the medicine is composed, the sole business management devolves upon Dr. Johnson, and the remedy has been called, and is known as

Dr. Clark Johnson's INDIAN BLOOD PURIFIER.

Price of Large Bottles - - - - - - - $1.00
Price of Small Bottles - - - - - - - 50

Read the voluntary testimonials of persons who have been cured by the use of Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup, in your own vicinity.

Testimonials of Cures.

REMEDY FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASE.
EDINGTON, Feb. 2, 1879.
Dear Sir:—I can, from my experience, recommend your Indian Blood Syrup as a sure cure for Liver and Kidney Disease. ELIZABETH A. SANDS.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
WEST LEBANON, March 3, 1879.
Dear Sir:—Having been prostrate for months with what my physician termed Palpitation of the Heart, and a combination of other diseases, I obtained no relief until I bought some of your Indian Blood Syrup, which relieved me immediately. I am now in perfect health. ELIZABETH LEWIS.

LIVER COMPLAINT.
PENNYPACK MILLS, Feb. 22, 1879.
Dear Sir:—I have used your Indian Blood Syrup and found it to do all you claim for it. It is a sure cure for Liver Complaint. JOSEPH HAINES.

LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT.
ANDALUSIA, Pa., Feb. 10, 1879.
Dear Sir:—I have been using your Indian Blood Syrup in my family for Liver and Kidney Complaint with success. I believe it has no equal. EDWARD GILBERT.

LIVER COMPLAINT.
JACKSONVILLE, March, 3, 1879.
Dear Sir:—Knowing, from experience, that your Indian Blood Syrup is a sure cure for Liver Complaint, I confidently recommend it to all suffering humanity. REBECCA NIEL.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.
BYBERRY, 23d Ward, Jan. 1, 1879.
Dear Sir:—Your most excellent Indian Blood Syrup has given perfect satisfaction when used for Dyspepsia and Indigestion. THEOD. HAWK

LIVER COMPLAINT AND CHILLS.
BENSALEM P. O., Feb. 25, 1879.
Dear Sir:—Having tried your most excellent Indian Blood Syrup and found it a valuable medicine for Liver Complaint and Chills, I would recommend those who are afflicted to give it a trial. MRS. C. ARTMAN.

HEART DISEASE AND LIVER COMPLAINT.
MIDDLEBURGH, Snyder Co., Pa.
Dear Sir:—I have been troubled with Heart Disease and Liver Complaint, and I had spent a great deal of money for medical aid without receiving any benefit, until I procured some of your Indian Blood Syrup from your agent, E. L. Buffington. I can now testify from my experience as to the great value of it in such diseases. HENRY ZECHMAN.

How a Comet Struck the Earth.

It was a very small comet, and just the merest corner of the earth—but I must tell you the whole story.

About the year 1839 we went to live on the banks of Rock river in the beautiful State of Illinois.

During the early part of that winter, the first newspaper was printed in the little town near our settlement. It was called the *Star*. My brother wrote some ambitious verses—chanting the praises of this "Star of our country! Star of our banner! Bright Star of glory that shineth afar!"—which were printed in the first number, and accordingly he was chosen from among the youth of the town to be the printer's imp of the *Star* office.

How I admired, with just a flavor of envy, his sudden elevation! I used to peep in at the windows, for I was too shy to enter by the door, and would watch the inking of the forms with the hand-roller of those days. And I actually came to think my brother's good looks were improved by the smutch of ink he habitually wore over his eye or on his nose!

Well, it was here, hovering about the *Star* office, helping occasionally to wash the forms—after I had grown bold enough to go in—and lending a hand to pick up the type, clear away the pi and sweep out, that I had my first dreams of the life awaiting me in the busy world. True, there was no fountain of inspiration that flowed for me there, unless it was the ink fountain of the old Washington press, but my visions were shaped by an object hanging against one of the case-stands; and that was—the foot of an old boot!

One day, exploring that dark abyss in the *Star* office, I found a lot of types that were only slightly defaced; and then came to me the lucky thought that I could beg these, and pick up enough more like them to set up by-and-bye a printing office of my own.

No prairie sun-flower ever grew so quickly as that idea, and soon I walked with my head among the stars. It happened, too, just about this time, that everybody was expecting a shower of meteors, or "falling stars" as they were then called; and although I did not see them, I was constantly thinking about them and the *Star*, and trying to work out in my mind a plan for starting my printing office, and, at length—how the thought thrilled me—publishing a paper all my own! How should I print it? What name should I give it? My spare hours were spent in trying to find answers to these questions. And all the time that tantalizing old *Star* was coming out as regularly as any heavenly body in its course. My paper must have a name taken in some way from the sky; but what should it be?

Meanwhile, no stamp collector ever worked more diligently in gathering varieties than I in getting together the type for my enterprise. The proprietor of the *Star* gave me the contents of the old boot, and I searched daily the sweepings of the office to add to my stock. I did "chores" for a friendly carpenter, borrowed his tools, and finally took him into my confidence. I made a type-case by boring in a thick plank as many holes as there are letters in the alphabet, with extra holes for numerals, "spaces," "quads," "points," double letters, etc. I made a press by nailing to the end of a well-seasoned strip of two-inch oak a piece of hard wood a foot square and an inch thick. The strip of oak was two feet and a half long, and the hard-wood piece formed an upright, the strip, smoothly planed and leveled, making the bed of the press. A "cleat," nailed along the upright on its inner face, furnished a fulcrum, and a stick four or five feet long was the lever.

You will see presently how this home-made press was worked.

"Give me the fulcrum," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world!" I had a fulcrum and a lever, and with them I hoped to lift into existence a new body of celestial name.

But I was like a young bear—my troubles were all ahead of me. When I began to set up my battered type, I brought about me a very hornet's nest of discouragements. Still I held bravely on. My jack-knife was constantly on duty straightening up the sides, or mending the faces of the crooked and perverse little letters. When "sorts," or particular kinds of letters failed me, I had to reconstruct them entirely, always so far mindful of my "p's" and "q's" as to turn those letters upside down when I was short of "d's" and "b's." I made capital "F's" with "E's," just chopping off the lower limbs; and a "Q" learned to cry "O" after I had cut away its tongue. The severest strain, however, was to make two "V's" stand for "W." Imagine the editorial of a paper opening with the quotation: "VVhen, in the course of human events, it becomes," etc!

Through these many similar difficulties I led my little columns of broken English, until they stood at last in battle array on the bed of my press, which had been made true with the aid of a spirit-level. Four hard-wood strips formed the "chase," or frame, in which the columns were "locked up" to complete the "form." I had two pages of two columns each, the size of the page being three inches and a-half by five inches. I inked the type with printer's ink, applied by a ball made of buckskin stuffed with cotton. I laid one of my dampened sheets of printing paper on the inked surface, then a square of woolen cloth, then a piece of hard-wood board ten inches square, planed smooth and true, and then, on top of that, another block half the size. Now came the supreme moment. I grasped the lever, fitted it beneath the fulcrum, and swung myself over the other end! I seemed to sit astride the handle of the Great Dipper, in this the proudest moment of my boy life! I tell you, there is no satisfaction like that which comes from hard-earned success.

Now was fulfilled my hope to bring upon earth, by means of my fulcrum and lever, a visitant of heavenly title. The stars, including my own village *Star*, might "hide their diminished heads!" For I stood that moment holding in my hand the first impression of the *Comet*.

Thus was ushered in, as we solemnly say of the fourth of July and other great events, the first boys' newspaper printed in the "Far West." It made a stir where I lived, and struck with astonishment all the boys of the village.

This "comet" struck the earth about sixty-five miles west of Chicago, but I am compelled to admit that it exercised no disturbing influence on the old planet. It made an impression of one kind, however. Patience, contrivance and confidence were not left without reward. The *Comet* made me head boy in our debating club and president of our first juvenile temperance society.—*Edward C. Kemble, in St. Nicholas.*

A woman in a Kansas Pacific railroad car sat facing a man who with one eye, at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant, and said: "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said that he was not aware of having done so; but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir; it's that eye." "Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye. I hope you will excuse it. But upon my soul, I am not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The explanation and the compliment combined to put the woman in a good humor.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The California Constitutional Convention was in session 157 days, and cost several hundred thousand dollars. The session was to have been limited to 100 days, but it was impossible to complete the work within that time, and $150,000 more than was apportioned for the purpose was consumed for the pay of the members and the convention's running expenses.

When the mills blew up at Minneapolis, Minn., there was a question as to whether or not the insurance companies should pay the damage. They claimed that the mills were destroyed by the explosion, and as the insurance was against fire they refused to pay. The owners of the mills held that fire was the cause of the explosion. Ex-Governor Washburn proved that fire had been seen before the explosion. The trial lasted a week, but the jury only took ten minutes to bring in a verdict against the companies for the full amount, with interest.

According to recent official statements, the land appropriated to fruit growing in the United States is 4,500,000 acres. Upon this there flourish 112,000,000 apple trees, 28,000,000 pear trees, 113,270,000 peach trees and 141,260,000 grapevines. The total value of the fruit crop throughout the United States is set down at $238,219,700, an amount equal to half the value of the average wheat crop of the country. Toward that large sum apples are held to contribute $50,400,000, pears $14,130,000, peaches $47,135,000, grapes $2,118,000, strawberries $5,000,000 and other fruit $10,432,000.

Concerning the charges of the express companies the *American Cultivator* says: "The express companies in their exorbitant charges fail to realize, or at least fail to be governed by the fact, that in all other branches of business, both private and corporate, profits are largely reduced. The public demand lower rates in accordance with the times. Managers of express companies should not delay making a reasonable reduction in their charges, and without forcing unhealthy competition, or creating public discontent by a grasping and selfish policy."

A poor Hungarian lately showed a black pearl to a Pesth jeweler, and begged him to value it and give him what he could for it. He was told that the pearl was of great value, and that he would better take it to Biederman, of Vienna, which he did, and was naturally asked where he had obtained possession of such a rarity. The Hungarian answered that he had got it from the valet of the late Count Louis Batthyani. It turned out that it was one of three black pearls which, more than 150 years ago, were stolen from the English crown, and which were for a long time vainly sought for, it being at that time supposed that these were the only three black pearls in existence. The British Government has bought the black pearl for $8,000.

The following "points" are given by the *Rural New Yorker* to persons buying horses: "An intended purchaser should have the horse brought out before him, and watch the animal as he stands at rest. If the owner is continually starting the horse into motion, and urging him to 'show off,' something may be suspected, because it is when a horse is at perfect rest that his weak points are divulged. If the horse be sound he will stand square on his limbs, without moving any of them, the feet being placed flat upon the ground, and all his legs plump and naturally posed. If one foot be thrown forward, and the toe pointing to the ground, and the heel raised, or if the foot be lifted from the ground, and the weight taken from it, disease or tenderness may be suspected."

In conformity with the engagement entered into by France and Germany in 1871 to keep up the tombs of soldiers buried in their respective territories, the French government has taken action in 1,438 communes, situated in thirty-six departments, and containing the remains of 87,396 victims of the war; 37,859 French and 21,876 German soldiers have separate sepulture, while 27,661 bodies, whose nationality could not be positively distinguished, have common graves. Municipalities and private committees have erected 349 monuments, families eighty-eight, and Germany sixty-nine. The French government has constructed twenty-five large ossuaries, with imposing ornaments, at an expense of 782,477 francs. The total outlay has been 2,287,896 francs, and there will be an annual vote for the conservation of the graves and memorials.

The Washington *Post* has an account of the manner in which the new ten-dollar certificates are printed by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing: "The certificates, like greenbacks, require two distinct plate impressions, one for the back and the other for the face. As the plate printers can only average about 750 impressions per day, this is the slowest part of the work. In order to prepare the sheets for the first impression, they have to be wet down and subjected to a heavy pressure for ten hours. The impressions are then taken, and the sheets are placed in a dry box and subjected to intense heat. They are then ready for examination, when all the imperfect sheets are thrown out. The edges are then trimmed by machinery. Each of these machines employs two persons, who can complete about 15,000 impressions per day. The sheets are then sent to the surface presses to have the seal and the date imprinted. These machines each turn out on an average 12,000 impressions per day. They are then sent to the numbering division, where each machine averages 4,000 impressions per day. The backs are usually printed first and go through a long process of wetting down and drying.

An Old-Fashioned Reaper.

One day, just before harvest, an Ohio farmer went to Cincinnati to buy a reaper. A delighted agent collared the granger and dragged him into his warehouse. As they walked down the well-stocked room the farmer, in a meditative mood, quoted the line: "There is a reaper whose name is Death," but before he could start the second line the agent broke in: "Ah, yes, I know it, sir; I know it like a book. We handled that reaper one season, sir, and I'd take $5,000 out of my pocket this minute if it would undo the damage that reaper did our business in that one year. You don't want it, sir. You don't want to look at it. The machinery is complicated; it gets out of order easily; you have to send clear to Akron for a new piece of gearing; it doesn't cut clean, and it nearly kills the horses; jams their shoulders all to pieces, sir. I know that reaper, sir. It's an old, old style, sir and you don't want it. Now here, sir, I can show you a reaper that—" But the astonished farmer just interrupted him to say that the reaper he mentioned was an old style, but he was certain it did its work well, though, all the same; it wasn't the kind he wanted, and he had no idea of buying it to work on his farm. He bought another reaper, bloodthirsty as a Cossack, and red as an autumn sunset, and the agent told how nicely he sold a reaper to an old fellow who came in there just dead set for some old machine that he had never heard of before.

Interesting Questions and Answers.

G. A. H. asks for an explanation of the cause of the rise and fall of the barometer, that is, the cause of changes in the air's pressure. A. The course of the barometer is generally in the opposite direction to that of the thermometer; that is, that when the temperature rises the barometer falls, and *vice versa*, which indicates that the barometric variations at any given place are produced by the expansion and contraction of the air, and therefore by its changes in density. If the temperature were the same throughout the whole extent of the atmosphere, no currents would be produced, and at the same height atmospheric pressure would be everywhere the same. But when any portion of the atmosphere becomes warmer than the neighboring parts, its specific gravity is diminished, and it rises and passes away through the upper regions of the atmosphere, whence it follows that the pressure is diminished and barometer falls. If any portion of the atmosphere retains its temperature while the neighboring parts become cooler, the same effect is produced; for in this case, too, the density of the first mentioned portion is less than that of the others. Hence, also, it usually happens that an extraordinary fall of the barometer at one place is counterbalanced by an extraordinary rise at another place. The daily variations appear to result from the expansions and contractions which are periodically produced in the atmosphere by the heat of the sun during the rotation of the earth.

J. A. H. asks: 1. Is there any advantage in what lightning rod men call "circuit" rods—that is, two ground rods to one point? What do you think of such rods put into the ground eight or ten feet, ground tolerably dry? A. The only advantage in such an arrangement is that it affords a better ground surface. If the ground connections terminate in dry earth, the lightning rod will not prove effective. 2. Are horse shoe magnets better than common points, or should points be magnetized so as to lift small needles? A. There is no advantage in a magnetic point. 3. What is your opinion of tin roofs as a protection against lightning? How should they be connected with the ground? A. Tin roofs, if connected with the lightning rod having good ground connections, may prove an additional protection. The ground end of the rod should be forked and buried in earth that is continually moist. The effectiveness of the rod may be increased by filling the hole around the rod with pounded coke or charcoal. The ground end of the rod should be bent away from the house. 4. Is it safe to put a rod into a well? A. Yes.—*Scientific American.*

The Way One Man Got On.

Causeur has a friend, a journalist of distinction, now holding a very prominent and responsible position on one of the best-known papers in the country, who had a peculiar experience once in getting a position on the staff of a New York daily. He applied to the editor-in-chief, who knew him well and was aware of his ability and experience. "I've nothing to offer you," he said; "but perhaps you had better see the managing editor." To the managing editor, who also knew him well, the applicant went. "There's nothing I can give you," he said, pleasantly; "why don't you see the editor-in-chief?" The next day he applied to both again, and the next, each time receiving the same answer. Dropping in on the fourth day he noticed a vacant desk in the reporters' room, kept for any one who might use it. He called the office-boy, told him to clean up the desk and bring writing materials. Having "moved in," he sought the city editor's assignment-book, picked out a job that he thought he could do, did it, laid the result on the city editor's desk and went home. The next day he did the same thing, and the next, and the next. On the fifth day the editor-in-chief passed through the room while he was at his desk. "So you've got to work?" he said, pleasantly. "Yes, sir," answered the self-appointed reporter. A day or two later the managing editor came in. "Got at it at last, eh?" he inquired. "Yes, sir," answered the latest addition to the staff, going on with his work. Things went on this way for two weeks, when one morning the chief came in. "How do you like your position?" he asked. "First rate," he answered; "there's only one trouble—I haven't had any money yet." "No money! How's that? Perhaps the managing editor forgot to put your name on the roll. Never mind, I will. How much did he say you were to have?" "He didn't say, sir," said the reporter, telling the truth very literally. The chief fixed the pay then and there, dated it back two weeks, and the "hanger-on" became a full-fledged member of the staff on the spot. And the best of the joke was that it was not until two years afterward that either the editor-in-chief or the managing editor knew how it came about, each supposing the other had done it. Two heads certainly were better than one that time—for the applicant.—*Boston Transcript.*

Three Curiosities.

Not long ago the papers gave an account of the bursting asunder of a mountain near the Tallulah Falls, Georgia. Since that interesting occurrence passengers on the Air Line railroad in Upper Georgia have observed a jet of water which shoots up near the track to a height of fifty feet. This wonder is about midway between Toccoa and Mount Airy's stations, and a few miles from the sink in the mountain. The water is cool and sparkling. The stream rises as from a large fountain and falls in drops and mist. It is claimed that when the mountain burst and a half of it had settled there must have been a pressure on some subterranean lake, which is seeking relief through the spout.

This is the season for miracles in the matter of hens and their eggs. The Barnesville (Ga.) *Gazette* has found the most wonderful of wonderful eggs. It is shaped like the head of a man. Little black feathers, which look like hair, form the crown, and these feathers are parted in the middle, just as a young man of the dandy order would part his fascinating locks. The white comb-line is clearly marked. The forehead is plain, the arched black brow, the eyes, the ear, the nose and chin, with a little goatee, can readily be chased. The editor of the *Gazette* declares that the description is a true one.

While H. L. Schlorff, of New Orleans, was fishing with a hook and line at the Old Lake End he felt a fearful jerk upon his rod. He began to pull. Great was his astonishment to find that he had caught an alligator four feet long and very active. Schlorff called for help, and, three men hastening to him, the alligator was hauled ashore, having done no further damage than to masticate the foot of one of the men. This is one of the few recorded instances where an alligator has been caught with the hook and line.

"She's a darling, she's a daisy." So sang the young man in a quiet, musing sort of way, beneath his breath. He was just starting down toward her house, and his heart was overflowing; but as he turned the corner he saw Smythe hand her into a carriage and drive off to enjoy the moonlight. A sudden hush came over his song, his heart felt as if a goneness had crept over it, and he rapidly walked homeward, cogitating in his mind over the dread uncertainties of life.—*New Haven Register.*

Agassiz's Power Over Animals.

According to E. P. Whipple, in the June *Harper's*, the late Louis Agassiz had a wondrous power over animals. He would go up to the most obstinate of pigs, and after a few soft words and movement of his stick over the bristles of the creature in the right direction, the pig would lift its head erect, its small eyes would glisten with a vague intelligence, it would remain almost motionless in a kind of pleased surprise, and emit a grunt of comfort. The professor even carried serpents in his hat and in his pockets with a grand unconcern, and dropped them sometimes in his bedroom, so that his wife was frequently troubled by finding them coiled up in her boots. And whenever he entered a menagerie he was eagerly welcomed by lions, tigers, wolves, hyenas and other beasts of prey. There is said to be not a single instance of his having been injured by any serpent or beast.

Dr. E. B. Foote, in his *Health Monthly*, says the tenement-house reform inaugurated in New York is a good movement, but that while "well-to-do people generally are becoming wild over the plans for delivering the poor from their ill-ventilated apartments, their own houses, churches, lecture-rooms, places of amusement, etc., are choked with foul air. In most of our large churches, in cold weather, more attention is given to warmth than to the purity of the air. As a rule, the lecture-rooms of our medical colleges, which ought to be models in this respect, are as bad or worse than a cheap show-room; nor can you go into a counting-room or other business place on a January day and not find that more attention is given to heat than to ventilation—the thermometer often marking eighty degrees or over."

Protect the System from Malaria.

It is possible to do this even in regions of country where miasma is most rife, and where the periodic fevers which it causes assume their most formidable types. The immense popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is very largely attributable to the fact of its efficacy as a remedy for chills and fever, bilious remittents, and as a preventive of the various forms of malarial disease. In those portions of the West and South where complaints of this nature prevail, and in the tropics, it is particularly esteemed for the protective influence which it exerts; and it has been very widely adopted as a substitute for the dangerous and comparatively ineffective alkaloid, sulphate of quinine. Physicians have not been among the last to concede its merits, and the emphatic professional indorsements which it has received have added to the reputation it has obtained at home and abroad.

A Mystery Explained.

Parlor scene: Mrs. Brown, who has spent the summer among the White mountains in search of health, and who seems to have searched the whole mountain side without being able to find a pair of blooming cheeks or an inch of healthful skin; Mrs. White, who has remained at home because her husband could not afford to go, but whose fresh complexion and bright eyes seem to have caught their bloom and brightness from mountain breezes.

Mrs. B.—Dear me, Mrs. White, how well your are looking! If you will not think me impertinent, let me ask how you can keep so healthy in this dreadful city? I have been to the White mountains, go there every summer, in fact, and I can't keep off the doctor's list at that.

Mrs. W. (smiling)—I'll tell you the whole secret, Mrs. Brown. You remember how poorly I was last spring, some days even being confined to my bed. Dr. —— told Mr. White to send me to the mountains, but I knew he couldn't afford it, and I tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Its effects were so marvelous that I also tried his Golden Medical Discovery, to cleanse my system. In my opinion, one bottle of the Prescription and the Discovery is better than six weeks of the White mountains for a sick woman. I have only been out of the city a week during the whole summer; then my husband and I went to Buffalo and stopped at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel. The baths and mechanical apparatus for treating patients were alone worth going to see. Besides, our accommodations were better than we had at Long Branch last year, and the drives and scenery are superb. Let me advise you to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and try the Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel next summer instead of the White mountains.

A speedy quietus is given to a hacking cough by that inestimable specific for pulmonary, throat and bronchial complaints, Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, which cures consumption, bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, labored breathing and other disorders of the respiratory organs. When a cough manifests itself, the early use of this benificent medicine is earnestly recommended, as the difficulty is more easily overcome in its incipient stage than later on. Sold by all druggists.

Brown's Bronchial Troches, for pulmonary and asthmatic disorders, have proved their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them. Twenty-five cents a box.

A cable dispatch to the Associated Press says that Mason & Hamlin have been awarded the highest gold medal at the Paris Exposition for their Cabinet Organs. Thirty best makers of the world were competitors.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston, and Chicago.

The Mendelssohn Piano Co., No. 21 East 15th Street, N. Y., sell Pianos at Factory Prices. Write for a catalogue.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.
Smoke Pogue's "Sitting Bull Durham Tobacco."

PAPER MILL FOR SALE.

For sale at Lancaster, N. H., a first-class Mill, now in operation. The plant comprises ten acres of land with full power of river, with 13-foot head. Two-story frame Mill, 40x90, with annexes—barn, storehouse, sheds, scales &c. The Mill contains one 72-inch single cylinder, Rice Barton & Fales' machine, complete; four 25-pound beating engines; two tub bleaches, cutters, calenders, reels; one 50 horse-power boiler; and all the appliances for running the Mill.

Straw plenty at $5. Wood at $2. Excellent freight contracts go with the Mill, which is now on winding. Owners have other business.

The property, which is valuable, will be sold at a fair price and at a bargain. All inquiries by mail promptly answered. Address HENRY O. KENT, Treasurer.
LANCASTER, N. H., 1879.

Upham's Freckle, Tan and Pimple BANISHER.

A few applications of this preparation will remove freckles, tan, sunburn, pimples or blotches on the face, and render the complexion clear and fair. For softening and beautifying the skin it has no equal. Price 50 cts. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 75 cts. Address

JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & CO.,
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