



The Jeffersonian,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1867.

The brick work of the new Presbyterian Church, with the exception of the tower, is now completed, and the building under roof. We understand that it is designed to have the auditorium completed forthwith, and occupied for religious services during the coming winter. The ladies belonging to the church are busily at work preparing to raise funds with which to furnish the church. When completed the building will stand as an ornament to our borough, and reflect credit upon the energy, enterprise and liberality of the congregation, a large share of which will be due to the Rev. Mr. Everett and his estimable lady.

We neglected to mention, last week, the laying of the corner stone of the new church for the use of the colored Methodists of our borough, on Ansonink Avenue, a week ago last Saturday. The ceremonies were performed by Bishop Wyman, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Barney, the Presiding Elder of this district. The address was pronounced by those who heard it an able production. On the preceding evening Bishop Wyman preached to a full house, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, a large preponderance of the audience being white people. The sermon, in whatever point viewed, would have proved no discredit to any divine, however eminent, and in many of its points was beautifully eloquent.

The Suicide at Phillipsburg, N. J.

In our last week's paper we published, from one of our exchanges, an account of the melancholy suicide of Mrs. Lizzie Smith, nee Hollenbach. A friend who knows all about the young lady and her family, assures us that the article does great injustice to the parents of the deceased, and is not founded on the facts of the case. We, therefore, the more cheerfully give place to the following:

The deceased, who formerly lived at Springville, Susquehanna county, Pa. made her home with her father until the death of her mother, which occurred on the 5th of July, 1865, and, unknown to him, held a correspondence with Smith, which finally led to the abandoning of the home of her childhood and her paternal protector. This, through the influence of human fiends, both male and female, was kept from her father's knowledge. On the 6th of September, 1865, she went to Scranton, to visit her cousin, a Mrs. Taylor, and while there was married to Smith. From Scranton Smith and his wife went to Lock Haven, where they appeared to live happily, as letters from Smith to her father, asking "forgiveness for any seeming disrespect," would show. But it appears that their happiness was of short duration, for another woman claimed Smith as her liege lord, and Lizzie, as wife No. 2, was thrust out "in the cold." This separation did not come to her father's knowledge until about a year after it occurred, when, in a letter from Clark's Green, she told him the whole story. He went to see her at once, and endeavored to reconcile her to her situation by giving her assurances of a home with him, when she was unable to do without, at any time she wished. She had no step-mother until the 15th of May, 1866, and in the September following spent two or three weeks at her father's, and at Springville, when, as he supposed she went to Smith's home. In April last she visited her father again, after staying a while at Benton, and from thence to Waymart, in Wayne County. She visited her father's again on Saturday, the 30th of September, took dinner, did some washing, and said she was going to help Mrs. Warner do some sewing. She then went to the Depot, as she said, to send some things to Scranton, but did not return. In a letter to her father, dated Oakland, September 30th, 1867, she says:

"The reason I did not tell you when I was going, I did not know myself. Often when I have been discouraged, and almost insane, I would think of suicide. Then the thought of the trouble you have had, and that you would miss me if I was gone, kept me from it. I will do the best I can, but I will own that life is a burden to me. I shall always be glad to hear from you. I'll do the best I can. I disobeyed you, and am now reaping my reward. If my punishment is just I will try and bear it. Don't write until you hear from me again.
Your affectionate daughter,
LIZZIE."

This letter was found in her trunk after her death, unfolded. In a letter to a friend, also unfolded, she says:

"I do not think he was worthy the love I gave him, and I do hope I shall not be fool enough to attempt to kill myself again."

The reader will see from this the real causes which prompted the terrible deed; and the fact that she was subject to periodical fits, which she often said "made her almost crazy," unfolds to our mind the melancholy fact that she was laboring under temporary insanity, or aberration of mind.

See one of the Prize Cups awarded to A. Speer, for his celebrated Port Grape Wine. It is the best Grape wine ever produced in this country, and has become the standard wine for communion purposes, and is the most beneficial for females and weakly persons.

Firing the Democratic Heart.

Our neighbor the Democrat, last week opened his batteries for the purpose of firing up the Democratic heart, and keeping it up to the welding heat for the campaign of 1868. He blazes away at a most thundering rate, and would doubtless render the air redolent of burnt brimstone, did not the smell of burnt wool predominate in the smoke which bursts so terrifically from his gun. It is evident that his ammunition is composed wholly of "Sambo and his short comings," for he sees nothing but nigger, thinks of nothing but nigger, and prints nothing but nigger.

Bad indeed has Sambo proved himself to be, according to the Democrat's showing, but it is a consolation to know that, according to the same showing, Sambo has been caught, in nearly every instance, and punished for his crimes; in many instances, with a perfection of cruelty that should satisfy even a Democrat's most bitter hate. We don't pretend that Sambo is perfect. On the contrary we look upon him as a very imperfect being; but we cannot but marvel that Sambo's moral delinquencies have been so few, in view of the fact that his teachings have been imparted under the lash, and that for years and years, for generation after generation, he has been treated as a brute beast, rather than as a being possessed of moral accountability, and human attributes generally. With the examples of lechery set him by his former Democratic masters it was reasonable to suppose that he would become lecherous, and the only marvel is that Democracy can find so few instances of his badness in this respect.

We do not uphold Sambo in his crimes. Indeed we rejoice that his punishment is generally so prompt, and would rejoice still more if, in every instance, he could be caught in the act and punished as he deserves. But is the Democrat acting fairly in the matter?—is it using legitimate fuel with which to keep the fires of prejudice burning?—is it dealing honestly with those who are instructed by its teachings? There are over 4,000,000 of Sambos in the South, who are yet in the transition state from slavery to freedom, and from ignorance to educated intelligence, and the whole of these have not furnished a dozen cases in a year, of crime such as the Democrat so conspicuously parades in its columns last week, while a study of the police reports of the city of New York alone, would reveal full as many on the part of Democratic white culprits in one quarter the time.

It is singular that the Democrat can find no crimes to charge against its white rebellious brethren of the South. Were we disposed to be sensational, as it is, we could fill our columns with reports of just as grave and heinous crimes, and in far greater numbers, committed by those who were so lately the masters and instructors of Sambo. The Democrat could find them too, but to publish them would not answer its purpose, which is to add fuel to the prejudice already existing against a race which has been trodden upon, and ground to the dust for years. To accomplish this our neighbor does not hesitate to insult the modesty of his readers with a recital, colored to life, of the most horrid and revolting crimes known to the laws. We do not envy a taste so groveling, nor a party which requires such argument to support its pretensions.

A good thing for this section of country is Mr. George L. Walker's Real Estate Agency, established in the fore-part of the summer, proving itself to be. Through it Water Powers, hitherto lying idle and unnoticed, have been hunted up and brought to the attention of capitalists; and farms, which have been eyesores to their owners, placed in the line of enterprise and capital, which will redeem them from their half-barren state and, in a short time, make them complete garden spots. The factory on the Kirk property, which we mention elsewhere, though not the result of a sale effected by him, is really the result of the information conveyed abroad through his agency—the capital erecting it having actually been induced here by his representations. We have heard of a number of instances in which capital have been thus induced to look at our wealth, lying dormant beneath the rushing waters of our rapids, and which will yet loom up in prosperity-producing mills and factories. A gentleman from New York, who never heard of Stroudsburg and vicinity, except as a rough, impoverished, and out-of-the-way sort of a place, and who was induced to come here by Mr. Walker could hardly find language strong enough to express his astonishment at what he saw when he got here. He was delighted with the country, and was emphatic in his declarations that all that was necessary to build up our county as a great manufacturing region, was to satisfy capital abroad of the abundance of our water power, and our other great facilities for manufacturing—nearness to fuel and market, &c.—Thus what was looked upon as rather chimerical and a fancy dodge on the part of Mr. Walker, is really working to our advantage and will yet prove productive of great and lasting results.

The work of building the factory on the farm purchased by New York capitalists, of Mr. Abner Kirk, on Pecoot Creek, a few miles from town, is being pushed on most vigorously. Although but a month or six weeks have elapsed since the purchase, the dam, a most substantial one, is already completed, and the foundation of the building well under way. We have been informed that the manufacture of buttons and yankee notions generally, will be specialties of the factory.

We are pleased to learn that our old friend Charles M. Price, Esq., whom rumor, a few weeks ago, reported as having "shuffled off this mortal coil," is alive and worth a thousand dead Charlies yet. From the Scranton papers we learn that Charley has opened a saloon on Spruce street, between Penn and Wyoming Avenues, in that city, and is doing a rushing business. This will be good news to Charley's thousand and one friends in this borough and county, who will doubtless avail themselves of a visit to Scranton to call and see him, and partake of his good things. It matters not what Charley engages in, he always proves himself equal to the undertaking, and if he does not know how to keep a saloon, we would like to know who does.

Why suffer from Dyspepsia when so potent, so safe, and so certain a Remedy can be procured so easily. Coe's Dyspepsia Cure is a perfect specific for the disease. A single dose will demonstrate this fact. Let those who are troubled with Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, &c., make but one trial.

"THEIR NAME IS LEGION," may be applied to the innumerable diseases to which the skin is subject. It would be well for those who are afflicted with apparently incurable ulcers, and sores, erysipelas and eruptions, to use Grace's Celebrated Salve, which cures in a very short time, cuts, burns, scalds, flesh wounds, &c.

Cannibal Insects.

Do all insects feed on plants? Fortunately they do not. Many insects are cannibals. That is, they feed on other insects. Among them there is a struggle for life, as well as elsewhere. The cannibal insect feeds on the plant feeding one, and thus prevents the latter from being too numerous.

The different varieties found within the United States are about 30,000, or about ten distinct varieties of insects to one variety of the animal kingdom. Of these 30,000 varieties of insects it is thought there are not less than 7,500 the varieties that are cannibal. These insects of prey keep the remaining three-fourths within due bounds. In the animal kingdom we find beasts of prey less numerous than the herbivorous ones; so among insects we find the class of cannibals far less numerous than those which depend upon other sources for their subsistence.

Every school boy has seen the spider at work catching flies; while thus engaged a mud wasp comes along and catches the spider; for fear that mud wasps should become too numerous, the wasp is destroyed by the ichneumon fly, which, in its turn, falls a prey to birds and other insect-feeders.

Every one must admit that cannibal insects are the farmer's friend. Now, will it pay to grow them artificially in communities where the plant-feeding insects predominate? Practical entomologists and thinking men must decide on the above-mentioned. Pains ought to be taken to raise as many insect-eating birds as possible. Teach the boys not to rob birds' nests, or to wantonly destroy the lives of old birds. In England gardeners collect the larvae of the lady-bird (bug) to destroy plant lice. We know, by experience, that a nest of bald hornets will soon clear out all the house-flies.

It is said that the large, stinking and offensive-tasted bug so common on blackberries and other fruits, if placed in a room infested with bed-bugs, will soon destroy a whole colony of the latter. This is well worth a trial by some modern hotel-keepers, and by those who are always finding out a new "humbug."

Base Ball in the Family.

We are informed that a man in this city has become so infatuated with the game of base ball that he insists on running the "home" machine on the base ball system. His children being quite numerous, are divided into "nines." At the table they are assigned their respective positions, and the servant ordered to take "first base." His wife, whose word "none dare dispute," is styled "umpire," and himself the "batman," his duty being to flog the children. When the youngest child cries he designates this a "foul ball," and orders the servant to stop it.—A few days since this gentleman returned home and found dinner not ready and the servant leisurely reading a ten cent novel, whereupon he instantly ordered her to put a "short stop," to such proceedings. Here the "umpire put in," and the result was a fuss in the family circle.—Reading Dispatch.

It may be interesting to know that in 1748 Reading was laid out by Richard and Thomas Penn, and named after a town in England, in thirty-five years from which time it was incorporated as a borough, and 1837 as a city, at which time it had a population of fifteen thousand. It is now estimated that the population is at least forty thousand.

John Shively, of Nelson, Wis., went into his field last week, and opening a stack of wheat, found it wet. He said he would look at the other, and if that was wet too he would hang himself. It was wet, and he shot the top of his head off.

Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division—Engineer Corps.

COLORADO AND NEW-MEXICO—IGNORANCE ABOUT NEW-MEXICO—THE COPPER MINES, &c., &c.,
SANTA FE, Sept. 24, 1867.

While walking through the business parts of Philadelphia, New-York, or any of our large Eastern cities, the observer will notice near every corner glaring signs that promise immense fortunes to those wise enough to invest in the stock of some Colorado or Montana, mining company. Many of those organizations are good and pay fair dividends, while others are the main trunks of the wild cat speculations that are injuring the Territory of Colorado to-day. Still the amount of good done by the companies is great, inasmuch as they bring before the people the resources of the sections they represent, and by turning capital into such channels help to more rapidly develop the mineral wealth of those Territories. Colorado compared with New-Mexico is a young Territory. Still to-day Colorado is a household name while New-Mexico remains to the mass of our people a terra incognita, not worth their inquiring about. The American, on coming here, is first amazed at the immense undeveloped mineral wealth of the Territory, and astonishment succeeds as he asks why New-Mexico is so little noticed. The solution of this puzzle is to be found in the differences between the people of each section. The Santa Fe of to-day is that of two hundred years ago. Long before the Pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, New-Mexico was a land of great wealth and comparative refinement. But as the Spaniards of days have fallen behind in the grand march of nations, so have all the colonies planted by that mother land. New-England rose from her rocks a giant. New-Mexico sunk in her rich valleys to a dwarf. The Saxon spread his power over every part of the continent. The Spaniard bowed to the current when it reached him, but remained rooted in his life and opinions. Say what we may, the New-Mexicans of to-day would prefer the changing despotisms of the adjoining republic to the greater freedom and power of ours. Perhaps there is some reason for this feeling. A few Americans come here to get rich and many adventurers come here to use their cunning against the people, but scarce a movement has been made to elevate them or give them an appreciation of the Government. Why should they feel attached to that which they know not of? Colorado has her papers, her easy means of travel, and every new discovery in her rich mountains is flashed through the land next day. The news is old at the latest from this region and the people look on New-Mexico as an ex-crescence—a sort of wart on Cromwell's nose. And the few Americans here find living easy, the climate delightful, and to them no necessity for labor. So we move on, and this the most inviting portion of the whole country is neglected.

I speak earnestly when I say, it is the duty of all whose province it is to inform the public to spread all reliable information of this land through the country and cause an inquiry into the resources of this land, which will be sure to result in bringing capital, intelligent labor, and railroads to New-Mexico; and in return, copper, iron, coal, silver, gold, lead and other minerals will pay as in no other part of the United States. The pastoral capacities are very little if at all behind Colorado, while the agricultural resources are far ahead, on account of the lower elevation and warmer climate. The following facts about the copper mines of this region I obtained from General Carlton, General Cleaver, Gov. Mitchell, and personal observations. I am sure the valuable information on copper mines will be as new to the majority of your readers as it was to me.

THE HANOVER MINE

was discovered in 1860. It is situated on the head waters of the Mimbres river, about six miles east of Fort Bayard. It was worked with great success for two years, when the Texans under Sibley and the Indians killed the workmen and broke the machinery. Since the close of the war the work has not been resumed, as the capital of the Territory is limited and Eastern capitalists know nothing about it. The ore is "virgin" copper, found in extensive pockets in the bed rock, varying in quantities from one to three hundred pounds. The amount in gold alloyed with it has been found sufficient to defray all the expenses of working. The cost of producing copper, in pigs of two hundred pounds, at this mine, was four cents per pound. The ore exists in unlimited quantities, and there is an abundance of wood and water for working purposes for many years of continued operation. The mine is owned by Messrs. Harding and Cleaver.

SANTA RITA MINE.

This mine is very old, having been worked by the Spaniards nearly a century and a half ago. The old Santa Rita prison, the ruins of which still exist, is near it, so that we have every reason to suppose the Spaniards used the convicts in working the mines. It is about seven miles south of the Hanover mine, and about the same distance from Fort Bayard.—The ore is a rich black oxide, and is found in veins of varying thickness—the lower ones being virgin copper, which can be drawn under the hammer as it comes from the mine. The mine has never been thoroughly examined, but there is every reason to believe it is an extension of the Hanover mine. The Santa Rita mines are owned by General Carleton, Gov. Mitchell, and others.

THE PINOS ALTOS MINES.

are undoubtedly the most extensive copper deposits in the world. They cover a belt of country thirty miles long from the northeast to southwest, by ten miles broad which General Carleton says in his report "is filled with rich veins of copper, gold, silver, lead, iron and other minerals in combination." Outside and adjacent to this tract, there is an abundance of mines just as valuable, but that part of the country has not been so carefully examined as the section General Carleton describes.

"The whole of this country is well wooded, and covered with fine pasturage, and there are several permanent streams of water upon it. During the rainy season, and for weeks after, all the arroyos have water in them."

ARROYO HONDA.

These mines are situated north of Taos and close to the Colorado line. They were discovered by Mr. Miller in 1862, but as there is no capital to work them, the discovery is like placing food just beyond the reach of a starving man. Specimens of copper from this mine are now on exhibition here, and they are fully equal to the beautiful specimen in the United States Mint, Philadelphia, from the famous mines of the "Amygdaloid," Lake Superior.

NACIEMIENTO COPPER MINE.

This deposit of rich copper ore was discovered by a band of Mexicans in 1866, and caused at the time much excitement in the Territory, so a joint stock company was organized—to run the mine. The assay of this ore is as follows:—Copper, 71; silver, 4; iron, 12; unexamined scoria, 13. This mine is owned, but "the joint stock company" has no capital to work it and as they invested but little in it, the owners must feel very happy in their undeveloped wealth. The Nacimiento mine is situated about forty miles south-west from Santa Fe, in the Losse Valles Mountains, in the same range as the rich mineral region of the San Juan, Sandia, and Placer Mountains. The vein is from thirty to forty feet wide and occasionally intersected by deposits of white sandstone.

A town was started near these mines, but the Indians broke it up. So the Nacimiento mine, with all its wealth, serves as a look-out station for "Lo! the poor Indians." When the white man goes to prospect, the Indian is hunting him.

THE OCATE MINES.

being nearer the settlements, are now being worked, and extensive buildings are in course of erection by the proprietors, Messrs. Kroenig & Moore, of Santa Fe.—The Ocate ore assays 64 per cent. of pure copper. The vein is from 12 to 20 feet wide and as the owners have plenty of money to continue the work, the Ocate mines must prove a great success, and a source of immense revenue to the fortunate proprietors.

TIJERA COPPER MINES.

are incorporated and owned by Messrs. Dold, Kithers & Clever. They are situated in the Tijera canon, near the line of the thirty-fifth parallel. The surface ore is alloyed with silver, but on descending the copper is lost in the richer ores. The mine has been worked but little, though there is every reason to believe it would pay handsomely if developed.

THE NEW MEXICO MINING COMPANY.

is the most extensive in the Territory and is under the able management of Dr. M. D. Steck. The enterprises of the company are not limited to copper, which they have of fine quality and in great abundance. I will therefore defer speaking of the company till I have prepared my letters on the other minerals. There are many other mines and companies, but as a rule there is not sufficient energy displayed in working the mines, and but little efforts made to draw here capital and skilled labor from the East.

A DRAWBACK.

The great wealth and power of our nation is to be attributed to our large number of intelligent small land-holders, and Colorado's success is in part due to the fact that the United States Homestead and Pre-emption laws are well carried out. Here it would be impossible to do so.—Unfortunately a great part of the Territory is covered by old Spanish Grants, many of which the Government has recognized. This has thrown immense quantities of land into the hands of a few men, who, unfortunately, do not know how to add to its value and their wealth, by presenting the greater part of it in small farms to those who desire to settle. So with the rich mines. They are owned by a few men, who have not the means to work all, and, like the animal between the two bundles of hay, they enjoy the good of none.

WHAT IS WANTED.

This Territory needs what Colorado has—capital and energetic men—but it needs above all telegraphs and a transcontinental railroad line traversing it.—This must come and the sooner the better. I was delighted with Colorado when I crossed its mountains and valleys on a recent tour, but I had heard so much I was not surprised. But to find in New Mexico an Eldorado such as it is, amazes me and my wonder increases at the ignorance of these facts.

In speaking of the copper mines, I do not wish to be understood as exhausting the subject. There are many that I have not mentioned. It may be well to state here that for years much of this copper has been carried to Indianola, Texas, a distance of one thousand miles, and the amount of gold alloyed with the copper has always been sufficient to defray, after extraction, all the transportation expenses.

When a railroad is built here, it is only a question of multiplication to show what an immense revenue may be derived from the carriage of this ore. Let us hope, for New Mexico and the nation at large, that our wise men in Congress may give this question the consideration it deserves and hasten, by their legislation, the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad across the continent.

Anc.

Two Tennesseans built a fire under a cow to make her move, and the creature died of the torture. The next day one of these men passed the place on horse back, his horse became frightened at the dead cow, threw his rider and nearly killed him.

The editor of the Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune says he has been shown an ear of corn—a sample of a sixty acre field which is twelve inches long, bearing eighteen rows of corn, or a total of nine hundred and ninety-nine kernels on the ear.

The Question Answered.

Somebody—a woman of course—inquires why, when Eve was manufactured from the spare rib, a servant wasn't made at the same time to wait on her? Somebody else—a woman, we imagine—replies in the following strain:—Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, button to be sewed on, or glove to mend "right away quick now." Because he never read the newspapers until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then, stretching himself out, yawned, "ain't supper most ready, my dear?" "Not he. He made the fire, and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture; and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to. He milked the cows, fed the chickens, and looked after the children himself. He never brought home a half dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates and the mango season was over. He never stayed out till 11 o'clock at a ward meeting, hurrahing for an out-and-out candidate, and then scold because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gate. He never played billiards, rolled ten-pins, and drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with tobacco smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he did not think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and was not under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a woman's cares a little. That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it was the reason that her fair descendants did.

The potato crop of Crawford county is being harvested, and is one of the largest ever grown. The potatoes are remarkable fine, and generally free from rot.

Special Notices.

IRON in the BLOOD.

The necessity of a due proportion of iron in the blood is well known to all medical men; when it comes reduced from any cause whatever, the whole system suffers, the weakest part being first attacked, and a feeling of languor, lassitude, and "all-gone-ness" pervades the system. Stimulants only afford temporary relief, and have the same effect as giving a tired horse the whip instead of oats. The true remedy is to supply the blood with the necessary quantity of iron. This can be done by using the

PERUVIAN SYRUP,

a protected solution of the protoxide of iron, which is so prepared that it assimilates at once with the blood, giving strength, vigor and new life to the whole system.

To take medicines to cure disease occasioned by a deficiency of IRON IN THE BLOOD, without restoring it to the system, is like trying to repair a building when the foundation is gone.—I have been using the PERUVIAN SYRUP for some time past, it gives me new vigor, buoyancy of spirits, elasticity of muscle.

Pamphlets containing certificates of cures, and recommendations from some of the most eminent physicians, Gergens and others, will be sent free to any address.

The genuine has "Peruvian Syrup" blown in the glass.

J. P. DINSMORE, Proprietor, No. 36 Dey St., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

For all the Protean forms of Disease originating in SCROFULA, such as Salt Rheum, Cancer, Consumption, &c., there is nothing so equal to the purifying effects of Iodine when administered in a pure state.

Dr. H. Anders' Iodine Water is a pure solution of Iodine dissolved in water, which is a solvent, and is the best remedy for Scrofula and kindred diseases ever discovered. Circulars free.

Sold by Druggists generally. 30 Dey St., New York. Oct. 31-1st.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A Gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar Street, New York, May 16, 1867.—lyr.

Itch!! Itch!! Itch!! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! in from 10 to 48 hours. WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures THE ITCH. WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures SALT RHEUM. WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures TUBERC. WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures BARNERS' ITCH. WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures OLD SORES. WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR LIKE MAGIC. Price, 50 cents a box; by mail, 60 cents. Address WEEKS & PORTER, No. 170 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. For sale by all Druggists. Sept. 19, 1867.—lyr.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A man some time since was repairing a gas leak, corner of 28th Street and 6th Avenue, New York. He went into the excavation and then lit a match. An explosion of the gas took place, and the man was much burned. Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment was applied freely, and in three days the man was about his business in the Manhattan Gas Works as well as ever. His name is Samuel F. Waters. This is one of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Tobias' celebrated Venetian Liniment; it is not only good for burns, but for Old Sores, Bruises, Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throats, Cuts, Insect Stings, Pains in the Limbs, Chest and Back; also internally, for Colic, Cramps, Diarrhea, Dysentery and Croup. It is perfectly innocent to take internally, and is the best family medicine in the world. Orders are received from all over Europe for it. The most celebrated Physicians recommend it—it never fails. Dr. Tobias puts up every drop himself. Sold by all Druggists at 50 cents and \$1 per bottle. Depot 56 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. [Oct. 31-1st.]

AMAZEMENT!

With the quickness of thought, without injuring skin or fibre, or leaving a stain upon the scalp.

A HEAD IS TRANSFIGURED! or, in other words, changed from red, or sandy, or white, or grizzly gray, as the case may be, to a transcendent black or brown by

THE MYSTIC SPELL of that scientific wonder of the century, CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE, a pure compound that defies rivalry, and is manufactured only by J. CRISTADORO, 68, Maiden Lane, New York. Sold by all Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Oct. 31, 1867.—1m.