Dysentery in Bees.

At a recent meeting of the Michigan Bee Keeper's Association the following paper was read by Dr. Bohrer, Alexandria, Ind. on the above subject. He said:—Gentlemen—at the request of your Secretary I would submit the following, in regard to the prevalence of dysentery among bees during the past Winter. The general causes giving rise to this affection among bees are sufficiently well understood by a large majority of apiarians, to render it unnecessary for me to give a description of them in detail, if required, in demonstrating ordinary causes from which this malady is known to spring, had but little if anything to do with its origin among bees during the past Winter in the United States and Canada; for it is well known that thousands of colonies, populous in number, well supplied hith honey and in good Winter quarters, perished despite every effort that could be brought to bear by the most experienced, most skillful and most industrious bee keepers of the country.

I am fully aware that it has been asserted by some that the recent mortality among bees was due to the carelessness on the part of the bee keeper in not putting them to Winter quarters in the proper season and in the proper maner. But inasmuch as I have conversed and corresponded with many relative to this matter, who have formerly been not only very attentive to the wants of their bees, but have also been eminently successful in wintering them, I have good grounds furnished me for concluding that such statements are (to use a new expression) simply too thin.

Others have been disposed to attribute it to the extraordinary severity of the Winter; but when we come to consider that the mercury often sinks lower in Canada than it did in this part of Indiana during the last Winter, and the bees nevertheless winter well even on the Summer stand in that country, without any other protection than that furnished by the hive, we are lost in attempting to account for the late ravage of this disease in this way, as bees perished here, and even as far South as Tennessee, in large numbers. True, the apiaries in Southern districts were not as nearly depopulated as they were here and in other distriets of the North. But the inhabitants of each colony were reduced in numbers much below what they commonly have been, thus proving two things, first that there was from some cause more than ordinary predisposition to dysentery, this being the universal complaint; and secondly, that owing to the frequent opportunities afforded bees in Southern climates of flying out and discharging their excrement, this maiady proved less fatal there than it did in sections where the excessive cold weather confined them to the hive for periods of time altogether beyond what they could endure in a diseased condition. From this standpoint it will be seen that cold weather had but one effect, which was that of rendering dysentery more fatal by confining the bees to the hive.

It will be out of the question to attribute the origin of this disease to an excess of atmospheric moisture, as it never was known to be dryer than it was last Winter throughout the United States. Neither can we come out and occupy the ground that bees were put up into Winter quarters without a proper amount of ventilation, for in this particular they fared as usual. But after searching in every quarter for the cause, I find nothing more than has heretofore been common until I came to examine the honey, which last Fall presented no external evidence of its unfitness for bees to winter upon successfully. But as time progressed a portion of it granulated and left a watery substance which ran out of the cells, and down upon the bottom board, where it soured in many instances. Just what kind of honey it was I am not fully prepared to say, but as there, were no flowers from which bees could collect honey last Winter in one section, I suppose it to be honey-dew they were collecting, as they came in heavily loaded every day for a week or more, yet I did not take it upon myself to search for this substance in the forests, and may have been mistaken, but don't think I was.

After I saw it in the condition above described, I almost concluded that it was collected from grapes, but as there were not enough grapes in our parts to furnish so much honey, I fell back to honey-dew. I have made inquiry of several persons who claimed to be acquainted with this substance, and find them laboring under the impression that bees will not winter well when confined to this material as food. I have also learned that honey-dew last season was quite common in all sections where dysentery prevailed as an epidemic. If this information be correct, I think we have found out the true cause of this disease as it prevailed last Winter, and would therefore recommend to bee keepers the custom of emptying their combs with the extractor in September, and feeding sugar syrup in all cases where it is known that the hive is stored with honey-dew. It will, however, be advisable to make haste slowly by ascertaining as we go along, whether or not my conjectures are correct as to honey-dew being unfit for bees to subsist on over Winter. A few colonies out of a large number set aside will be sufficient to test the matter in any one apiary.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Roads, Once More.

The time is soon coming when some people will wonder "how ever anyone can stand such roads;" and "anyone" will on his part determine that he will not go through another year with a lane like this!

Not only "anyone," but we, members of one community, have something to feel and to learn, to resolve and to promise in the way of roads; and we trust the season will not go over without both "anyone" and all of us giving the subject serious attention.

As measures of civilization all sorts of gauges are taken; but the true broad gauge of progress is the condition of the public roads. A man may live by himself in a hut, caring only for himself and for nought else besides; but with the growth of the proper human feeling he will need intercourse with his neighbor, and he needs roads to promote this intercourse. We are prone to admire the old Roman virtue—that stern Roman honesty and commonsense which made so many old Romans famous during the past two thousand years—but to us the old Roman roads which in some parts of the world still exist as good as though millenniums had not passed over them, is a better proof of the value of these good old souls than all the little incidents of individual thought and life with which history abounds. It is the glory of the past that their works do follow them and these everlasting roads tell the whole story to us of those who have gone before. If we wished to turn historians of our country and were to start on the task of collecting materials for the great work, we should go right off into the country in March and examine the roads! What a tale we should have to tell! How our good hearts would struggle with our perpetual desire to say a kindly and friendly word for even stupid people, and our firm principle of doing justice to all! For those parts of our country, say five hundred miles from any known stone quarry we might offer some extenuating word; but as to any other—well it is good we are not the historian of our times.

But one thing is clear to us, that we spend more money on our country roads in "mending and repairing" than would do the thing once and forever in a proper way. But this cannot be done without some comprehensive system be inaugurated—some plan well-matured be adopted, and pursued from the beginning to the end, in a steady, business-like way.

How this can be done is not within the limits of a brief newspaper article to explain; but that it can be done must be apparent to all. Whether it should be done directly by the State; whether the State should contract with individuals, or whether the local communities should alone have the full control of these matters, are subjects in which there may be a just difference in opinion. But grant that the good roads are essential, and resolve that we will have the good roads, and the way will soon develope itself.

After all, in this free government of ours, nothing can well be done unless the individuals under the government first learn to govern themselves. So long as thousands are satisfied to wade through mud a foot or two thick to their own doors; or curse at the struggling mud bedaubed horses breathing almost fire from their nostrils as they strain every harness-thread and every wagon-bolt in the effort to drag their burden through the slough, little will be done; but when good smooth roads are made through every property, from house or barn to public road; and these are repeated continuously in a succession of properties, the way to do the public avenue without taxing anyone unfairly for it, will soon be found out.

It is remarkable that people do not more frequently see the immediate cash-profits of good roads. Horses will draw twice as much on a good road as on a bad one; while the wear and tear of horses, vehicles and gears, over a bad road in a year or two, will more than pay for the time and money spent on a durable and good road.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Skimmed Milk for Hens.

The editor of the *Poultry World*, finding that a neighbor, whom he had furnished with pullets, had beaten him in eggs, inquired into the cause, and gives the following explanation. To this we may add, that any kind of sour milk, or buttermilk thickened with bran, is very excellent food for all kinds of poultry. "They commenced laying in October and have been at it ever since, to the astonishment, if not the envy, of the neighbors of the fortunate owner, who has been selling eggs for the past four months for forty-five sents per dozen, and upward. Not one practicle of meat or scraps is given, and but the veriest trifle of vegetable food is fed in the shape of a few boiled potatoes about once a week. An abundance of grain is allowed of various sorts, ground and unground, but never cooked, and plenty of unburnt oysters shells pounded, are at all times accessible. They have a plentiful supply of skimmed milk every day so that they can help themselves to what they want, no other drink being provided. Skimmed milk and the white of an egg are very much alike, though the cream has been separated. Undoubtedly the full allowance of Indian corn supplies the oily constituents of the yolk. Some farmers think they cannot afford to give milk to hens, but they must save it for the pigs. But if skimmed milk is worth one and a half cents per quart to feed to swine as some claim, it is worth three cents for poultry, if by its use winter eggs can be obtained and sold at high prices."

Stagnant Water for Cows Productive of Typhoid Fever.

Out of 140 families supplied with milk from a dairy in Islington, England, seventy suffered from typhoid fever. One hundred and sixty-eight individual cases occurred within ten weeks, and thirty died. And investigation showed that the cows drank water from an old underground tank, built of wood, and much decayed. The milk cans were washed in the same water, and in all probability the water was also mixed with the milk. As the fever attacked only such parties in that district as used the milk, the water in the rotten tank must have been the cause. This is only more evidence of the danger of using foul water and giving it to animals. It has been shown that stagnant water acts as a slow poison to animals as well as men, and it is a matter of the first importance to all dairymen and stock raisers, as well as families, to use only pure, fresh water.

D. B. Wier, not wishing to mar the trunks of his young maples last Spring, and wanting some sap from them, got it abundantly, and of excellent quality, by cutting off some of the small branches, hanging the buckets upon them, and letting the sap flow therein from the cut. It was just as sweet as that taken from the body, and flowed more abundantly during a given time.

A New Hampshire Pioneer.

Mr. Moses Davis is an old gentleman, but one whose faculties appear to have retained their original vigor in a remarkable degree. To say the least, he is hale, hearty, and blessed with a retentive memory, and he delights in telling of the exploits of his ancestors. The following narrative of his is as true as history itself, and truer than much that comes to us from mediæval times:

Thomas Miner, the grandfather of Mr. Davis, was a sailor, shipping from Hartford, Conn. Coming home from a voyage he met in the street a man who wished to sell him a whole township of wild land in the State of New Hampshire. "Jack Tar," said he, "couldn't buy a whole township, but would run the risk to take half a township, bears and all."

"Well," said the old man, "I'll sell half," and the bargain was closed and money paid in hard coin.

Like all sailors, Miner was somewhat venturesome, and this time he had made a venture without konwing his man; so he told the captain.

"You fool," said the captain, "you are just like all sailors; you don't know how to take care of your money. You will never see that land or the man again."

So Miner shipped again. He made one or two voyages, and coming home "once upon a time," he told his wife he was going to see the New Hampshire land.

"Well," said she, "I'll go too, and the baby."

So the old mare was saddled Thomas having by some hook or crook got a mare, and man, wife and child mounted, with a gun and compass, and all started for the wilderness. Long, weary, and many spring days passed ere they arrived at Hanover, keeping close to the Connecticut River, which was a guide, and from whose waters they quenched their thirst and occasionally caught a fish. But they got there.

The first question Thomas Miner asked was, "is there a town hereabouts called Canaan?"

"Yes," was the reply; it is down in the woods some eighteen miles, and no road."

Nothing daunted, after rest and refreshments, Thomas started, and, by the aid of "blazed" trees he found his land after several days' search, the corner" being indicated by a mammoth hemlock marked "Canaan." This was his land of promise. He immediately cut another hemlock with an ax he brought from Hanover, and with the limbs, bark and boughs, constructed a hut with the bough for a bed. The old mare was turned out to browse.

In the morning he started for the mare without his hat. Strange to say, though it is true, he was gone three days, finding the mare in Charlestown and returning. Now he took his gun and went in search of food. He soon shot a deer, which lasted some time. He did not see a man for six weeks. At the end of this time he took his and compass to see how his land laid, About two miles off he found a man named Schofield who had "squat" on his (Miner's) land.

"Glad to see you, Schofield," said Miner; "never mind, I'll give you a hundred acres." And so he did.

During the season (it was Spring) they "got in" about five acres of grain and in Autumn had a good crop.

Schofield proved a good neighbor. But Miner wanted more. So he wrote twelve letters to as many of his shipmates, inviting them to come and settle beside him, and nine of them came and settled, each receiving the gift of one hundred acres of land.

To make a long story short, they lived and prospered, and Thomas Miner lived to see his town have three churches and an Academy, and to find himself sent as representative to the New Hampshire Legislature thirty years in succession.

The child carried into the forest in its mother's arms was educated at Dartmouth College and became an eminent physician in Canada. He had other sons and daughters, some of whom settled in New Hampshire.

Women as They Were.

A court lady's life in the time of Charles II was a round of amusement and dissipation. In the morning she would drink her cup of chocolate in her bedroom, and receive her visitors. She would not always rise from her couch to go through the ceremony, but with a dainty cap set upon head a leaning on her elbow, would receive the homage of her adorers, listen to the recital of a few verses by a starving poet, or discuss the latest scandal with perfect simplicity and decorum. In the summer a water party might follow—in those days picnics commenced early in the day—and seated in a gaily decorated barge, music playing and streamers flying, surrounded by richly dressed beaux, our beauty might journey as far as Chelsea, then a pretty country village, or drop down quietly with the tide to Greenwich and frolic among the deer "under the greenwood tree." The theaters would be open later, and my lady would show herself to the *beau monde* from a private box. But the most fashionable spots which beaux and belles delighted to honor with their presence were the park and Spring Gardens. To promenade the park in the evening was considered the *mode*, and many sequestered spots therein became celebrated for gallantry and dueling. Barn Elms, near its southwest corner, was a well-known rendezvous, and Rosamond's Pond, surrounded as it was with trees, was notorious as a lover's haunt as well as for the place where many disappointed ladies committed suicide.—*London Society.*

Fretting.

This morning I got up cross as a bear. I felt rough and tingly as a chestnut burr. I was all out of sorts, and it seemed to me it would be a pleasure to snap off anybody who spoke to me, as short as I could.

Most likely I would have done so, and set the whole household by the ears for the rest of the day, but that I have had such moods before, and learned by experience the best way to manage them.

"Now," thought I, "my best plan is not to influence the whole family, but to remain neutral, and let them influence me." Accordingly I tried to control myself a little and wait events.

Well, the two elder children got up merry and as chipper as crickets; papa was in a pretty good humor; and the baby sat in her high chair and displayed all her little airs and graces, and her newest funny little capers, and we must all look and admire; and so, by the time breakfast was over, I was laughing and smiling as cheerfully as the rest, and passed a pretty comfortable day after all.

And I was thinking of it this evening. I thought how easy a little fretting might have upset the whole family, and spoiled the day.

Now, fretting is both useless and unnecessary; it does no good, but a great deal of harm; yet it is almost a universal sin. More or less we are all given to it.

We fret over almost everything. In summer because it is too hot, and in winter because it is too cold; we fret when it rains because it is wet; and when it doesn't rain because it is dry; when we are sick, or when anybody else is sick.

In short, if anything or everything doesn't suit our particular whims and fancies, we have one grand general refuge—to fret over it.

I am afraid fretting is much more common among women than among men. We may as well own to the truth, my fair sisters, if it isn't altogether pleasant. Perhaps it is because the little worries and cares and vexations of our daily lives harass our sensitive nerves more than the more extended enterprises which generally take the the attention of men. Great wants develop great resources; but the little wants and worries are hardly provided for, and, like the nail that strikes against the saw, they make not much of a mark, but they turn the edges terribly. I think if we looked upon all the little worries of one day as a great united worry, self-control to meet it would be developed. But as they seem so very litle that we give way, and the breach once made in the wall soon grows larger.

Now, I don't believe in the cant that a woman must always, under all and every circumstance, wear a smiling face when her husband comes home, or that she needs take her hands out of the dough, or drop the baby on the floor, to run and meet him at the door. But I do believe—nay, I know, for I have seen it with my own eyes among my friends—that many a woman has driven a kind husband away from his home and its sacred influences, and caused him to spend his time at a billiard-table or in a drinking saloon, amid their profane influences, simply by her ceaseless fretting over trifles which are not worth a word, much less the peace and happiness of home.

I know that many a mother has turned her son against her own sex, and made him dread and dislike the society of women, by her example, constantly set before him.

I know that many a mother has brought up and developed a daughter just like herself, who, in her turn, would wreck and ruin the comfort of another family circle.

And knowing all this, my sisters, and brothers, too, if they need it, I know that we ought to set our faces like a flint against this useless, sinful, peace-destroying, and home-disturbing habit of fretting.—*Exchange.*

Sketch of Tecumseh.

The following sketch of Tecumseh's life by William Hailer, of Logan county, who came to Mad River in 1812, will be read with interest:

I will be pardoned for speaking more at length of this savage chieftain. He was born in 1778 in Piqua, an old Indian town of the Shawnees, on the west banks of the Mad River, five miles west of Springfield, and was one of three at a birth. His father was of the Kisecpok (or Kickapoo) tribe, his moteer of the Shawnee nation. He was above medium stature, his personal appearance dignified and commanding; as a speaker he was fluent and clear, with a musical tone of voice. His speeches were ornamented by striking illustrations and lofty flights of the council. At Springfield, above alluded to, he evinced great force and dignity. As a warrior, he was brave but humane. Ardent in his country's cause, he keenly resented the encroachment of the whites, yet extended protection to the captive. Early in life he distinguished himself in several skirmishes with the whites, but was not promoted to the chieftaincy till he was about thirty years old.

In witnessing the onward rolling of white emigration, he anticipated the fall of his native land. The thought of mouldering remains of departed kindred, whose resting place would be disturbed by strangers, promoted feelings of resentment; he conceived the importance of concentrating all the Indian forces, west, south and north, in one united effort of extermination and opposition; he set out on a tour to the south, visiting all the Indian tribes contiguous to his route, urging the necessity of immediate action. Meeting one tribe in Louisiana who refused aid, Tecumseh stamped his foot on the ground, and said the Great Spirit would shake the earth in evidence of His displeasure. The threatened phenomenon strangely occurred as predicted in the shock of 1811, to the great alarm of the delinquent nation. But war spread her wings of blood over the country, and ere the contemplated arrangement could be effected, Harrison had struck the blow on the Tippecanoe that forever sealed the savage fate.

But Tecumseh was not subdued, but traveled north, gathering to his standard a remnant who, like himself, could be overpowered but not conquered, united with the dastardly Proctor, who was greatly inferior in generalship and humanity, and was charged by Tecumseh with cowardice, and was repeatedly urged by the savage chief to active duty.

When Perry achieved the victory on the Lake the British gave up Lake Erie, and thought of drawing off their land forces, when Tecumseh addressed them, illustrating their fidelity by keen sarcasm. This speech was translated and read shortly afwards, and may be seen in the history of this day.

But the land forces under Harrison on one hand, and Proctor and Tecumseh on the other, was yet pending. Just previous to the engagement the fatal chieftain seemed to realize his doom, and said to his companions, "I shall not survive this conflict; but if it is to be the will of the Great Spirit, I wish to deposit my bones with those of my ancestors.' "He drew his sword and added; "When I am dead take this sword; and when my son grows to manhood give it to him." Soon the forces engaged in deadly conflict. The thundering tones of Tecumseh rose above the roar of the battle, in the fiercest of the conflict; at the head of his band he deals death around him, till, overpowered by numbers, the manly chieftain sinks in death's cold embrace. On seeing their leader slain, the remnant of the savage forces retreated in confusion, leaving the field with the dying and the dead to the victors. When he fell Tecumseh was was about forty-five years of age. With the opportunities of some great men, perhaps this noble son of the ofrest would have seconded none that set foot on the continent, of any color.

Too Late.

Some people are always too late, and, thefore, accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present until thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is, either to yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage in a steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the train has started a few moments before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long that the cook is out of patience. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season, at church, at his business at his meals or in his bed. Persons of such habits we cannot help but despise. Scores of persons have lost opportunities of making fortunes, receiving favors and of obtaining husbands and wives, by being a few minutes too late. Always speak in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never m kes up his mind to a certain course till the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate, tremble—who are never at hand for a journey, a trading, a sweetheart, or anything else, are poor louts, and are ill calculated to get a living in this stirring world.

"Why the deuce is it," said a young man, "that I can't make my collar set well?" "Because it is a standing collar," Max replied.

Miscellaneous.

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And in addition to a full line of the best

Confectionaries, Notions,

Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,

We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the

BEST QUALITY OF

FAMILY FLOUR,

CORN-MEAL,
OATS' SHELLED CORN,
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And everything pertaining to the Feed Department, at the

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Also, a well selected stock of

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Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment.

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The Simplest, Most Powerful, Effective, Durable, Reliable and Cheapest Pump in use.

It is made all of Iron, and of a few simple parts.

It will not *Freeze*, as no water remains in the pipe when not in action.

It has no leather or gum *packing*, as the sucker and valves are all of iron.

It seldom, if ever, gets out of order.

It will force water from 40 to 60 feet in the air, by attaching a few feet of hose.

It is good for washing Buggies, Windows, watering Gardens, &c.

It furnishes the purest and coldest water, because it is placed in the bottom of the well.

TERMS:—½ inch Pump, $15; pipe, 50c. per foot.
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Larger sizes in proportion.

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Sole Agents for Somerset County.
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Carpets, &c., at Wholesale on the most Reasonable Terms.

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Syphills, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, Orchitis, Hernia, and all Urinary diseases are cured in the shortest possible time that will insure permanent relief. Spermatorrhea, or Seminal weakness or Impotency, as the result of self abuse in youth or excess in maturer years, and which produce some of the following effects, as emissions, blotches, debility, dizziness, nervousness, dimness of sight, cough, indigestion, constipation, despondency, confusion of ideas, aversion to society, loss of memory and sexual power, and which unfits the victim for business or marriage, and ultimately causing insanity and consumption, are thoroughly and permanently cured. Medicine supplied at the Institute. A medical pamphlet relating to private diseases sent in sealed envelope for two stamps.

No matter how difficult or long standing your case may be, if curable, after a personal examination, they will frankly tell you. Remember they have cured many cases given up by other physicians.

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Miscellaneous.

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that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

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INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.
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The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (added to RADWAY'S PILLS), so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES; SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT

Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt,

IN THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the principle of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular Affections, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges, Stubborn Ulcers, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Sore Legs, Erysipelas, Acne, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Mercurial Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, and Scrofulous Affections of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, Nerves, Limbs, Joints, Glands, and the whole tissues of the human frame, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Resolvent. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Thousands say it is the only medicine they ever took that did them any good. Try it, you who have been drugged nearly to death, and suffered all the horrors of Quicksilver, Mercury, Minerals, Poisons, Acids, and the various Drugs used by Physicians, and you will find that the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT is the only remedy that will cure you.

Kidney & Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brickdust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with ropy substances, or the color of the water is like that of chopped straw, or has a brickdust, or sediment, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and pain in passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the Loins. Price, $1.00.

WORMS,—The only known and sure Remedy for *Worms—Pin, Tape, etc.*

Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

BATAVIA, MICH., July 16, 1870.

DR. RADWAY:—I have had Ovarian Tumor for years and bowels. All the Doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried every thing that was recommended; but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it; but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for twelve years. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, and one box of Radway's Pills, and two bottles of your Ready Relief; and there is not a sign of tumor to be found on me. I am better, smarter, and happier than I have for twelve years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the lower bowels, the girth. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose. HANNAH P. KNAPP.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,

perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fevers, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

IF Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price, 25 cents per box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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Vinegar Bitters are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Headache, Pain, in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, and in Bilious Diseases.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Grateful thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist: There is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuge, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

Mechanical Diseases. Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, will be subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS once or twice a week, as a Preventive.

**Bilious, Remittent, and Int