The Patriotic Widow of the Congaree.

BY BENSONS J. LOSSING, LL.D.

I was at Fort Motte Station, near the Congaree River, in south Carolina, on a bright frosty morning in January, 1849.

"Will you direct me to the Fort Motte plantation?" I said to a lad.

Pointing up a gentle slope, he said. "On the top o' the hill is Mr. Love's house, which they call Fort Motte. It is only a short wald from here up that dirt road.

At the summit I found a very aged man, with thin white hair, resting upon a log by the wayside.

"Is that Fort Motte?" I inquired, pointing toward a fine house for the region, standing on the high rolling plain which sloped to the swamps on every side.

"So they call it," he said; "but it ain't the fort we tuck from the British mor'n sixty year ago—burnt 'em out, you may say."

"Were you, one of its captors?" I asked.

"I reckon I was," replied the old man. "D'ye see that scara?" pointing to his forearm, bared of his sleeve. "A redcoat's bullet made it in a scrimmage afore the siege. I was Harry's leftenant. Harry, you know, was Marion's right-hand man when hunting Tories. He stuttered when hurried. Comin' suddenly on a Tory camp, one night, he wantsd to tell us to fire quick. He said, "Fi—fi—fi—fi—*Shoot*, darn ye!" and we all blazed away in the dark."

"Why was this called Fort Motte?" I inquired.

"Bless your soul!" said the soldier with animation. "Don't you know Becky Motte lived here? Mighty plucky woman was Becky Motte. As purty as a picture, though she was well-nigh forty year old, and had a darter married to Gineral Pinckney. She was a Charleston lady, and this was her best country-house—a healthy place. The British druv Becky and her little darters out of her house, dug a big ditch all around it, piled up a big bank of dirt around the edge of the ditch, and so made a fort of it; a purty strong fort agin muskets and rifles. It was a nice house, but not so fine as Mr. Love's, which Becky built right away after the war. I helped draw timber to build it."

"The British drove Mrs. Motte and her family out of her house, did they? Where did they go?" I asked.

"To her overseer's on yonder hill," he replied. "Becky was a rich widder; lost her husband early in the war, and lived here in the summer. At that farm house she showed real grit, I tell ye; grit that made us all feel as if we could willingly die for her; yes, die for her."

"How did she show grit?" I asked, as I seated myself on the log by the side of the veteran.

"Well, you see," said the old patriot, as his voice waxed stronger by the stimulus of vivid recollections, "they had her house, and five hundred redcoats were in and around it. Leftenant Colonel Lee—Legion Harry, you know—a dashing young trooper only twenty-five year old, had joined us with his light-horse-men, and we all pushed forward, horse and foot for this place to drive off the Britishers. That very mornin' some troopers from Charlestom came to the fort with dispatches for Lord Rawdon at Camden. They were about to leave, when we appeared at Beck's farm house. They were skeered and didn't go. Lee had a little six-pounder, which he placed in battery on the knoll yonder. The red-coats had no artillery; and so we had 'em, we reckoned."

"Who were Lee's troops?" I asked.

"Mostly young Virginians, I reckon, ready to go where he might lead; and he was ready to go wherever his country needed brave men. He was a handsome young man, with large black eyes and brown hair. The gay uniform of his men made the homespun clothes of Marion's brigade look meaner than ever. But we had the grit as well as they."

"How did you take the fort with only that little field piece?" I inquired.

"Lee dismounted his troopers, led 'em into a narrow hollow up to a short way from the fort, and, with the help of some negroes, began to dig toward it and throw up breastworks, while we took post at the field piece to defend it in case the red coats should come out and attack us. They were ordered to surrender. They said they wouldn't. Just then we heard that Rawdon was retreating from Camden, and had sent troops to join the garrison at Fort Motte. That very night their camp fires were seen on a hill not far away. The sight made us lively, I tell ye. Something must be done quickly.

"To batter down their works with our baby cannon, or reach them by digging trenches, would take too much time. But Lee was up to anything.

"We must burn 'em out," he said.

"The shingles on the house were dry as tinder, for the sunshine was hot on that day in the middle of May. "I can send fire to 'em with arrows," said Lee, "and they'll blaze in a minute." But he didn't like to do it. Becky Motte was his friend, her son-in-law was his friend; but he thought of country first, and his friends afterwards. When he mentioned it to Becky, the plucky woman clapped her hands, and shouted, "Good! good! Do it if you can. Burn the house if they won't surrender!" Wasn't that raal grit—raal patriotism?

"Lee sent another order for the red coats to surrender. They knew help was nigh, and they wouldn't do it. "Have you a man who can shoot straight with a bow and arrow?" he asked Marion. "Yes," the Gineral said: "Nathan Savage is as good a shot as any Indian."

"A bow and arrows were quickly made and taken to Lee's headquarters at the farm-house, with Nathan. He tried the bow, and said, "It ain't strong enough." "Here, darter," said Becky to her youngest, who married Colonel Alston, "run and git the Indian bow and arrows." Turpentine torches were fastened to 2 or 3 of the arrows, and Nathan sent them like blazing stars straight to the roof. The shingles smoked, and we hurrahed. They blazed, and we shouted. The red coats ran up, and began to knock off the burning shingles. Shots from the six pounder raked the loft, and sent Britishers scampering pell-mell below. Purty soon a white flag was seen waving, and at noon we had em; the red coats were all our prisoners. Warn't we happy fellers! I didn't mind the bullet hole in my arm a bit, just then. Becky Motte, plucky Becky Motte, was as happy as any of us, though her fine house was in ruins. She invited the British officers, as well as ours, to her farm house to lunch; and, perfect lady as she was everywhere, she was as purlite to her country's enemies as to its friends.

"While we were at the table," continued the old soldier, "word came to our gineral that some of his men were "amusin" themselves by hanging Tories. Marion hurried out, and, with drawn sword, ran to the spot in time to save the life of one of 'em. If was Tom Cunningham who died at Kingstree last year. The gineral threatened to kill any man who should attempt to harm another prisoner. A just man, a brave man, a Christian man, was Gineral Marion."

When the venerable soldier had finished his narrative, I strolled to the mansion of Mr. Love, when I spent several hours very pleasently. He said the narrator was a worty pensioner, and a man of truth; and the traditions of the country and official reports were in general agreement with his story of the capture of Fort Motte by Lee and Marion. I wrote the old soldier's name on a scrap of paper, soon lost it and have been unable to recall it.

An Extraordinary Battle.

A remarkable instance of the ferocity of bees under certain conditions has just been afforded. A couple of days since the Topsham Horticultural and Cottage Garden Society held its annual exhibition at The Retreat, near Exeter. One of the tents was occupied by the Devon and Exeter Bee-keepers' Association and among its exhibits was one which excited a very great deal of interest. This was a case containing several thousand dead drones which had lost their lives in a sanguinary battle a couple of days previously. A well known apiarian was visiting a friend's house a day or two previously and on coming to one of the beehives it was found that there was great uproar inside. Closer inspection showed the ground below the hive to be covered with several hundred dead drones and hosts of them were still being brought to the entrance and bundled out by the workers, generally by being seized behind the head and dragged along to the exit where, as a kind of farewell, a sting was given to them. Examination of the slain revealed the fact that they had been severely handled. Many were headless, others had lost legs or wings or both and all bore evidence of rough usage. That the bees were very much the superior force was shown by the fact that only about fifty of them had fallen in the fray, a remarkable disproportion to the number slain of the enemy. The battle had raged from about seven in the morning to the same hour in the evening and seemed then to end only with the utter annihilation of the drones.

A stranger entered the office of an ocean steamer agent, on Griswold street yesterday, and asked:

"Can a man come from Ireland by pour line?"

"He can, sir."

"Will you bring over my oldest brother?"

"We will that."

"For how much?"

"In first rate shape for $30.

"I think I'll pay the money," said the stranger, but, as he was pulling out his wallet, the agent asked:

"In what part of Ireland is your brother?"

"In the Dublin jail sir, as a suspect! If he was out he would be plenty able to take care of himself, he would."

"But we can't get his out of jail, you know."

"Neither can I, you know, though I've written seven letters to the jailer to do a decent deed, and let Barney go."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Stretchy Religion.

An old couple, man and wife, were along the wharves a day or two ago hunting for an up-shore boat and the woman explained to a steamboat agent:

"It's a very stormy season, and we expect to be seasick, and we'd ruther go on a boat where the captain is a religious man."

"Well, that's all right," he replied. "We've got one very religious captain on our line, and his boat sails to-night."

"Can we go down and see him?"

"Oh yes. Keep right down the streets until you see the boat."

The couple walked on and finally boarded the steamer. The captain and all hands were busy with cargo but the old folks walked up to him and then said:

"Captain, you have been recommended to us as a religious man."

"The d——— I have!" he promptly growled.

They looked at each other with consternation depicted in their faces, and then the old man said:

"Captain, what church do you belong to?"

"See here!" roared the official, "if you've come to bleed me for some charity, or want me to sign a petition, or expect this boat to carry a lot of deadheads up the lake, I won'ts stand it! What do you want? Out with it, now, and no infernal chawing around. I'm blanked if I ain't bothered by more dashed lunatics than other blankedmen on the dashed lakes!"

Man and wife retired to consult, and after getting ten feet away the woman said:

"Henry, he's not a religious man."

"Well, I dunno."

"But he swears like a pirate."

"Yes, Maria, but you see this is out West. We don't swear and belong to the church too up in New Hampshire, but they may do differently out here. He swears, but, he looks like a man to depend upon in a storm."

"Shan't we look for another?"

"I guess not, Maria. I guess the religions out here in Michigan are kind o' stretchy, and they 'low swearing on steamboats and around the depots. We'll go by this boat and if he don't swear any harder than he did to us mebbe Providence will let him squeeze through on the up-trip and sink him when he comes down!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Time to Stop It.

It's too bad, Sir or Madam, but don't get frightened. Your hair is falling off—that's certain. A glance in the mirror, or an investigating committee of fingers tells the dismal story. We won't discuss the possible cause. It is enough that Parker's Hair Balsam used now will prevent further destruction. Is your hair somewhat gray, too, and crisp? Alas, yes. The balsam will give back the original color, softness and gloss. Not a dye, not oily, elegantly perfumed, a perfect dressing.

Farming in Dalecarlia, Sweden.

Rise when you like in the morning, and you will always find the farmer already at work. In the heat of high noon he may be asleep in his wooden bunk in the living-room, but most of the day the house is deserted, and the key hangs on the door-jamb or is stuck in the shingles of the low porch. The laborers come in for their dinner after hours of dusty work in the fields. A huge copper pot is brought out in the middle of the court yard and filled with water. The girls take off their kerchiefs and bathe their arms and necks, huddling together in the shade of the porch. Men follow and repeat the operation. Then the girls dip their feet in the bath, and dry them on the embroidered towels hanging in the sun, and finally the men and boys likewise finish their dinner toilet in the same water. The meal is a simple one—porridge, milk, unleavened bread, and perhaps some dry or pickled fish. Weak fermented drink is handed around in a clumsy wooden firkin, with side and cover painted or carved two generations ago. At the close of the meal they sit around the room and sing a hymn to Heaven before they return to the fields. Everything in the house is of the most primitive order. In the single large room on the ground floor are chairs made of hollow tree trunks, tables of rough hewn planks turn up on folding legs against the side of the room, and there are built-in the wall, with curiously carved and painted trimmings. Beside the rude stone fire platform, where the smoke curls up under an overhanging hood, stands the well worn chopping block, where during the long evenings of the winter months the farmer sits by the hour splitting kindling wood and whittling. From the smoky beams overhead hang tools, baskets and poles draped with great bunches of folded rye bread, about the appearance and texture of coarse brown paper. To lighten up the dull toned interior the farmer's wife has hung her embroidered towels and brilliant coverlets along the front of the straw filled bunks, and spread a richly colored piece of soft home woven wool over the painted chest where the Bible and hymn books are carefully stored. On the floor she has sprinkled fresh birch leaves or stretched a piece of home made rag carpet. Geraniums and roses bloom in the long low windows, where the green toned glass set in lead lets in a mellow light. The rakes which hang by the door are whittled out of tough wood. The beer mug, the old hand mangles, and the saddle bows are carved in grotesque forms or covered with intricate ornamentation.

Among the few pieces of coarse crockery is found perhaps a quaint silver cup, and sticking in the same rack with the clumsy wooden ladles is a battered but serviceable silver spoon which has fed a half-dozen generations. The only literature in sight is a bundle of Swedish newspapers from far-off Minnesota, carefully preserved, and read again and again.

The Consternation an Owl Made.

The action of the Washington monument is watched most carefully and its every movement registered. Two plummets are suspended in its inside, one from a height of 200 feet and the other from a height of 150 feet. The movements of these are compared many times a day. The movement of one should be about one and one half times that of the other if there were no irregular internal movement on the part of the structure. But the register shows that the movement is irregular in both direction and in size. Sometimes the plummets move in opposite directions and sometimes in the same. Sometimes the top moves a little, but its whole sway since the foundation was strengthened has been only a quarter of an inch. All of these movements are very slight, and can only be detected with a microscope. The longer plummet line is encased in a wooden box, to prevent the atmosphere having any effect upon it, and since the finding that the spiders had once drawn the line out of the perpendicular, a careful investigation is made daily, to see that the lines are not influenced by outside causes. Once, when great consternation was caused by the irregularity of the line, it was found that an owl was perched upon the top of the line. It was caught, killed and stuffed and given to Mrs. Hayes, and it is now probably on exhibition at Fremont.

UNCLE SAM'S NAVY.—In a communication published in the *Army and Navy Journal*, Commander J. B. Coughlan, U. S. N., states that the consultation of eminent naval and other surgeons, respecting his rheumatic attack, failed to afford him the slightest relief. By advice of Dr. Hoyle he used St. Jacobs Oil, which wrought a complete and, as he says, wonderful cure. John Carr Moody, Esq., lawyer at Vallejo, Cal., was likewise cured of a severe joint trouble.

Remedy for Hen Lice.

One of the most pestilential visitations in the hen house is lice; abundant at any time from May until frost comes. They do not confine their presence to their own quarters. If in the vicinity, they invade the pig sty, the carriage house, the horse and cow stable. The horse and his rider are both likely to be covered with this minute pest. They do not trouble the farmer's hen roost always, for the hens as a rule have the freedom of the premises, roost in the apple trees by night, and wallow in unlimited dust by day, which effectually rasps off the vermin. But many must confine their hens in narrow quarters during the growing season, if they keep them at all, and these creatures come upon them by stealth. Do you suggest fumigation by tobacco, or by sulphur? What if your hennery is complete in its ventilation, and without a door? It will not hold smoke. Do you advise whitewash and thorough cleansing? That is a big job. Kerosene is now in almost every man's house, and this cheap agent will make you master of the situation. Saturate every box, perch, and beam in the establishment, and the job is done. Use the lamp filler carefully, and much trouble will be avoided.

The area of Dakota Territory is 96,500,000 acres, or just four times that of the State of Ohio. Her population is a quarter of a million, and constantly increasing.

Reading, the stronghold of Democracy in this State, is seriously afflicted with witches. Two or three doctors, it is reported, are kept busy curing the superstitious victims who have fallen under "the evil eye." How we do progress.

Pathetic Memories of the Plough.

I shall never forget the halcyon spring day that grandfather told me to scour the old plough and get ready to learn the mysteries of the rhapsody. I took a brick and cleaned that old mould-board with the same eager delight and thorough faithfulness that Ben Butler bestowed on the burnishing up of the Massachusetts Almshouse. What a thrill of ecstacy frolicked within me as I slipped the loop of the single line about my wrist, reached up to the handles and yauped "g'lang." Grandfather followed in silence. I felt as glorious as Private Dalzell when he gets into the newspapers, and with unutterable feeling I chirped, "Dear grandpa, you needn't work any more. I'll run the farm and grandma can spend the money and—" We were going down an incline, so when my pride quickly straightened the old plough shot out of the ground and jerked me clear over astraddle of the beam. The horses stopped and grandpa kindly remarked, "Ye musn't sit down to rest so airly in the mornin', Jenny, if yer goin' to run the farm." I felt as bad as the Star Routers who pleaded guilty to conspiracy and had to take it back, plead not guilty and be discharged. Grandpa fondly sat down on a stump and watched me pull and tug to drag the old plough and two horses backward to plough up the skip. After I pulled my arms out of socket, wrenched my back and was ready to start, grandpa wiped the moisture from his eyes, and cooed softly: "Ye can save a good deal of time and gruntin' by turnin' the horses and makin' them drag the plough roun' for snips like that un." I felt so grateful I wanted to let him go the house for a jug of buttermilk. We came to a little swell in the ground and the old plough started down deeper and deeper, like an artesian well auger. "Bar down on th' handles," yelled old business. The horses thought he meant them, and they just straightened out till their bellies kissed the ground; the plough started for China, struck a root, the plough clevis busted, the horses shot forward, and I rose over the plough at the end of the plough line, like Gilroy's kite. Grandpa picked me up tenderly, dusted me off with a sprout, then sent me to the house for a clevis and a mattock to dig the old plough out.

I started next time with humiliation and an angry ancestor. The old plough seemed possessed. It tried as hard to evade the land as St. Louis wet grocers do the Downing law. "Push th' handles *from* the land," shrieked my red-hot instructor, as the plough shot out again. The horses know the misery wrapped up in that shriek and supposing it referred to them they started on a trot with yours truly a-skipping and a-hopping, and a-puffing and bellowing "whoo-o-o" like a fog-horn. The plough found its affinity, an old stump; a crash followed, and I was thrown nearly over the township. It busted the old stump, and dear grandpa arrived just in time to greet the bees that swarmed out. It was awful, the way the horses plunged and kicked, and dear grandpa batting bees and trying to unhook the traces. "Lem, Lem; ye young rascal, come hyar!" But I concluded to faint dead away first. He got the team loose and they tore for the house, kicking like the whiskey element in the Iowa Republican party at the third resolution. Darling old grandfather started for me just a clawin' bees from his shirt and pants, jumping, yelling murder and spitting white, with enough prodding insects around him to sting "the rascals out." Much as I loved old grandpa's society, I concluded not to wait. I came out of that faint and started down the home stretch like a modern office seeker. Grandpa was after me, slopping his old hat wildly and whooping, "Holy Moses," etc., etc. For the first half mile we gained on the horses, but as we neared the house our wind began to fail. Grandma and the red-headed hired girl ran to meet us, and the hired girl outran grandma. I dodged her, but grandpa ran right into her arms. When I got stopped grandpa was hugging the hired girl, grandma was broomsticking them both, and the trio was screaming and dodging and squashing bees. When the round dance broke up dear grandpa was too overcome with exertion and bee stings to return to his professorship in our agricultural college out in the field. He sent me out alone, full of apprehension and fresh buttermilk.

Fascinating old plough! Memory runs through a clotheswringer as thy skeleton outlines comes ripping down the furrows of time. Thou wert ever a creature of impulse and idiosyncrasy. Still I followed thee carolling the symphony: "Gee, gee there! Haw, now! haw! Consnort your old hides, I'll maul the hay out of you." Then grandpa would spring from his ambush in the fence corner and fill me full of animation and pain. Ah, as the ploughshare of time encroaches on the land of to-morrows, burning to-days into yesterdays, as the furrow falls back into the broken past, my spirit is tried and wearied with the task of being and longs to sink into the invisible arms of rest. Fascinating old anatomy wrecker! Thou art superseded by the invention of the steam plough, just as I have been by the superior tactics of modern politicians. Let us lie down in the furrow together, old playmate, and let the noiseless share of time cover us over with the fallowing of the years.

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Save your Health,
Save your time,
Save your patience,
By using this Soap.
No unpleasant odor,
No sickness as the result of a hard day's wash.
No hot water,
No wash boiler, but clothes nice and white and as fragrant as new mown hay.
TRY IT.

☞Wash-day has no terrors for the household where DAY'S SOAP is used, no unpleasant and sickening odors to fill your houses, no laborious rubbing on the wash-board, while the washing can be done in one-half the time necessary by following the old worn-out method.

MADAM—for it is to the ladies we desire to speak more especially—you are the interested person in this matter; you it is that suffers the ills arising from the wash-tub and its heavy cares; you it is to whom the perplexities and responsibilities of the household rightfully belong, and you it is that should interest yourself in a trial of the qualities of this soap, that has always proven itself to be a boon of salvation

TO SUFFERING HUMANITY.

We do not come to you with a plausible story calculated to have you try it, simply for the amount of money such a sale would bring us; we do not come to you as irresponsible parties, who have no reputation to suffer calumny, but we do present to you this brand of soap upon an absolute guarantee and recommendation of a well-known industrial establishment in Philadelphia, of sixteen years' existence. Do you suppose for a moment it would compensate us to make false statements to you and ruin our well-earned reputation? No, dear reader; what we say about DAY'S SOAP is the truth, and it is sustained by the evidences of thousands of housewives from all over the country; besides which we stand ready to endorse it all with ready cash. ☞*DAY'S SOAP is the Original and only Patented.*☜

DAY'S SOAP { Will clean the Miners' Skin and Clothes. Will clean the Blacksmiths' Skin and Clothes. Will clean the Machinist's skin and Clothes. Will clean Everybody's Skin and Clothes.

Is there not economy in the use of soap that will clean the skin as well as the clothes? this Day's Soap will surely do. It will in no way injure the finest fabrics or the most delicate complexions.

No soda, no washing crystals, no lyes are to be used, but simply supply yourself for the next wash-day with a bar of DAY'S SOAP, then carefully read the directions and follow them to the exact letter, and if you don't say pitch out that old wash-boiler, for I am a wiser woman, *you* will be the first person we have yet heard of that has been disappointed.

☞Now remember—If you don't intend to follow the directions do not try the soap at all, for unless you do this you will be disappointed, and then you will scold us and yourself as well.

The cost of one cake will convince you that it is the best and cheapest soap ever offered you, while the smiles that will encircle your brow will do justice to a golden sunset.

Have you confidence in this newspaper? If so, do you suppose the owner would allow us to swindle his readers by offering them tempting inducements? He uses it in his own home, and can certify to its merits. Now you get a cake from your grocer in time for the next wash-day, and become acquainted with its intrinsic worth.

Ask your grocer for it, and do not allow him to put you off with anything else for a substitute, for every dealer can obtain it, and should he refuse you, send direct to

DAY & FRICK, Prop's of the Philadelphia Steam Soap Works,

1754-56-58-60-62 Howard Street, Philadelphia.

GET THE BEST!

MORE Somerset County people have read the HERALD during the past year than ever before, since it was first printed.

Because its news columns present all the latest news in an attractive style.

Because it always gives all the local news without burdening its columns with unmeaning and uninteresting correspondence.

Because it is always reliable politically, and says what it means and means what it says.

Because its Court reports are always full, fair and trustworthy.

Because it is the medium used by the people of the county when they wish to let their neighbors know when they have a farm or anything else for sale.

Because all legal advertising appears in its columns, and people are thus kept posted as to what transpires in the management of the affairs of the Courts and County.

Because it has the best Washngton and Harrisburgicorrespondents attainable.

Because it is active, aggressive, and always for the cause of its constituents.

If you have friends who live outside the county, there is no more acceptable present you can send them than a copy of their county paper.

If you have a neighbor who needs a paper recommend the HERALD.

If your chuldrenwant a paper, subscribe for the HERALD.

Subscription $2.00 per year.

Address

HERALD,

Somerset, Penn'a.

In the Pilot House.

"Yes, sir; this kind of [illegible] obliges a man to keep sober [illegible] judge. Of all men in the [illegible] steamboat pilots and [illegible] gineers should let liquor alone [illegible] on their coolness of sight and [illegible] ness of head depends the safety [illegible] life and property."

Keeping his hand on the wheel he said this, Mr. A. Brockman, No. 294 Silver street, Chicago, said: "Of course, some of 'em drink; the sober ones have the best positions and the best pay. Yes, the strain and exposure sometimes tells on us, but for my part, I find Parker's Tonic all the invigorant I need. I've got a bottle aboard here now. I don't go on a trip without it. When I haven't any appetite, or am in any way out of sorts, it sets me right time. If drinking men would use the Tonic, it would help 'em to leave off. (No, that isn't a lighthouse, it's a star low down near the moon. As I was saying, the Tonic is a life bottled up. You see, our whole staff? Well, with a bottle of Parker's Tonic in the locker I can laugh malaria as far from me as I can the time. My wife has used it three years for summer complaint and colic, and as an invigorant when she's tired out from overwork. She says the Tonic is a friend. Good-bye! Don't break your engine going below."

This preparation, which has been known as Parker's Ginger Tonic, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of Parker's Tonic. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior articles under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonic, contain the genuine medicine if the *facsimile* signature of Hiscock & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

Referring to Sheridan at the battle of Winchester, in his address to the soldiers' reunion in Opequon, Rev. Dr. Fulton quoted the General as saying "in untheological language, "We shal whip them." That was too much for one of the old veterans in the audience, and rising in his chair and shaking his hand at the astonished speaker, he shouted. "That I did what Sheridan said; what I did say was, "We'll lick h—l out of them." This brought down the house, and the confusion had subsided, when Fulton smilingly added, "And I did it, too!"

OF ANOTHER AGE

Gradually Supplanted by a Better Article. Certain Old Things are Passed Away.

In the general reception room of the Western Union Telegraph Building, on Broadway, New York, are exhibited the coarse, crude and clumsy instruments of the infancy of the telegraph. They are only seen now. More perfect machinery has superseded it.

Years ago what is now styled the old-fashioned porous plaster was in some good service. There was then nothing better of the kind. Now, that is changed. Science and art have gone deeper into the science of medicine and produced Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster, which embodies *all* the excellencies that are possible in an external remedy. The old plasters were slow—the Capcine is rapid; they were uncertain—the Capcine is sure. Cheaper articles bear similar names. Be cautious, therefore, that some thrifty druggist does not deceive you. In the center of the genuine is *cut* the word CAPCINE. Price 25 cents. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

Ostriches when plucked are blinded with a stocking drawn over the head and are then quiet. A man who was plucking one at the ostrich farm near Los Angeles, who he disturbed the stocking. He saw at once what he had done and leaped head first out of the pen, just in time to receive a kick which knocked a board in the fence into toothpicks.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER II.

wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is carried in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist to resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid, or suffering child to use.

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dead. For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kindred diseases, liver complaints, and coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women have gone nearly crazy From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape by the excruciating pangs of Rheumatism.

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

A Sunday school boy confounded with his teacher, holding that the world, being round, could have no end.

Messrs. Hiscox & Co. call special attention to the fact that after April 16, 1883, the name and style of their preparation will hereafter be simply *Parker's Tonic.* The word "Ginger" is dropped, for the reason that unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their patrons by substituting inferior preparations under the name of Ginger; and as ginger is an important flavoring ingredient in our Tonic, we are sure that our friends will agree with us as to the propriety of the change. There will be no change, however, in the preparation itself; and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers wrapped under the name of "PARKER'S GINGER TONIC," contain the genuine medicine if the signature of HISCOX & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

A New York lumber dealer recently imported from the Pyrenees mountains a walnut log which is twelve feet long and nine feet in diameter, and weighs 22,000 pounds. It is estimated to be worth $2,000 as it lies, and when it is sawed into veneering it will yield 66,000 feet which will be worth $5,000.