## STORY OF SOME SONGS.

### The History of "Yankee Doodle's" Descent from Cromwell and Washington—Some Campaign Songs.

From the North American Review.

An instance of the remarkable immortality of an air, totally dissevered from sense or beauty of sentiment in the words, is our own saucy, world-defying quickstep, "Yankee Doodle." The words, absurd as they are, illustrate the fact that there may be deep meaning in the apparently aimless journeying of a song, and more popular knowledge of its history would add greatly to the association-charm of what we have always been half ashamed to call our national melody. I give the story as I have searched it out, the more readily because I have lately seen paragraphs relating to it that betoken both interest and ignorance. "Yankee Doodle" has been a true melody of the people in many lands. From the vineyards of France, from the different provinces of the free Pyrennees, from the dykes of Holland, and from the Puritan struggles of England, the air comes down to us. In Holland the laborers received as their wages "a tenth of the harvest and as much buttermilk as they could drink." As they reaped, they sang:

"Yankee dodel, doodle down,
Diddle, doodle, lanther,
Yankee viver, vover vown,
Buttermilk and tanther."

In England, in the reign of Charles I., the air was sung to a rhyme which is still to be heard in our nurseries:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it,
Nothing in it, nothing on it,
But the binding round it."

When Cromwell rode into Oxford upon a small horse, with his single plume fastened into a kind of knot, the whole outfit intended to suggest Puritan horror of high-stepping steeds and waving plumage, some waggish cavalier invented the following rhyme, and set it afloat to the homely melody of labor:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony:
He stuck a feather in his cap,
Upon a macaroni."

A "macaroni" was a small rosette, in shape and size like an Italian macaroon, called so from a blunder of the English in confusing the names of two Italian dishes so similar in pronunciation and spelling. The tune first came to this country in 1755. Braddock was assembling our forefathers near Albany, for an attack on the French and Indians at Forts Niagara and Frontenac. As the Continental recruits came in wearing all the fashions that had been seen in England for a hundred years, and bearing every weapon but those familiar to the fresh, well-drilled British troops, the old picture of Cromwell on a Kentish pony rose before the mind of another waggish cavalier. Dr. Richard Shuckburg, regimental surgeon, was a wit and a musician. Planning a joke for the amusement of the camp, he wrote out the score of "Yankee Doodle," and gave it to the leader of the Continental band as the latest martial music. It was easily caught and enthusiastically played, amid shouts of laughter in the English ranks. Twenty-five years later there was less mirth in the British army when, with Lord Cornwallis at its head, it surrendered to Continentals whose band was playing "Yankee Doodle." It was a happy augury that so linked the Puritans of the old world and the new—Cromwell and Washington, both marching to victory over despotism to the music of labor and freedom set for them in derision by their foes.

TIPPECANOE AND TYLER, TOO.

There is another American song which, although it is famous only in memory, was a growth of occasion, and was dependent on its air for popularity, and therefore claims a place in a discussion of the *raison e'etre* of songs. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," was to the political canvass of 1840 what the Marseillaise was to the French Revolution. It sung Harrison into the Presidency. Through this half-martial, half rollicking melody, the pent-up feelings of a people whose banks were suspended, whose laborers were out of work, who were pinched by hard times, and to whom the whigs promised "two dollars a day and roast beef," had found expression, and the song was sung throughout the country as if by madmen. It has been attributed to John Greiner, the Ohio politician and editor who, in that song-singing campaign, wrote "The Wagoner Boy," and "Zip Coon"; but the credit belongs to the late A. C. Ross, of Zanesville, in the same state. Mr. Ross was member of a political glee-club and of a church choir. "Martin's Lament," "Hard Times," and many other songs had been made, but none answered the popular demand, when a friend suggested to Ross that the air of "Little Pigs" would furnish a chorus if suitable words could be written. Mr. Ross went to church with his brain through voluntary and opening hymns, full of the suggestion. He sang gravely, and then settled himself to his task. By the time the minister had reached "lastly," "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," had been set dancing to the tune of "Little Pigs." One line, and that an important one in the refrain, baffled him On Saturday night he was obliged to tell the club that he had a song—all but one line. "What is that?" said some one. "Van, Van, you're a nice little man," said Ross. Make it "Van, Van's a used-up man," cried his friend—and so it was, and he was, and that epithet had much to do with his using up. Mr. Ross came to New York to buy goods, and attended a political meeting in Lafayette Hall. Charles Delavan was presiding. Prentiss of Mississippi, Talmage, of New York, and Otis, of Boston, were to speak. Songs had been exhausted, and the vast audience was becoming restless for still the speakers did not come. Delavan called for volunteer songs, when Ross arose near the door, and said that if he could reach the stage, he would give one. "Pass him along!" and he was passed along over the heads of the dense mass until he stood upon the platform. "Who are you?" demanded the crowd. "A Buckeye, from the Buckeye state," said Ross. When three cheers for the Buckey state had subsided, Ross requested the company to be quiet until he had sung three stanzas, and then join in if they liked. By the time the third chorus was reached, the whole audience struck in with indescribable effect.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

What has become of the old campaign singing that used to enliven Presidential contests, as far back as the days of "Van-Van, was a used-up man," and when "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," went over the country with a popularity that only Moody and Sankey," later, could attempt to rival? Then likewise were the days of "A little more cider, too," and "Have you heard the news from Maine?" But before these, even, the Democrats chanted,

"We dedicate the hickory tree
To Jackson and to Liberty,"

and sang "The Hunters of Kentucky," at their "ox-roasts" and barbecues.

It appears to be up-hill work to try to revive campaign songs, as the patches of halting rhymes in the various "organs" now show. Nobody would think of singing such mouthfuls of verse, however enthusiastic he might be for the plumed knight; such lines would stick, like any other feathers, in the throats of the crowd. Blaine rhymes with Maine, and wane, and swain, and Payne (one of the other fellows) and Logan with slogan and brogan, yet not this richness, any more than the fitness of Randall to "handle," in national affairs will give us campaign singing as it used to be in the days when such taking war songs were hung to "Old Rosin the Bow."

"There is music in the air" was deceptive, often enough, yet it lent itself, as did "Scott's wha hea," to the duel of Whig and Democrat, on either side. The recital that "Santa Anna lost a leg," did much for Gen. Scott, and against the united romance of "John and Jessie," in the Fremont campaign; it was amazing that an old bachelor like Mr. Buchanan could stand and prevail. The amount of personal enthusiasm and lungs that the young men of 1860 put to the service of "Old Abe" when "Dixie" itself was sung to the campaign ditties by "Republican Invincibles," seems altogether a vanished quantity.

It must be that the war, with its fine roll of genuine "battle-songs," has made all efforts in political singing seem quite poor and empty since. At all events neither Mr. Hayes nor Mr. Garfield, nor Mr. Tilden nor Gen. Hancock had anything of a musical accompaniment; even though "glees" and campaign music had been written by the acre in their behalves. This shows a real tide-mark of change. Mass meetings do not reach to such a pitch now-a-days as in the 1840 to 1880 contests for the White House. There are numbers of voters who never heard how Maine went," &c., "for Governor Kent," as the over-jubilant words cantered through the rough rhymes of the olden times; and where are the young ladies who would be seen arraying themselves for any candidate with blue ribbons as their grandmothers and grand-aunts did as they sang "We're the girls of 1840," in the fervers of their youthful enthusiasm. No young person would call herself "A girl of 1880" for any political favorite whatever; nor are the questions of the modern campaign for the Presidency managable for music poetry or noisy enthusiasm.

Perhaps it was in the very childishness of the nation that it sung and unsung merry measures. Perhaps the far higher chords that were struck from '60 to '65 drove this sort of partisan note, and the chord Mr. Tennyson writes about, "out of sight." In any event, it seems to be gone. We shall have parodies, no doubt. "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," or the indefatigable industry of John Brown's body, will be fitted to jaw-breaking verse, which will fall flat, because of the odiousness of comparisons with their former burthens.

The issues of the present canvass are plain prose. They are not easily put into rythm, nor yet reviling. Yet in one way what situation can be more stirring than the honest desire of American hearts to find the representative man? Party ties and cries are weak before this resolve, and it is precisely the voters who do not sing, but *think* and weigh with just scales, who will make the music and the certainty of the canvass.

### A Mathematical Prodigy.

A remarkable instance of rapid mental calculation has been discovered in a young Polish boy named Paul Milzisky, living in East Bridgeport, Ct. He has a low forehead with hair growing down to his eyebrows, is rather sleepy looking and shambling in his movements. But whenever his father asks him a question relative to numbers, he at once brightens up and becomes excited. A reporter found him in a grocery store in East Bridgeport the other morning and asked his father, who was with him, if it was true that his son was a lightning calculator. Mr. Milzisky, who speaks poor English and who is now a poor man, having lost much of his earnings by the late Frary & Son, cutlery failure, said in answer: "Paul, how many beans are there in this handful?" The boy at once commenced to dance around the store and became greatly excited as the father thrust his hand into a barrel of beans, took a handful and threw them down in a corner, where they lay scattered about. The lad leaped into the air, and almost before the beans had touched the floor, shouted "1768." The beans were carefully gathered and counted, and while this was being done the boy grinned and waited. The result showed him to be correct to a bean. He relapsed into his usual sleepy manner again. The father then seized a handful of oats and threw them in a heap upon the counter. "Paul," said he, "how many oats?" The boy again jumped to his feet, devoured the oats mentally, and instantly shouted "2630." It took a long time to count them, but the number was again found to be correct. Next the father seized a half-filled pail of water and asked the boy, "How many cubic inches of water in the pail?" The boy sized it up with his eyes and quickly shouted "116." A careful computation proved the result to be right. Other wonderful answers were given, always in an excited manner, and no comparison of his manner at this time, seems to be as apt as that of the excitement of a dog when "set on" by his master. At each and every successful answer the same doleful expression returned.

### Thousands Say So.

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### A Great Sculptor and His Works.

The ladies of Kentucky have accomplished a most creditable act recently. It is the purchase of Joel T. Hart's masterpiece, "Beauty's Triumph." Hart is the only great sculptor Kentucky has ever had. Hon. Edward J. McDermott, of Louisville, thus describes him:

"His life was beautiful in its simplicity and virtue. His heart and mind were wedded solely to his high calling. His only aim was to achieve something great, and to leave behind him an honorable name. The marble was his chief and best medium for the expression of the strong feelings and exalted ideas in his breast. He hoped to speak, through his living works, to the men and women of future time, and lived to see assured the fruition of that bright dream and trusted mainstay of his long life.

"Mr. Hart was born in Clark county in 1810, and died in Florence, Italy, in 1877. His remains are now in Florence, but they will be removed to Kentucky, the Legislature having appropriated $1,000 for that purpose. He went to school only three months, but by persistent effort educated himself, and towards the end of his life was able to write some creditable poetry. To fit himself for his art-works he studied anatomy with success in Transylvania University. He was always frugal, temperate, laborious, genial and devoted to his friends. His figure was a little above the medium in height and strength. His features indicated a strong will and sunny disposition; a full beard covered his face. In early youth he worked as a stonemason, and at the age of twenty began to carve letters on tombstones and to make models in a marble-yard. In the course of the next sixteen years he made a large number of good busts of such men as Andrew Jackson, Cassius, Clay, and John J. Crittenden. In 1849 he went to Florence, Italy, to put into marble his model of Clay's statue, made for the "Ladies' Clay Association," of Richmond, Virginia. On this model and statue he worked, with intermissions, for 13 years. In 1867 he completed the statue of Clay now in the court house of Louisville. His other important works are a fine copy of the *Venus de Medici*, a bust called "Penserosa," representing a handsome woman with downcast eyes; the "Morning-glory," a beautiful little girl holding a morning-glory in one hand, and her scant, flower-filled gown in the other; an exquisite lady-like hand and wrist resting on an outstretched glove; a colossal bronze statue of Clay for New Orleans, and "Beauty's Triumph." All of these works are great and will ever be highly esteemed, but his fame most chiefly rests on the "Triumph of Beauty." Of this he felt assured, and with pleasure and confidence staked all his meed of praise on that great work, making it the chief effort of his genius, the bright dream and solace of his laborious life. It may be fairly called a poem in marble."

Mr. McDermott's memoir of Hart was written for the Lexington Memorial Association, the President of which is Mrs. W. C. P. Breckinridge. All admirers of art will be afforded an opportunity during the continuance of the Southern Exposition this summer and fall, at Louisville, Ky., to observe and examine Hart's works, as the management has arranged to obtain all of them. The group will be complete and will be arranged by citizens of Louisville whose taste in matters of this kind cannot be excelled. Gen. James A. Ekin, whose distinguished services in the United States Army are well remembered, is Chairman of the Art Committee of the Southern Exposition. Gen. Ekin has been in charge of the Government depot in Jeffersonville since the war, and possesses the fine architectural and decorative ability so essential in a successful effort to prepare an art gallery.

### Cares of Life.

As we come to them they are received, borne with and passed over with no more than a thought, if we are in the enjoyment of health, but if suffering with Piles or skin disease of any kind they magnify a hundred fold. C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, has Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which is an absolute cure for any affection of this kind and is sold at 50 cents.

### The Laureles Ranch.

Probably the finest and best equipped ranch on earth is the old Kennedy property, known as the Rancho de los Laureles, about which the *Indicator's* Texas correspondent, writing from Corpus Christi, has this to say:

The Laureles Ranch, owned by the Texas Land and Cattle Company, is located on the Gulf coast, in Nueces county, being bounded on the south by Alazan Bay. This property was purchased less than three years ago at a cost of $1,000,000, and to show the immensity of the live stock business in Texas and the enormous increase in values of ranch property in the last few years, a few points about the property of this company will prove interesting. The Laureles Ranch consists of 340,000 acres of land, bound on the north and west by a hog-tight fence, a distance of 40 miles, made with Cypress posts dipped in tar, and Bessemer steel wire run through the posts, while the cross fences—the ranch being divided into seven large pastures—are of Cypress posts with four strands of wire. There are pens and corrals near the house with capacity for 10,000 cattle, besides ten other corrals which will hold 40,000 cattle. Five of the corrals are 100 yards square, in each of which they can handle and cut 5,000 head, and all are provided with branding chutes. These are the most substantial corrals ever built, being made with Cypress posts 9x9 inches, set three feet in the ground, with three 2x10 rails on the inside and five 2x10 rails on the outside.

Judging from the quality of the grass this ranch will sustain fully 100,000 head of stock cattle, there being now 65,000 head of females, which will all be bearing calves within two years. There is also a fine stock pasture, in which there are 4,000 head of improved cattle, nearly all high grades, which are being bred to thorough bred and high grade Hereford, Short-horn and Aberdeen-Angus bulls, the bull crop out of this pasture being removed at two-year-olds into the general pastures for the improvement of the herd proper. There are also within this 340,000 acres about 8,000 head of horse stock of all classes—4,000 of which are brood mares, of the best quality to be found in Texas which are being bred to the best stallions and jacks obtainable. Among the sires in use are sons of Mambrino Patchen, Mambrino King, Gold Dust, Blue Dull and Almont, beside thoroughbred and grade Clydesdale and English draft horses, and improved American jacks. Mr. Edwin E. Wilson, of Kansas City, has the entire management of the company's property, and has exhibited great good judgment in his selections of breeding. He keeps 25 mares for each stallion, selecting them according to color as well as style, with an eye single to the general improvement of the stock and the production of a class of general utility horses for which there is always a good demand, and which will range in price from $100 to $200. The company recently shipped 100 head of two year old mules to Kansas City, as a sample lot, which average in height nearly 15 hands, and which they expect to sell for about $75 per head.

In addition to the above breeding ranch, the company have under lease and in fee simple about 500,000 acres of land in the Panhandle of Texas, on which they have grazing at present upwards of 20,000 steers. This, together with about 300,000 acres in the Cherokee Strip, on which they are grazing another lot of about 20,000 head of steers, makes a full total of over 115,000 head of stock of all classes, occupying 1,140,000 acres of land, all held under permanent and approved lease or in fee simple. Last year they shipped to the Kansas City market about 9,000 beeves and will have 12,000 to ship the present year. Their net average on beeves during 1882 and 1883 was upwards of $37 per head, said to be the largest average made by any Texas ranch.

The total value of the plant of the Texas Land and Cattle Company is fairly estimated at nearly six million dollars—all gained within three years on an investment of $2,500,000, and paying in the meantime 20 per cent. per annum in dividends—and all of which is largely due to the capable management of Mr. Wilson. This gentleman, who went to your city about five years ago, having been educated for the law, has made the study of the land question a leading idea, and he it was who first saw the advantages to accrue from the ownership of the lands on which to graze the cattle. He has negotiated all the purchases for the company and by his contract with the Scotch owners of the stock will continue to manage it indefinitely. From a comparatively poor young man a few years ago, he has, by his entiring energy, careful study of live stock business and competent management of the property, made a fortune for himself and increased the profits of the company an hundred per cent. If there is any other legitimate business where a poor newspaper correspondent could make money as rapidly, the writer would like to "catch on."

### Utilizing a Rat and a Ferret.

The Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph company in this city is putting its wires under ground. The other day a workmen made the underground receptacle for the wires and covered it over according to the most approved methods for four squares, but neglected to put in the wires, or anything by which they could be pulled through. He tried air pressure and everything he could devise to force a wire through the underground trough, but nothing availed. The whole thing had to be taken up and the work done over.—This called to mind the time they had in London in 1857 or 1858. The telegraph wires in that city have always for the greater part been underground. The main wires are laid through the great tunnels, which accommodate also the gas and sewer pipe. These tunnels are big enough for a man to walk easily. Of course there is no trouble about inspecting the wires or repairing or replacing them whenever it becomes necessary. But the pipes containing the lateral wires, running off for two or three miles from the main line, are small ones. At the time of which we speak one of these lateral wires was hauled out to be repaired.—The men doing this work failed to attach to it a leading line, by which the wire could be drawn through again. The means employed to correct the error were very unique. A large rat, with a fine steel wire, was put in the pipe. Behind there was thrust a ferret. The rat ran from the ferret a short distance and stopped. It was feared that he would show fight and be killed. But he started on again. He ran through the whole length of the pipe and brought out the wire in good style, though closely pushed by the ferret."—*Washington Critic.*

### The Triumph of Innocence.

Two children, a boy of 9 and a girl of 4 years, came into a Cleveland street-car Saturday. The girl climbed upon the seat and looked out of the window. Suddenly turning her face, she fixed her gaze upon the face of the boy with a look of eager longing. Throwing her arms around his neck, she laid her cheek lovingly against his, and in pleading accents whispered, "Bob, say, have you got some gum in your mouth?" Bob returned the caress, gently put her aside, and made no answer. In nowise disconcerned, the little maiden renewed the attack, appealing to his love, his generosity his manliness, his chiualry, to her need, her helplessness, and independence, enforcing each argument with melting glances and caressing flatteries. Bob true to his man's nature smiled sweetly and indifferently and calmly pursued his thoughts and his task. At last a look of awful determination settled down on the little face which a moment before was wreathed in smiles. Bracing one knee against the back of the seat and the other against the defenseless Bob, she took his face between her two hands, pushed his head back against the window, struck an attitude worthy of a first-class dentist, and made a thorough and vigorous examination of that mouth. Suddenly a look of joy flashed across the gloom of that small countenance, as with an air of triumph her hand dashed into the mouth and returned with the coveted treasure. With an expression of perfect contentment and satisfaction it was transferred to her own mouth, and she sat down beside Bob once more the gentle and dependent sister, all smiles and tenderness.

Doctors gravely assert that the perspiration coming out on bald heads is poisonous. They have probably analyzed the liquor that some bald heads drink.

An Anti-Pie Society has been formed in California, and has petitioned the Legislature to prohibit the manufacture and sale of pies, on the ground that they are prejudicial to health. Of Reformers, there is no end.

# '84.

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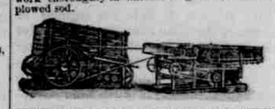
The Champion of the World has a positive force feed for grain, grass seed, and fertilizer. Will sow from the smallest amount of fertilizer or lime, up to 50 bushels per acre. Has a special device for planting corn plants two rows at a time, and puts in all the fertilizer the farmer may wish. Don't buy before seeing this Drill. Manufactured at Oswego, N. Y.

ACME PULVERIZING HARROW, CLOD CRUSHER and LEVELER.

The only complete pulverizer and leveler in the world. All wrought iron and steel. The front coulters turn to the left, and rear to the right. By this arrangement the whole surface of the ground is cut, lifted and turned. The coulters work like so many small plows, and do not tear up sod or rubbish. Can be adjusted in an instant, by means of the lever, to work deep or shallow. The principle of the Acme is to cut, lift and turn—pulverize clods, and level uneven surfaces. It will pay any farmer to come 50 miles to see the Acme and its work. It is the only implement that can do the work thoroughly in hard or tough soil, or newly plowed sod.



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Has large track wheels, is double-geared and level tread. Horses stand level, and work with ease. This power is always ready, and can be used for many purposes. Runs as regular, and steady as steam, by means of a governor, or speed regulator. *THE UNION THRESHER AND CLEANER* does its work effectually. Also, Thresher and Shaker, without Cleaner. Will thresh all kinds of Grain, B Wheat and Grass Seed. Call and see it.

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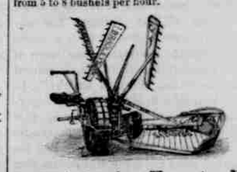
Grinds all kinds of Grain and crushes and grinds corn on the cob in one operation. Grinds and sifts corn and meal ready for use. I also sell the Little Giant Corn and Cob Crusher. One horse will crush and grind from 5 to 8 bushels per hour.



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Is a light running, perfectly balanced, and easily operated machine. Has a floating bar, and tremendous cutting power; no clogging or choking up no matter how the grass is.

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*Powell's Fertilizers*, warranted pure or forfeited. Powell's Tip Top Bone fertilizer Powell's dissolved Bone, etc. etc., and Powell's Chemicals for making Fertilizer at home, costing only $2 per ton. Agents wanted in every township. Also, any other implements or machines you may need, I can procure for you at less than factory prices. Being a practical farmer, I know what machines are best adapted to our use, and have spent much time to get the BEST. My aim has been to get machines that are well made and durable, light running, easily operated, and that do the work well, and I think I have succeeded. *As A full line of repairs always on hand.* You are invited to call and see before purchasing. These machines are always on exhibition, and in season at work in my fields. Visitors always welcome, except Sundays. I sell above machines for less money than manufacturer's prices. Circulars by mail on application. H. H. FLICK,

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Causes no Pain or Dread, Gives Relief at Once Not a Liquid or Snuff. Applied with the finger. Thorough treatment will Cure Price 50 cents, by mail or at druggists

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Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., *New York, May 16, 1882.*

MESSRS. J. C. AYER & CO., Gentlemen:

Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility*, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

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Best Purgative Medicine

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