

LOWLIFE IN NEW YORK.

Scenes in the Alleys and Tenements of the Slums—The Breeding Places of Crime.

Strictly speaking the name "Cherry Hill" applies only to a small locality; but usage has given to it a wider significance. The main part of the Hill is embraced by the part of Cherry street between Roosevelt street and Pearl street—a dingy and ill-kept block almost in the shadow of the bridge anchorage—which maintains during the greater part of the year a melancholy activity. A number of years ago, when the number of transatlantic sailing craft coming into the East river was much greater than it is now and sailors with salt spray clinging to their clothes were everywhere seen rushing ashore, panting for the excitement and new life of the city, this Cherry Hill district, which includes all that is set down upon the maps as the Fourth police precinct, presented a somewhat striking contrast to its present aspect. Then sailor-boarding houses, with greasy wooden benches at the doors, swarmed with Portuguese and other foreign sailors who spent their money as freely as circumstances permitted; stevedores, ship-carpenters, caulkers, stowmen and others indigenous to the wharves formed the greater part of the population; the tenement-houses were crowded by a rough class diverse in nationality and occupation; drunkenness and crime permeated the whole region, which the police regarded as one of the most dangerous localities in the city; patrolmen traversed their posts in twos; cries of "murder!" would frequently be heard, and many parts of the district fairly reeked with infamy. Like the once famous Five Points, this troublesome corner of lower New York has undergone a change. It is no longer looked upon as in any very pronounced degree a criminal district. Petty crime is born here, as it must necessarily be in such a crowded district. Drunkenness is as common, however, as of old. On every Saturday night in summer, when one is out of doors, and there is no reason for closing windows and shutting in the sounds, the brawling drunkard swells the noises of midnight and half-drunken children run from the clutch of drunken fathers and mothers.

Here is "Mullen's alley," piercing the vitals of the block bounded by Cherry street, New Bowers, Oak and Roosevelt streets, like a great rift in a rock; "Connor's alley," opposite a vile, suffocating place, with a triangular court; "Murphy's alley," bewilderingly snarled in a network of clotheslines and fire escapes; and "Single alley" and "Double alley," adjoining each other. The two last named are, perhaps, as striking in their way as any in New York. A five-story building running back more than half the depth of the block, fronts on both alleys. "Single alley," or East Gotham place, as it is set down on some maps, is open on the east side; the other is shut in on the west by a high gantry building, making the place dark and gloomy. These differing characteristics give the alleys their names. The large building is divided through the middle, parallel with the alleys, and also at right angles, forming eight houses. Each house has a rattling staircase, with landings, from which the low-ceilinged rooms open on either hand. Each family, however large or small, has only two rooms in which to live and move and have its being. On the left one may live in comparative comfort with a wife and infant. Another on the right, however, who makes eight or nine dollars a week alongshore, may have a wife—whom he thrashes when an empty pocket leaves him in want of other pleasurable excitement—and seven children, large or small; but he has only two rooms, and must stow them away as best he can when night comes. Little, dingy apartments in each landing, like windows in an Italian prison, permit the passage of air from one alley to the other. Four dollars and a half a month is the highest rent, and is paid for rooms on the second floor, where the air is better than on the first floor, access to the street easier than from the rooms above. Ten years ago this building is declared to have held 300 families, or rather that number of different rent payers.

Every alley or tenement house is in charge of a "housekeeper," a man who keeps the place in good order, and whose emolument comes in the shape of free rent, with a small additional "consideration." He invariably inspires with awe the numerous ragmuffins who play baseball on the sidewalk, give convincing proof of the theory of heredity by fighting in the gutters, squeeze themselves through small windows, and emit profanity with an unchecked volubility that is almost blood-curdling.

A frequent visitor to this region says that he has found much to interest him here. He has almost come to have a nodding acquaintance with certain queer old women who become faintly visible in odd doorways; and some of the street boys, marking his repeated presence, have commented quietly but profanely on the circumstance. One of the most melancholy characteristics of this district, and other such districts in different parts of the metropolis, is the forlorn and neglected condition of the old. With all the foul air, sooty food and exposure, people are found here who live to look back over fourscore years and ten; wrinkled, yellow and stooped old women, perhaps tottering about with a stick, holding a dirty infant in their bony arms, or heaping curses on wretched youngsters who annoy them. Occasionally there is seen some decent old woman, a somewhat respected "granny;" but most, with their oaths and dirt and rags, seem as if they had grown up and had some mysterious association in character with the crumbling, sooty and unsavory walls about them. The old men are seldom seen in the immediate locality. In the morning they become the motive power of hand-carts and disappear in the din of the city. Or perhaps they are dodging the coal wagons with shovels over their shoulders, or selling lead pencils or brooms, or announcing in some busy thoroughfare the superiority of certain

articles of merchandise by means of the popular contrivance which shields them as with armor before and behind, and hides all but their heads and feet from the vulgar gaze.

There are many suggestions of low London about Cherry Hill, especially at night, when a muffled sound comes from the alleys, an occasional footstep clatters on a creaking stair, distant doors bang, greasy streams trickle here and there into the gutter, and the sound of clinking glasses and drunken mirth rises from the dismal bar-rooms. The whole district is doubtless destined to be rebuilt before a great many years. The success which has attended the speculation in improved tenement houses, it is thought, means death to these rookeries, which year by year become more unfit for human habitation.—New York Tribune.

Russian Exiles in Siberia.

Much that is erroneous prevails as to the character of prisoners sent to Siberia from Russia, as well as in regard to their condition and treatment in that land of bondage. Every year the prisoners sentenced to Siberia are collected at Moscow, or some other central point, and thence sent forward to their destination in parties of various sizes. They go to the penal territory in the summer months, or from May to October. The vast crowd that assembled last May at Moscow aggregated about 12,000 persons, and yet it was affirmed by careful statisticians that probably not more than 1,000 of these were sentenced to hard labor. There are several facts to be borne in mind in regard to the criminals who are banished to Siberia, the nature of the crimes for which they are convicted, and the character of their punishment. In Russia there is no capital punishment, except for treason or crimes of that nature. The courts sentence criminals to the mines in Siberia, to service as laborers at fortresses, to imprisonment at home, to banishment to the colonies in Siberia, or to lighter punishment in reformatory institutions. The convicts sent to the mines in Siberia are the most hardened persons, such as murderers, etc. The life led by that class in the mines is said to be deplorable beyond anything in any other country. Persons who have been convicted of ordinary penitentiary offenses are sent to the penal colonies, and their families have the privilege of accompanying them. It is stated that many vagrants are sent to these colonies. There the colonists, as the prisoners may be called, are under the supervision of the government, and are given land and allowed the proceeds of their own labor. It is claimed that this system has been attended with excellent results, these colonists becoming prosperous and forming orderly, thriving settlements, and doing much to develop the country and civilize the natives. More than one-half the population of Siberia is composed of banished Russians or the descendants of exiles. A few facts may be of interest in reference to the crimes committed and the number of convictions secured. Of the persons arrested for or accused of crime, about seventeen per cent. are convicted and sentenced. Of the number convicted, about two per cent. are sentenced to hard labor in Siberia, about four per cent. to exile in the Siberian colonies, about twelve per cent. to labor in forts, about twenty-five per cent. to imprisonment, and the remainder to lighter punishments. It should be added that, besides the families of exiles, some go to Siberia as volunteer emigrants.

Origin of the Pansy.

This modest little flower, one of the favorites of the florist, that dons the purple almost unaware, has very appropriately been called the Cinderella of the sisterhood. Lilies may wave and smile in their stately grace, roses beckon by their flame and fragrance; but "them flowers that have faces"—pansies forthoughts—are the admiration of the country. From the humble heart's-ease, or three-colored violet, has sprung up one of the most popular flowers known in floriculture. Half a century ago there flourished, on a bank of the Thames, a lovely garden; the owner of it, seeing the interest his daughter manifested in the work, gave her a share of the grounds for her own. One of the heart-shaped flower beds this lady of the Thames filled with pansies, wisely selecting the choicest plants from other parts of the garden for her especial culture.

Soon this little mound of the purple heart began to attract the attention of professional florists, and the pansy, no longer an humble forget-me-not, blossomed into royal favor. No flowers are more companionable and life-like, and none perform their part more worthily in work of floral ministrations. Its simple legend, you occupy my thoughts, is one of the most beautiful testimonials of love or friendship in the language of flowers.

While in Europe Professor Silliman called on Madame Agassiz, the mother of the great naturalist. His account of the brief interview closes with this touching incident: "She was grieved when she learned that our stay was very brief, and would hardly be denied that we should become guests at her house, or at least that the senior of the party should accept her hospitality. The next morning she came walking alone, a long distance in the rain, to bid us farewell, and we parted, evidently with deep emotion and not concealed, for we had brought the image of her favorite son near to her mental vision again. She brought for Mr. Silliman a little bouquet of pansies, and bid us tell her son her pangs were all for him!"

Thus our thoughts go forth in messages of love and gratitude through the heart-reaching dialect of flowers.

More than half of all the thanks that have been thought of and planned for since the world began have been lost forever by being left over night.

Decided steps ought to be taken to cure a Cold or Cough at once. We should recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. This valuable medicine is endorsed by the physicians, and you can rely on its doing the work every time.

An Ex-Consul's Story.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, but authorizes the writer to substantiate his statement, and, if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Delecting to his wishes, I hereby present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me. C. M. FARMER, 1690 Third Avenue, New York.

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making.

"Excuse me, my young friend," I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, "you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you."

"You are very kind," he replied, in a weak voice, "but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze."

"You have been a great sufferer, no doubt," I said, "and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be an alarming increase both in England and America."

"You are right," he answered; "I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared to me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child."

"There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him out, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. "Like a new man," he answered with a grateful smile. "I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up." "No, don't get up to-night," I said, "but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be able to go above." "All right," he said, laughing. "I then applied the Oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went upon deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of the voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp breeze, and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus, and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: "My good friend, can you guess what that is?" "A present for your sweetheart," I answered. "No," he laughed—"that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Huddut, the druggist, across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. And with it I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as a parlor ornament as well as memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer."

"We parted after an hour's pleasant chat with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Several interesting archeological "finds" in Europe are reported. Near Calarissetta, Sicily, several caverns have been found, which are evidently burial places dating from the period when the ancient Sicilians had already been ousted by the Italian tribes, but before the Greek colonization had begun. At Nordup, Denmark, the remains of seven human bodies have been found under a few feet of pumice stone, numerous bronze objects, gold rings, Roman glasses, mosaics, glass beads, etc., being also discovered among the remains.

No patent required to catch the rheumatism. A cold and inattention to it, and you have it—the rheumatism. We cure ours with St. Jacobs Oil.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The ice cone at the base of the Yosemite falls is 200 feet high. There are numerous visitors and there are 59 residents in the valley.

THE SECRET REVEALED.

How Hazael Won the Race.

The great race is over; the champions have returned from the arena; one by one the lights have gone out in Madison Square Garden; the sporting fraternity now sum up their gains or losses, as the case may be, and the only question now to be decided is, how the race was won. This we propose to show. We are going to prick the bubble; we are going to conduct our readers behind the scenes and prove to them how Hazael, now the world's champion pedestrian, became such.

Before we proceed to do so, let us first take a retrospective glance over the field and champions. Out of the ten champions who entered the lists, four retired weary and disgusted; the remaining six, although handicapped with ailments, remained to peg the sawdust to the bitter end, and perform wonders in pedestrianism by clipping any and all previous records. At precisely half-past 9 on the morning of March 3, Rowell retired from the track after scoring 4157 miles. Those who were posted attributed his collapse to several causes—some claiming that he was overtrained; others that he overexerted himself in an earlier stage of the contest. Be this as it may, the reason is now plain to us, and we propose to give it, as a warning to coming pedestrians and to sporting men who will in future stake their money on races of this class. Rowell removed, Hazael was placed in the best possible position. Who is Hazael, the winner? George Hazael was born in London March 22, 1845. He is five feet six and a half inches in height, and weighs 122 pounds. He is the recognized champion runner of England, from six to fifty miles, and has the following best on records made in six-day races: Four hours, 33 miles 1,650 yards; 5 hours, 40 miles 1,100 yards; 6 hours, 47 miles 1,200 yards; 7 hours, 64 miles 935 yards; all made April 21, 1879; and 8 hours, 64 miles 880 yards; 9 hours, 68 miles 880 yards; 10 hours, 75 miles 440 yards, all made May 9, 1881. His best performances are: London, November 4 to 9, 1878, six-day go-as-you-please, won at 4035 miles, beating 23 others. Same place, April 21 to 26, 1879, second race for six-day championship of England; finished second to Blower Brown with 493 miles. In the fifth contest for the Astley Belt at Madison Square Garden September 22 to 28, 1879, he finished third with 500 miles. Agricultural Hall, February 15 to 21, 1880, long distance championship belt of England, he finished second to Blower Brown, with 430 miles. He now caps the pinnacle with six hundred and a half miles, and comes off winner of nineteen thousand dollars, a fortune in itself, the result of a week's work; and why? The writer of this, who is an "old-timer" (to make use of a pedestrian expression), and has assisted at several walking matches, waited on Mr. George Hazael, the world's champion, in his cabin, immediately at the close of the race. He was one of the favored few who were permitted to enter, and he saw that which gave him a "pointer" as to how the long-fought and heroically-contested race was won. He imparted his ideas to Mr. Harry Vaughan, a gentleman who came from London, England, five weeks ago, purposely to act as a trainer for Mr. Hazael. That gentleman spoke freely, and bade the scribe meet him at Joe Bowler's Ram's Head Hotel, Greenpoint, L. I., on the following day, and see Mr. Hazael in reference to the matter. In accordance therewith Mr. Hazael was met on the following day, March 5. Mr. Hazael was found to be in excellent condition, and had just partaken of a splendid dinner, and was preparing for his afternoon siesta. After some introductory remarks, the writer observed: "George, when I entered your cabin at the close of the race last night, my faculties were pleasantly assailed and my vision greeted—the former by smelling St. Jacobs Oil, the latter by seeing it."

"I came to ask if the world's champion racer had found the world's champion remedy the proper thing for his valuable limbs?" "So," said Mr. Hazael, laughing, "you saw my stock of St. Jacobs Oil, did you? It is a wonderful medicine, sir, wonderful! I do not know what pedestrians would do without it; it is their best friend. A rub of St. Jacobs Oil after leaving the track makes a new man of one, and fits him again for the contest." Mr. Harry Vaughan, who was standing by, broke in at this juncture as follows: "I was never so surprised at anything in my life as I was to see the effect of St. Jacobs Oil on George. It did George a power of good, and for its use he might have had a different ending." "Yes," exclaimed Joe Bowler, just entering with a bottle of Piper Heidsieck, "you can safely say that St. Jacobs Oil won the race for the champion, made a fortune for Mr. Hazael, and prepared him to win the greatest race on record." The secret was out; and Mr. George Hazael, a Briton of whom all England may be justly proud, and of whom America is justly proud also, has shown not only phenomenal endurance to such an extent that it awakens our wonder and surprise, but he has shown that he tempers wisdom with pluck and energy; that he not only knows how to "go," but that he knows what is best for him while going. Mr. Hazael has won for himself fairly, honestly, and above board, the title of Champion Walker of the World. George is a perfect gentleman, and in his pleasant manner awards the championship to St. Jacobs Oil, the great German Remedy, over all other remedies.

Mr. Bowler is willing to back Mr. Hazael in any sum from \$1,000 to \$5,000 against any man in the world, for 100 miles running, and give the opponent five miles out of the 100. We will back St. Jacobs Oil against all medicines at rates as liberal.

His Manners. "Say, old man!" said a street arab to a passing citizen of rather more than the average respectability and a glistening plug hat; "what's the matter with your hat?" "No answer." "I say! What's the matter with your hat?" "Still no answer."

"Well, if you're so particular about it, what's the matter with your head?" The citizen turned abruptly about, and with a look which was intended to overawe the youngster, sternly remarked: "Young man! where did you learn your manners?" "Same place that you did, I guess. We was both to the same party last night—but you came away while the hat-rack was full, and I stayed behind till there'd been enough samples of politeness showed up for me to take my pick from."—Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

"There!" triumphantly exclaimed a Deadwood editor, as a bullet came through the window and shattered the inkstand, "I knew that new 'Personal' column would be a success."—San Francisco Post.

Millions Wasted Upon a Barron Rock.

A San Francisco letter in the Baltimore Sun says: Half a million a month continues to be spent in barren rock in vain search for bonanzas in the numerous mines on the Comstock silver vein, in Nevada, below an average depth of 2,200 feet below the surface of Mount Davidson. The 5,000,000 daily gallons of water is very hot everywhere below 1,600 feet, and with a single exception, no large body of paying ore has been found below that level. At this time combined efforts are pushing explorations with fourfold activity, and streaks of quartz are met in the dark porphyry, giving hopes. But the stock market is set back by the new theory of expert James Delavan, viz: "No bonanzas will be found where the water has so high temperature, and all boring is money thrown away." Scientific reasons are given. Two of the mines have reached 3,000 feet in confirmation of this theory, and the bottom has dropped out of the mining stock market.

On Long Journeys. Or in traveling in tropical or moist climate, it is always well to be provided with a medicinal defense against fever and ague, bowel or stomach complaints and bilious attacks. Tourists, emigrants, miners and seamen find in Hostetter's Bitters an efficient article, pleasant in action, agreeable in flavor and wholesome in composition. Unwholesome water is deprived of its injurious properties by admixture with this purifying corrective, and symptoms of disturbance in the stomach or bowels, caused by unwholesome food, are remedied by it. Failing appetite, loss of strength and flesh, caused by non-assimilation of the food, sick headaches, nervousness and loss of sleep, are counteracted by this incomparable health promoter. Physicians who have contrasted its effects with those of other medicines, acknowledge its superiority. It is known both here and abroad as a reliable family medicine.

The New Texas Capitol is said to be 311 feet high—the highest building in America and the seventh in the world—and is to cost \$1,750,000.

Fraser Axe Grease. One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stiffs offered. Ask your dealer for Fraser's, with label on. It saves your horse labor and your tax. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

The thing deeded found at last. Ask druggists for Rough on Rats. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bedbugs. 15c boxes.

Pure Cod-Liver Oil, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

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WEATHER--OR NOT.

We admire the philosophy of the unfortunate man, who, when everything had been swept away, still will be weathered and unshaken, left at any rate. "Alas! weather is the 'yellow god' of all subjects; everyone thinks it his natural right to try to better the weather, and hurries his amulet against 'Old Probabilities,' and all who endeavor to assist him in regulating the weather. The following communication is from Prof. Ties, of St. Louis, Mo., the renowned meteorologist and weather prophet of the West. It does not discuss the weather but something surely of more importance to those who suffer with that painful malady he speaks of, the day after concluding his lectures at Burlington,



Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 35; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours, I thought—I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel, large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. Relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to St. Louis, had it not been for a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, in St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.

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Without doubt there are now, and have been for years past, several medicines of remarkable merit before the public, many of which have been used in very many cases with excellent success. The names of these will readily recur to our readers, and they are the names of preparations whose worth for certain purposes no one is disposed to deny. But we are fully justified, by the facts and statistics before us, in saying, and do not hesitatingly say, that the one great medicine of the present day—the medicine we mean which now stands pre-eminent above all others—is the famous VEGE-TINE of Mr. H. R. Stevens, of Boston. Some of the infallible facts respecting this famous medicine are these: First, it is astonishingly efficient in curing the various diseases for which it is especially compounded and intended.

Second, it acts with a celerity which is generally very surprising. A single bottle has often either cured the worst of a serious difficulty or brought about a most agreeable change, while a very few bottles have in thousands of instances effected the complete cure of a long-standing disease which had previously baffled the skill of the best physicians.

Third, it acts directly upon the blood, of which it is the only powerful and thorough purifier. Fourth, the testimonials in support of these facts and the extraordinary worth of this medicine are from well known and most respectable men and women, and in many instances from persons holding the highest social positions. They are not criticisms from unknown and irresponsible individuals. We, ourselves, know the very high estimation in which VEGE-TINE is held in one of the best families in the city.

There is, in short, and can be no doubt or mistake whatever about the unprecedented and surprising efficacy, value and success of the VEGE-TINE. As a purifier of the blood and a quick renovator and invigorator of the human system, physical and mental, no medicine acts more generally beneficially, has ever been devised and compounded, and is equal to it; and as a speedy and thorough cure for such complaints as catarrh, constipation, stomachic weakness and indigestion, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, cankerous humors, scrofula, rheumatism, kidney and some other equally serious complaints. VEGE-TINE also purifies the skin and all other known medicinal preparations. The rapidity with which this great medicine has won its way into all parts of this country and various foreign ones since its discovery and introduction, not many years ago, is, in our opinion, the strongest testimony of its intrinsic excellence.—Providence (R. I.) Gazette.

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