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Truth and Right—God and our Country.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Important TO ALL INVALIDS! IRON IN THE BLOOD.

It is well known to the medical profession that iron is the vital principle of Life chiefly from the food we eat, but if the food is not properly digested or if, from any cause whatever, the necessary quantity of iron is not taken into the circulation or becomes reduced the whole system suffers. The bad blood will irritate the heart, will clog up the lungs, will stymie the brain, will obstruct the liver, and will send disease-producing elements to all parts of the system, and every one will suffer in whatever organ may be predisposed to disease. The great value of

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For Summer Complaint, Cholera Infantum, Bowel Complaint, Cramp, Cholera and Diarrhoea.
A sure Cure is guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

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When evaporated through clean linen it left no oil or offensive matter. In every respect it is a Pure spirituous liquor. The Oil which gives to this Brandy its flavor and aroma, is wholly unlike fusel, or grain oil, or odor particles of both the fruit and oil of grapes. With acids, it produces others of a high fragrance. The substitution of this Brandy for Cognac Brandy will do away with the manufacture of fictitious spirits, sold under this name both at home and abroad.

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A. A. HAYES, M. D., Assayer to State, Mass., 16 Boylston St.
By the same, in 1864.

I have analyzed "L. Lyons' Pure Catawba Brandy," with reference to its composition and character, being the same as that produced in past years. A sample taken from ten casks afforded the same results with regard to purity; a slightly increased amount of the principle on which its flavor depends was determined by comparison with former samples.

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Respectfully, A. A. HAYES, M. D., Assayer, 16 Boylston St., Boston, July 29, 1864.
Manufactured only by H. H. JACOBY, who alone all Dealers should be addressed.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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The Footsteps of Decay.

[The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish Poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Louis de Leon."]

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—

Arouse its senses and awake,

To see how soon

Life, in its glories glides away,

And the stern footsteps of decay

Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,

Down which our flowing minutes glide

Away so fast.

Let us the present hour employ,

And deem each future dream of joy

Already past.

Let not vain hope deceive the mind—

No happier let us hope to find

To-morrow than to-day.

Our golden dreams of yore were bright,

Like them the present shall delight,

Let them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,

That into one engulfing sea

Are doomed to fall—

The sea of death whose waves roll on

O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,

And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,

Alike the humble rivulet glide

To that sad wave;

Death levels p. verty and pride

And rich and poor sleep side by side

Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,

Life is the running of the race,

And death the goal;

There are all our glittering toys are bro't—

The path alone of all unsought,

Is found of all.

See then how poor and little worth

Are all the glittering toys of earth

That lure us here!

Dreams of sleep that death must break

Alas! before it bids us wake,

Long ere the damp of earth can blight,

The cheeks pure glow of red and white

Has passed away.

Youth smiled and all was Heavenly fair,

Age came and laid his finger there

And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurred decay,

The step that roved so light and gay,

The heart's blithe tone?

The strength is gone the step is slow,

And joy grows wearyome and wo!

When age comes on.

LOVE IN A STAGE COACH.

BY ANY RANDOLPH.

The stage coach was nearly full.

Everybody knows what that means on a

burning August afternoon, when the sun

glows like a live coal in the fervid sky, and

the dust rises up in dense columns around

the slowly revolving wheels. All the pas-

sengers—poor, travel worn mortals—were

tired and cross; veils became an abomination,

and the palm-leaf fan, wielded by the

stout lady in the corner, was eyed with en-

vious glances by everybody.

Old Mr. Thorne was fast asleep and snoring

in his nook—probably wandering thro'

green fields where dust never sullied the

daisies and hot roads were unknown, in his

peaceful slumbers. But Isabel and Minnie,

his two daughters, could not sleep and con-

sequently reaped a full benefit of dust and

sun and jolting wheels, Isabel's pretty fore-

head was coronated with a rather unbecom-

ing trown, and her red lips were slight-

ly elevated, while Minnie leaned out of the

window, trying to be patient, but finding it

very hard work, poor little thing!

"I wonder if we are almost there," she

said at length, with a soft, weary laugh.

"Not within half a dozen miles," answered

Isabel, pettishly. Why on earth don't they

have some more respectable convey-

ance than a lumbering stage coach to carry

people to the Sulphur Springs?"

"It is not so very bad," sighed Minnie,

meekly, "that it would not be if the

weather was not quite so warm, and the

dust not so intolerably thick."

"No, of course not," returned Isabel,

ironically. "But you always were a poor

little, mean spirited creature, Minnie, per-

petually trying to make the best of every-

thing. Dear me! what are we stopping

here for? Good gracious! if they are going

to squeeze in any more passengers I

shall certainly faint away."

Regardless, however, of Miss T's des-

pairing countenance, the driver ruthlessly

opened the door, and their party was aug-

mented by a tall, rather pleasant looking

gentleman, followed by a trim English

nurse, carrying a rosy little babe, with a

trousers over the cushions, and applied her

cut-glass vinaigrette to her nostrils, without

seeming to notice the intruder. Minnie,

however, whispering "Move, Isabel, there

is more room on this seat," compressed

herself to a small space as possible, and

beckoned to the nurse to take the place va-

cated.

"Minnie, how can you be so absurd?"

said Isabel, pettishly. "See how you are

crushing my dress! O, dear me, if that child

isn't beginning to cry! I hate babies!"

Old Mr. Thorne straightened himself into

a sitting posture, and rubbed his heavy

eyes, as the feeble wail of the little one fell

on his ear.

"What's the matter, Bell? he asked,

sleepily.

"The matter? Why, a cross baby, to be

sure. A pleasant ride we shall have to

Rockdale, with that squalling in our ears

the whole time. I do think babies ought to

be left at home."

"Bell," remonstrated Minnie, blushing to

the very tips of her ears with mortification.

But Isabel merely tossed her head without

looking around, too ill-humored even to no-

tice the soft pleader at her side. And still

the incorrigible baby, after the fashion of

the attempts of the nurse to soothe it and

divert its attention. The woman looked in

despair—the gentleman's brow flushed

with annoyance.

"Let me take it," said Minnie, softly.—

"I think I can quiet the little thing."

"I am afraid it will annoy you," said the

gentleman, not a bit.

"Oh no, not a bit," said Minnie. "I am

very fond of babies. Do give it me, nurse!"

It was strange how soon that baby dis-

covered that it was in loving hands. Gradu-

ally the little wrinkled forehead smoothed

out like wax—slowly the tears ceased, and

the scarlet lip stopped its quivering, as

Minnie laid off the smothering cap which

all nurses seem to consider a necessary in-

redient for the suffocation of infants, and

smoothed the silky hair, and whispered,

cooingly, "baby talk" in the little pink

ears.

"Bless me, Miss, I do believe you have

got a spell about you!" ejaculated nurse,

as the little creature's dimples broke out

into a smile, which revealed six infinite

small teeth.

Yes, Minnie had a spell; but it was only

a spell of sweet good humor and sunny

temper.

"I wonder who has arrived this season,"

said Isabel, as she arranged her rich brown

masses of hair before the mirror in her

room at the principal hotel of Rockdale

Springs. "They tell me every room is

crowded. Laura Todd wrote me word that

Col. Tremaine was to be here, and he

alone is sufficient to bring plenty of belles

to the place."

"Who is Col. Tremaine?" asked Min-

nie who was patiently helping Isabel to

Story of Two Brothers—Their Desperate

Fight.

"Not long since," said a gentleman, "I

was travelling in one of our remote settle-

ments, when the following incident took

place:

Two brothers, pioneers in that region had

together settled upon a tract of several-hun-

dred acres. For a while they carried on

their business harmoniously together, and

they became prosperous and rich. Little

differences after a while arose between

them relative to the management of their

estates which finally ended in a division of

the property. One brother, whose tastes

ran to grain growing, took the upland,

while the other, whose tastes ran to flocks

and herds, took the lowlands as best adapted

to his pursuit. The division was amicably

made, and for a time all went on well.

The grain growing brother, owing to his

greater industry and better management,

soon outstripped his more indolent brother,

and in proportion as his riches increased

he put on airs of superiority, and became

inclined to contrast his fine condition with

that of his brother. He soon began to find

fault with the encroachments of his brother's

cattle and horses, and notwithstanding a

written agreement which was made on the

partition of the estate to the contrary, he

would occasionally appropriate a stray

steer, and turn away a runaway colt or

horse into the borders or common beyond

him. Other little irritations arose which

extended finally to the families of the brothers,

Story of a Shepherd Dog.

A writer in the *Prarie Farmer*, over the

signature of "Wool Grower," tells a long

and marvelous story about his shepherd

dog, from which we make the following

extract:

"I will add a short account of what I

used to do with my dog 'Colonel,' which, I

fear, those who have never seen a well-

broken dog work, will be apt to class among

dog stories.

"When 'Colonel' was six months old, I

drove with him a flock of sheep from Ohio

to Illinois, spending forty-seven days on

the road. He has never been behind a

flock of sheep until the day I started. In

four weeks' time I could send him into a

hundred acre pasture, and he would make

a circuit of it and bring the flock out with-