

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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NUMBER 20.

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...

IRON AS A MEDICINE. It is well known and acknowledged by all medical men. The difficulty has been to obtain such a preparation of it as will enter the circulation...

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP. Is a protected solution of the Protoxide of Iron. A new discovery in medicine that strikes at the Root of Disease...

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP. Cures Dropsy, Liver Complaints, Dropsy Fever and Ague, Loss of Energy, Low Spirit.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP. Infuses strength, vigor, and new life into the system, and builds up an Iron Constitution.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP. Cures Nervous Affections, Female Complaints, and all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP. Is a Specific for all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood, or accompanied by Debility or a low state of the system.

Pamphlets containing certificates of cures and recommendations from some of the most eminent Physicians, Clergymen and others, will be sent FREE to any address.

We select a few of the names to show the character of the testimonials. John E. Williams, Esq., President of the Metropolitan Bank, N. Y.

Redding's Russia Salve! FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE has led to the establishment of the REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.

L. LYONS' PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY. Sparkling Catwaba Wines, equal in Quality and Cheaper in Price than the Brandy and Wines of the World.

In support of the above statements, are presented the Certificates of Dr. James R. Chilton, chemist, New York, Dr. Hiram Cox, Chemical Inspector, Ohio, Dr. Jas. R. Nichols, chemist, Boston, Dr. N. E. Jones, Chemical Inspector, Circleville, Ohio, Prof. C. T. Jackson, chemist, Boston, Dr. Chas. Upton Shepard, Charleston, S. C., and J. V. Z. Blancy, and G. A. Mariner, consulting chemists, Chicago, all of whom have analyzed the Catwaba Brandy, and commend it to the highest terms.

Analysis of the Massachusetts State Assayer, Jan. 25, 1868. When evaporated through clean linen it left no oil or offensive matter. In every respect it is a Pure spirituous liquor.

I have analyzed "L. Lyons' Pure Catwaba 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.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY WM. H. JACOBY, Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.

TERMS.—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in advance. If not paid till the end of the year, Three Dollars will be charged. No subscriptions taken for a period less than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the editor.

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."

The Footsteps of Decay. 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.

Our lives like hastening streams must be, Down which our flowing minutes glide Away so fast. Let us the present hour employ, And deem each future dream of joy Already past.

Love in a Stage Coach. 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.

Our lives like hastening streams must be, Down which our flowing minutes glide Away so fast. Let us the present hour employ, And deem each future dream of joy Already past.

Isabel was naturally good-hearted, and she smothered the pangs of her own keen disappointment with an effort, as she folded Minnie in her arms. "I am glad of it, Minnie; you will make him an excellent little wife. But to think of his choosing a homespun body like you!"

"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."

"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. "I am sorry—"

"Who is Col. Tremaine?" asked Minnie who was patiently helping Isabel to braid the long, shining tresses. "Why, the wealthy widower who owns that superb place at Rivermount; I don't remember hearing of him? My dear, your memory is getting defective."

Truly the face reflected might give pleasure to the most fastidious, with its golden-brown braids, and velvety black eyes, contrasted so royally with her peach-blossom cheeks and lips, like the scarlet heart of pomegranate. While Minnie's blue eyes and smiling mouth had but the charm of truth and frankness to set off their delicate outlines.

Story of Two Brothers—Their Desperate Fight. "Not long since," said a gentleman, "I was travelling in one of our remote settlements, when the following incident took place: Two brothers, pioneers in that region had together settled upon a tract of several hundred acres. For a while they carried on their business harmoniously together, and they became prosperous and rich.

Story of a Shepherd Dog. A writer in the Prairie 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."

An Indian Love Story. In Gen. Scott's recently published autobiography, among his experiences in the Black Hawk war, occurs the following romantic episode: "The summons for the conference was now given to all the tribes and obeyed, and the grand council of war for the settlement of the treaties commenced. While these were pending, a demand came up, from a Judge of Illinois, some sixty miles below, for an Indian murderer, his name unknown, but who had been distinctly traced to the camp of the 'great body of Sacs and Foxes whom the chiefs had contrived to hold in neutrality during the recent hostilities, influenced mainly by Keokuk, not a hereditary chief, and only a principal brave or warrior, the sense bearer, orator and treasurer of the confederacy. The demand was communicated to this remarkable man."

Pharaoh and Jeff Davis.—Mr. Cox made the following admirable point in the debate on the amendment to the Constitution respecting slavery. If, then, as it is said by the gentleman from Vermont [Mr. Morrill], slavery is dead, what is the object of this amendment? That distinguished gentleman told us the other day that like Pharaoh and his hosts, the South had rushed with slavery into the Red Sea of war, and that slavery was destroyed.

A Sad Fate and a Warning.—The Eastern Argus says: Some years ago a motherless little girl was adopted by a respectable family in Easton and named after the adopted parents. She was carefully raised, well educated and grew up to be an intelligent sprightly girl. Improper associates, however, corrupted her mind, and only last fall she threw herself into the arms of some reckless adventurer, who took her to Philadelphia. A short time ago she was found in the streets by the police of that city; an abandoned, diseased out-cast, and taken to the almshouse.

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What is your name?—E—H— "What is your age?—Eighteen, please. "Are your parents alive?—Never 'ad none. "Who brought you up?—Chelsea Workhouse please. "Where?—At Pence. "Can you read?—Very little please. "How long were you at Pence?—Till I was fourteen. "What did you then do?—Got us a place. "Did you remain there?—No, I ran away. "Why?—The work was hard. "Did they get you another place, and did you run away from it?—Yes, I stayed some months, and then ran away. "What did you do then?—Lived on my clothes. "What after that?—Did badly. "Were you ever in prison?—Yes, please. "Why were you sent there?—For smashing windows. "At the workhouse?—Yes, please. "Why did you do that?—Because, please they gives us 4lb of oakum to pick in the house in the day, and it scrubs our fingers, and we can't do it, and in the prison we only gets 2lb, and far better wittles!"

Learning.—By too much learning many a man has been made mad—but never one from the want of it. Hence, some would draw an argument against learning; but as well might the advantages of steam

Wit and coin are always doubted with a thread-bare coat. No one steps to question the coin of a rich man, but a poor devil can't pass off either a joke or a guinea, without its being examined on both sides.—Irving.

Gen. Banks states that the total population of Louisiana has been reduced from 700,000 before the war to 450,000 at present. The mortality among the blacks he speaks of as "appalling." "What! are you drunk again?" "No my dear, not drunk but a little slippery. The fact is, my dear, some scoundrel has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

The negroes of Washington propose to get up a testimonial to Butler expressive of their sympathy for his removal. By all means let the niggers have a chance to praise Butler, if there are no white men who will.

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The Law of Love.—He who cannot hold his tongue cannot love. No one can be sincerely in love with two persons at the same time. The gifts and pleasures of love should be voluntary. Love never dwells in the house of avarice. Love cannot remain stationary; it must of necessity increase or diminish. Facility of possession is fatal to love, difficulties increase it. As long as men smell of whiskey and tobacco, the woman have a right to defend themselves with musk. Some hypocritical prayers in church are

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