

Poetry.

The Voice of the Weary.

"I pray for the weary of the heart, that would  
 From labor's bondage be released."  
 I come from a land where a beautiful light  
 Is shining from the east, and the harvest is white,  
 Where bread is the field, and the harvest is white,  
 And the reapers are weary and pale.  
 All wasted and worn, with their wearying toil,  
 Still they pause not, that brave little band;  
 They go on, their little hands, their little feet,  
 Of that distant and dreary-dotted strand.  
 For dangers, unknown, are clustering there;  
 The pestilence stalks uncontrolled;  
 Strange plagues are borne on the soft languid air,  
 And lurk in each leaf's fragrant fold.  
 There the rose never blooms in fair woman's  
 cheek,  
 But there's a beautiful light in her eye,  
 And the stars that are shining so brightly  
 None can doubt it comes down from the sky.  
 There the thorn that is so full of thorns,  
 But he cherishes his golden pine,  
 And he thinks of his sheaves and the garnering  
 Of the glorious Lord of the soil.  
 And when the day is over, and the little band,  
 A long, weary day, they come from that  
 distant land—  
 That land of the lovely and blest!"

For the Little Folks.

The Ugly Creature.  
 In one of my Summer evening walks,  
 My attention was attracted by a tiny person,  
 who was walking with a very odd gait,  
 and had withdrawn himself to a part of the  
 walk where there were few people, and  
 where the children could laugh and talk  
 without restraint. I had watched her some  
 time. Her whole attention was with her  
 little companion, a tiny creature, who was  
 walking with a very odd gait, and who  
 seemed to be in great pain. I went toward  
 them for the purpose of noticing their  
 manners, and came up just as the moment  
 when the youngest was shuddering at the  
 sight of a worm, near the path, exclaiming—  
 "Oh, ugly thing!"  
 "Oh, George," said the eldest girl, "for  
 shame! to call God's works 'ugly things!'"  
 "What did little George say?" the nurse  
 inquired. "Look at it a little, and take  
 notice how wonderfully it can go away,  
 although it has no feet!"  
 George's attention was caught by this re-  
 mark, and the worm, which in the first in-  
 stance was an object of disgust, became an  
 object of curiosity and admiration.  
 "See how short it has made itself!" Do  
 you see how it shrinks up?"  
 "Oh, but look now how long it is! See  
 its small pointed head, and its stretched-out  
 body!"  
 "Now, how fast it goes on, first short  
 and then long, and then short, and then  
 long again!"  
 "But see now it has put its head in  
 that hole!"  
 "Watch, and you will soon see it no  
 more!"  
 "There, it is gone!"  
 "Is it not a very wonderful little creature?"  
 It lives in the earth. It can move  
 to great distances, though it has no feet,  
 neither wings. Who taught you to call it  
 'ugly'?"  
 "Emma looked at it so, and ran  
 away from me, yesterday, when she saw  
 it!"  
 "But I did not think my little George  
 would forget that 'God made every thing  
 that creepeth on the earth, after his kind.'"  
 The child will never forget it.—S. S.  
 Danner.

The Love of Jesus.

The Church Missionary Instructor tells  
 a touching story on this point, illustrating  
 how the love of Jesus exerts its mighty  
 power over the human heart.  
 There lived in a mining district in Eng-  
 land a poor miner, who had an only and  
 loving son. It was generally the custom of  
 this miner, when he went down daily into  
 the bowels of the earth to quarry out there  
 the valuable metals, his employers, to  
 take with him a small amount of food, and  
 when he came up, after the day's work was  
 over, the food was given to him, and he  
 was then taken to the surface by a  
 bucket and rope, and returned to his  
 happy home.  
 One evening, as they were drawn up  
 from the mine as usual, the father heard a  
 peculiar noise, and he looked back and  
 saw that the rope was breaking, and  
 that now only three or four strands  
 of it held him, and his darling child was  
 hanging from it.  
 What was to be done? Not a moment  
 was to be lost; for manifestly the rope was  
 not strong enough to bring them both  
 up, and therefore either one of them or  
 both must perish. Instantly the fond  
 parental instincts of the father's heart de-  
 termined upon what he would do. He re-  
 solved to sacrifice his own life for that of  
 his dear-born son, and he placed him in  
 the bottom of the basket, and said to him:  
 "There, my child, there is your father's  
 moments, and you will be safe at the top."  
 And then he threw himself over, and was  
 dashed to pieces.  
 Oh how great, how very great, was the  
 love of that parent for his son! And yet  
 it was even as compared with the love  
 of that blessed Saviour who died for us  
 on Calvary, and who said, "Greater love  
 hath no man than this, that a man lay down  
 his life for his friend."  
 The above story was told some time  
 since to a little girl. She was then a  
 Roman Catholic. At once she said the  
 point and felt its power, for her soul was  
 moved within her, and she said, as the tears  
 trickled down her cheeks:  
 "O, what love! How Jesus must have  
 loved me!"  
 Some weeks afterward this dear little  
 girl was laid upon a bed of illness; it was  
 her death-bed, and just before she died  
 she called her mother to her and said:  
 "Dearest mother, I am going to leave  
 you!"  
 "Leave me, my child?"  
 "Yes, my dear mother. I love you  
 much, but I love Jesus very much, too, and  
 I am going to him. And you know, my  
 mother, that it is far better than to live here,  
 since he is willing to take me to himself.  
 But before I go, I want you to do me one  
 thing."  
 "Well, my child," said the weeping  
 mother, "what is that?"  
 "I want you, mamma, to go there at the  
 foot of my bed, and you will find a little  
 bag. In it there are eleven shillings.  
 Will you take it, dear mamma, to Mr. D.,  
 the minister, and ask him to give it to the  
 Church Missionary Society, for O. O.,  
 the daughter of the minister who was  
 with me when I was laid upon my bed, for  
 me, and I would like his command  
 to go and preach the Gospel to every crea-  
 ture should be fulfilled."

For the Ladies.

Saved by a Woman.

A true woman is generally braver and  
 more self-possessed than man in danger or  
 suffering, and the following story, which  
 we have never before seen, told by a pilot,  
 with incidental proof of its truth, is a  
 fine illustration of this phase of human  
 nature.  
 Many years ago, when I was so small a  
 boy as to hardly recollect it now, my  
 brother and myself were placed on board  
 one of the St. Lawrence river steamers as  
 cabin boys and waiters, with a view to be-  
 come pilots when we were older. That  
 was nearly fifty years ago, and boats were  
 not fitted up in the style they are now, nor  
 were good pilots a thing to be found every  
 day. We had run up and down, several  
 times, when one morning, about 10 o'clock,  
 we stopped at Brockville, to take on board  
 a government pilot to guide us  
 down the river.  
 It was late in the season, and we had a  
 strong wind the night before, leaving the  
 river rough, and our usual pilot had hard  
 work to keep the boat in its proper track,  
 while it brought us into Brockville two  
 hours later than the usual time. The  
 clouds overhead still looked cold and gloomy,  
 and the wind blew fresh and strong, when  
 all possible haste, we again put out of the  
 harbor and were soon bounding on our way.  
 Throughout the morning I noticed an an-  
 xious look on the captain's face, which be-  
 spoke his uneasiness about the final tri-  
 umph of our journey.  
 We had a good many passengers on  
 board, and although we usually reached  
 Montreal by four o'clock in the afternoon,  
 we should be delayed until six, if not later.  
 About ten miles this side of Lachine a  
 storm of rain commenced, which reduced it  
 almost impossible to guide the boat, and as  
 all while the rapid of that name, the most  
 terrible in the whole river, were yet to be  
 passed. The pilot was one of the best on  
 the route, but a man of passionate temper,  
 with a peculiar dogged look. Between him  
 and the ordinary boat pilot there ex-  
 isted an old grudge, which had once or  
 twice led to blows, when they came in con-  
 tact with each other. That morning while  
 passing one of the higher falls, they stood  
 together at the wheel, when, owing to the  
 strong current of the water and the almost  
 exhausted strength of him who had guided  
 us all the night, he spoke of the boat slip-  
 ping from his hands and nearly caused an  
 accident of a pretty serious nature. This  
 annoyed his companion, and hard words  
 passed between them, since which time a  
 sullen silence had been preserved.  
 When about two miles above Lachine  
 rapids, some of the rigging aloft gave way,  
 and the night pilot mounted the upper  
 deck with a ladder and attempted to make  
 it fast. The wind blew fiercely, and while  
 exerting all his strength to stay the mis-  
 chief, he lost his hold and fell, the ladder  
 coming down directly upon the head of our  
 government pilot, wounding him pretty se-  
 verely. Not pausing to look at the mis-  
 chief, he seized the unfortunate man, and  
 with almost superhuman strength, lifted  
 him above the boat railing. The other  
 quickly guessed his meaning, and winding  
 his arms around the neck of his compan-  
 ion, they fell together in the boiling flood  
 below. We lowered the lifeboat as quickly  
 as possible, ropes were thrown out, and  
 every effort put forth to save them—but in  
 vain. They rose to the surface of the water,  
 still locked in each other's arms, and their  
 sank from our view forever.  
 The boat now rapidly rushed on, coming  
 nearer the frightful rapids, while terror-  
 stricken faces were around us, at the thought  
 that no master-hand was near to guide us  
 through the dark passage below. The  
 scene which we had just been called to  
 witness, only made our situation more ter-  
 rific, while wild and fearful eyes around  
 us bespoke the agonizing apprehension of  
 the passengers and crew as we went, plung-  
 ing madly to destruction, scarcely half a  
 mile from the gulf, whose dashing waves  
 could distinctly hear. The captain had  
 frankly told us of his inability to guide us  
 through the perilous passage, while deck,  
 gangway and cabin were filled with men,  
 women and children, some of whom were  
 praying, some weeping, others intensely  
 crying with an agony too intense for utter-  
 ance. Women eagerly clutched their chil-  
 dren, and husbands pressed their wives to  
 their bosoms, with the hope of dying  
 together. The captain stood at the wheel,  
 endeavoring to hold out to the last and  
 guide her until every effort should prove  
 fruitless, while, with strained eyes and  
 looks of despair they gazed through the  
 almost blinding storm, upon the ragged  
 rocks, lifting high their gray, bare heads  
 out of the water, and upon which they ex-  
 pected every moment to be dashed to  
 pieces.  
 Just as frenzy had begun to calm down  
 into sober, earnest preparation for the doom  
 which awaited them, there came out of the  
 state-rooms a fair young creature, over  
 whose head, scarce sixteen summers had  
 passed. She was of medium height,  
 and fair as the lily of her Northern clime.  
 She donned a dress of plain, black stuff,  
 while the coat of one of the deceased pilots  
 was buttoned tightly around her slight form.  
 Her face was ashy pale as she mounted the  
 gangway, and with her hair disheveled by  
 the wind, she exclaimed in a voice which  
 rang as clear as the notes of a bugle above  
 the storm:  
 "I know something of this Lachine  
 rapid, and will use my best endeavors to  
 guide you, although we have everything of  
 wind and water against us. Let two of  
 you, who are the strongest and most self-  
 possessed, stand by me at the wheel, and the  
 rest invoke Him who will fulfill the  
 tempest, to guide our life-laden boat  
 safely through the troubled waters!"  
 As in derision of her matchless courage,  
 the mad waves dashed higher while the  
 thunder pealed a loud defiance to her  
 words. With pallid face and lips com-  
 pressed, she took her station at the wheel,  
 while two powerful men stood by to assist  
 as far as possible. With a firm hand she  
 raised the glass and swept the scene before  
 her, then bidding them have courage, the  
 boat entered upon its fearful course, bound-  
 ing onward, as if conscious of the hand  
 that guided its destiny. Her waters were  
 given in clear, loud tones, while she stood  
 proudly erect, her eyes brightened into a  
 darker blue, until one moment she had  
 the ruling spirit of the storm. The water  
 dashed against the side of the boat,  
 crowning her fair head, with glittering  
 spray, yet still she stood unyielding, while  
 an eye in all that group but gaze held  
 mingled awe and confidence upon that de-  
 licate form. Once again the spoke of the  
 wheel slipped from the grasp of him who  
 held it, but a fair, jeweled hand arrested  
 its progress, and stayed the destruction  
 which otherwise would have followed its  
 swerve from duty. Onward sped the noble  
 bark, and when darkness shut the last rock  
 from our sight, one deafening shout rose  
 high above the storm for her who had so  
 bravely guided us through the shadow of  
 death.  
 She would receive no thanks for herself,  
 but bidding us "give thanks to Him whose  
 voice over-ruled the storm," she retired to  
 her state-room, and was lost to view.  
 Around the cabin-table that night, about  
 an hour before we entered the harbor of  
 Montreal, we learned her history. She was  
 the daughter of the merchant who owned  
 the line of boats, one of which she had  
 just saved from ruin. Her mother had  
 when she was a child, and her father had

Miscellaneous.

For the Presbyterian Banner.  
 Messrs. Editors:—Through the kind-  
 ness of one of my neighbors, a prominent  
 member of the Society of Friends, I have  
 been permitted to take a copy of a very  
 singular document, written nearly sixty  
 years ago, by a member of their Society,  
 who then resided in the State of Massachu-  
 setts. I heard of the document several  
 years ago, but did not get a copy until a  
 few weeks since. There are several manu-  
 script copies of it in the Society, but none  
 in print that I know of. The document  
 is itself a brief, and tells its own story. It is  
 as follows:  
 "A VISION OF JOSEPH HOAG."  
 "In the year 1808, probably in the 8th  
 or 9th month, I was one day alone in the  
 field, and observed that the sun shone clear,  
 and all the right eye spoke of the bright-  
 ness of the event, my mind was clothed with  
 silence the most solemn that I remember  
 ever to have witnessed; for all my faculties  
 were laid low, and unusually brought into  
 silence."  
 "I said to myself, 'What can all this  
 mean?' I do not recollect ever before to  
 have been sensible of such feelings. And I  
 heard a voice from heaven saying, 'This  
 that thou seest that dims the brightness of  
 the sun, is a sign of the present and coming  
 times. I look the fathers of this country  
 from a land of oppression; I planted them  
 here amongst the forests of the wilderness,  
 and sustained them; and while they were  
 humble, I fed them, and they became a  
 numerous people. But they are now become  
 proud and lifted up, and have forgotten me  
 who nourished and protected them in the  
 wilderness, and are turning into every  
 abomination of which the old country there  
 guilty, and have taken quietude from the  
 land; and have suffered a dividing spirit  
 to come amongst them. Lift up thine eyes  
 and behold!"  
 "And I saw them dividing in great heat."  
 "This division began in the Church on  
 points of doctrine. It commenced in the  
 Presbyterian Society, and went through the  
 various religious denominations, and in  
 its progress and close effects were nearly  
 the same. Those who dissented went off  
 with high heads and taunting language;  
 and those who kept to their original senti-  
 ments or doctrines, appeared exercised and  
 sorrowful."  
 "And when the dividing spirit entered  
 the Society of Friends, it began in as high  
 a degree as any I had before discovered.  
 As before, those who had separated  
 went with lofty looks, and taunting cen-  
 sure, and those who kept to their original  
 principles retired by themselves."  
 "It next appeared in the lodges of the  
 Freemasons, and set the country in an up-  
 roar for a length of time. Then it entered  
 politics throughout the United States; and  
 it did not stop until it produced a civil war;  
 and abundance of blood was shed in the  
 drying of the soil, as to create mold. For  
 general use, harness should be fairly oil-  
 ed, and for this purpose either neat-foot oil  
 should be used, or the article known by the  
 curriers as *larding*, and this should be rub-  
 bed in while the leather is moist, but not  
 when it is dry. The oil should be rubbed in  
 in a wet cloth, once a day before the applica-  
 tion of *dabbing*, or neat-foot oil; this  
 should be rubbed on smartly with a brush  
 for a sufficient length of time to insure its  
 entrance into the leather rather than leave  
 it upon its immediate surface. If the lea-  
 ther is so brittle that it cracks, it should be  
 entered, and therefore the necessity of its  
 being moist and pliant at the time of applica-  
 tion. Vaseline should never be applied;  
 it fills the pores, and prevents the necessary  
 access of air, causing the leather to become  
 crisp and rigid, and in a short space of  
 time it becomes so brittle that it cracks,  
 break, &c. Before applying any oily  
 substance to leather all dirt should be thor-  
 oughly removed from its surface; and no  
 other material than lamp-black should ever  
 be mixed with oil where it is necessary to  
 bring it to a uniform color. Shoe-black-  
 ing is sometimes mixed with sulphuric acid;  
 it frequently contains sulphuric acid, which  
 when brought in contact with leather, rapidly  
 destroys it. When the leather is very dry,  
 the injury from this cause is not so great.  
 Vegetable oils should never be applied to  
 leather, for they will, after a time, harden  
 the leather and destroy its usefulness.  
 Leather, curtains should be varnished,  
 but always kept perfectly pliant by very  
 moderate and frequent application of the  
 oil.—Working Farmer.

How "Shoddy" is Made.

How "Shoddy" is Made.—Woolen  
 goods are now worth \$5 and \$10 per ton  
 for making shoddy. The black shoddy is worth  
 \$100, and \$150 per ton. The shoddy  
 manufacturer passes them through a rag  
 machine, which tears the rags to wool and  
 cleans it of dust. When reduced to soft  
 wool, the shoddy is saturated with oil or  
 pitch, and mixed with new wool in as large  
 proportion as possible. The shoddy is then  
 used in blankets and light-colored goods,  
 and the dark descriptions for coarse cloths,  
 carpets, &c. The shoddy is the product of  
 soft, woolens, but the hard, or black cloths,  
 when treated in similar manner, produce  
 shoddy, which is used extensively in su-  
 perior cloths, which have a finish that  
 may deceive a good judge. It is used  
 largely in felted fabrics. Shoddy in the  
 cloth of a coat will soon rub out of the  
 cloth and accumulate between it and the  
 lining. In New-York there are six shoddy  
 mills, mostly on the North-River.

Protecting Animals from Rain-Storms.

I believe that farmers generally are not  
 aware how much less they sustain in the  
 flesh of their domestic animals, and how  
 much they suffer during cold storms of  
 rain in the summer, or at any other season  
 of the year. We generally consider our  
 animals; indeed they appear to have a good  
 relief for such a sprinkling as they fre-  
 quently get, provided it is not as cold as ice.  
 Most animals will endure pretty severe  
 cold, as long as they can keep dry; but as  
 soon as their bodies have been wet, and are  
 left wet, evaporation commences, and as  
 evaporation is a cooling process, the heat of  
 their bodies is carried away very rapidly;  
 and the sudden transition from heat to cold  
 chills them in a very short time, and in-  
 jures them more than a severe storm in  
 winter.  
 Animals will endure a very sudden change  
 from cold to heat, with impunity; but sud-  
 den changes from heat to cold are often at-  
 tended with very serious consequences.  
 We are apt to think, because it is summer,  
 or not freezing weather, that a storm of  
 rain will not hurt our animals. But could  
 we but understand the nature of the injury  
 a storm of cold rain, there would not be so  
 much negligence about protecting them,  
 especially during the cold and stormy days  
 and nights of autumn.  
 I will remember that about twenty years  
 ago, there was a severe rain-storm in the  
 month of June, and although our sheep  
 had been sheared more than two weeks, we  
 thought they ought to be brought home to  
 the barn. But many of them were so cold  
 and feeble, in consequence of the rain, that  
 it was necessary to go after them with a  
 wagon.  
 When the first of July, 1861, there was  
 another 'very cold' storm, and sheep that  
 swept away hundreds of sheep in the town  
 where I reside. One farmer lost about six-  
 ty of his choicest sheep, although they had  
 been sheared several days before the storm  
 came on. I have heard of more than three  
 hundred lost during the storm.  
 It is infinitely better for farmers to keep  
 their animals sheltered, where they cannot  
 get a mouthful of food for twelve suc-  
 cessive hours, than to allow them to be ex-  
 posed for only two hours to a storm of cold  
 rain.  
 When I was accustomed to keep sheep, it  
 was always careful to let them have the  
 benefit of a shed, if they needed it, not  
 only in winter, but during summer; and  
 it was very unusual that our horses and neat  
 cattle were left for one hour in the field,  
 during a cold storm. Cold storms not only  
 make cattle look bad, but they do really in-  
 jure them, by rendering them stiff and  
 dull; and they often contract a severe cold,  
 which many times will superinduce catarrh  
 and glanders.  
 Young calves and colts often suffer ex-  
 tremely from exposure to cold storms, even  
 when they are sheltered. They will be in  
 time and money well appropriated to the  
 merciful man regardeth the life of his beast."  
 —Country Gentleman.

Changing Pastures.

At this season of the year, this is a mat-  
 ter of some importance to most farmers.  
 Comparatively few seem to know the econ-  
 omy of food and corresponding increase of  
 profit which results from a sub-division of  
 pasture-lands, and systematic change of  
 stock (of all kinds) from one pasture to  
 another, periodically. The change is quite  
 as essential to the health and prosperity of  
 the animal, and quite as grateful, too, as is  
 a change of diet to man. We ely if fed  
 with one kind of food constantly, and soon  
 loathe the dish on which it appears; so  
 do animals like clean dish and fresh food—a  
 clean, fresh, sweet pasture, free from  
 manure, and free from the presence of  
 change is as important to the durability of  
 the pasture as to the prosperity of the stock.  
 Very many pastures are too closely fed, and  
 at a season when the plant is least able  
 to recover from the stock given its vitality.  
 It will all feed pastures close; because it  
 keeps down the grass, and prevents the  
 new growth of forage, tender and sweet.  
 But there is a limit to this close feeding.  
 It is not uncommon, a little later in the  
 season, to see cattle fairly gnawing at the  
 roots of the herbage in order to get a  
 dividend, each part resting and being per-  
 mitted to recover its vitality. Isaac Funk  
 testifies in this matter. He says that cattle  
 do not do so well on such range as they  
 would do in smaller fields, where the  
 frequent change from one to another.  
 He intends to divide his range into  
 pasture, and asserts that then the quan-  
 tity of land will keep more cattle, and the  
 herbage will be easier controlled and cared for.  
 —Rural New-Yorker.

Chop Food—A New Dish.

A writer in one of the Eastern papers  
 says that probably not a farmer in fifty  
 knows what excellent, hearty, wholesome  
 food he can have directly from the wheat  
 field, stack or barn. He says: "The  
 writer's family breakfasted this morning,  
 July 20, mainly on boiled wheat, and the  
 wheat and wheat gravy. Boiled wheat and  
 milk. Boiled wheat and maple sugar. No  
 wheat flour, nor wheat groats, nor cracked  
 wheat, but whole grains of wheat, shelled  
 from the best heads, as the larger the better,  
 and soaked in cold water two or three hours,  
 and then boiled in 'this season water one  
 or two hours, or until it is quite soft, and the  
 water all absorbed. It should be cooked  
 while other culinary operations are going  
 on, as it needs to be boiled or simmer on a  
 fire a good while, and care must be taken  
 that it does not burn. To prevent this  
 it may be finished off in a sand-bath,  
 that is, in a pan of heated sand, or in a pan  
 of water, or in a tin kettle set upon a thick  
 earthen plate on a stove; or in a stone oven  
 with all the heat over the top. How easy  
 for our soldiers to have a change in the  
 great bread and salt meat rations, if they  
 may be allowed to plant a few wheat seeds  
 from the sacred soil of the enemy, and boil  
 the grain in their camp-kettles. How con-  
 venient would this little item of knowledge  
 in domestic cooking be to the wife of many  
 a farmer, who would gladly get up an extra  
 dish for the tired harvest-gang! Try it.  
 How many families are this day living on  
 short allowance, right alongside of a wheat  
 field, or with grain in stack or barn near

Full Planting.

Autumn, we think, as a general rule, is  
 the best time to plant hardy trees and  
 shrubs. There are several things that make  
 this the case. A better selection of trees  
 can be made than in the Spring. The  
 weather is more favorable to doing the work  
 well; there is more time, and the trees are  
 in their places, ready to take advantage of  
 the earliest Spring weather, if indeed they  
 do not make some progress during the Au-  
 tumn and Winter, which is often the case.  
 The trees are in the ground, and the roots  
 are settled, and they are more apt to be  
 injured the first Winter, if transplanted in  
 the Autumn, than if they are removed in  
 the Spring, and have the advantage of a  
 Summer's growth. Perhaps where persons  
 plant on uncultivated ground upon  
 which water lies for weeks in the Spring,  
 and during the thaws of Winter, it would  
 be better to plant in the Spring, though the  
 best way would be to thoroughly drain the  
 soil, or plant on a more suitable place.  
 The presence of water around the trunk  
 and roots of trees, freezing and thawing  
 causes the death of thousands every year.  
 In regions of the country, where the cold is  
 extreme, winds high, and the season so  
 backward as to allow plenty of time for  
 procuring and planting trees in the Spring,  
 it is, doubtless, the best time. But we  
 did not design to discuss this matter, which  
 we could not do so fully. It is a subject  
 usually supposed, for if the ground is in  
 proper condition, and the tree a good one,

THEY GO RIGHT TO THE SPOT.

the house, because they cannot get it  
 ground, the only being dried up or broken  
 down, or disabled by the Army, or suffer-  
 ing a collapse, so that no grinding can be  
 had!"

INSTANT RELIEF!

STOP YOUR COUGH!

PURIFY YOUR BREATH!

STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

CONFECTIONS.

GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,

GOOD FOR LECTURERS,

GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,

GOOD FOR SINGERS,

GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

GENTLEMEN CARRY

SPALDING'S

THROAT CONFECTIONS.

LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH

SPALDING'S

THROAT CONFECTIONS.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

SPALDING'S

THROAT CONFECTIONS.

They relieve a Cough instantly.

They clear the Throat.

They give strength and volume to the voice.

They impart a delicious aroma to the breath.

They are delightful to the taste.

They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm

any one.

I relieve every one who has a Cough, or a Hoarse Voice,

or a Dry Throat, or any difficulty of the Throat, to go

a package of my Throat Confections; they will relieve you

instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right

to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant

while travelling or attending public meetings; for stilling

your Cough or allaying your Hoarseness. If you try one package

I am sure in saying that you will ever afterwards consider

them indispensable. You will find them at the Drugstore

and Dealers in Medicine.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All others are counter-

feit.

A package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of

Thirty Cents.

Address,

HENRY C. SPALDING,

49 CEDAR STREET,

NEW-YORK.

THEY GO RIGHT TO THE SPOT.

the house, because they cannot get it  
 ground, the only being dried up or broken  
 down, or disabled by the Army, or suffer-  
 ing a collapse, so that no grinding can be  
 had!"

INSTANT RELIEF!

STOP YOUR COUGH!

PURIFY YOUR BREATH!

STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

CONFECTIONS.

GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,

GOOD FOR LECTURERS,

GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,

GOOD FOR SINGERS,

GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

GENTLEMEN CARRY

SPALDING'S