FARM, GARDEN AND HOME.

The Farm Lane.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

It opens from the farmyard gate,
And dips across the orchard's breast,
Curves round a ledge, that chambers straight,
To the wide woodland on the crest.

Green at the curve a thicket stands,
Pillared with stems of elms and oaks,
And plumed with speckled sapling-wands,
Where brambles hang their summer cloaks.

Broad from the upland's brow the scene
Of meadow, grove and field expand;
Grain billowing in its breezy green,
And furrowed breasts of seeded land.

The old red farmstead on its bank;
The chimney like a tower of stone;
The woodshed opening from its flank;
The barn and haystack's russet cone.

Pleasant at eve that busy lane,
When all the farm's freed habitants
Come trooping home, a loosening chain,
From their far-off accustomed haunts.

Her cross-step course old Crookburn points,
Through sorrel-dots and johnsworts stars,
The shadows flickering in her joints,
Down to the corner-lowered bars.

Her red flank dark with crusted soil,
She swings her cud in drooping doze;
While past her, weary with his toil,
Loosed from the plow old Dobbin goes.

The colt pricks sharp his speaking ear,
Stamps his slim foot and shrilly neighs
Beside his dam, that, sluggish, near,
Stoops, loudly breathing, to her graze.

The guinea-fowls in brindled spots
Break as Bay's hoof the flock divide;
And Carlo curls in changing knots,
Now biting knee, now lapping side.

When the soft twilight's amber glow
And dewy sweetness fill the scene,
Blocks of prone black, strewn thickly, show
Where couch the cattle on the green.

As fragrant darkness blots the lane
The beetle breaks the calm intense;
The fire-fly wafts its glittering grain;
The tree-toad purrs upon the fence.

But when reigns midnight's starry state,
The beetle seeks its chink; no more
The glow-worm signals to its mate;
The fire-fly's transient throb is o'er.

And as the daybreak steals in gray
The cattle mounds to raise begin;
The dark massed weeds to break away;
The banks and ruts their shapes to win,

In Autumn, corn in golden glow,
Hillocks of hay and amber wheat,
And apples heaped in tempting show
The gladdened looks of labor greet.

In Winter, smooth the lane in white;
The walls o'ertopped; all access barred,
Until the straining horses fight
Their wallowing passage to the yard.

But now the sunset colors stream;
Huddle the sheep; in severing train
The cattle pace; all gaily gleam
While crowding down the goldened lane.

See, Clodpole mounts the wagon-horse
Sidewise, and slings the harness o'er;
Then from the near field takes his course,
Slow, jogging toward the stable door.

His whistle and the robin's lay
Mingle as he recedes from sight;
And now the new moon's silver ray
Brightens to gold, and so good night.

—*Galaxy.*

Potatoes for Cattle.

Potatoes as cattle-food will probably come into common use this season, in those districts where heavy crops glut the local markets and heavy freights preclude distant ones. In this connection, the results of a series of experiments by Dr. Wolff, a German chemist, may be profitably instructive to some of our readers. He experimented in feeding raw and cooked potatoes the animals did not give as large a quantity of milk as when fed upon raw; but the milk made nearly a third more butter, 42 pounds of milk having been required to make a pound of butter in one case, and only 27 pounds in the other.

Bedding.

In the barn of a model farmer bedding is about as essential as fodder. Bedding saves the liquid manure, and is itself manure after it is dried in the stable. It also keep stock clean, dry warm and comfortable, thereby saving fodder and grain and promoting the health, beauty and thrift of the animals. You can get along without bedding in your barns as you can in your house, but you can't afford to do without it. To attempt it is slovenly, shiftless and expensive. The time to gather some kinds of bedding is now. There are brakes in your swamps, and weeds by the roadside which should be gathered and saved for your stock to sleep on next winter, and when you have got all these within your reach, you can find plenty of muck and earth which when dried will make a good litter and increase your manure heap. Later in the season there will be forest leaves to gather, and if you can't get anything better, plenty of sawdust at the mills. Any and all these will richly pay for getting. Don't be afraid of getting too much. No animal was ever injured by having too good a bed, and we have never heard of a manure-heap in this part of the country which was too large.

Wintering Tender Plants.

Upon this subject the *Rural New Yorker* says:

In a good cellar we can keep our century plants, oleanders and cactuses from November till May; and there, too, our cannas, caladiums (the green-leaved section), dahlias, crape myrtles and fuchsias. Should frost be likely to penetrate, we can cover up with dry hay or straw, just as we would in the case of potatoes or apples. Straw spread over the leaves of the century plants won't hurt them a bit. Hollies, English yews, camelias and other somewhat tender evergreens, if established in pots, can be safely wintered in a dry, airy cellar, even with no straw covering over their branches, but their roots had better be protected by placing the pots somewhat closely together and packing marsh hay or straw or leaves between them, or even plunging the pots over the brim in dry sand, sawdust or earth. If these plants be not in pots, but instead lifted from the garden with a good ball of earth about their roots, they can be successfully wintered in the cellar, by planting them rather closely in a sand or earth bed, and mulching with dry hay.

A cold pit as winter quarters is better than a cellar for some plants, but a cramped-up little place is worse than useless. The length, breadth and depth of the pit should be guided by the kinds, size and number of the plants to be wintered in it, but I would advise 3 to 6 feet deep, 4 to 6 feet wide—length of sash—and in length from to any number of sashes.

After storing we keep the pit uncovered day and night in mild weather; tilt up the sashes in mild, but wet weather, and even on fine frosty days we tilt up a little at noon. During intense frosty weather we keep the pit rather close, merely sliding down the shutters a few inches at noon, and in the case of heavy snows or storms we leave all covered up for a few days. But I make it a point to omit no feasible opportunity of ventilating or at least light-giving, and of many hundreds of plants thus cared for last winter, not one perished.

Value of a Good Stable.

Describing a frost-proof stable the *Agriculturist* says: It was immediately over the basement, and had for one of its sides the bank wall. This was painted with cement. The other side was made of tongued and grooved inch pine boards, and battened; the lumber well seasoned, and painted. The windows and doors are close-fitting, and there was no crevice left where the wind could creep through. The trap-doors through which the manure was passed below, were perfectly tight. We were surprised at the agreeable temperature as we entered the barn on a bitter cold day. It seemed as if a stove or furnace must have been used in the building. But the proprietor said that the animals were the only stoves in use, and the manure had hardly been frozen in the zero nights. He spoke with great satisfaction of the economy of such a stable. It saves greatly in fodder. All the hay and grain that are used to keep up animal heat in the open air in winter goes, in such a stable, to the production of flesh, fat, and milk. The saving is about one-third the value of the fodder consumed. The flow of milk is kept up, and butter is made all winter.

Tight Barns for Hay.

A few writers are advocating making barns as near air-tight as possible for preserving hay. One of them says: "The general opinion among farmers is, that barns with air spaces between the boarding are better adapted to cure and preserve hay than barns with tight boarding and a tight bottom. But this opinion is founded upon the supposed fact that free access of air will assist in carrying off surplus moisture, and prevent heating and fermentation, which supposed fact is not a fact at all, when applied to a body of uncured hay. When this uncured grass is spread in thin layers on the field and exposed to the air, the moisture is carried off so rapidly as not to permit any heating or fermentation, but when placed in a thick body in a mow, the heat, with access of air, causes rapid fermentation. The oxygen of the air feeds the fermentation, and thus becomes the active cause of its destruction. This principle is familiar to the good housewife who preserves her fruit in an air-tight jar. We tried an experiment some years ago, which applied this principle to keeping green clover. We took a large linseed oil cask, unheaded one end, filled it with green clover just in blossom, containing all its sap, rammed it solid, replaced the head, drove the hoops, and then stopped all air spaces with white lead and paint. On opening, ten months after, the clover blossoms were found almost as bright as when put in." Modern-built barns are generally weather-boarded quite tight, but with no regard to the better keeping of hay. Windows are placed in the gables to admit light, and also air when hay is being placed in the barns; but this new theory that hay should be put into tight barns in an uncured state is mere bosh; and the above story about keeping clover green ten months in air-tight cask is not worthy of credence.

Household Matters.

CHILI SAUCE.—Eighteen large ripe tomatoes; six onions; six red peppers; ten tablespoonfuls sugar; three tablespoonfuls salt; five cupfuls vinegar. Chop fine and cook one hour.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Rub them with a coarse towel; place four cloves in each peach; three pounds of sugar to fourteen pounds of fruit and one quart of vinegar; boil peaches in the sugar and vinegar one layer at a time.

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—Half an ounce rhubarb, half an ounce snake root, two ounces wild cherry, one cubebs, two ounces sweet fern, one ounce prickly ash bark. Put these into two quarts of water and let it slowly simmer until reduced to a pint, then put it into one quart of the best gin and take a wineglassful before each meal.

SWEET PICKLED TOMATOES.—One peck ripe tomatoes, peeled; four pounds brown sugar, one quart cider vinegar, one ounce stick cinnamon, one-half ounce cloves; tie in Swiss muslin bags; boil together until well cooked; put the tomatoes in a colander, keeping them as whole as possible; boil the juice slowly three or four hours until thick; put the tomatoes back, boil up once, with the spice out of the bags; put in jars, and when cold tie up.

CHOW CHOW.—Two quarts of small onions, four of small cucumbers, and three cauliflowers; cut the cauliflowers and cucumbers into small pieces and soak in strong salt water over night; then rinse well and boil in vinegar until quite tender; mix one pound of the best ground mustard and two ounces of the best salad oil with enough vinegar to mix it well; then stir in while boiling; just before taking from the fire add three ounces of fine red pepper; it is then ready to bottle.

SQUASHES, pumpkins and all that class of vegetables require: First, an absence of light; second, a dry temperature not exceeding 45° or 60°, and third, to be so placed that one does not come in contact with another. We have always had success in keeping them well into spring by placing them in a cool, dry chamber until freezing occurs, and then removing them to a closet for safe keeping over winter. Thus Hubbard and other hard-shelled varietics may be kept until May and even June. For use until February, they will keep tolerably well in a dry celler placed on shelves.

Renting Coffins.

The poor people of New York city have an unaccountable mania for funeral pomps and ceremonies, consequently when a member of a family dies all available funds are expended in laying the body in state, and in an impressive cortege. The matter of carriages is not vexatious to the mourners, as the occupants are expected to contribute their quota to the expense of conveyances, a privilege eagerly embraced by hundreds who regard a funeral procession in the light of a gala parade. But the lying in state, to be imposing, is a costly luxury, particularly with the impecunious, consequently as a corpse is an object of curious inspection by admiring friends, the beauty of the exhibition can be secured at a smaller a expense through the hire of a casket than through the purchase outright. In an undertaker's window can be seen a coffin of the most costly fabrication, with a superabundance of silver ornamentation, lined with rich satin, and otherwise adorned munificently. A *facsimile* of this $300 casket can be hired of its exhibitor, who supplies an exquisite lining in accordance with the rules of trade, pink for a brunette, light blue for a blonde, and so on, and into the loaned receptacle places the corpse until the hour of burial arrives, when the inside frame of the coffin is slipped out and the deceased transferred into a cheap stained wood imitation of the costly outer casket and "planted" without the imposture being detected. At present a handsome external case demands a rental of $5 a day, and as the body is generally "laid out" for three days, this, with incidentals, constitutes a good source of revenue.

RADETZKY, the Russian hero of Schipka, is 57 years old. He belongs to a noble family of the Province of Kazan, and has passed almost all his life among the hardships and danger of border warfare in the Caucasus. He has taken a prominent part in more than 150 battles and skirmishes, and possesses three St. George crosses—a distinction very rarely met with in the Russian army.

KARAHASSAN.

Graphic Account of the Turkish Victory at Karahassan in Asia—A Desperate Engagement.

New York Herald Correspondent.

When we arrived at the crest of the ridge and looked down over the edge we immediately ascertained the cause of the firing we heard on our way up. Down below us on the lower slopes of the ridge was a battery of Egyptian field pieces, and further to the left two Turkish batteries. These eighteen guns could sweep the whole valley at the base of the position and completely dominated Haidarkeni. Between this village and Popkeni the Russians had constructed a battery with six embrasures, flanked by shelter trenches and rifle pits. In this battery were three heavy guns, which were exchanging a fierce cannonade with the Egyptian Turkish batteries beneath us. Further along the ridge to our right upon the highest point of it, which projects out into the valley, was another Turkish battery, of three guns, which threw a plunging fire into the Russian battery—a most deadly fire—to which, owing to the great elevation, the Russians were wholly unable to reply. For more than an hour after our arrival this splendid artillery duel continued without cessation, the Russian gunners manfully struggling against the overwhelming weight of metal which was hurled down upon them and firing steadily over the village of Haidarkeni at the batteries on the slope. We could see their shot and shell tear up the ground all around and in the rear of our guns, but not a single round did any mischief. One well aimed shot passed over one of the Egyptian guns and burst between it and the limber, which was drawn up on the reverse side of the slope, throwing up an immense column of dust. Neither the limber nor the horses were touched, but we saw them immediately move off to a safer position further down the hill.

While this cannonade was going on we could catch the sound of heavy guns far up the valley on our right, and could see the puffs of smoke advancing steadily from the direction of Sadina and Spahilar. It was Nedjib Pasha's attack, but as yet there was no sign of movement in Karahassan or Ketchiler, where the Russians lay awaiting it. The battle now became fearfully exciting. The whole length of the ridge on which we stood was crowded with soldiers and bashibazouks, who looked out over the battle field with fierce and eager eyes. We were surrounded by a large crowd of the "irregulars," with whom we exchanged exclamations and jokes as the fight wore on and handed around our glasses. It was amusing to watch their puzzled expression as we explained how by turning the screw they could see better, and then observe their faces change as the objects came into focus.

The three gun battery on the high peak continued to drop well directed shells into the Russian work beneath. Mehemet Ali himself and staff, with General Baker and his English followers, and the British and French military attaches were present in the battery and watched the fight from it. The presence of the Commander-in-Chief stimulated the captain in command of the guns, and he so distinguished himself by the accuracy of his fire that before the day was over the chief decorated him on the spot with the order of the Medjidie. It was truly magnificent to watch the smoke dart out from among the brushwood on the summit of the peak, and then to see the shell strike and explode, sometimes on the very parapet of the Russian battery. I heard afterward that one of the shells burst right beneath the wheel of one of the Russian guns and disabled it. But from first to last, until the issue of the conflict made their position untenable, the Russian artillerymen continued to fire from two guns at least.

Meanwhile it became evident that serious business was going on near Ketchiler and Karahassan, and our attention was diverted from the artillery fight near us to the distant spur on which the villages are, or, I should rather say, were situated, for there is very little left of them now. The single marinet of Karahassan, standing like a white thread against the dark green background of the wooded slope, which rose above the village, formed our landmark, and we turned our glasses on it by the hour together, only looking away when some sharp-sighted bashi-bazouk called our attention to the "Moscov" reinforcements, which now came pouring across the plain. We could see the columns moving rapidly along toward the threatened villages, raising dense clouds of dust as they marched. A regiment of cavalry came out of Popkioi and went off at full speed, and from other villages further down the river infantry came pouring out and streamed over the plain. Matters were evidently getting serious at Karahassan, and the roar of the field guns became more and more distinct. We could now see the shells plowing up the ground behind the village, and along the edges of the woods thin lines of light smoke told of the musketry fire. Suddenly a dense column of smoke rises up from Ketchiler. The village has been taken, the Turks are victorious, and the Russians have fired it before retreating. So we construe the meaning of that smoke, and the bashi-bazouks around us confirm us in the supposition with approving exclamations.

Suddenly a keen-eyed fellow near me shouts out that he see a white flag coming up the hill along the road from Popkioi straight towards the Turkish camp. Instantly all the glasses are turned in the direction of the man's outstretched finger, and there, sure enough, is a white flag fluttering in the middle of the road. Can it be from the Russians? Surely they have not been caught in a trap and compelled to surrender? Presently the mystery is solved; the bearer of the flag is Izzet Bey, our own parlementaire, who went out the other day, under a flag of truce, to obtain an interview with the Grand Duke Nicholas respecting the red crescent of the ambulance and other matters which are apparently unknown as yet to any one. His business finished, he left the Russian camp and returned to his own people in the midst of the battle, which was at the hottest as he rode back up the hill to the Turkish lines. The apparition of the flag of peace was a strange incident in the heat of the fight, but we soon turned our glances again upon the center of interest—the minaret of Karahassan.

I have already mentioned that the village stands on a ridge of white soil, which descends to the valley in bluffs. Close to the village, on our side is a thick forest of fine trees, which extends almost to the edge of the ridge. The long, white line of heights, crowned by the dark forest, form a conspicuous feature in the immense landscape, and all eyes are turned upon it. Ketchiler is now blazing, and even at this distance we can see that terrible work is going on. The fringes of smoke hang thicker about the hedgerows between the villages, and the field guns are firing quick, sharp rounds that tell of a desperate fight.

The excitement of the spectators now becomes intense; we cannot remain seated, but walk, nervously about or take a few steps down the steep slope to get nearer to the scene. "By God, they've done it!" cries an excited journalist, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth when we see a body of Russion cavalry galloping down the slopes, out of the village and along the road that leads from it across the river to the villages of Gugova and Polomartcha. It appears to us as though those flying horsemen must have ridden down some of their own infantry, who were coming to reinforce the defenders of the village, but presently an immense cloud of dust is seen streaming out of the place, and it is evident the Russian infantry are also in full retreat. The reinforcing columns still continue to march over the plain, and now we can see a dense body advancing on the road from the direction of Bjela. Too late! All is lost, for, look! what happened at Ketchiler half an hour ago, is now taking place at Karahassan. An immense pillar of black smoke shoots into the air, and, a moment later, the base of it is livid with the red flame of a vast fire. Almost simultaneously a snow-white puff of smoke bursts out of the forest on the very edge of the white cliffs. The Turkish artillery has pushed through the village and wood and is opening fire upon the retreating columns. Karahassan is won!

How Gov. Pickens Got His Wife.

A very picturesque story is told by a White Sulphur Springs correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*, regarding the widow of Gov. Pickens, of South Carolina. "She was very much grieved," says this correspondent, calmly, "at a newspaper article concerning herself, which spoke of her accepting Gov. Pickens on condition that he obtained a Foreign Mission. She said that it seemed so mercenary and calculating in a girl of eighteen. The truth was that she was an only child, and the Mission to Russia was the mother's objection to the marriage. Gov. Pickens was rejected, and had taken his passage for Europe. He wrote a farewell letter to his lady-love, but before concluding said it was not too late for her to change her mind, for if she would telegraph him after receiving the letter, and accept his proposals, he would meet her in New Orleans and let the steamer sail without him. She did accept, and a few weeks afterward they sailed together as man and wife. The marriage proved happy, nothing but the war interrupting the course of true love. Governor and Mrs. Pickens returned to South Carolina about the time that State seceded. During their residence in Europe they had made many purchases of pictures, statuary, furniture, rare laces and jewels. These arrived at the port of New York in a sailing vessel a month after their arrival. Everything was confiscated. Among the articles were busts of the Governor and wife by Powers."

White Hat Day.

Wednesday was "white hat day" on the New York Stock Exchange. Formal notice had been given early in the week that at noon all summer "tiles" would be "called in," but many of the members either forgot or disregarded the warning, and suffered in consequence. William Heath was the first victim. About 1 P. M., he entered the Exchange in a brown study, with his thumbs thrust in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. In a moment his tall white hat was whirling in the air, and as it touched the floor again twenty brokers jumped upon it. This sort of diversion was kept up all the afternoon. Whenever a person entered wearing the proscribed headgear a shout went up, and generally, before the alarmed broker could run the gauntlet, his hat was crushed out of shape. Late in the afternoon at least one-third of the brokers doing business on the floor were bareheaded, and dozens of crushed white hats were whirling in the air or ornamenting the gas brackets. Straw hats were treated even in a worse manner. They were torn apart in many instances, and the floor was strewn with the fragments. A favorite trick was to approach an unconscious, bareheaded broker from behind and pull a dilapidated white tile down over his face and ears. His frantic efforts to dislodge it were hindered by hundreds of willing hands. One old fellow, whose head had been ornamented with the lining of a dismembered hat by another joker, started a "walk around." The other members formed a ring and applauded him vociferously, until the chairman rapped them to order. The neighboring natters drove a brisk trade in the evening.—*Exchange.*

WHEN the Earl of Bradford was brought before Lord Chancellor Loughborough, to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, "How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your Lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live or a dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No, my Lord," said Lord Bradford, "there is much difference. A live sheep may have four legs; a dead sheep has only two. There are but two legs of mutton; the two fore legs are shoulders.

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The Best Truss without Metal Springs ever invented. No humbug claim of a certain radical cure, but a guarantee of a comfortable, secure and satisfactory appliance. We will take back and pay full price for all that do not suit. Price, single, like cut, $4; for both sides, $6. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. N. B.—This Truss WILL CURE more Ruptures than any of those for which extravagant claims are made. Circulars free.
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An elegant set of genuine Gold-plate Collar and Sleeve Buttons given with each ½ doz. Keep's Shirts. Keep's Shirts are delivered FREE on receipt of price in any part of the Union—no express charges to pay. Samples with full directions for self-measurement Sent Free to any address. No stamp required. Deal directly with the Manufacturer and get Bottom Prices. Keep Manufacturing Co., 165 Mercer St., N. Y.

BUTTER COLOR.
The best Liquid Color in the world, and the only one awarded Centennial Prize Medal. It gives to butter a golden yellow color like June grass butter, producing better sales and at higher price, besides improving butter in color and flavor and keeping. Is far superior to Annetto, carrots or any other color manufactured, and the only fluid-color that will not color buttermilk, if added to cream before churning. 1 pound will color 1000 pounds of butter. The best and cheapest to re-color white butter. I will send, on receipt of money, free by express, to any office East of Mississippi River, 1 lb., $2.00; 2 lbs., $3.25. Farmers club together and try it. Agents Wanted. Cut out and preserve.
RES. B. SMITH, 327 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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The best Text Book and Self-Instructor in the world. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of Fifty Cents, by the author, GEO. B. WELSH, Savannah, Georgia.

VEGETINE.
HER OWN WORDS.
BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 13, 1877.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—Since several years I have got a sore and very painful foot. I had some physicians, but they couldn't cure me. Now, I have heard of your VEGETINE from a lady who was sick for a long time, and became all well from your VEGETINE; and I went and bought me one bottle of VEGETINE and after I had used one bottle, the pains left me, and it began to heal, and then I bought one other bottle, and so I take it yet. I thank God for this remedy and yourself; and wishing every sufferer may pay attention to it. It is a blessing for health.
MRS. C. KRABE,
638 West Baltimore Street.

VEGETINE.
SAFE AND SURE.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:
In 1872 your VEGETINE was recommended to me, and, yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time, I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, superinduced by overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and curative properties seemed to affect my debilitated system from the first dose; and, under its persistent use, I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give VEGETINE my most unqualified indorsement, as being a safe, sure, and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. VEGETINE is the only medicine I use; and, as long as I live, I never expect to find a better.
Yours truly, W. H. CLARK,
120 Monterey Street, Allegheny, Penn.

VEGETINE.
THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE.
CHARLESTOWN.
H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that for Scrofula or Cankerous Humors or Rheumatic affections it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and spring medicine it is the best thing I have ever used, and I have used almost every thing. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. A. A. DINSMORE, 19 Russell Street.

VEGETINE.
WHAT IS NEEDED.
BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.
H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:
Dear Sir,—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. VEGETINE was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article, and after using several bottles, was restored to health, and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health.
Respectfully yours,
U. L. PETTENGILL,
Firm of S. M. Pettengill & Co.,
No. 10 State St., Boston.

VEGETINE.
ALL HAVE OBTAINED RELIEF.
SOUTH BERWICK, ME., Jan. 17, 1872.
H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:
Dear Sir,—I have had dyspepsia in its worst form for the last ten years, and have taken hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines without obtaining any relief. In September last I commenced taking the VEGETINE, since which time my health has steadily improved. My food digests well, and I have gained fifteen pounds of flesh. There are several others in this place taking VEGETINE, and all have obtained relief.
Yours truly,
THOMAS E. MOORE,
Overseer of Card Room Portsmouth Co's Mills.

VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.
Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

POND'S EXTRACT.
POND'S EXTRACT.
The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.
Take no Other.
"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."
POND'S EXTRACT—The great Vegetable Pain Destroyer. Has been in use over thirty years, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.
CHILDREN. No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains, are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains of Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns, etc. Arrests inflammation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discoloration and heals rapidly.
LADIES find it their best friend. It assuages the pains to which they are peculiarly subject—notably fullness and pressure in the head, nausea, vertigo, etc. It promptly ameliorates and permanently heals all kinds of inflammations and ulcerations.
HEMORRHOIDS or PILES find in this the only immediate relief and ultimate cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate can long resist its regular use.
VARICOSE VEINS. It is the only sure cure.
BLEEDING from any cause. For this it is a specific. It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from nose, stomach, lungs, and elsewhere.
TOOTHACHE, Earache, Neuralgia and Rheumatism are all alike relieved and often permanently cured.
PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with Pond's Extract recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians; many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing they order its use for Swellings of all kinds, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils, simple and chronic Diarrhœa, Catarrh (for which it is a *specific*), Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitos, etc., Chapped Hands, Face, and indeed all manner of skin diseases.
TOILET USE. Removes Soreness, Roughness and Smarting; heals Cuts, Eruptions and Pimples. It *recires, invigorates* and *refreshes*, while wonderfully improving the Complexion.
TO FARMERS—Pond's Extract. No Stock Breeder, no Livery Man can afford to be without it. It is used by all the leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and first Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for Sprains, Harness or Saddle Chafings, Stiffness, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleedings, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds, etc. Its range of action is wide, and the relief it affords is so prompt that it is invaluable in every Farm-yard as well as in every Farm-house. Let it be tried once and you will never be without it.
CAUTION! Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine article has the words Pond's Extract blown in each bottle. It is prepared by the only persons living who ever knew how to prepare it properly. Refuse all other preparations of Witch Hazel. This is the only article used by Physicians, and in the hospitals of this country and Europe.
HISTORY and Uses of Pond's Extract, in pamphlet form, sent free on application to
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, 93 Maiden Lane, New York.

SANDAL-WOOD
A positive remedy for all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs; also good in Dropsical Complaints. It never produces sickness, is certain and speedy in its action. It is fast superseding all other remedies. Sixty capsules cure in six or eight days. No other medicine can do this.
Beware of Imitations, for, owing to its great success, many have been offered; some are most dangerous, causing piles, &c.
DUNDAS DICK & CO.'S *Genuine Soft Capsules, containing Oil of Sandalwood, sold at all drug stores. Ask for circular, or send for one to 35 and 37 Wooster street, New York.*

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