MY INDIAN LOVE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

* * * * I love
A forest maiden: she is mine;
And on Sierra's slopes of pine,
The vines below, the snows above,
A solitary lodge is set
Within a fringe of watered firs;
And there my wigwam fires burn.
Fed by a round brown patient hand.
That small brown faithful hand of hers
That never rests till my return
The yellow smoke is rising yet;
Tiptoe, and see it where you stand,
Lift like a column from the land.

There are no sea-gems in her hair,
No jewels fret her dimpled hands,
And half her bronzen limbs are bare;
But round brown arms have golden bands,
Bread, rich, and by her cunning hands
Cut from the yellow virgin ore,
And she does not desire more.
I wear the beaded wampum belt
That she has wove—the sable pelt
That she has fringed red threads around;
And in the morn, when men are out,
I wake the valley with the shot
That brings the brown deer to the ground.
And she beside the lodge at noon
Sings with the wind, while baby swings
In sea-shell cradle by the bough
Sings low, so like the clover sings
With swarm of bees; I hear her now,
I see her sad face through the moon . . .
Such songs!—would earth had more of such!
She has not much to say, and she
Lifts never voice to question me
In aught I do . . . and that is much.
I love her for her patient trust,
And my love's forty-fold return—
A virtue I have not to learn
As you . . . at least, as many must . . .

. . . She is not over-tall or fair;
Her breasts are curtained by her hair,
And sometimes, through the silken fringe,
I see her bosom's wealth, like wine,
Burst through in luscious ruddy tinge—
And all its wealth and worth are mine.
I know not that one drop of blood
Of Prince or Chief is in her veins:
I simply say that she is good,
And loves me with pure womanhood.
. . . When that is said, why, what remains?
—*From "Songs of the Sierras."*

THE FATHER'S ERROR.

Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules, and could see no reason why people should grasp at anything beyond what had been reached by their great-grandfather. He had three children, two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old; Samuel, fifteen; Fanny, fourteen.

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel was in the kitchen, reading a book, and so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jerry was in the opposite corner, engaged in cyphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said his father, "have you worked that sum out yet."

"No, father," answered the boy, hesitatingly.

"Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?" said Mr. Winthrop in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head and looked troubled.

"Why haven't you done it?" continued the father.

"I can't do it, father," tremblingly said Samuel.

"Can't do it! And why not? Look at Jerry, there, with his slate and pencil. He had ciphered further than you have long before he was as old as you are."

"Jerry was always fond of sums and problems, father. They have no interest at all for me."

"That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading."

"It's a work on philosophy, father."

"A work on fiddlesticks! Go, put it away this instant, and then get your slate; and don't you let me see you away from your arithmetic until you can work out those roots? Do you understand?"

Samuel made no answer, but silently he put away his philosophy; and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His lip trembled and his eyes moistened, for he was very unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and he felt that it was without a cause.

"Sam," said Jerry, as soon as their father had gone out of the room, "I'll do that sum for you."

"No, Jerry," replied the young brother, with a grateful look; "that will be deceiving father. I'll try to do the sum, but I fear that I shall not succeed."

Samuel worked very hard, but to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The roots and squares, the bases and perpendiculars, though comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mass of incomprehensible things; and the more he tried, the more he became perplexed and bothered.

The truth was his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician; he hardly ever came across a problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boy should be like him; he considered that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid; and he often expressed the opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could "give the old geometrician a hard tussle." He seemed not to understand that different minds were made with different capacities, and what one mind grasped with ease another of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jerry progressed rapidly with his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that as Samuel made no progress in the same branch, he was idle and careless, and so treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind; but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matter as was interesting to him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy lad.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen for his own room, and there he sat and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his father, and his face lightened up. There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so he was not very cold; and getting up, he went to a closet, and from under a lot of old clothes he took forth some long strips of wood. He was evidently fashioning some curious affair from these pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine and dozens of small wheels that he had made himself, and he seemed to be working to get the whole together after some particular fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away when his sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her she approached the spot where her brother sat.

"Here, Sammy! see, I have brought you something to eat. I know you must be hungry."

As she spoke she opened her apron and took out four cakes, a piece of pie and some cheese. The boy was hungry, and hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cakes, and thanked her.

"Oh, what pretty thing is that you are making?" uttered Fannie, as she gazed upon her brother's labor. "Won't you give it to me after it is done?"

"Not this one, sister," returned the boy with a smile; "but I will make you one equally as pretty."

Fannie thanked her brother, and soon after left the room, while the boy went on with his work.

Before long the various materials that had been subject to Samuel's knife and pincers were joined and grooved together in a curious manner.

The embryo philosopher sat the machine—for it looked like a machine—upon the floor, then gazed upon it intently. His eye gleamed with a peculiar glow of satifaction; he looked proud and happy. While he stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door opened and his father entered.

"What! are you not studying?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and turned pale with fear.

"Ha! what is this?" said his father, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. "This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making them fly-cages. I'll see whether you'll learn to attend to your lessons or not. There!"

As the father uttered these harsh ejaculations, he put his foot upon the object of his displeasure. The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprang forward, but too late. The curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks. Looking at the mass of ruins and then covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

"A'nt you ashamed?" said Mr. Winthrop, "a great boy like you to spend your time in making clap traps, and then cry about it because I choose you should attend to your studies. Now go to the barn and help Jerry shell corn."

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanation, and without a word he left his chamber. But for long, long days afterwards he was weary and down-hearted.

"Samuel," said Mr. Winthrop, one day after the spring had opened, "I have seen Mr. Young and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it or lay it out. Jerry will soon be able to take my place as surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn and obtain his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a good living at it."

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business. Moreover he had the reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposal, and when he learned that Mr. Young carried on quite a large machine shop, he was in ecstacies. His trunk was packed—a good supply of clothes having been provided; and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master.

One evening after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in fitting a piece of iron. There was quite a number of pieces on the bench at his side, and some were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. Next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ.

Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the country.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride and often expressed a wish that his other son should have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Winthrop after the tea things had been cleared away, "that is a fine factory they have just erected in your town."

"Yes," returned Mr. Young, "there are three of them, and they are doing a very heavy business."

"I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now, if my boy Sam is a good workman, as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first rate situation there."

Mr. Young looked at Samuel and smiled.

"By the way," continued the old farmer, "what is all this noise I see and hear in the papers about those patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that was ever got up before."

"You must ask your son about that," said Mr. Young. "That is some of Samuel's business."

"Eh? What! Some of Sam——"

The old man stopped short and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken the manufacturers by surprise.

"What do you mean?" he at length inquired.

"It is simply this, father, that the loom is mine," returned Samuel with conscious pride. "I have invented it and taken a patent right, and I have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot, six years ago?"

"Yes," replied the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed breaking.

"Well," continued Samuel, "that was almost a pattern, though, of course, I have made alteration and improvement, and there is room for more."

"And that was what you were studying when you used to stand and see me weave, and then fumble about my loom so much?" said Mrs. Winthrop.

"You are right mother. Even then I had conceived the idea which I have since carried out."

"And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problem," uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair and took the youth by the hand. "Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used towards you. I have been blinded, and now see how I have misunderstood you. While I have thought you were idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem I could never have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel—I meant well enough, but lacked judgment and discrimination."

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven for his harshness, and his mind was opened to a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this: Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and disposition of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly. George Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the mathematician, could not write out a common-place address.

Queen Victoria's Hallucination.

Whatever may be the truth in regard to the report that Queen Victoria intends to abdicate the throne of England, it is known that she has been laboring for some years past under at least one phase of mental infirmity. She has a firm conviction that Prince Albert is always present with her, and that she can hold communion with him. Her private rooms are arranged as they were when he was alive. His chair is placed opposite to her own in the library, and the books which he delighted to read to her are arranged lovingly, in order, upon the table. In some of her moods she will converse with him for an hour together, conducting her own share of the conversation aloud and with the vigor and interest of old times. He had taught her, by his example, the success of his business enterprises—especially by his management of the duchy of Cornwall—to superintend as much as possible all her private affair herself; to reduce all unnecessary expenditures and to forbid extravagance. Hence, the greatest simplicity is observed at the queen's table, and she imagines that her husband looks on, well pleased. At times, when she is more than ordinarily impressed with a sense of his presence, the poor, fond woman will order a knife and fork to be placed on the dinner-table for him, and cause the attendants to place every course before the empty chair as if the master still occupied it. Every morning a pair of boots are cleaned and set down against the door of the chamber which he once occupied; and at breakfast, when in Scotland, she will often sit a long time in silence, waiting for the prince. The queen's strong belief in the communion of the living with the spirits of the dead she received, no doubt, from Prince Albert himself, who was a sort of theosophist—a something between Jacob Behmen, the mystic, and J. G. Fichte, the philosopher of transcendentalism. Whatever may be thought of it as a theory of philosophical or religious belief by sober, common-sense people, it is to Victoria a source of great consolation, and she often talks with the prince concerning the state of the soul after death. She has been gradually withdrawing from public life for some years past, and lives in a world of her own. Her harp and her easel are both neglected, and she neither sings, plays nor paints, except at rare intervals, when she will sweep her harp-strings for a few moments in memory of some sweet German air that her husband loved to sing or to hear sung.

Bill of Fare for One Week.

Some time since the editor of *Hearth and Home* requested its correspondents to forward actual bills of fare for one week, the same to be published, if thought suitable, for the benefit of its readers. Several of these are given in a recent issue, from which we select the following. The season for which the following bill was prepared was the last week in April:

SUNDAY.—*Breakfast*—Muffins, scrambled eggs, water-cresses. For this and every other breakfast, coffee, fresh milk or water to drink. *Dinner*—Roast chickens, mashed potatoes, boiled onions, pickles, currant jelly, gravy, butter, bread. Dessert, chocolate custard. *Supper*—Bread and butter, canned quinces, cheese, one kind of cake. Tea, fresh milk or water to drink for every supper.

MONDAY.—*Breakfast*—Broiled ham, mashed potatoes made in small cakes and browned, radishes, omelet. *Dinner*—Cold roast chicken, whole boiled potatoes, rice as a vegetable, pickles, cider apple-sauce. Dessert, baked Indian pudding. *Supper*—Milk toast, water-cresses, one kind of cake.

TUESDAY.—*Breakfast*—Chicken hash, fried potatoes, corn bread. *Dinner*—Soup of beef and vegetables, sour apples baked with syrup. Dessert, cottage pudding, with liquid sauce, or with hard sauce and currant jelly. *Supper*—Fresh bread, cottage cheese, stewed prunes, cake.

WEDNESDAY.—*Breakfast*—Hash of the soup beef of Tuesday's dinner, roasted potatoes, baked apples. *Dinner*—Roast beef, and potatoes peeled and roasted in its gravy, canned or dried sweet corn, canned tomatoes. Dessert, lemon pie, with white of egg on top. *Supper*—Mush and milk, or mush and syrup for those who like it. Something else provided for any one of the family who may not be fond of it.

THURSDAY.—*Breakfast*—Fried mush, raw potatoes cut into hot lard and fried, cold roast beef, water cresses. *Dinner*—Boiled corn beef, cabbage, potatoes, apple sauce. Dessert, lemon pie with two crusts. *Supper*—Bread, Sally Lunn, canned cherries, smoked beef, cake.

FRIDAY.—*Breakfast*—Fish cakes, cold corned beef, fried hominy. *Dinner*—Baked fish with stuffing, mashed potatoes, mashed turnips, pickled plums. Dessert, baked rice pudding. *Supper*—Bread and butter, radishes, cold tongue, canned apples, cake.

SATURDAY.—*Breakfast*—Hash of corned beef, and potatoes made into round cakes and browned, gems, boiled eggs. *Dinner*—Porter-house steak, broiled potatoes with butter on them, succotash of dried sweet corn and lima beans, pickled peaches. Dessert, baked prune pudding with liquid sauce. *Supper*—Bread and butter, cold boiled ham, canned peaches, raddishes, cake.

HOW IS THIS for a scene in church? The place is a sacred edifice in Bath, Maine. The pew is crowded. The sermon is long. A respectable citizen goes to sleep. In close proximity to him is a lady. The preacher was in the midst of the closing prayer, when the slumberer astonished the congregation by grunting in a tone of complaint: "Come, come, Sarah! lay along; don't crowd so! lay over! lay over!" "Sarah," who was fortunately in the pew also, never for a moment lost her presence of mind, but administered a timely poke with her parasol, which awakened her dormant lord, and prevented any further remarks on his part. A warning to sleepy auditors or long-winded preachers—no matter which.

The Substructure of Beds.

BY ROBERT L. WALTERBURY, M. D.

Next to food comes lodging. To secure a comfortable bed is to the greater part of mankind still a desideratum—and yet any man of ordinary capacity may himself make the foundation for an excellent one with a few hours' labor. When we reflect on the importance of sleep, the time thus spent will not appear wasted. Without sleep insanity is certain. Nearly one-third of life must be passed in sleep. Why we are thus constituted is not to the present purpose. What relation the hours of sleep hold to the inclination of the earth's axis, or if the inhabitants of the planet Mars sleep, we shall not stop now to inquire. It is enough with Sancho Panza to invoke blessings on the man that invented sleep—"it covers one so like a blanket," "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," descending as it does "like tired eyelids over tired eyes."

How strange it is that in this decade of the nineteenth century we should first be able to compel the attendance, certainly and securely, of sleep—to realize the truth of the fable of Lethean waters. Opium gave us this boon at the expense of a feverish reaction; morphine promised it, but failed in the performance; chloroform gave it, but at a serious risk. How suddenly chloral has come into use! Almost as quickly as the shades of night, which it so aptly represents, has this invention crossed the Atlantic on downy pinions to visit the abodes of American care and distracting brain labor. This is the veritable angel of sleep. Callow humanity nestles under her wings and comes forth renewed, clad, strengthened. In her presence typhoid fever, that terrible scourge of American brain-workers, loses half its terrors and a moiety of its mortality. Unless intestinal ulceration cut the thread of life, the nervous system can now be so supported as to out-last the disease. Thus does sleep, the emblem of death, become the beginning of new life. In sunstroke, if we can produce sleep we may save life. In delirium sleep restores the lost faculties of the mind.

But of the bed bottoms conducive to sleep: The foundation of the superstructure should be firm, light, open, elastic, noiseless; affording no harbor to insect denizens. To such as are in common use there are objections.

The cord is in reality non-elastic; though i does so support the straw as to bring its elasticity into play. By sliding, it also gives way a little under the pressure of prominent parts of the body. But its general action is like that of a thorough-brace under a carriage—it merely allows change of position. In its best estate it is always sagging, causing the surface of the bed to incline towards the center, requiring to be continually tightened and wearing out soon. For nidification too, it affords the best of facilities.

Slats, as commonly applied, though they bend with their burden, have no proper elasticity. It is of no consequence to the prominent hip-bones and short ribs of an emaciated sleeper whether they are a few inches more or less distant from the floor; but it is of consequence that the prominent portions of the body should find for themselves corresponding depressions in the supporting medium, thus extending the surface of contact and avoiding chafing. Neither are slats, as commonly used, adequate to the weight of different individuals. If too thick, they are rigid; if too thin, they come down.

Sacking is difficult to maintain in position; always gives a concave surface, in most cases hollowed at the ends; is entirely inelastic; and hence its use is confined to single temporary beds.

Sofa springs, supporting flat disks of wood made into a mattress, are expensive, harbor insects, easily get out of order, and withal are so noisy as to preclude their use. People do not choose to inform their neighbors whenever they turns in bed.

Wire mattresses remedy many of the evils enumerated; but wire is a good conductor of heat—their surface is flat, and the expense of them must always restrict their use. Iron bedsteads have not come into vogue.

The main question is—can we, out of material at hand, without skilled labor, construct a good foundation for a bed? The hunter, in the wilderness, answers this question with hemlock boughs, averring that though green, they are not damp, or that some medicinal quality of the hemlock prevents his taking cold. The soldier answers much in the same way, by means of straw in bulk. If his bed is dry and elastic and warm, he is satisfied.

Of all qualities in a bed, we detest dampness. We instinctively fear a musty smell, and with good reason. Continually exhaling from the surface of the body, night and day, is a definite amount of carbonic acid and the vapor of water. If this process of breathing through the skin is arrested by an oil-skin coat, or india-rubber boots, or gutta-perch splints, (as in the case of broken bones,) or a damp bed, it leads to oppressive sensations. An extra amount of labor is thrown in upon the lungs, and we "take cold." This objection to water-beds and air-cushions is so great as to preclude their use. Rubber boots sweat the feet; gutta-percha splints and starch bandages irritate; and so the substructure of a bed which is to be in continual use for a portion of every twenty-hours must be porous.

Wood, then, shall be the material; and we will construct the fabric with interstices for aeration. We will give the slats a curve in the upward direction, and support them in such a manner that they may elongate somewhat under pressure. And if these slats are sufficiently frequent, and thin enough, and elastic enough, we shall have a bed-bottom constructed on the same principle as the elliptic wagon spring in general use. Indeed, the first form of this invention was a half spring suspended from two points, allowing limited elongation.

To do this, measure the distance between the rope holes in the end rail of the bedstead. If eight inches, the slats may be two inches wide, and two inches apart, and a slat will come opposite each orifice. The slats may be sawed from two-inch plank, and made five-eighths or half an inch in thickness. If not thoroughly seasoned, so much the better. They may be prepared at the mill with least expense. Two end pieces are also required, an inch thick.

To construct: Take twice as many slats, and an additional one, as there are apertures for the cord in an end rail; cut them two inches shorter than the bedstead measures in lenth inside the rails; dress them from near the middle on each edge to each end, making the end square; shave these ends carefully to a round form; cut the inch pieces of such length that they will fit readily between the side rails; then opposite each orifice in the end rail bore through the inch piece, and half way between these holes make as many, and one more, using a five-eighths or half-inch bit, as the case may be, to fit the thickness of the slats.

In putting together, place the strongest slat on the outside, to come next the side rails of the bedstead. Be careful to keep the slats all in the same place. Drive together until the end of each slat is even with the surface of the end piece. Take out the "wind," and pin each slat at both ends through the inch piece with a small, tough wooden pin.

To fasten this frame or hurdle in the bedstead, use cord small enough to pass double through the holes in the end rails. Let this cord, when in place, lie under the end piece of the hurdle, and around each alternate slat, thus raising the hurdle to the level of the top of the rails. After fastening, use the former bed-cord to support the hurdle until seasoned, by passing across from side rail to side rail.

This makes a comfortable support for the usual straw bed and mattress, or feather bed, in its present unseasoned state. Each slat recedes under pressure, and yet cannot escape or break; but in a few weeks it settles so much as to lose its elasticity, and assumes a shape approximating an inverted dome. The places subjected to most pressure become most depressed, and the slats, by seasoning, grow hard, dry and elastic. If now this hurdle be inverted, we shall have a complete foundation for an easy bed. The parts corresponding to the prominences of the body will be most elevated, and the surface will recede most where subjected to the greatest pressure. It will be well ventilated, noiseless, firm, light, supple and durable. It will not roll to the middle, and will afford no refuge during the day to the marauders of the night.

To give greater elevation and elasticity, the central slats no doubt might be made somewhat thinner and a little longer than the outside ones. The supporting cords might also be attached only at the four corners. Then leaving the cross cord loose, the depression of the middle of the bed would produce a curvature of the end pieces, which, when dry, would give still more fullness to the middle of the bed.—*Country Gentleman.*

FANCY SOAPS, which are made in great variety for the toilet, are usually scented with some aromatic oils. For this branch of the trade the ordinary commercial soaps are used, after undergoing a process of refinement; or a soap is specially made for the purpose from almond oil, or the like. Much taste is shown by the best London makers in the selection and combination of the perfumes, which, along with the coloring matter, such as vermillion, yellow ocher, aniline, &c., are usually boiled up with the soap. To facilitate this operation, as a well-dried soap does not readily melt, it is usually cut up into fine shavings, and after boiling is well worked under rollers until it presents a uniform appearance. If the soap is intended to be highly scented, or very expensive perfumes are intended to be employed, the cold process is adopted, as much of the strength of the scent is lost by boiling. In this case the soap is shredded as before, and the perfume and coloring matters well amalgamated with it by being worked in a mortar with a pestle. It is then divided into lumps, and roughly molded with the hand into something of the shape it is finally to assume. After being left on a rack to dry for about a week, it is pressed into a mold, which imparts to the cake the form and device which may be required, and when taken out, the edges are trimmed and the surface polished with the hand.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF A MAN FROM THE GLANDERS.—One of the most horrible cases of glanders in a human being of which we have ever heard occurred in the neighborhood of Weverton a week or two since. A man while attending to a horse got some of the virus from the nose or mouth of a glandered horse into a cut upon one of his thumbs, and a short time thereafter was taken with frightful spasms, succeeded by fearful sickness and prostration. Medical assistance was obtained, and, although every reasonable attention was given the man (notwithstanding the report that he was deserted by his neighbors), he died in a most horrible manner some six or seven days afterwards. His body became a mass of ulcers, and at the time of dissolution the flesh literally fell in pieces from the bones. This is one of the most dreadful cases on record.

The Household.

GREEN-GRAPE PIE.—In the absence of other materials, and a friend having recommended me to do so, I have been making pies of green grapes. They take a good deal of sugar; that is the chief objection to them. I have at times added a few grains of soda in order to neutralize some of the acid, so as to use less sugar. The pie would then be very good; but for those who can afford it, no soda, and the full complement of sugar, will give better satisfaction to most tastes. The stones are now soft, and I do not remove them. I fancy that as the grapes get riper they will make a better pie than now—though we all agree that green-grape pie is excellent, and quite equal to a green-gooseberry pie. My neighbor, Mrs. Sargent, makes a

GREEN GRAPE STEW, which, she tells me, with plenty of sugar added, makes a good sauce for tea, in case nothing less expensive is convenient.

GREEN-GRAPE JELLY.—There is hardly a finer jelly than that made from green grapes. Just before they turn color is the time to gather them.

GRAPE JELLY.—Ripe grapes make an excellent, fine-flavored, handsomely colored jelly. Strip from the stems any quantity of ripe and quite sound grapes. Extract the juice in the oven or over the fire, bruising them as slightly as possible, and using a wooden spoon to stir them up. After the grapes have burst, strain the juice through a flannel bag, *twice*. Then boil up the strained juice, and let it boil for twenty minutes. Now stir in the sugar, and boil for fifteen minutes, stirring constantly.

GRAPE CATSUP.—Ripe grapes, with sugar, vinegar, cloves and other spices, boiled until tender, make an excellent relish to eat with cold meat.

SQUASH PIE.—We have had so many squashes of all kinds this summer that we were at a loss to know what to do with them. We gave a good many away. We had some white scallop summer squash, which we considered wonders in their way. One fellow struck us as so remarkable in shape and size that husband took it to a butcher's shop and had it weighed. It turned the scale over four pounds and a half. Now, I suppose some farmer, with plenty of good land, and all the guano and super-phosphates and home-made what-do-you-call-'ems at his command, will laugh when he reads of our boasting over a four-and-a-half-pounder of a summer squash, but he must remember that we didn't have any Peruvian nor super-phosphate stuffs to coax 'em with, but just plant the seed in the bare ground. But I was telling about squash pies. I think them most as good as pumpkin pies. As I had no recipe just at hand, I made them according to my judgment, and the result suited the children, at any rate. Boil until very tender any quantity of squash which has been previously peeled and freed from seeds. Mash until perfectly smooth. To about one pint of the pulp add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a grated nutmeg, a half-pint of new milk, and two eggs well beaten. Bake in a tin plate, lined with a good paste, as a custard pie is made.—*American Agriculturist.*

SEASONABLE DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

PEACH CONSERVES.—Take the yellow open stone peach, cut them in half; to one pound of fruit and half a pound of the best brown sugar, take as much water as will moisten the sugar, then put some peaches into the kettle, let them boil five minutes, take them out with a strainer, put them on flat dishes in the sun till dry, put other peaches in the syrup until all are done; let them be perfectly dry, then put them in a jar alternately, layers of peaches and white sugar, until packed full.

STUFFED PEACHES.—Rub your peaches with a towel, cut in half, take out the stone and stuff with grated horse-radish and white mustard seed, equal quantities. Tie the peaches well with strings, and lay them gently in large jars; then make a syrup of one pound of sugar to 1½ pints of vinegar, pour on the peaches boiling hot and then cover the jars with cloth.

GREEN CORN.—Boil the corn one hour, score it and scrape it from the cob, put it in a saucepan with a lump of butter the size of an egg, one gill of cream, white pepper and salt, and a dessert spoonful of white sugar; stir in these ingredients until the butter is melted and all is mixed; this should be done just before sending it to the table and need only to remain over the fire about ten minutes.

TOMATO AND OKRA SOUP.—A leg of beef put on with five quarts of water at 7 o'clock in the morning and boiled slowly, taking off the grease as it rises; at 10 o'clock put in five dozen okras cut up, leaving out the stalks, and six dozen tomatoes, having first taken off the skins with boiling water. Let it boil gently four hours more.

TOMATOES FOR WINTER.—Skin and seed the tomatoes, then squeeze them and pour into bottles; have the bottles well corked and wired; place in a kettle with cold water up to the necks and boil five hours. When the water boils down take off the kettle and let the water cool a little before pouring in more warm water, as the bottles are apt to burst if water is poured in.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

ABOUT OYSTERS.

OYSTER SOUP.—Put two quarts of oysters, liquor and all, in a pan; set them on the stove to heat, but don't let it boil or come very near to it; now drain all the liquor into your soup kettle, put in a pint of water and two quarts of new milk, half a pound of butter, a little whole allspice and pepper; have the oysters all this time where they will keep warm, add them and salt to taste just as you are ready to serve the soup; break up some crackers fine and put into the soup before the oysters are put in.

Salt should always be put in the last thing in any soup, fricasee, where milk is used, or it is apt to curdle. Oysters should never be boiled, but only scalded; it makes them tough and shrinks them all up; if they are to be stewed, heat them hot, but don't boil them, always have the soup or gravy hot.

OYSTER STEW.—Put as many good fresh oysters, with their liquor, as you think you will need, into a pan on the stove to heat, but not boil. Drain the juice off into a saucepan, as soon as it boils add half a pound of butter and some pepper; when this boils add a pint of cream and thicken a little with flour; after this boils up once, put in the oysters, and more salt, if necessary. Serve very hot.

OYSTERS FRIED.—Drain the oysters well, roll in fine rolled cracker, and fry in hot lard and butter, two-thirds lard, one-third butter.—*Rural Home.*

More False Prophets.

Apropos to the advent of the new prophet yclept Fisher in Australia, the London *Spectator* has some curious speculations regarding religious movements. Fisher, it appears, is the promulgator of a creed which teaches that "every person now alive is the reproduction or incarnation of some Biblical personage," Fisher himself being an incarnation of Jesus, and also of David, and entitled in the latter capacity to have a plurality of wives. He has a band of loyal followers, who give their daughters to him as wives, and attack anybody whom he denounces as the modern Ahab, Jezebel or Judas. Reasoning from the amazing devotional fervor and the gullibility of mankind in religious matter, the Spectator is moved to wonder why some able and unscrupulous man does not seize on some new idea which would make him a second Mahomet and give him unlimited power over thousands, perhaps millions, of the human race; pointing to the huge and superstitious masses of Russia, to Australia, and especially to our own western population, as most likely to receive such a man, as not only a religious but civil ruler. The Spectator betrays an amusing ignorance of the American temper with the regard to religion, in such a speculation. Jonathan is of all men least credulous with regard to supernatural claims; most jealous of these claims when they assume civil authority. New sects spring up like mushrooms, it is true, but they grow out of the inherent desire of every man to throw off old yokes of creeds and find his own way to heaven. Mormonism is quoted as a significant hint of the power which a charlatan prophet can acquire; but it is a curious fact that, while the devout, blind believers of Joe Smith and Young are recruits from Norway and England, their American followers are, invariably, men who sought political power outside of the camps of civilization, or room to indulge greater freedom of thought or latitude of action.—*New York Tribune.*

UNEXPECTED TURN OF AFFAIRS AT A MURDER TRIAL.—The very extraordinary and brutal murder of Bachmann, at Jamestown, N. Y., last August, has not by any means passed from the public remembrance; garnished as it was with weird details of a lonely brewery, a desperate encounter between Bachmann and the brewer, Marlowe, the hewing up and casting into a furnace of Bachmann's body, and the curious and revolting discovery of remains in barrels and cellars. Accordingly, it is not surprising to learn that a great crowd was in attendance at the commencement of Marlowe's trial last Wednesday, and that the listeners were vastly excited by the very singular and unexpected turn taken by affairs at the outset; for the counsel for the accused frankly admitted that Bachmann had been murdered, not by Marlowe, but by Marlowe's mother-in-law, Julia Ortmann, who discovered Bachmann in the act of committing an outrage upon Mrs. Marlowe, and struck him with a hammer so forcibly that he fell to the ground and never rose again. Then the two women set about to bury him, and came to the conclusion that the best way to dispose of the body would be to put it in the furnace and burn it. So they carried it up stairs and thrust it head first into the fire upon the live coals. This evidence dumbfounded the prosecution, and after a summing up the court adjourned. The story of the old lady is not generally believed, many believing it a ruse to shield her son-in-law.

☞ Certain dandies of Bainbridge, Ga., affect chignons.

☞ Chicago chronicles a lady smoking a cigar at the window of a fashionable mansion.

☞ Mr. Downey died instantly, while at prayer, in a Chicago church.

☞ A new style of hair-pins are made to match the color of the hair, from bright red to brown and black.

☞ Joaquin Miller has light hair, a full beard, and a clear, restless blue eye.

☞ Miss M. Fletcher, of the Des Moines *Register*, is in the field with a lecture about "Men and their Whims."

MANHOOD

IN THE

YOUNG AND RISING GENERATION

The vegetative powers of life are strong, but in a few years how often the pallid hue, the lack-lustre eye and emanciated form, and the impossibility of application to mental effort, show their baneful influence. It soon becomes evident to the observer that some depressing influence is checking the development of the body. Consumption is talked of, and perhaps the youth is removed from school and sent into the country. This is one of the worst movements. Removed from ordinary diversions of the ever-changing scenes of the city, the powers of the body, too much enfeebled to give zest to healthful and rural exercise, thoughts are turned inwardly upon themselves.

If the patient be a female the approach of the menses is looked for with anxiety as the first symptom in which nature is to show her saving power in diffusing the circulation and visiting the check with the bloom of health. Alas! increase of appetite has grown by what it fed on. The energies of the system are prostrated, and the whole economy is deranged The beautiful and wonderful period in which body and mind undergo so fascinating a change from child to woman, is looked for in vain. The parent's heart bleeds in anxiety, and fancies the grave but waiting for its victim.

HELMBOLD'S

EXTRACT BUCHU

FOR WEAKNESS ARISING FROM EXCESSES OR EARLY INDISCRETION,

attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, General Weakness, Horror of Disease, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Dreadful Horror of Death, Night Sweats, Cold Feet, Wakefulness, Dimness of Vision, Languor, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Often Enormous Appetite with Dyspeptic Symptoms, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Pallid Countenance and Eruptions on the Face, Pain in the Back, Heaviness of the Eyelids, Frequently Black Spots Flying before the Eyes, with Temporary Suffusion and Loss of Sight, Want of Attention, Great Mobility, Restlessness, with Horror of Society. Nothing is more desirable to such patients than Solitude, and nothing they more dread, for fear of themselves; no no repose of manner, no earnestness, no speculation, but a hurried transition from one question to another.

THESE SYMPTOMS, IF ALLOWED TO GO ON—WHICH THIS MEDICINE INVARIABLY REMOVES—SOON FOLLOW LOSS OF POWER, FATUITY AND EPILEPTIC FITS, IN ONE OF WHICH THE PATIENT MAY EXPIRE.

During the superintendence of Dr. Wilson at the Bloomingdale Asylum, this sad result occurred to two patients. Reason had for a time left them, and both died of epilepsy. They were of both sexes, and about twenty years of age.

Who can say that these excesses are not frequently followed by those direful diseases, Insanity and Consumption? The records of the Insane Asylums, and the melancholy deaths by Consumption, bear ample witness to the truth of these assertions. In Lunatic Asylums the most melancholy exhibition appears. The countenance is actually sodden and quite destitute; neither mirth nor grief ever visits it. Should a sound of the voice occur it is rarely articulate.

"With woful measures wan despair
Low sullen sounds their grief beguiled."

While we regret the existence of the above diseases and symptoms, we are prepared to offer an invaluable gift of chemistry for the removal of the consequences.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

There is no tonic like it. It is an anchor of hope to the physician and patient. This is the testimony of all who have used or prescribed it.

Beware of counterfeits and those cheap decoctions called Buchu, most of which are prepared by self-styled doctors, from deleterious ingredients, and offered for sale at "less price" and "larger bottles," &c. They are unreliable and frequently injurious. *Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other.*

Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

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FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND BEAUTIFIER OF THE COMPLEXION,

Will radically exterminate from the system Scrofula, Syphilis, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Sore Legs, Sore Mou Sore Head, Bronchitis, Skin Diseases, Salt Rheum, Cankers, Ru nings from the Ear, White Swellings, Tumors, Cancerous Affections, Nodes, Rickets, Glandular Swellings, Night Sweats, Rash, Tetter, Humors of all Kinds, Chronic Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all diseases that have been established in the system for years.

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The Most Reliable Purgative and Cathartic Kown—Superseding Salts, Magnesia, etc.,

in Sick or Nervous Headache, Jaundice, Indigestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Liver Complaints, General Debility, etc. No nausea, no griping pains, but mild, pleasant and safe in operation.

They are purely vegetable, being composed of Catawba Grape Juice and Fluid Extrac Rhubarb.

Beware of those cheap patent pills, carelessly prepared by inexperienced persons, most of which contain either calomel, mercury or other deleterious drugs.

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"PIONEER LINE."

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jy29 General Superintendent, Willard's Hotel.

NEW EXPRESS LINE, VIA CANAL, BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA, ALEXANDRIA, VA., WASHINGTON AND GEORGETOWN, D. C.

Regular sailing day from 14 North Wharves Philadelphia, SATURDAY, at 12 m. From 63 Water street, Georgetown, WEDNESDAY, at 5 p. m. Freight received at any time. Apply to HYDE & TYLER, 63 Water street Georgetown, D. C.; M. ELDRIDGE & CO., Alexandria, Va.; WM. CLYDE & CO., 14 North Wharves Philadelphia. je8-tf

U. S. MAIL ROUTE TO NORFOLK.

Steamer Lady of the Lake, James Gray commanding, connecting at Norfolk with the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad for all parts of the South, and with the steamers of the M. & M. Transportation Company for Boston.

On and after Monday, May 1st, the Steamer LADY OF THE LAKE, carrying the United States mail, will leave her wharf, foot of 7th street, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4 p. m., for Norfolk. Returning leave Norfolk Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5 p. m. Stopping at Alexandria, Fort Washington, Glymont, Piney Point, Point Lookout and Fortress Monroe. For freight or passage apply on board, or to V. D. Groner, Norfolk, Va.; M. Eldridge & Co. Alexandria, Va.; J. G. Waters, Georgetown, D. C., or to DORSEY CLAGETT, General Agent, Cor. 13th street and New York avenue.

No freight received at 7th-street wharf after 2:30 p. m. First-class fare to Norfolk, $4; round trip, $6. Second-class fare to Norfolk, $3; round trip $5. ap29-ly

MERCHANT'S LINE OF STEAMSHIPS BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND NEW YORK.

Hereafter the Fine Steamships E. C. KNIGHT and JOHN GIBSON, will make regular weekly trips between NEW YORK, ALEXANDRIA, WASHINGTON and GEORGETOWN, as follows:—Leave NEW YORK from Pier 39, East River, every SATURDAY at 4 p. m. Leave GEORGETOWN every FRIDAY at 7 a. m., and ALEXANDRIA the same day at 12 m. For full information apply to R. P. A. DENHAM, Agent, office and wharf foot of High street, Georgetown, or at the corner of 17th street and New York avenue.
jell-tf J. W. THOMPSON, President.

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST LINE SOUTH, *via the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Line.*—Steamers leave Seventh street Wharf, twice daily, (Sunday p. m. excepted,) at 7 a. m. and 7 p. m. Office 609 Pennsylvania avenue. my17-tf

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The ALABAMA AND CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD, extending from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Meridian Miss., is completed, and forms, with its connections, THE SHORTEST ALL RAIL LINE from Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Lynchburg and Chattanooga to Meridian, Mobile, New Orleans, Jackson, Vicksburg, and all Southwestern cities.

The road-bed is in splendid condition, and the equipment perfect.

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Purchase Tickets via the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad, and secure the quickest time and most comforts.

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Mark, ship freight, and procure bills of lading via the A. & C. R. R.

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BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD

WASHINGTON, December 25, 1871.

Trains between WASHINGTON and BALTIMORE and WASHINGTON and the WEST are now run as follows, viz:

FOR BALTIMORE.

Leave daily, except Sunday, at 6:45, 8:00 and 9:25 a. m.; 12:45, 3:00, 4:10, 5:40, and 7:45 p. m.

FOR ALL WAY STATIONS.

Leave daily, except Sunday, at 6:45 and 9:25 a. m.; 4:10 and 7:45 p. m.

For Principal Way Stations, Bladensburg, Beltsville, Laurel, Annapolis Junction, and Relay, leave at 12:45, 3:00 and 7:45 p. m.; 3:00 p. m. stops at Jessup's. The 5:40 p. m. stops at Annapolis Junction and Relay only.

The 7:45 p. m. on Sunday stops as during the week.

FOR ANNAPOLIS

Leave at 6:45 a. m. and 4:10 p. m. No train to or from Annapolis on Sunday.

ON SUNDAY.

FOR BALTIMORE.

Leave at 8:00 a. m. and 3:00, 5:40 and 7:45 p. m.

FOR WAY STATIONS.

Leave at 8:00 a. m. and 3:00 and 7:45 p. m.

FOR ALL PARTS OF THE WEST.

Leave daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 6.45 a. m. and 3:00 and 7:45 p. m.

On Saturday at 6:45 and 7:45 p. m.

On Sunday at 3:00 and 7:45 p. m. only, connecting at Relay Station with trains from Baltimore to Wheeling, Parkersburg, Pittsburg, &c.

For Strasburg, and points between Relay House and Strasburg, leave at 3:00 p. m., connecting at Relay House with Strasburg and Winchester accommodation train.

Through tickets to the West can be had at the Washington Station Ticket Office at all hours in the day.

For New York, Philadelphia and Boston see advertisement of "Through Line."

J. L. WILSON, Master of Transportation.
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THROUGH LINE BETWEEN WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK.

WASHINGTON, June 2, 1870—noon.

Trains between WASHINGTON and NEW YORK are run as follows:

FOR NEW YORK, *without change of cars.*

Leave daily (except Sunday) at 8:00 a. m., 12:45 and 9:00 p. m.

FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leave daily (except Sunday) at 8:00 a. m., 12:45 and 5:40 p. m.

ON SUNDAY.

Leave for New York at 9:00 p. m., and Philadelphia at 5:40 p. m.

Sleeping cars for New York on 9 p. m. train only.

Through tickets to Philadelphia, New York or Boston can be had at the Station Office at all hours of the day.

For Baltimore and Ohio Railroad advertisement for schedule between Washington, Baltimore, Annapolis and the West.

J. L. WILSON, Master of Transportation.
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From his extensive practice in the great Hospitals of Europe and the first in this country, viz: England, France, Philadelphia and elsewhere, can offer the most certain, speedy and effectual remedy in the world for all

DISEASES OF IMPRUDENCE.

Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those terrible Disorders arising from Solitary Habits of Youth—SECRET and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the songs of the Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the Victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness, (Loss of Procreative Power—Impotency,) Nervous Excitability, Palpitation, Organic Weakness, Nervous Debility, or any other Disqualification, speedily removed.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately Cured, and Full Vigor Restored.

This distressing affection, which renders life miserable and marriage impossible, is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms of both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged, the physical and mental functions weakened, loss of procreative power, nervous irritability, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility and wasting of the frame, cough, consumption, decay and death.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders who keep them trifling month after month, taking poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately.

DR. JOHNSTON.

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate of one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by the early habits of youth, viz:—Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects of the mind are much to be dreaded. Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured, renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the pride of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects of enjoyment of life by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging a certain secret habit. Such persons must, before contemplating

MARRIAGE.

Reflect th sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view, the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another is blighted with our own.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame or dread of discovery deters him from applying to those who, from education or respectability can alone befriend him. He falls into the hands of ignorant and designing pretenders, who, incapable of curing, filch his pecuniary substance, keep him trifling month after month, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair leave him with ruined health to sigh over his galling disappointment; or, by the use of that deadly poison, Mercury, cause the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease to make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin-bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his dreadful suffering, by sending him to that undiscovered country "from whence no traveler returns."

To such, therefore, Dr. Johnston offers the most certain, speedy, pleasant and effectual remedy in the world.

OFFICE, 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET,

left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

☞ No letters received unless postpaid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age, and send a portion of advertisement describing symptoms.

The Doctor's DIPLOMA hangs in his office.

ENDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this establishment within the last twenty years, and the numerous important surgical operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the Sun and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED. oc24-ly

NOTICE.—That E. S. JUSTH, 619 D, between 6th and 7th streets N. W., sells custom-made SECOND-HAND CLOTHING at less than half the cost of ready-made new ones.

N. B.—SECOND-HAND CLOTHING of all kinds bought at fair (cash) prices. au8-ly