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Poetry.

MY LOVE.

My love is pale, but in her cheeks
Faint rosy flushes come and go,
That gather slightly when she speaks,
And sometimes deepen to a glow.
She seems most like a young white rose,
Within whose heart a blush is set,
Softly unfolding as it grows—
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Her eyes are blue—such sweet blue eyes!
Her white lids veil them from your sight;
But now and then a smile will rise,
And fill them suddenly with light;
And when she hears of some distress,
And on the lashes tears are wet,
They look with such pained tenderness—
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Across her brow in even braids
Is smoothly laid her glossy hair;
My love has need of no false aids,
Or tricks of dress, to make her fair.
She does not need from silken trains
A gorgeous dignity to get;
In her soft homely dress she reigns—
But ah, I have not found her yet!

She wins your heart a hundred ways—
Laying a light hand on your arm,
Showing in all she does and says
A native deferential charm.
Moving about with quiet grace;
Such little things you soon forget,
Although they steal your love apace—
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Her image in my heart I wear;
My love, my faith, are all her own;
I keep my life prepared for her
When she shall come and take her throne.
I dream of what the world will seem—
So much more bright—when we have met;
I wonder, is it all a dream?
But ah, I have not found her yet!

Selected Story.

HOW I WAS ENAMELED.

A Remarkable Confession for a Woman to Make.

From Moore's Rural New Yorker.

BY MARY A. WAGER.

I've kept the affair a profound secret for more than a year, partly to see if I could, and partly because I've no knack for story-telling. To tell a story, in a fascinating and profitable, (pecuniary) manner, the narrator must place the gist, or kernel, far enough away, so that distance will lend enchantment to the view, and approach the secret by a series of artistic and meandering paths.

So I know I never was born for a story-teller, as I like to have people walk straight into the heart of the matter at once; talk just as fast as they can, leaving out all superfluities, and never stopping to breathe until the secret is unfolded. After that they can enlarge upon details at their pleasure. But for this once, as I have such a thrilling and unique subject, and every word of half of it as true as you live. I'm going to make the most of it, and essay to narrate it in an artistic and professional manner, and thereby establish a reputation that will be utterly prejudiced to any and all other story-writers who make the Rural New Yorker their stage of action.

One rainy morning in the month of May, while dallying over mutton-chops and fried potatoes at the breakfast table in my boarding house, and glancing at intervals over the columns of the New York Herald, which was regularly served at my right for the benefit of my neighbor (a bachelor sea captain, who was as wicked as he was gallant), my eyes fell upon the following advertisement, which I read aloud:

"To the Ladies.—M. Binaud takes infinite delight in announcing to the ladies that, after great trouble and expense, he is prepared to use in the most charming manner the new French Enamel for beautifying the complexion. This preparation is purely vegetable, containing nothing deleterious to the skin, but *au contraire*, softens, beautifies and renders it brilliant and remarkable. M. Binaud also trims the eyebrows and eyelashes in a most artistic manner. Ladies may feel assured that all confidences will be regarded with sacred honor. Call upon or address
M. BINAUD, 5550 Broadway.

A respectful silence ensued after I finished. Then the hostess spoke: "It must be French enamel that makes women's faces I see on the street; they look so like china dolls."

"I think 'the Bloom of Youth' imparts that complexion," was announced by a somewhat passive lady, who tried to speak unconsciously. Perhaps I should'nt have noted the consciousness, if Dinah hadn't left her coal scuttle standing in the hall one morning with a refuse bottle in it.

"Now that the advertisement has been circulated at table, I suppose we shall soon have an ocular demonstration of its beautifying effects," was the captain's comment, as he embraced his huge moustache with his napkin.

"Possibly, I have been told that barbers and hair-dressers tempt their patrons with bottled beauty, and that men, in addition to having hair and moustaches artistically trimmed, emerge divinely radiant, and utterly without wrinkle or blemish on their manly faces," parried a bright girl down the table.

"Mademoiselle be sarcastique," bowed a Frenchman opposite. "In Paris ze ladies be enameled for six months or a year. Indeed, we hardly know what ze true skeen may be."

"It is wearing a mask indeed," vouchsafed the captain. "Such a very comfortable feeling must be produced by having the skin held in restriction by the repeated layers of plaster of Paris! But I suppose comfort or even cleanliness, is at a discount with a woman if she is on the alert for beauty. I speak truth do I not?" addressing his last remark to me.

"If suppose you can," I replied, "although I don't endorse all this talk about white-washed faces. But this advertisement not only intimates and suggests, but really confirms suspicions I have secretly harbored against women. I would so much like to know if such advertising charlatans are patronized by respectable women!"

"I haven't a doubt of it," blurted out Anaximander, over the top of his Sun. He had a way of saying things that settled all further questioning with timid people. But I was not settled so easily, and if inwardly convinced, would not have succumbed after hearing his remark. Some people, you know, cause us to run up the flag of negation without our knowing why. If we analyze the feeling, we sometimes find it is because they have such an egotistic assurance of always being right in their judgments and indifferences; and you feel willing to spite yourself considerably in order to put a discount upon their assertions.

"You can easily satisfy yourself," he continued in that dreadfully assured manner of his, "by calling at the establishment."

"Oh! but I couldn't do that! I should want to be muffled and masked and go in a close carriage and after dark at that," upon which I left the table, and the matter was never again referred to, and like the multitude of daily events that ripple the present surface, was forgotten and out of my mind by the next morning.

It might have been a week later; at all events it was nearly June, and I was sauntering along Broadway. It was hot, and I was tired and oppressed with the languor of the spring days, and with that sort of sluggish nervousness that succeeds overwork, when I would have given my best dress to have fallen straight into an easy chair and have Mercy run her fingers through my hair and brush and comb and cool the tangled, heated, and largely curling heap of it, that she called it yellow, but which the boys said was "nothing; only tow." But Mercy was up in Maine, where it was cold and where she might that very moment have dipped her fingers in snow to cool my eye lids, had I been there.

"*Hair dressing in all its branches.*"
"*Ladies hair dressing a speciality.*"

I made a decision at once and followed it into the establishment. I didn't expect to find Mercy's cool fingers or sympathetic restful touches; but I was not so squeamish as to be miserable with even a great man pawing over my head, as the delight of having my hair dressed is the chiefest of sensuous enjoyment. I mention this, because it is an undisputed fact that people so constituted possess an angelic disposition; and as it is the only evidence I have of being angelic, of course I am to be pardoned for keeping it fresh in my mind.

It was a lazy time with the establishment, evidently, for one lady only was present and she was being finished off in a little side room by the "artistic" member of the staff, who was a keen eyed, handsome, middle-aged fellow and had the social and persuasive traits well developed, according to Fowler and Wells.

After seating myself in the "tonsorial" chair, the "artistic" member looked me over and gave the attending barber some directions how to proceed and arrange the hair, and occasionally looked in upon the work to see how it progressed. After the hair was dressed, I was shown into the "finishing" room, where the "artist" inspected the work and remedied any defects that offended his taste. After pronouncing the hair "splendid," the color "charming," and the effect of its arrangement so "lovely," and betraying by his accent a French brogue, he looked in my face in a most admiring manner, and said, in a low tone:

"Mademoiselle, may I tell you *what I should so much like to do?*"

"Like to do!" I hadn't the vaguest idea what the fellow meant or wanted. I didn't know whether to feel insulted and resent the affront, by taking French leave, or annihilating him with a volley of words and looks. Was he about to propose marriage or murder, or strike a bargain for my hair? My mind touched on a dozen things, but caught at nothing.

"It would make you look so lovely," he continued, "with your purple eyes and yellow hair; everybody on Broadway would turn to look at you. You would have a dozen admirers seeking your smiles before the end of the day."

"What do you mean, sir? I don't want people to stare at me, nor have a crowd of witless admirers," I had the grace given me to say.

"I mean just this, mademoiselle:—I have a harmless preparation which upon being applied to the face——"

At this moment my eyes encountered a gilded placard quite opposite me with "French enamel, as used by the ladies of the French Court, for sale here. M. Binaud," and in astonishment I interrupted him with:

"And you are M. Binaud? and do you enamel women's faces, and trim their eye brows, and lashes? and is this 5550 Broadway?"

"Yes, miss. A great many ladies come here to be enameled, and sometimes their husbands come with them."

"But, doesn't it ruin the complexion?"

"No, it improves it, and makes an old person look very young. Your face would not need much, but where there are wrinkles and ridges to fill up and make smooth, it requires much more. You do not use cosmetics, I observe, but I could improve you so much; give your eyes a peculiar brilliancy by darkening the eyelids, making the lashes look heavier, and darkening and arching the eyebrows." Then, as if observing my want of faith, he continued: "You could be enameled for only a day, and see how you like it, miss. Do you go out this evening?"

"Yes, I shall attend an Art Reception for an hour or so. How much do you charge for performing such magical results?"

"There are my charges," and he handed me a printed circular, and I read: "For once enameling, five dollars; for six months one hundred dollars; for one year one hundred and seventy-five dollars."

Here, without any preconcerted action on my part, the knowledge I had been anxious to obtain was drifting upon me, but could I afford, financially or morally, to give five dollars for something at once so antagonistic to my principles, as well as useless? I decided no, said so, and arose to go. The artist detained me with—

"I am sorry, Miss, you think you cannot afford it, when it would make you look so very distingue. May I ask what Mademoisselle does with her time?"

"Yes; I've spent part of it in idle talk here with you. I may spend to-morrow in writing something for newspapers."

"Oh, you are what is sometimes called a blue stocking, then, and you write."

"Do you know the lady on the Triumph who writes of fashion and other things so charmingly? I enameled her face the other day, and she was so elegant! She is agent, too, for the preparation, and makes a fine profit. She recommends it to her fashion readers. Couldn't you do so, too, Miss?" he insinuated.

"I couldn't recommend anything I know nothing about," I answered, feeling dreadfully uncomfortable under his talk, but enduring it all for the sake of the gossip that would leak out.

"Now Miss, I tell you what I will do. You interest me so very much, and I should so much like to see the effect, that I will enamel your face and prepare your eyes for nothing. It will take but a few moments. Sit down in this chair."

I sat down—perfectly astonished at my self—to be enameled, in broad day light with neither veil, mask or carriage to hide my head in, and with plenty of people to see that afternoon.

The artist laid my hair smoothly back from my face, rubbed off the surface with a soft flannel cloth, and was about to use a pair of scissors on my eyelashes and eye brows.

"No sir! you shall do nothing that I cannot undo the next minute, if I like. The metamorphosis shall only be of the most temporary character," I exclaimed earnestly.

"As you wish, Miss; but you are the loser," and he proceeded. A sponge was saturated with the liquid enamel, and a coating applied to my face, care being taken to apply it well about the nose, chin and eyes. He then proceeded to fan me, as a drying process. After being dried, he applied a white powder which he carefully rubbed on, with the same care as the liquid. With a black pigment he deepened the color of the eyebrows, and with a very narrow brush dipped in black, made a row of tiny dots around the edge of the under eyelid, and was it belladonna he dropped in the faintest bit? For the pink tinge on the cheeks and lips, it might have been scented carmine. After repeated finishing touches, and critical viewing, he handed me a small mirror with the exultant exclamation, "Now just look at yourself."

I was obliged to confess that the artist had done himself great credit in transforming an ugly thing into one of apparent beauty; and it gave him courage to make a further proposition, which was, that for $10 he would give me all the necessary preparations for "putting up" my face for ten years, an offer, of course, which he could not make another woman in the world!

I declined the offer with thanks. I knew by illustration the potent power that surrounds temptation done up in bottles. I had rather spend ten dollars for carriage hire out on the Bloomingdale road. I put on my hat and passed out on Broadway. I walked rapidly to get away from that immediate neighborhood, and walked straight into Anaximander's arms. The collision brought us both to our senses. He has a habit of always looking at the end of his nose when he walks. I suppose he fancies that it gives him a thoughtful air, and I think it does.

"Why, bless you, child! What are you doing away up here this hot day? And you are as white as a ghost with flushed cheeks, and your eyes are fire! What—"

"Oh, isn't it enough to make the blood leave my face and curdle in spots, to run right into a man, and that man you? But I'm in an awful hurry. Good bye," and I sped away to prevent any lasting impression being taken.

Impudent starers as New Yorkers are, they seemed to have grown in the art within a day. The men would half turn around for a second look, and then giggle in a way which didn't signify much pro nor con. The women eyed me in their sidelong careful way, and would nudge each other to look. I must have felt very much as the cat did with the canister tied to its tail. I had not gone far before I met Charles Hoyt, an artist, who had once made a sketch of me for my hair.

"Indeed, Miss Vance," he exclaimed enthusiastically after the first greeting was over, "this hot weather must agree with you. You are looking actually charming. Have you been falling in love? I've heard say that calamity has a wonderfully beautifying effect." And all the time he was looking straight into my eyes, and how could he help seeing the blackened lids, and guess out the rest? I felt like confessing on the spot, and telling him I was not myself, but a painted, enameled humbug, my face a mask, my eyes a touch of black pigment around pansies, made brilliant with a drop of belladonna, and my yellow hair a borrowed wig! But I didn't confess; and after getting away from his ardent gaze, hailed the first coach that was wheeling homeward, feeling that the security of a Broadway omnibus would be grateful. It was five o'clock and business men were going home, and the coach was nearly full of them, I looked at nobody, until I wanted some one to hand up my fare. When two or three gentlemen extended their courtesy, I mechanically accepted that of the one opposite me, and looked in his eyes to thank him. His face was a very comfortable one, sound and hearty, and rollicking fun brimmed over in his eyes. Human faces have a fascination for me that even ugliness cannot destroy, and I often find myself studying a face with a steady intensity that is not only ill-mannered but ignorantly rude. But during this ride I had no such opportunity, for, look where I might, a battery of eyes was making close work with my own head and face, and, conscious of the cause. I was humiliated into internal maledictions and vowed self-destruction if ever again I was guilty of being so tricked out. A passenger in the end of the seat next the door read a newspaper by spasms, and I took refuge in looking at him. His face was of that exceedingly rare type—one that never fails to interest me beyond all others, suggesting more than its surface reveals. His dress was jaunty and careless enough to suit a poet, and his eyes, nose and mouth indicated strength and shrewdness enough for the best business man in Chicago. In brief, if any one at my elbow had asked me how I liked that man in the corner, I should have answered without hesitation, I like him. He isn't one to hang his heart, his brain, or his profession, out of the window.

Looking at him I half forgot my enameled face, until straight in my eyes he turned his own, and by some legerdemain of phychology, held my gaze like a mesmerizer. The spell was broken by the entrance of another passenger, who sat down next to me. I kept my eyes to myself the rest of the ride, and when I arose to leave the coach there was a breeze of destruction, for the gentleman who last entered had sat on the trimming of my sacque, and as I arose nearly a yard of guipure lace was torn and detached. Of course he was "very sorry," and I'm very sure I was; but the gentleman in the corner got out too, helped me to alight, handed me his newspaper, and resumed his seat in the 'bus.

There seemed to be no end of adventures that afternoon, and the gift of the newspaper was quite as odd as any. It meant something, I knew, and nothing good I felt, for I had on an enameled face.

With a night key I let myself in, and once reaching my room went straight to the mirror to view myself. I remained in statu quo, just as I left M. Binaud's, fair as a lily and as delicately fresh looking as a wild rose. The loveliness of enamel is something not to be conveyed by words, nor is the hideousness its use produces.

I took up the newspaper and pencil writing on the margin arrested my eyes and my pulses. "*Be at the Art Reception to-night; 'twill avail you much.*"

It was either romantic or disreputable, or both. It was almost as bad as being found in the Herald's personals. But I was human enough, and foolish enough to be thoroughly interested. But what would Anaximander say if he knew it? He had a few grey hairs about his temples, and so exercised the self-conceded right to give me gratuitous advice, and had announced in his peculiar way that he should take me with him to the reception, and of course I must go, that Broadway omnibus villain to the contrary, notwithstanding.

In the course of the enameling process, the artist had remarked, "If you are in a boarding house it would be well for you to go away for a day or two, in case you were going to be heavily enameled. The improvement in looks might then be attributable to other circumstances." I saw the point, and so ordered my tea sent up, and saw no one until Anaximander sent for me. He eyed me critically, as usual.

"You are transfigured to-night, somehow! else I don't see clearly. Is it you, indeed, or have you shed your outer self, as a snake does, and now appear in your spiritual body?" he said, warmly.

"If I've lost anything, there seems to be a gain, temporary at least. But you shouldn't make personal comments. My transfiguration is undoubtedly a reflection from you—a remnant of what I caught when I rushed against you on Broadway," was my quiet reply.

The crowd was a crush, and the band was crushing Offenbach's music, while in the midst of it we found a temporary retreat in a niche by a statue and watched the promenaders, who followed in the crowd round and round, in the usual automatic, sheep-and-bar manner. A sense of presence rather than of touch caused me to look around. My "newspaper" man stood near me, in the uniform of the U. S. A., as calm and self-possessed as if nothing had occurred.

"I beg your pardon, sir," (he was addressing Anaximander,) "but I would like a few moments conversation with you."

My heart jumped into my throat and thumped there the brief time the two men talked. The murder was surely coming out, and what would Anaximander say? I felt like running away, getting rid of myself, of them all. Anaximander turned half fiercely at me, and I must have fainted, although I never did, really; but I felt very curious and insecure, and half on earth and half in Heaven like; and these seemed to be a door and some one knocking, and I thought it must be Death, and felt so cold, and couldn't say come in; but he came in all the same, and handed me a card, and said, "What shall I tell him?" And then it grinned and reckoned I'd been asleep, and said my fire was low, and that the "offisah" down stairs was "mighty fine lookin'," and after a long breath or two, I began to understand that I'd been dreaming, and wasn't enameled at all, but thought it a strange coincidence that the card Dinah brought should have been that of my cousin, Captain Vance, of the Regulars.

The reason of my writing this was the result of my seeing my enameled counterpart on Broadway to-day. She had pale yellow hair, violet velvety eyes, and was enameled so beautifully that I stood still to admire the excellence of the art. She stood on a corner talking with a gentleman, and all the passing throng turned to look at her and nudge each other, just as they did because of me in my dream; and I drew a sigh of relief that I had neither yellow hair or violet eyes.

If you don't like the ending of my story you can leave off where I felt so faint at the Art Reception, and have the handsome man in uniform catch me before I tell, and how he turned out to be a full General, with a foreign appointment, and that I staid enameled forever, and wore satin dresses, with immense trails; and that he, like all dutiful husbands, carried it on his arm, when the crowd at Art Receptions and military balls made it advisable, just as a man did at the last Seventh Regiment promenade.

A visitor from down east went to Storm Lake a few days ago, to feast his delighted vision on a farm which he had recently purchased in that vicinity—having paid $4.60 per acre for the whole of sec. 10, in township 90 north, range 27 west. He found that the soil was very rich, but needed draining, the section being in the center of the lake, and seven feet under water at the shallowest corner. In winter it is said to be an ice farm.

George B. Cary, under sentence of death for murder in the Onondaga county (N. Y.) jail, writes to his brother an affecting letter, in which he says: "Be good to my mother and sister and little brother, and do good to all, and I don't want you to play cards. Do not play if any one asks you to. Tell them that your brother came to his death by cards and drinking."

—Gen. Trochu is very popular in Paris.

The Mad Woman of Bazeilles--A Shocking War Scene.

Hermann Vogt writes to a Frankfort journal a description of a fearful scene which he witnessed at Bazeilles:

"I was the first person to appear after the storm of battle had passed further away. Dead and wounded lay piled indiscriminately together. Hundreds of dying eyes looked at me imploringly. I was seized with shuddering; I sought to go away. Too terrible was the scene, and yet what was it compared with the barbarity which I had directly after to witness! A wild cry, more like that of an animal than of a human being, rang in my ears. I looked towards the place whence the sound came, and saw a peasant dragging a wounded Bavarian, who was lying on the ground, towards a burning house. A woman was so far aiding that she continued kicking the poor creature in the side with her heavy shoes. The heart-rending cry of the wretched man had drawn three of his comrades to the spot. "Shoot her down; no, hang her." Two shots rang out, the peasant dropped. The Megæra laughed, and before the soldier had gone three steps forward she stood once more beside her victim. The woman must be mad. One blow cleft her skull. "Hang her up; into the fire with the brute." While the soldiers gave vent to their evidently outraged feelings I stooped down to the ill-used soldier. He was dead. His last breath had passed with his cry for help. He was a fine, powerful young fellow. Well was it for his loved ones that they had not heard the last cry of agony of their son or their brother. I shall never forget his cry. It will haunt me while I live.

"I had but just quitted this scene of cruelty, when a new horror encountered me. From a house close behind me came the reports in quick succession of two shots. I turned and saw a krankentrager, in the exercise of his duty, fall convulsively to the ground. The wounded man he is carrying rolls with him in the dust. From that house proceeded the shots—five, six Bavarians force a way in, the door breaks under the blows of their butt-ends. But the soldiers stood as if stunned. On the threshold appears, armed with double-barreled gun, a tall woman; she may be fifty years old, dishevelled gray hairs fall around a fine—yes, a noble face. As she regards the soldiers her features are distorted, she laughs wildly, the laugh of this woman is a fearful thing. '*Vous etes une bete*, calls out a doctor hurrying by. Her laugh is silenced, a torrent of tears gushes down her face, she exclaims softly, but in a tone of heart-rending pain: '*Non, je suis epouse, je suis mere! Vous avez assassine mon mari; vous avez assassine mes deux fils. Tuez moi aussi! Je vous en remerceirai. Si vous ne tuez pas, c'est moi qui vous tuerari.*'

"With the last words the old wrath returns. She again raises the gun. The soldiers have not understood her. They seek to avenge their comrade and to protect themselves. The doctor stands shuddering, like myself. Before we can say a word the unhappy woman falls, struck by two bullets in the breast. 'Let her die in quiet,' calls out the doctor to the men, who seem not yet to have satisfied their revenge, 'she has lost her husband and her two sons.' That makes an impression on the soldiers; silently they turn away.

"I turn back with the doctor. We stoop down to the poor woman. Her wounds are fatal. The woman regards us wildly. I take her hand, and involuntarily my lips utter *pauvre femme*. The words seem to have pleased her; she feels they come from the heart Her eyes grow dim, and as she clasped my hand firmly her bosom heaves a last sigh."

Admixture of Races in South America.

Nowhere, perhaps, says Prof. Agassiz, is the physical and moral deterioration of pure races so clearly shown as in Brazil. The hybrid between the Indian and the negro, called cafuzo, has none of the delicacy of the mulatto; his complexion is dark, his hair long, wavy and curling and his character, instead of being confiding, but indolent is described by Agassiz as exhibiting a happy combination between the jolly disposition of the negro and the energetic, enduring powers of the Indian. The hybrid between the white and half-breed is called mameluco, and is described as being pallid, effeminate, feeble, lazy and rather obstinate, the Indian influence having apparently obliterated the higher characteristics of the white, without imparting its own energies to the offspring. Noticeable exceptions to this picture may be found in the half-breeds of the semi-civilized communities of our Southern Indians. It is very remarkable that the Indian, crossing with either a negro or a white, makes a deeper impress on his progeny than the other races, and, in accordance with this fact, it is observed that, in further crossings, the pure Indian characteristics are resumed and those of the other races thrown off. "Let any one," says Professor Agassiz, "who doubts the evil of the mixture of races, and is inclined, from a mistaken philanthropy to break down all barriers between them, visit Brazil."

A Country Without Greenbacks.

The Overland Monthly tells how the Mormons manage to get along without greenbacks:

Hundreds of farmers, living in reasonably comfortable circumstances, and having large families to clothe and educate, will not see a dollar in money for years. Such a farmer wishes to purchase a pair of shoes for his wife. He consults the shoemaker, who avers his willingness to furnish the same for one load of wood. He has no wood, but sells a calf for a quantity of *adobes*, the *adobes* for an order on the merchant, payable in goods, and the order for a load of wood, and straightway the matron is shod. Seven watermelons purchased a ticket of admission to the theatre. He pays for the tuition of his children seventy-five cabbages per quarter. The dressmaker receives for her services four squashes per day. He settles his church dues in sorghum molasses. Two loads of pumpkins pay his annual subscription to the newspaper. He buys a "Treaties on Celesial Marriage" for a load of gravel, and a bottle of soothing sirup for the baby for a bushel of string beans. In this primitive method, until the advent of the railroad, nine-tenths of the business of the Territory was conducted. And even now in the more remote settlements, a majority of all transactions are of this character.

Married in Fun—A Serious Matter Settled.—In the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, in session at Trenton, a few days ago, Chancellor Zabriskie rendered a decision in the case of Virginia McClurg vs. Benjamin F. Terry et al., one of the most remarkable cases that has ever come before the court. Miss McClurg brought suit to have a marriage, which had been performed by a Justice of the Peace, set aside by the court. The allegation was that the two parties to the suit met at a social gathering, and, for the amusement of the company, were married by a Justice of the Peace who happened to be present. Afterward the defendant and his family insisted upon the legality of the marriage, and the Justice, upon being questioned, did not know whether the parties whom he had joined in wedlock were in earnest or not. The case having come into Chancery, Chancellor Zabriskie decided that a marriage, to be valid, must be agreed upon by both parties, and he therefore declared the marriage null and void.

The Best and Original Tonic of Iron, Phosphorus and Calisaya, known as Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark. The iron restores color to the blood, the Phosphorus renews waste of the nerve tissue, and the Calisaya gives a natural, healthful tone to the digestive organs, thereby curing Dyspepsia in its various forms, Wakefulness, General Debility, and Depression of Spirits. Manufactured only by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., successors to Caswell, Mack & Co., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Albany is to have a 500-acre park.

The Siamese Twins Outdone—Extraordinary Freak of Nature.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.

Delaware, Ohio, Oct. 17.—Our community is much excited over a freak of nature in the production of a double baby. The Siamese Twins are completely overshadowed by this infant wonder. There is living in Peru township, Morrow county, a family named Finley. Up to last Wednesday morning it consisted of Mr. Joseph Finley, his wife Mary, and two children, little girls, aged 3 and 5 years. On that morning Mrs. Finley was confined and gave birth to twins, joined together in a manner unknown to the books. When the gossips brought the news of the event to our city, and gave descriptions of the child, or rather children, it was laughed at by the professional and pronounced a good hoax. A gentleman living in the vicinity of the Finley home called on one of our physicians and assured him that there was no exaggeration in the description, as he had seen the wonder. Convinced that there was something in the case, a party of gentlemen, consisting of Drs. J. A. Little and T. B. Williams, W. O. Seamens, Professor of Natural History and Chemistry in the Ohio Wesleyan University, and S. K. Donavan, on the 16th inst., visited the family. Before reaching the Finley farm the party called on Dr. A. E. Westbrook, of Ashley, who had been called to attend the mother, and learned from him that half had not been told. Dr. Westbrook accompanied the party. An hour's drive brought them to the place.

On going to the gate leading to the yard, a written notice was discovered announcing that visitors would not be admitted. This did not deter the party. They immediately entered the yard, and on reaching the front door of the dwelling, they were met by Mr. Finley (the father) and a gentleman who appeared to be acting as his aide-de camp, who informed the party that they could be admitted to see the show on the payment of twent-five cents each. The Professor promptly forked over, and the party stepped in. In a few minutes the nurse made her appearance with the wonder. A double child was exhibited. Two perfectly formed heads, one on either side of the spinal column.

To give a clear idea of it, just suppose that you sever the bodies of two men at the lower part of the abdomen and then put the two upper parts together, and you have the trunk of this child. At the instance of Drs. Williams and Little, the clothing was taken from it, and a critical examination was made, so far as could be without doing injury. From the occiput of one child to the occiput of the other, there is a continuous spine, in a direct line. Upon one side, and directly in the center of the trunk, were perfectly developed hips, thighs, legs and feet. They are in nice proportion to the body of either child. On the opposite side there is one large, imperfectly formed leg, presenting the appearance of the consolidation of two legs. There are eight toes on this limb, two of which have the appearance of great toes, being much larger than the others. Each has a well-formed head, good features, good chest, good arms and hands, lung, heart, liver and stomach. Between the perfectly formed limbs, and properly situated, are the anus and sexual organ in common. The lower portion of the bowels, the bladder, and perhaps the kidneys, are in common. All the other organs are separate.

There was but one umbilical cord and one placenta. The length of the body is twenty inches, and the umbilicus is central in the abdomen, and equi-distant from each head. It nurses well at both ends, and, when first exhibited to the party, one child was asleep and the other crying. while the physicians were making their examination, both cried, but, a few moments after, the one which was crying first went to sleep, while the other remained awake. When either head would cry, the perfect leg which was nearest the head kicked and drew up, while the leg nearest the other head remained quiet. When either cried, the toes on the imperfect foot would move, but the limb remained stationary. Both heads nurse well, and the child, or rather children, are in excellent health. The physicians could see no reason why it, or they, should not live. The mother is doing well.

Mr. Finley is alive to the importance and value of this addition to his family. He is now charging gate money, and he informed the writer that he had already entered into an article of agreement with a gentleman for the sale of the body, if it should die. Price fixed is $10,000. Negotiations are in progress for the exhibition if it lives. He is convinced that there is money in it, dead or alive, but thinks there is most in the latter condition. He says that he is conscious of the fact that he "is an unarmed man, but has sense enough not to be fooled out of it."

A Nut that Burglars Cannot Crack.

The London correspondent of the Boston Commonwealth narrates the following:

A stranger in Threadneedle street, standing in the narrow thoroughfare, shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, would have his curiosity aroused by the number of well dressed men whom he would see entering a silversmith's shop, and in a few minutes reappearing with small Japan boxes under their arms. If by further chance it so happened he was at the same spot between five and six o'clock in the evening, he would probably observe the same young men return to deposit the same Japan boxes on the counter of the same shop. The explanation is siple—the boxes, which contain the unbanked securities and cash of merchants and brokers, are locked up for the night in the silversmith's strong room, built in an excavation of sand rock far below the surface of the street, and upon which falls, when closed up for the night, a considerable flow of water. The merchants and brokers pay a rent for the use of this secure depository; and, acting no doubt upon this idea, a Mr. Streeter, an extensive jeweler, intends to give the wealthy possessors of costly jewels the opportunity of using his "Chatwood safe," with its hydro-pneumatic envelope and patent water level guage. This safe stands on the floor of his shop, and is open to daylight. It rests upon a foundation of many details, and of sufficient solidity to support more than ten times sixty tons, the weight of the safe itself, which is encased in concrete, embedded in which is a water chamber connected with an apparatus and air tubes to give timely warning of sinister assaults. Besides this security, the safe is burglar-proof, engineer-proof, gun-powder-proof, chemical-proof, miner-proof, and expert-proof. It cannot be fused, melted, wedged, or bored, nor can the lock of the door, which weighs six tons, be picked or tampered with by the most skilful manipulator without bringing down on himself a detector. The key consists of four parts, each in the possession of different persons, so that danger is averted in that direction; while, supposing that the whole key be lost, the wards of the lock admit of no fewer than two thousand variations, and a new key could be made that would render the old one perfectly useless. Granting, however, the possibility of successfully breaking into the safe, it would require sixty hours to accomplish the feat; and, as before stated, the first blow, nay the merest scratch of the operator, would at once be shown by the index of a patent water-guage lever. The inventor is relieved of a good deal of anxiety in the protection the safe affords for his own valuable stock, and already many wealthy clients have secured space in it for the safe keeping of their jewels and title deeds.

A correspondent of the Western Rural says the short-horned bull Baron Booth, owned in Illinois, weighs between 2,400 and 2,500 pounds at three years of age His girth is 8 feet, 5 inches; height 5 feet, 5¼ inches.

—The English yacht Cambria sailed from New York for the West Indies on Friday.

CURRENT PARAGRAPHS.

Miscellaneous Items.

It is estimated that there have been 700,000 visitors at five watering-places this summer.

"Give me some headache and a family fight" is the Ohio call for a glass of whisky and bitters.

All that Philadelphia wants to make her happy during the coming winter is a first-class circus.

A Cincinnati inebriate is said to have been homœopathically cured of drinking by seeing spirits.

An Indianian wants a divorce beause his wife won't give him money enough to live on.

The dunkards are about to establish a college at Bourbon, Marshall county, Indiana.

One foundlings' home in New York city has received 1,300 babies during the last year.

A man has been sentenced to imprisonment for life in Ohio, for placing obstructions on a railway track.

The manufacturers of Newark propose to institute a course of lectures for their employees this winter.

New Orleans is beginning to receive her new crop of molasses ten days earlier than last season.

The first colored boy who entered the high school of Portland is now a state senator in Texas.

During 1869 there were sold by twelve manufacturing companies in this country 320,669 sewing machines.

The residence clause of the Illinois constitution is said to disfranchise a large number of Methodist preachers.

Sixty members of an educational institute in Maine, recently spelled caterpillar 17 different ways.

The Rochester Democrat thinks it is becoming a serious question whether the roughs own that city or not.

Another happy Denverian has found another gold brick. He sings, with great gusto, "My days of happiness are ore."

A Missouri paper sagaciously remarks that "St. Louis will now take rank as one of the fourth cities of the Union."

A Prussien hussar officer has sent home an account of the battle of Sedan written in ancient Sanscrit.

Bavaria has sent to the army a battery of new mitrailleuses of Bavarian invention, It fires 350 bullets per minute.

The Erie railroad extension, from Buffalo to Suspension Bridge, will be finished by the middle of November.

England, it is said, is ready to supply any deficiencies in the American glove market caused by the European war.

Of the 3,000 employees in the treasury building at Washington about 1,100 are women, several of whom hold first-class clerkships.

In San Francisco, Cal., recently, an apothecary was mobbed by a crowd of indignant Chinamen for selling them molasses for opium.

Passengers and baggage from New Orleans to Houston, Texas, are quarantined for twenty-five days, by whatever route they arrive.

The words "To Let" are now seen on many buildings in New York. The supply is greater than the demand.

The number of Americans in Paris is less at the present time than it has been for many years.

There are said to be more Irish born citizens in New York, according to the census, than in Dublin.

The organizers of the barricades in Paris, "among other means of defence, have prepared petroleum pumps."

The Prison Reform Congress, at Cincinnati, have agreed to form a national association and call an international convention.

A society has been organized at Baltimore for the protection of wild fowl on the rivers of Maryland from wholesale slaughter.

The squares and pleasure grounds of Paris, have been planted with cabbages and cauliflowers, for the use of the inhabitants.

A contemporary, evidently overcome by the aurora, says that on Friday night last "the lambent pastimes of boreal corruscations" were realized in full.

In searching for gold, much depends upon whether the right measures are taken to find it. Quartz can be relied on as serviceable, but pints will always fail.

The plum trees in some parts of the Middle States are reported to be in full bloom, having mistaken the recent rains and pleasant weather for early spring.

"How many feet long was the snake?" asked a person of a traveler who had just related a story of the encounter of a boa constrictor killed by him. "One hundred and ninety-two inches," was the reply; "snakes have no feet."

A Pennsylvania editor having stated in a paragraph that there was a man in the place who had been drunk for 35 years, was called upon by 20 different persons, who demanded a retraction, each visitor insisting that the item was a personal attack.

The passes of the Andes have been surveyed with reference to the construction of a railroad between the Argentine Republic and Chili. A practicable route has been found, over which it is estimated that a road may be built at a cost of $32,000,000.

An Irishman strongly prejudiced in favor of the French almost broke his neck, the other day, at Albany, N. Y., by jumping from the scaffolding of a Catholic church, where he was employed as a laborer, as soon as he heard that it was owned by the Germans.

A widower of New Haven, who happened to marry a second time without consulting the wishes of a daughter, on attempting to introduce his bride into the family mansion a few nights since. was set upon with sticks and stones and compelled to fly for his life.

"John," said a poverty-stricken man to his son, "I've made my will to-day."—"Ah!" replied John, "you were liberal to me, no doubt" "Yes, John; I came down handsome, I've willed you the whose State of Virginia—to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better."

A clergyman last summer visited the celebrated Hoosac tunnel, and encountered a sprightly Irishman, who, in reply to the question. "Do you think this work will pay?" promptly replied; "Faith no; but then it will be a great ornament to society."

The people of Versailles were greatly alarmed at the official report of the captures made at Soissons, just made public. Ninety-nine officers and 4,633 rank and file surrendered. Besides these 128 guns of all kinds, 70,500 bombs, 120 tons gunpowder, and a military chest containing 92,000 francs, fell into the hands of the Germans.

An association called the Ulster land occupiers' association. was started at Belfast, Ireland, lately. The various tenant-right societies throughout the province are to be affiliated with the Ulster land occupiers' association, the principal of which is the defence of its members in all legal proceedings upon the part of landlords. Mutual support in defence of the ancient Ulster tenant-right customs is one of the chief aims which the association has in view.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Steaming Food for Stock.

The great and growing importance of strict economy in the feeding of stock, and the great advantage of cooked food for the use of stock, has, for a long time, attracted the attention of the practical, as well as scientific men of our time. It is now proven by experiments made in this and the old country, that there is an enormous saving made by cooking food. One gentleman, in New Jersey, says that while it costs him 12½ cents per pound to make pork by feeding raw feed, it only costs 4¾ cents per pound with the use of cooked food. The late Prof. Mapes said that 18 pounds of cooked corn is equal to 50 pounds of raw corn for hog feed, while for cattle, dry corn stalks, when thoroughly cooked, are equal to green stalks from the field. In view of the facts—facts, observe, not theories—but facts, the result of experiments made by practical men in their ordinary business of feeding stock, show the great importance of steaming food for their use.

Mr. J. Wilkinson, a prominent agriculturist of Maryland, in writing upon the subject of steaming food, says a great advantage arising from steaming all the food for stock, in which there are liable to be seeds of any description, is that the vicinity of such seeds is destroyed and the manure is freed from all noxious weed seed; a matter of much greater importance than it is considered by culturists generally.

The chaff of our grain crops, which contains most of the foul seed gathered with the crops, should be steamed to destroy the vitality of the seed, ere it goes into the manure heap. If not steamed before it is restored to the land, it would be better to burn it, rather than take such an amount of foul seeds back on the land.

Why is it that the practice of feeding stock with steamed food is not more general among our farmers? Simply because heretofore the expense of cooking has been so great that it, in a measure, balanced the gain in the food; and the prevailing opinion among farmers that steam generators, are dangerous, troublesome and expensive, and so complicated that one unaccustomed to their use would be unable to manage them with safety and profit. Hitherto there has been just grounds on which to base such opinions; but of late, science, inventive genius, and a correct appreciation of the actual demand for a cheap, safe, durable and effective steam boiler, that any novice can run, has developed and given to the world, among other first-class devices for the purpose, Prindle's Combined Caldron and Non-Explosive Steam Generator, that seems fully to meet every want in that direction, and is just what the farmer has so long needed; its patent vacuum and pressure valve is esteemed one of the most invaluable inventions of the age. As a cauldron alone, or boiler, it seems to be complete. The steamer, however, is a great improvement, as food is much better steamed than boiled, and is not liable to injury by burning.—*Prairie Farmer.*

It may be interesting to the farmers of the Northwest to know that these Agricultural Steamers and Boilers are manufactured by Collins & Burgie, Chicago.

Sheep Talk.

The nervous system of sheep is comparatively feeble, and we find that though not exempt from diseases of the brain and nerves, they are nearly always of a debilitating character, such as palsy; and those of irritation, as tetanus, spasms, &c are extremely rare. Thus we find that most of the severe diseases of the sheep are distinguished by a want of tone, and in general this animal quickly sinks under the attack of morbid agents. The digestive apparatus forms so very important and pre-eminent a feature in the animal economy of sheep, consisting as it does, of a variety of complex parts for the elaboration of the food, which do not exist in any other animals, that we cannot be surprised that its groans should be those most susceptible to disease. Accordingly we find that such is the case—that the diseases of the digestive organs are frequent, and both of a mechanical and chemical nature. We have both these arising from a superabundance and a deficiency of aliment, from its too great dryness or too great moisture, from its being too young and luxuriant, or from being too old and withered, from containing unwholesome or poisonous principles, or the minute and invisible eggs of innumerable insects. Thus we find that diseases connected with the digestive organs are more numerous or more frequent than all the others to which sheep are liable.

Sheep are exposed throughout the year to the vicissitudes of the weather, from the effects of which they are in a great measure protected by their woolly coverings; but standing sometimes on a cold and wet soil, and anon on a dry and warm surface, they are subject to the injuries arising from these alterations, from the effects of standing for a long time on a wet surface, and the reaction which afterwards succeeds from evaporation; diseases of the feet are therefore not unfrequent. Again, from the same exposure they are subject to the attack of flies and other vermin, which, particularly in the summer months, prove a source of great annoyance, and require constant vigilace on the part of the shepherd. To these morbid causes may be added the circumstance of sheep being kept together often in large flocks, and thus more exposed to the influence of infectious diseases than animals that are kept in a more isolated state.

Such are the principal circumstances to which these animals are subjected, and which form the causes of their principal diseases; and it is useful to keep in mind the nature of these causes, and the peculiarities and constitutional idiosyncrasies of these animals, when treating them for their different diseases.

Progress by Land.—Many years ago, when most of the North River sloops came in at Coenties slip, the Levant, a packet from Fishkill, anchored off the Battery, to wait for a change of the tide. A passenger, who for the first time had been on a sailing vessel, and who, during the trip down, had been anxious to steer the craft, not noticing the vessel was at anchor, was told he might take the helm. Greenhorn obeyed, the captain cautioning him, as he was going below, to keep clear of other vessels. The tide went rushing by, causing "helmsman" to believe that the boat was making prodigious headway. After awhile the captain thrust his head out of the cabin door, and inquired how he was getting on. "First-rate by water," was the reply, "but very slow by the land!"

The Dubuque Times says that a car load of tea, containing two hundred and ninety-one chests, belonging to the well known wholesale grocer W. H. Rumpf, was received in bond by the surveyor of customs, Gen J. M. Harrison, at that port. The tea arrived in New York, per Pacific mail steamer, October 15th, and will remain in Dubuque in bond until after the first of January, 1871, when the reduction of duty of ten cents per pound takes place. The import duties on the tea amount to about $4,100 in gold.

A. M. Garland, in the Western Rural, reiterates the opinion that farmers who sell their flocks of sheep to butchers, or allow them to be decimated by neglect or disease, act very foolishly. He thinks wool will soon bring better prices, and that the demand for mutton is steadily increasing. He, however, does not advise keeping large flocks in the States east of the Mississippi.

"I like to see the dear little creatures amusing themselves," said Mrs. Brown, when her elder boy took the visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good matron to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air; "as soon as the kite comes down he will give it to you."

Young Folks' Department.

FIVE YEAR OLD FREDDIE.

A. H. POE.

Five year-old Freddie,
Always quick and ready,
With a face so grave,
And a heart so brave,
How many things his black eyes see;
I wonder what he 'll grow to be,
Our five-year old Freddie!

Sometimes I look upon him,
And such a grace is on him,
Such perseverance in his eyes,
Such thought, deliberate and wise—
A sadness comes to check my joy;
How soon the world will claim the boy,—
Our five-year old Freddie!

WINNIE.

Bless me! here's another baby,
Just as cunning as can be,
Eyes as blue as bonnie blue bells,
Breath as sweet as rosemary.
Smile a tiny, flashing sunbeam,
Hair of purest, fairest gold,
Hands and shoulders full of dimples,
Little Winnie, eight months old.

Making funny, cooing speeches
Nobody can understand—
Such a quaint and pretty language
Only spoke in baby-land.
Should I sing all day about her,
All her sweetness were not told—
She's a bud, a bird, a fairy,
Little Winnie, eight months old.
—The Bright Side.

What Time is it.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

A few years ago I went with a party of merry friends to spend several days at a beautiful place in the country, where we expected to see flowers and fountains, rivers, forests, lakes and the most wonderful bridge in the world, called Portage Bridge.

It was late when we arrived, and there was nothing to be seen that night; but the next morning—awakened by the roaring waterfall just before the house—I crept down stairs, thinking I would take a walk before breakfast. Some one had risen before me, for the front door was set open and the wind was blowing through the hall, bringing in the swinging branches of a climbing rose, set thick with flowers. There was just one red ray darting from the east to kiss the sweetest bud of them all; only one ray, it was so early.

"Hark! what was that? There was a rustle in one corner of the hall, near the ceiling; some bird has been sleeping there all night I thought, and looked up expecting he would fly out and hurry away for his breakfast.

What happened then? A little door opened and the bird flew out, but did not fly away. He nodded his pretty head toward me and sang "Cuckoo," five times, to let me know it was five o'clock and then darted back and the door shut, for he had said all he had to say that time.

"I bought that clock in Switzerland," said a gentleman who came into the hall a moment after; "and although I have bought a great many curiosities in my travels over the world, I have nothing that I prize so much; it is so pleasant to have each hour begin and end with a song."

Pleasant indeed! But although my friend's clock was a treasure, there are clocks in the world much more wonderful. The most wonderful of all is at Strasburgh cathedral in France.

When it is time for the hour to be struck, a figure, with wings, to look like an angel, opens a door, makes a low bow to the image of Mary (the mother of Christ) and strikes the right number of times upon a bell. Another angel stands holding an hour glass which he turns as soon as the first has finished striking. A golden cock flaps its wing and crows twice. A bell is struck once at each quarter of the hour; first by a child with an apple, then by a youth with an arrow, then by a man with a staff, and last by an old man with a crutch. There are several other curious things besides these, so that this clock is really one of the wonders of the world.

But what did people use, before clocks were invented, in order to tell the time of day? and how was it, that, out of all their many contrivances for that purpose, there came at last to be a real figured, wheeled, ticking, cuckoo-singing time-piece, such as my friend had found in Switzerland?

The earliest Southern nations began to mark time with a sun-dial; not the flower of that name, but an instrument consisting of two parts; a plate of metal called a *gnomen*, which was set on edge in such a manner as to point exactly north and south; and another plate, called a dial, set so that the shadow of the gnomen would always fall upon it on one side or the other except at exactly noon. The dial had marks for hours, half-hours, etc., and when the shadow touched a certain mark, its number would tell the hour.

That did very well for a beginning. Still there would be times when the sun did not shine all day long. Quite lately—only a thousand years ago—Alfred the Great, a good and wise king of the Saxons, in England, invented a curious plan of telling the time by night as well as by day. He made wax candles twelve inches-long, marked at equal distances, and six of these candles would burn twenty-four hours. To be sure the winds would sometimes whirl in and put them out, so he made cases for them of thin white horn; that is the way lanterns came to be made.

There was a way of telling time several thousand years ago, by putting water in something that had a hole in the bottom. When it had all slid through, it was called the end of the hour; not a very correct measure you may guess.

You may have seen hour glasses; they are so made that a small quantity of sand will slip through a little tube from one glass to another. When the sand has all run out of the upper glass, an hour has passed, and you turn the curious clock upside down to set the sand running again.

I think the first time wheels were used in making clocks, they were turned by little streams of water. About seven hundred years ago, weights began to be used, that by sinking very slowly, turned the wheels.

In those days a clock was a thing to be taken care of! Only four hundred and fifty years ago, King Henry VI of England, selected a trusty man to take care of the court-house clock, and paid him what would be, in our currency, twenty-five cents a day for so doing.

It is but little over two hundred years since a man in London, named Richard Harris, invented a clock with a pendulum, and soon after watches were made. Not until that time had the clocks told anything but the hour: the minutes and seconds had to take care of themselves.

So you see that there have been sun clocks, water clocks, candle clocks, sand clocks, wheel clocks and pendulum clocks; and I have heard of many others that were very strangely made; one in particular, that was kept running by a mouse; so that was a mouse clock. But the prettiest clocks I ever saw were Four O'clocks!—*Bright Side.*

Take my Hand, Papa.

In the dead of night, I am frequently wakened by a little hand stealing out from the crib by my side, with the pleading cry, "Pleas take my hand, papa!"

Instantly the little boy's hand is grasped, his fears vanish, and soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence he falls into sweet sleep again.

We commend this lessons of simple, filial faith and trust to the anxious, sorrowing ones, that are found in almost every household. Stretch forth your hand, stricken mourner, although you may be in the deepest darkness and gloom, and fear and anxious suspense may cloud your weary pathway, and that very act will reveal the presence of a loving compassionate Father, and give you the peace that passeth all understanding.

The darkness may not pass away at once, night may still enfold you in its embrace, but its terrors will be dissipated, its gloom and sadness flee away, and in the simple grasp of the Father's hand sweet peace will be given, and you will rest securely, knowing that the "morning cometh."—*Congregationalist.*

The Dyspeptic.—The trials and sufferings of the Dyspeptic can only be realised by those so unfortunate as to be afflicted by this disease, and yet how many of them suffer, and continue to suffer? Why they do this so patiently it is impossible to tell. It may be from ignorance of any certain remedy, or, it may be from prejudice against the use of a Patent Medicine. Hoofland's German Bitters has cured thousands of the worst cases of Dyspepsia, and each day adds new names to the record of its usefulness. Give the Bitters a trial. Hoofland's Bitters contains no liquor in any form.

Hoofland's German Tonic is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, anise, orange, &c., making a preparation of rare medical value. The Tonic is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some Alcoholic stimulus is necessary.