Night and Morning.

I stood alone in the porch last night,
And watched the moon rise over the lea,
Till the shadows waved in the silver light,
And the night wind sighed to me.

And down in the garden paths I knew
The last year's leaves were lingering yet—
Leaves that had taken the sun and dew
Of days I would fain forget.

I found no peace in the summer night;
"Old joys," I said, "like the leaves lie low,
And I cannot rest in the tranquil light,"
So I wept and turned to go.

I stood again in the porch at morn,
While the boughs shook down their sparkling spray,
And the sun rose over the springing corn
And the fields of scented hay.

A wain went by with its fragrant load;
The wagoner whistled loud and clear,
But I heard a step on the quiet road,
And I knew that my love was near.

Blow morning wind o'er the sunlit slope,
And carry the dead leaves out of sight;
For my heart beats high with its new found hope—
Ah! why did I doubt last night?

Pastime.

Jonah was not a Yankee. Had he been he would have rigged a rudder to the whale and run him ashore in twenty minutes.

"There! that explains where my clothesline went to!" exclaimed an Iowa woman as she found her husband hanging in the stable.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw stones at a hen, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can into a one-horse wagon.

An article in the Philadelphia *North Ameriaan* is entitled "The Old Hen in Politics." We again insist that it is high time this wholesale abuse of Mr. Tilden is stopped.—*Buffalo Express.*

Mr. Hugg, of Norristown, is continually afflicted by the girls of his vicinity, who insist on remarking whenever they see him. "Go away sir! I shan't do it, you ridiculous creature. *Buffalo Express.*

"Doctor, doctor," panted a messenger, "come down the street, quick; there's a man dropped in a fit." "In an apoplectic?" questioned the doctor. "No, sir; he's in an ulster," answered the messenger.

Jersey mosquitoes were too much for the Potter committee. Some old residenters, it is said, had stickers strong enough to reach through the tough cuticle of Ben. Butler. Who will say mosquitoes are not public benefactors?

"Why, I could idolize that man,"
Said Ida to her friend,
"And cling to him for weal or wo,
E'en to the bitter end."
Then, as they parted, did her friend
As thus soliloquize;
"Ah! when she says she'll idolize,
I think that Ida lies."
—*Yonker's Gazette.*

Charles IV asked the Duke of Medina Cole how many towns and villages he owned. "Nine hundred and ninety-nine," replied the grandest of grandees. "Why not make the number up to one thousand?" "Because, sir, the sound of nine hundred and ninety-nine is much more vast."

A wag tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf was male or female. "Female, to be sure," was the reply, "for I see the male"—looking the questioner full in the face—"yet alive in the flesh before me."

Two men were disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was ee-ther, the other i-ther—agreed to refer to the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be an Irishman, and who confounded them both by declaring: "It's nayther, for it's ayther.

A new clerk in a drug store was discharged the other day because he didn't know how to look wise, roll his eyes and say "seventy-five cents" without turning red in the face as he handed out a little powder that had cost the concern about two cents and a fraction. Emotion and business don't jingle.—*Boston Globe.*

She wanted to Planet so she could witness the Eclipse. "You can't Comet," said her husband. "I Cancer," she replied. It was a Sirius Phase in her life, and she went around like a Luna-tic and Solar hankerchief for a bit of smoked glass of Orion. She Satellite in the window and went Aphelion around for her Mars veil until the affair was Disc-ontinued.

A peculiar looking tramp called at a West End residence last Saturday morning. When questioned he said his country was Hungary. The man of the house had no reason to doubt his word after seeing him store away four thickly buttered slices of light bread clear across the loaf, a chunk of beef that wouldn't go through his shirt collar and six big cucumbers. He said he was on his way to Eaton.

How Jim Shed his Hair.

Jim Wicker was a comical-looking fellow, with a very young face; but, by reason of having no hair, he looked very old from the eyebrows all the way round to the back of the neck. He was very sensitive about this defect, and was somewhat celebrated, from a fight he had with a traveling agriculturist—who, upon being asked by Jim what would cause the hair to grow upon his shining poll, was advised to cover the top of his head with guano, and plant it down in crab grass. But Jim wouldn't quarrel with Capt. Wild, for that gentlemen was not only the host of the Fairy Queen, but also had the key to all "the refreshments" in his possession; so, without hesitation, he enlightened his auditory after this fashion:

"You see the har always did grow rather scarce 'bout my scalp, and I was always rubbing one thing or another to fetch it out, for I was sarten the roots wasn't dead, though thar was little to be seen above ground. I'd heard of bear's grease, and bought a gallon in bottles; but I believe it was nothing but hog's lard and mutton tallar; so I thought I would have the genuine article, and I got old Dan to go out and kill something for my special benefit. Dan told me it was spring, and that the bear was in bad health, and out of season; but I believed he was trying to quiz me, and I wouln't take no for an answer. A short hunt forced a critter at bay, and Dan. by a shot in the vitals, saved the varmint; but the bear was in a bad condition, for he looked as seedy as an old Canadian thistle, and he had hardly enough ile in him to keep his joints from squeaking; but what he did have I got and used—and, gentlemen," said Jim, looking sorrowfully around on the company, "in two days what little hair I had commenced falling off, and in a week I was as blad as a gun-barrel. Dan was right. The vermint was shedding himself and had nothing in him but har-shedding ile, and the consequence is, I can't in the dark tell my head from a dried gourd, if I depend on feeling."

Peter Cartwright.

Among the most notable of the American pioneer preachers was Peter Cartwright, who was born in Amherst County, Va., in 1785, and died at Pleasant Plains, Ill., in 1872. When he was a child, his parents removed to Kentucky, where, about 1801, he was converted through the instrumentality of an itinerant preacher, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was ordained as deacon in 1806, and as elder in 1808. In 1812 he was appointed presiding elder, and acted in that capacity sixty years; the last forty-five in the Illinois Conference. During his ministry he received more than 10,000 members into the Church, baptized more than 12,000 persons, and for thirty-three years preached, on an average, four sermons a week. His "Fifty years a Presiding Elder," and his "Autobiography," edited by Rev. W. P. Strickland, D. D., are a perfect storehouse of characteristic anecdotes and reminiscences. Among these we find the following:

One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if he ever had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman:

"Stranger, I want you to put me across."

"Wait till I'm ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures on Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said:

"Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman.

"Well, you've just been using my name improper-like; and you said if ever I came this way you would drown me. Now you've got a chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman.

"My name is Peter Cartwright."

Instantly the ferryman laid hold of the preacher; but he did not know Peter's strength, for Peter instantly seized the ferryman and, holding him by the nap of the neck, plunged him in the water, saying:

"I baptize thee (splash) in the name of Satan, whose child thou art."

Then lifting him up, dripping, Peter asked:

"Did you ever pray?"

"No."

"Then it's time you did."

"I'll do no such thing!" answered the ferryman.

Splash! splash! and the ferryman was in the depths again.

"Will you pray now?" asked Peter.

The gasping victim shouted; "I'll do anything you bid me!"

"Then follow me—'Our Father, which art in heaven,'" etc.

Having acted as clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried:

"Now let me go!"

"Not yet," said Peter. "You must make me three promises: 1st, that you will repeat that prayer, morning and evening, as long as you live; 2d, that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and 3d, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense?"

"I promise," said the ferryman; and, strange to say, that very man became a shining light in the church.

We do not see that the people who are raging about land grants and railroad monopolies are disposed to give Secretary Schurz the credit he deserves for his recent decision against railroad companies. Perhaps they do not understand how he has thrown eight millions of acres open to settlement, and how bravely he has stood up for justice to the people. The lands granted to the Union, Central and Kansas Pacific and several of their branches were granted upon the following condition, which Mr. Schurz seems to have been the first to find:

All lands granted by the section, which shall not be sold or disposed of by the company three years after the entire road shall have been completed, shall be subject to settlement and pre-emption like other lands at a price not exceeding $1.25 per acre, to be paid to such company.

These companies have been selling their lands at from six to ten dollars an acre, or holding them for such prices. The provisions of the grant have never been enforced, and several times cases involving the question have been dismissed by Secretary Schurz's predecessors. He could have done the same thing, but seeing a clear duty before him he had the courage to do it, and decided that all these lands, amounting to twenty-eight million acres, were open to settlers at the government price, $1.25 per acre. Doubtless the Supreme court will have to pass upon this, but it is not easy to see how the decision can be reversed. It will make a great difference to the Pacific roads, though of course they receive whatever money the government gets from sales. The Northern Pacific is not affected.—*Indianapolis News.*

RECLAIMED.

Touching Story of a Meeting Between a Father and His Fallen Daughter.

[Cincinnati Commercial.]

An extraordinary scene took place in the gloom of the cell-room of the Ninth-street station-house, yesterday morning. It was the meeting and reconciliation, after years of separation, between a respectable, well-to-do father and his miserable erring daughter who had sunk to the lowest depths of shame. The meeting came about in this manner: Early in the morning a woman calling herself Hattie Clark, one of the most abandoned white women in that wretched quarter known as Bucktown, was arrested for fighting, and taken to the station-house with her face pounded black and blue, and her eyes so swollen from the effects of her encounter that she could hardly see out of them. She was taken before Judge Wilson, who sentenced her to the workhouse for thirty days, and fined her $50 and costs. The poor creature had often had the same sentence passed upon her, and carelessly twisting her hair into something like decent shape, slunk out of the sight of the police court grabbers, and into a cell in the station-house below, to await the coming of the prison van, to convey her to the work-house. She flung herself down upon the bench of her cell and was preparing to take a nap, if possible, when she heard a voice in the outer office inquire of Sergeant Devine, who was on duty: "Have you a woman locked up here named Hattie Clark?" "Yes," exclaimed the woman, with a rude oath, and without waiting for the sergeant to answer the interrogatory. "Here I am. What's wanted?" The officer showed the inquirer into the cell-room, and Hattie got up and went to the cell-door to see who it was that could be interested in her. The person who had asked for her was a tall, well-built man, with the appearance of an opulent farmer who had weathered some sixty or more years of his life's vicisistudes. As soon as the prisoner caught a glimpse of his features as he drew dear her she gave vent to a piteous cry, and throwing her apron over her bruised and discolored face, shrank into the farthest corner of the cell. The old gentleman was deeply affected by the sight before him, but mastering his emotion, said in a gentle, pleading voice, "My God, my girl, is it thus I find you; but come to your father, dear." The tender words, to which she was so unsued' and which she never expected to come from those lips, broke her down completely, and with a flood of tears she sank at the feet of her father and clasped her knees to her bosom. The old man wept with her, and the scene brought tears to the eyes of the sergeant. Hattie gradually grew calmer, and the cell-door being open the father took his daughter to his heart, rags, filth, bruised face, and all. He ignored completely her wretched plight and the still more wretched manner of life it indicated, and only wanted that she should go away with him at once. That could not be just then, however, there was a sentence hanging over her, and besides she said she wanted to "straighten up, get the whiskey out of her, and get rid of her black eyes," before she went with him, and she thought the work-house would be the best place lor her to go to accomplish those objects. She said that in a couple of weeks she would be in condition to go with him wherever he desired, and would do so with as graceful a heart as ever beat in a daughter's bosom. There can be no doubt of the sincerity of her protestations. The old gentleman regretfully acquiesced in the arrangement that she should go to the work-house—forgetting that he hadn't all to do with that part of the programme—but said that he would come in two weeks and take her away. They then parted, and Hattie returned to her cell a changed woman, let us hope for the remainder of her life. There is no doubt, if she continues in her present mood, and shows an earnest purpose to reform, that the proper authorities will release her from the work-house at the expiration of the stipulated two weeks. But whatever her course may be, the grandeur of character and tenderness of soul exhibited by that good old man, in folding to his breast that forlorn, draggled outcast daughter, must appeal strongly to the hearts of these who know how rarely such christian traits are displayed in this hard wicked city.

The old gentleman was a farmer and stock dealer, living near Flemingsburg, Ky. He came to Cincinnati from Wood county, West Va., in 1861, and lived here until six years ago. Hattie is about thirty-three years of age, and was born in Virginia. She was married young to a conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, named Gibbs, who deserted her after they had lived together but a few weeks. His wife dying, the father brought his children to Cincinnatti, and found homes for them among some of his acquaintances. There are four children besides Hattie, all of whom are grown, and in good circumstances. Six years ago he went West, and engaged in the stock business, and was soon on the road of comparative wealth. Hattie went wrong soon after he left, and continued to go from bad to worse until she found herself in the lowest dens of Bucktown. He had made a number of ineffectual searches for her, but only obtained a clue fo her whereabouts yesterday morning, when he learned at the Home of the Good Shepherd that a woman named Margaret Hill had been there some time ago, but was now back to her old haunts, and known as Maggie Clark. His next inquiry was among the policemen, who directed him to the Ninth-street station-house, with the happy result described above.

Poitical Notes.

The Potter Committee have spent about $20,000.

Sam. Carey talked for three hours and a half, at Georgetown, O., yesterday.

When the office seeks the man, it generally finds him. When the man seeks the office he has got to find himself and pay the boys.

In counting upon the control of the new House of Representatives, Democratic journals show a decided lessening of confidence.

The Evansville *Journal* is making a strong fight for Hillman for Congress. He is a first-class Republican, and will doubtless be elected.

General Ben. Harrison will open the ball in Indiana, this week, probably at New Castle. He will make things lively for Mr. Voorhees.

Ex-Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, says that in 1880 the Republicans will ronominate Grant unanimously, and that in after years it will require affidavits to prove that there was any opposition to his re-election.

Eugene Hale, of Maine, in describing the position of his State, declared that the Republicans were sure to win both in the State and Congressional contests, but admitted that the struggle between the Republicans and the Greenbackers will be a very sharp one.

The Kansas City *Journal* says: "We will stake our reputation as a prophet on the prediction that the New York *Sun* will cry "fraud" when St. Peter informs the present editor of that paper that the Returning Board has counted him out of the eternal kingdom."

The Augusta (Ga.,) *Chronicle* says that Alexander H. Stephens was speaking at Lexington, when becoming slightly exhausted, he drew from his pocket a little vial of whisky, from which he took the gentlest sip, and resuming his speech, said: "Yes, fellow-citizens, this is the true democracy."

To The Four Winds—Heaven Help Them!

Five weeping children were left orphans the other day by the death of their mother, a widow who lived on Prospect street. The father was killed at one of the depots about two years ago, and since then the mother has kept the family together by hard days' work. Lack of food, exposure and worry brought on an illness which terminated fataly, and the children huddled together in a corner of the room feeling awed and frightened, but yet unable to realize that death had made them waifs. When the remains had been sent away to Potter's field a dozen women gathered and held a whispering conversation.

"I'll take one of the poor things, though I've four of my own," said one of the women.

"And I'll take another."

"And I'll take one."

"And so will I."

Then there was the baby—a toddling boy, who had been rocked to sleep every night of his life, and whose big blue eyes were full of tears as he shrank behind his sister to escape observation. As none of the poor women seemed prepared to take so young a child, a girl not over 10 years old, dressed a little better than other children there, crept into the group reached out for the babe, patted his white head, kissed him, and said:

"I will take this one. I have no brother, and ma and pa will let me keep him. He can sleep in my trundle-bed, play with my doll, and they may put all the Christmas presents into his stocking!" and the girl ran around the corner and returned with her mother, who sanctioned all she had said. "Come, bubby, you are mine, now!" called the girl, and he laughed as she put her arms around him and tried to lift him up.

By and by a woman said, "Children, you have neither father, mother nor home. You must be divided up or go to the poor-house. Kiss each-other, poor orphans, and all kiss the baby."

They put their arms around him, and hugged and kissed, and they went out from the old house to go in different directions and perhaps never again to meet all together.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Little Things.

Life and death, prosperity and ruin, hang upon little things.

They are like the linch-pin to the wheel, on which depends the safety of the vehicle; they are like the rudder to the vast ship which it guides; like the slender nerves to the bulky muscles.

They make up our lives. The self-experience of every man will prove this to him.

A single word will blast a reputation—a modulation of tone will convey a ruinous insinuation—a passing fancy will determine the occupation of a life.

Every man who has risen to greatness has done so by attention to small things.

Large and powerful efforts are often needed, but they are only required occasionally; but the most powerful struggles will fail, if the way to them be not paved by small things; and their efforts will be lost if little things are not made to follow and aid them in their proper order.

This cannot be otherwise, for great things are only a series of little ones, so closely compacted together that they take the appearance of, and, indeed, become a whole, just as the hour is made up of minutes, and the dollars of cents.

You remember Ben. Franklin's maxim, "Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves."

This may be applied to everything in life—love, fame, matrimoney, and all kinds of money.

The hour is a whole, and so is a dollar; but take a minute from the one, or a penny from the other, and, for want of its smallest part, the whole ceases to be.

Gems of Thought.

As the error of a moment makes the sorrow of a life, so one good deed done is a joy forever.

Blessed are they who live above the world while they are living in it, anticipating heaven by receiving its spirit before they breathe its air.

"'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse,
How grows in Paradise our store;
Then pass, ye mourners, cheerily on,
Through prayer unto the tomb;
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering, from every loss and grief,
Hope of new spring and endless home."

O heart, be brave!
Else in the thickest of the fight,
At times, thou mayest fail and shrink;
Remember thou art in God's sight,
And care not what—if thou art right—
The world may think;
Bright victory's banner yet shall o'er thee wave.
Be brave, my heart, be brave!

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—*Saxe.*

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star. —*Chapin.*

The good man takes his God as he doth his wife,—for richer, for poorer, in sickness, in health. We may not always judge God's favor by His bounty. I am but a novice in religion if I think I cannot be God's son and be miserable.—*Bishop Henshaw.*

God's spirit falls on me like dew-drops on a rose,
If I but like a rose my heart to Him unclose.

God dwelleth in a light far out of human ken;
Become thyself that light, and thou shalt see Him then.

Why shouldst thou cry for drink? The fountain is in thee,
Which, so thou stopp'st it not, will flow eternally.
—*Cherubic Pilgrim.*

Lime Kills Potato Bugs.

A correspondent writes to the New England *Farmer* that he finds air-slacked lime applied to the potato ops will kill them. This is also the experience of a correspondent of the *Mirror* and *Farmer*, who says: "Two years ago the Colorado beetle attacked my potato crop. After trying various things without success, I stumbled on a cask of lime which had been air-slacked. I commenced to dust it on the tops, and wherever it fell on the slugs they turned black and soon dropped off and died. I passed over the field three times between hoeing and blossoms time and found it not only sure death to the larvæ, but a material benefit to the crop. Last year I tried the same good result." We read of a man who placed 200 potato bugs in a bottle and sprinkled lime over them. Within an hour not one was alive. On the following day he sprinkled lime over his potato patch, and on the next morning found tens of thousands of bugs lying dead. The experiment is at least worth trying.—*American Rural Home.*

A Wonderful Boy.

A newsboy leaning against a lamp-post last evening, says the *Detroit Free Press*, was patted on the head by a gentleman who said:

"Never mind, sonny, better weather and better sales next week."

"Boys hain't no 'count," lonesomely answered the little shaver.

"Oh, yes they are. I was a boy once."

"Was you smart?"

"Guess I was! Why before I was seven years old I could take the family clock all to pieces."

"Could you!" exclaimed the lad, his eyes sparkling with admiration as the man passed on. He got a new brace for his feet, indulged in some hard thinking, and all at once spoke up. "What a fule I am that I didn't sass him! Any fule of a boy can take a clock ter pieces, but it takes a man and a purty smart one, to get the wheels tergether agin! I'm jist as discouraged as I was before, and more, too."

Sleeplessness.

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* gives some hints to the many persons who nowadays suffer with sleeplessness. One of the most efficient means of inducing natural sleep, it says, is the application of mustard plasters to the abdomen. Preyer of Jena, advocates the administration of a freshly-made solution of of lactate of soda, or of some milk or whey. Where the sleeplessness depends upon brain exhaustion, Dr Hollis recommends the administration, just before bedtime, of a tumbler full of hot claret and water, with sugar and nutmeg. The alkalies and alkaline earths are useful when acid dyspepsia is present. In hot weather, sprinkling the floor of the sleeping apartments with water lessens the irritant properties of ehe air, adding much to the comfort of the sleepers; possibly the quantity of ozone is at the same time increased. When sleep is broken by severe pain, opium or morphia is of value. In the wakefulness due to nenralgia, it it is often better to inject a small dose of morphia hypodermically near the branch of the affected nerve, than to admister it by the mouth.

A wild Texan boarded the train at Fort Worth for Dallas. It was his first ride on the cars, and as the conductor reached in his hip pocket for his punch, the sharp eye of the Texan caught a glimpse of its polished handle, and quick as thought he levelled a navy six on the conductor, saying: "Put 'er up, or I'll blow daylight through you. No man can get the drop on me."

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Awarded *highest prize* at Centennial Exposition for *fine chewing qualities and excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring.* The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free, to C. A. JACKSON & Co., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va.

PIANO Beautiful Concert Grand Pianos, cost $1,600, only $425. Superb Grand Square Pianos, cost $1,100, only $255. Elegant Upright Pianos, cost $800, only $155. New Style Upright Pianos $112.50. Organs $35. Organs, 12 stops, $72.50. Church Organs, 16 stops, cost $390, only $115. Elegant $375 Mirror Top Organs only $105. Tremendous Sacrifice to Close out Present Stock. New Steam Factory soon to be erected. Newspaper with much information about cost of Pianos and Organs, Sent Free. Please address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. **ORGAN**

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NOTICE TO CONSUMERS —OF— LORILLARD TOBACCO

The great celebrity of our TIN TAG TOBACCO has caused many imitations thereof to be placed on the market, we therefore caution all Chewers against purchasing such imitations.

All dealers buying or selling other plug tobacco bearing a hard or metallic label, render themselves liable to the penalty of the law, and all persons violating our trade marks are punished by fine and imprisonment. SEE ACT OF CONGRESS, AUG 14, 1876.

The genuine LORILLARD TIN TAG TOBACCO can be distinguished by a TIN TAG, on each lump with the word LORILLARD stamped thereon.

Over 7,088 tons tobacco sold in 1877, and nearly 3,000 persons employed in factories.

Taxes paid Government in 1877 about $3,500,000, and during the past 12 years, over $20,000,000.

These goods are sold by all jobbers at manufacturer's rates.

☞ The Tin Tag Smoking Tobacco is "second to one" in aroma, mildness, purity and quality. m21-3m

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DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR. GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE. FOR DISEASES OF LIVER STOMACH & BOWELS. CATHARTIC TONIC. CRAMP PILLS. DEBILITATES WORN. DIARRHEA. CONSTIPATION. SICK HEADACHE. SUMMER COMPLAINTS. BILIOUSNESS, & DYSPEPSIA. CLEARS THE COMPLEXION. NEVER FAILS TO REGULATE THE LIVER. PURIFIES THE BLOOD. PURIFIES THE SKIN. PURIFIES THE BREATH. PURIFIES THE STOMACH. PURIFIES THE BOWELS. PURIFIES EVERYTHING.

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$20. $50. $100. $500. Invested judiciously in Stocks (Options or Privileges), often returns ten times the amount in 30 days. Full details and Official Stock Exchange Reports free. Address, T. Potter Wight & Co., Bankers, 25 Wall Street, New York.

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RINGS VEGETABLE AMBROSIA. TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR. ERADICATES DANDRUFF & HUMORS from the SCALP & PREVENT BALDNESS. IS WARRANTED.

Are changed by a few applications of the AMEROSIA to a beautiful auburn or to the dark, lustrous colors of youthful tresses. Humors, Dandruff, Itching of the Scalp, and Falling of the Hair are at once cured by it.

Where the hair follicles are not destroyed, it will cause the hair to grow on bald heads.

It is perfumed with extracts from fragrant flowers. All who use it praise it.

Colds, Coughs, Rheumatism, Stiff Neck, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa, Colic, Sore Throat and Toothache

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Are alleviated, and in most cases cured, by the use of this PAIN ERADICATOR. It is an invaluable Family Medicine, affording relief before a physician can be reached. Procure our circular describing above diseases and their proper treatment, and you will bless the remedy that brings such healing.

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Proprietors of "Ring's Ambrosia,"
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CATARRH.

A Man Cured of Catarrh of Forty Years' Standing!

So Bad That it Impaired his Eyesight Made Him Almost Deaf.

TROUBLED WITH Droppings in Throat, Strangling, Buzzing in Head, and Fetid Breath.

The Constitutional Catarrh Remedy is the first article placed before the public that proposed to cure Catarrh by building up the Constitution. It struck at the root of the whole difficulty, and thousands upon thousands of letters have been received by the proprietors, setting forth the marvelous cures, and, what is remarkable, curing not only the Catarrh, but all other ailments at the same time. This is what it always does. The following statement is only a sample of what we are constantly receiving from well known people to whom they can write, and not to bogus ones. Catarrh and its attendant evils, cold in head, hacking cough, incipient consumption, headache, pains in back and loins, dizziness, languidness, loss of appetite and general weakness, all leave together when the Constitutional Catarrh Remedy is taken as recommended.

LOWELL, MASS., Feb. 12, 1874.

MESSRS. LITTLEFIELD & CO.:—I have been entirely cured of Catarrh by the use of the Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. I have had it for forty years, and so severely that my eyesight was impaired by it. I was almost deaf, my head was always stopped up. I could not breathe freely, often at night I could not sleep, being kept awake by dropping in my throat, sometimes so badly as to almost strangle me. The discharge from my nose was fetid and my breath was always foul: I had, too, a continual buzzing in my head, and headache almost all the time. During forty years I have tried almost every medicine for Catarrh in the market, but without receiving any permanent benefit until I used Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. After using two bottles I was very much relieved, and used in all six bottles, and am now completely cured. My eyesight is good. I can hear as well as ever I could. I have no disagreeable discharges from my nose, no droppings in my throat, can breathe perfectly free, and sleep every night soundly. My general health is better than it has been for fourteen years, and all owing to the Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

(Signed) EDWIN GOODWIN, Dover Street Lowell, Mass.

Price $1 per bottle. A pamphlet of 32 pages giving a treatise on Catarrh, with innumerable cases of cures, sent free by addressing the Proprietors. LITTLEFIELD & CO., Manchester, N. H.

Sold by L Tanner, and Poe & Chapman, Plymouth, Ind. jl1tsep11

PITTSBURG, FORT WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after May 12th, 1878, trains will leave stations daily, (except Sunday,) as follows:

GOING WEST.

	No. 1 F'st Ex	No. 7 Pac Ex	No. 3 N't Ex	No. 5 Mail
Pittsburgh	11 45pm	9 00am	1 50pm	6 00am
Rochester	12 53am	10 15am	2 58pm	7 45am
Alliance	3 10am	12 50pm	5 35pm	11 00am
Orrville	4 43am	2 26pm	7 12pm	12 55pm
Mansfield	7 00am	4 40pm	9 20pm	3 11pm
Crestline...ar	7 30am	5 15pm	9 45pm	3 50pm
Crestline...lv	7 50am	5 40pm	9 55pm	.....
Forest	9 25am	7 35pm	11 21pm	.....
Lima	10 40am	9 08pm	12 25 am	.....
Ft. Wayne	1 30pm	11 55pm	2 40am	.....
Plymouth	3 45pm	2 46am	4 55am	.....
Chicago	7 00pm	6 00am	7 58am	.....

GOING EAST.

	No. 4 N't Ex	No. 2 F'st Ex	No 6 Atl. Ex	No. 8 Mail
Chicago	9 10pm	8 00am	5 15pm	.....
Plymouth	2 46am	11 25am	2 00pm	.....
Ft. Wayne	6 55am	2 15pm	11 30pm	.....
Lima	8 55am	4 10pm	1 30am	.....
Forest	10 10am	5 20pm	2 37am	.....
Crestline...ar	11 45am	6 55pm	4 20am	.....
Crestline...lv	12 05pm	7 15pm	4 30am	6 05am
Mansfield	12 35pm	7 44pm	5 00am	6 55am
Orrville	2 26pm	9 39pm	7 10am	9 15am
Alliance	4 00pm	11 15pm	9 00am	11 20am
Rochester	6 22pm	1 20am	11 06am	2 00pm
Pitsburgh	7 30pm	2 30am	12 15pm	3 30pm

Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday.