Summer Hints for Tasteful People.

THE summer is really upon us, with all its treasures of leaves and flowers, and already many of the readers of the *Bazar* are enjoying the quiet retreats of the country, or else are busier than ever amidst the gayeties of the sea-side or some other fashionable resort. But even in the constant changes of employment usual in such circles there will come days when a quiet ramble in the woods or a stroll by some retired streamlet will be a welcome episode to vary the daily monotony of dress and dances. Especially to those who possess a love of nature, and can find beauties by the wayside and in the depths of the forest, will a few hints be of use in directing attention to things obscure in themselves, yet full of capabilities for future application. Now, in the earlier part of summer, let me advise them to gather the green fern leaves in their perfection, and press them in large books for winter bouquets. They will form the loveliest decorations for the walls, around pictures, and for vases and hanging baskets. Gather a good supply, and then some will always be in reserve to replace those that will have curled up and withered, as they will certainly do in course of time.

Some of the coarser ferns which grow in damp places have brown feathery blossoms, bright and beautiful, of the shade known as "Bismarck," and these should be taken at their prime, and pressed in books. They will be available in several ways, as I shall show: first, they will be valuable acquisitions to winter bouquets of grasses and ferns; and then they will prove very ornamental in decorating the mats or inner parts of frames for engravings and photographs. The much-admired walnut veneers that are now so popular as material for these margins of pictures are not so pretty as those I am about to describe.

For the purpose we should recommend a foundation of wood or book-board, the square or oval opening being properly cut and adapted for the picture. By far the easiest plan will be to get one from a manufactory all ready to hand. Cover this with some light shade of buff or fawn-color; paper will answer if velvet or plush cannot be had, or some of the furzy products of the woods will have the same effect. Next lay around the corners these feathery blossoms of brown fern, some being darker than others, which will increase the fine effect. Arrange them as tastefully as possible, avoiding stiffness. The contrast between the various shades of color will be very pleasing and they will need only a slight touch of gum-arabic to keep them quite firm and in place under the glass, and with either a gilt or walnut frame outside of it will be a very ornamental novelty for the parlor. The same general idea may be applied to other things. A cross or wreath can be composed of the same materials and framed with one of these borders to match; ingenuity will suggest the rest to a person of taste and skill.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Deception.

YOU may remember that I lectured lately for the young men of the Clayonian Society? During the afternoon of that day I was talking with one of the young gentlemen referred to, and he said he had an uncle who, from some cause or other, seemed to have grown permanently bereft of all emotion, and with tears in his eyes this young man said: "Oh, if I could only see him weep!" I was touched. I could never withstand distress. I said: "Bring him to my lecture. I'll start him for you." "Oh, if you could but do it our family would bless you forevermore, for he is very dear to us. Oh, my benefactor, can you make him laugh? Can you bring soothing tears to those parched orbs?"

I was profoundly moved. I said: "My son, bring the old party around. I have got some good jokes in my lecture that will make him laugh if there's any laugh in him; and, if they miss fire, I have got some others that will make him cry or kill him, one or the other."

Then the young man wept on my neck and presently spread both hands on my neck and looked up toward heaven, mumbling something reverently, and then went after his uncle. He placed him in full view, in the second row of benches, that night, and I began on him. I tried him on mild jokes, then with severe ones; I dosed him with bad jokes, and ridiculed him with good ones; I fired old, stale jokes into him, and peppered him fore and aft with red-hot new ones. I warmed up to my work and assaulted him on the right and left, in front and behind; I fumed and charged and ranted till I was hoarse and sick and frantic and furious; but I never moved him once—I never started a smile nor tear! Never a ghost of a smile, and never a suspicion of moisture! I was astonished. I closed the lecture at last with one despairing shriek—with one wild burst of humor—and hurled a joke of supernatural atrocity full at him! Then I sat down bewildered and exhausted.

The President of the society came up and bathed my head with cold water, and said: "What made you carry on so toward the last?"

I said: "I was trying to make that confounded old idiot laugh, in the second row."

And he said: "Well, you were wasting your time; because he is deaf and dumb, and as blind as a badger."

Now, was that any way for that old man's nephew to impose on a stranger, and an orphan like me?—*Mark Twain.*

A Michigan Pigeon Roost.

IMAGINE, if you can, a tract of land about sixteen miles long and three wide, where every bough is occupied by a dozen nests and a hundred birds, where the air whirrs from dawn till dark with ceaseless wings going and coming, where the flights that settle cover square acres with a living carpet, where from 250 to 400 men have for six weeks or more been engaged in trapping and killing without cessation or let, and yet not made the numbers appreciably less; imagine fifty square miles of pigeons, and that is the scene. As the old birds leave or are destroyed by millions, millions of young ones take the wing, and almost daily armies of reinforcements fly northward from far-away Kentucky and Missouri, the beat of whose wings and whose countless numbers obscure the sky and emit a hollow roar as if a tornado or thunder-storm were approaching.

There are three regular "flights" a day—two "tom-flights" and one "hen-flight." At early dawn the male birds set out flying to the east and north to seek a breakfast of seeds and berries, ten, twenty, or fifty miles away, and by six or half-past six the sky is black with the departing birds. They tower up in great armies to a considerable height, each sheet of birds—sheet is the word that best describes them—wavering a moment like the needle of the compass when disturbed, then taking flight in the appointed direction with a unanimity and evenness of speed that would make one believe that every bird was animated by the same impulse at the same instant. An hour later not a bird is to be seen, but toward eight o'clock the rush of the returning armies is heard. Squadron after squadron arrives, cleaving the air with unwearied wings and unfailing sense, fluttering, wheeling and descending each division over its own district, each bird over the nest of its faithful mate. As "tom" after "tom" returns to take his trick at the domestic helm, "hen" after "hen" rises upward, and the armies of the Amazons go out to the east and north. Toward nine o'clock the scene is indescribable. It is a very atmosphere of wings, earth and forest have been converted into feathers, and the eye gazes down vistas of pigeons to far horizons of squab pies and *salmis de tourtes sauvages*. Metropolitan readers will imagine a tract of woodland twice the width of Manhattan Island and twice as long as from the Battery to Harlem River, birds arriving in flocks of a hundred thousand, birds departing in flights as numerous, a very Broadway of the air, extending over a whole county. By and by the last female suffragist departs, and the meek males remain incubating. In the middle of the afternoon the "hens" return and the "toms" depart to make an evening of it, returning before or about sunset. The late birds, who stay out till dusk, having apparently the latch-key to their several nests, seem bothered when returning, and fly very low, sweeping along the ground until they get their bearings. Then begins such a slaughter as marked the *coup d'etat*. Poles and clubs are the weapons, and at every sweep a dozen birds, brained, crippled or maimed, tumble to the earth. Scarcely less simple and efficient is the practice of raking them down at night with poles from the lower branches of trees where they roost. Let it be said that the birds often settle so thickly that boughs as large in circumference as a man's thigh are broken off by the weight, and that the new and tender shoots are blasted by the incumbent mass. The foxes, and, later in the year, the hogs, fatten on the ungathered hecatombs that are left dead or to die in the grass.

The shot-gun and the net are the principal weapons affected by the hunters. The beach of Crystal Lake, where the waters were lowered last year, affording a sheet of level sand some twenty-five miles round and nearly half a mile wide, is thickly dotted with the stands of the hunters—small huts of pine boughs in which the hunter sits with his guns. At times poles are placed for roosts without and decoys employed to induce the birds, like Dilla, to come and be killed, a raking discharge sweeping them from the poles literally by dozens. But when thick flights are of regular occurrence there is nothing to do but to blaze away and pick up the dead. The nets do more wholesale execution, but require a larger capital. Round a woodland spring, where the birds will stoop to drink, the smooth ground is abundantly spread with corn mingled with salt, the water of the spring being also salted with a liberal hand. For several days the birds that go thither in search of food are allowed to take their fill and carry home the good news. At last, growing bold by habit, they come not single spies, but in battalions, and settle down to "work" the ground systematically. They advanced *en echelon*, with this advantage, that being blessed with wings the rearward companies, as they find corn scarce, fly over the heads of the front companies and settle upon unoccupied ground, in turn to become again the rear guard.

When, therefore, this salted ground becomes the regular resort of flights of birds 4,000 or 5,000 strong the woodland free-lunch system is abolished, and the birds are made to "pay with their persons," as the French would say. The nets suspended on stakes round the ground are struck, there is a hurried and thunderous roar of wings as those most happy fly off, and the earth is covered with a carpet of dark blue. The net rustles and undulates with the efforts of the imprisoned birds to escape. Then the trapper comes out and releases them one by one. If he is trapping for market he wrings their necks and they are barreled and carted away. If it is intended to sell them alive they are placed in coops and shipped, or stored in barns and houses. The biggest catch of the year has been 800 birds, though it is of record that one trapper secured nearly 1,300 at one strike.—*Cor. New York World.*

A Sioux Trick.

IT is less than five years since the writer visited the encampment of one of the remnant bands of Indians on the upper Missouri and got an insight into the strategy and cunning which Gen. Custer and his expedition to the Black Hills will have to learn exists in the make-up of a Sioux Indian, as Gen. Thomas and companions learned, too late, existed in the nature of a Modoc.

The little band visited by your narrator had, with all the inferior tribes of that region, from the earliest recollection of the grayest and most ancient medicine-man of the band, been subjected to the thieving raids of the mighty Sioux, who are, in the vernacular of their weaker red brothers, "heap bad Injun."

Only six weeks before the visit to the Poncas, for that is the name of the band called upon, the Sioux had attacked the lodges at night, and stolen every pony and valuable they could get hold of, besides taking particular pains that no papoose (Indian baby) was left to tell the tale to future generations.

What then was my surprise, on the occasion of my trip to the scene of such diabolical marauding, to hear the old white trader who accompanied me say, one morning:

"Bless my hide, if there ain't one of them Sioux dogs standin' over on that hill, motionin' as tho' he'd like to make peace with the Poncas."

And sure enough, on a bluff overlooking the lodges, there did stand a genuine Sioux chief, with his hands held up, and motioning outward—to Indians, a sign of truce.

The encampment had seen the lone representative of old Red Cloud's cohorts quite as soon as any one, and soon formed a large circle, into which the strange Indian entered, still making the signs of peace.

I had heard of the tall-straight-as-an-arrow and noble Red Man; had read of him in poetry; but here was the first realization of physical beauty in the Indian I had ever met in my life. He was fully up to the description of "tall and straight," and though not more than twenty-eight years old he carried himself with a dignity born of nothing else than an innate stoicism, grand in one so young.

A black Government blanket with white border, leggings of buckskin, moccasins, feathers, bracelets, ear-rings and paint furnished dress for the heroic brave, as he stood undaunted, with his enemies seated in a circle about him.

Before he would speak, the pipe of peace was brought out, and passing around the circle he took a puff with each dingy entertainer.

Then he told them (as interpreted by the trader) that his people would have peace with the braves of the Poncas; that his people had wronged them in the past, when the sun had gone to sleep and the moon had strayed behind the sky hills; that the Sioux had stolen their ponies, and done many things which called for revenge; would the Poncas forgive? would they receive back their ponies and permit "My Soul" (the speaker) to return to his people happier?

During this speech, to which the circle of warriors grunted assent, there was a sight outside the circle that would furnish a picture for the painting of another Dante's "Inferno," or something worse.

The squaws of the tribe had seen the young Sioux, and remembering their dead papooses, killed by the last Sioux attack, they gathered in squads about the Indian peace circle, and, giving issue to a never-ceasing undulation of yells and bewailings that would outvie a legion of wild-cats, they tore their hair, wrung their hands, pointing the while toward their naked and childless bosoms.

No Indian chided the squaws, or even seemed to hear the noise which made a pandemonium of the background.

The speech of the Sioux chief was heard, and at his own suggestion he returned to the hill where he first appeared, and brought up from the other side a half-dozen dirty natives, leading the fifteen or twenty ponies, stolen six weeks before, and handed them over to their rejoicing owners. Another smoke and "My Soul" and assistants bade adieu to the spot of their apparent magnanimity.

What a wonderful representation was this little episode in the every-day life on the frontier of the loftiness of the Indian character, to be sure! But when we take into consideration the fact that, that self-same night, a band of Sioux entered the camp and stole the whole of those ponies over again, besides twelve or fifteen full-grown horses, which the Government had feelingly supplied in compensation for the loss of ponies by the Sioux, what a representation it was of the unfathomable cunning of the sons of Japhet! "My Soul" was a spy sent to find out where the *new* horses were corraled.—*Reminiscences of a Western Editor.*

Hanging in Mid-Air.

THE Brockville (Canada) *Recorder* gives the following account of the perilous position in which Squires, the aeronaut, was placed on Dominion day. At five o'clock p. m. the aeronaut attempted to ascend with his balloon, the Atlantic. The starting point was Court House Square. The cargo in the basket consisted of three bags of sand weighing each about fifty pounds, a grappling-iron, to which was attached a strong rope, and Squires. All being in readiness orders were given to cast off. There was a hush, and the multitude grew silent as the unwieldy Atlantic, being freed, swayed backward and forward, and slowly rose from its resting-place to make another voyage in the ethereal blue. A steady gale had been blowing all day, but its strength was not apparent until the balloon struck the current of air above the house-tops; this reached, it swayed with the breeze and swept on at a rate of at least fifteen miles an hour. Its course was directly for the steeple of the W. M. Church. The professor at once perceived the danger, and could have avoided it by throwing out a bag of ballast, which would have given him sufficient buoyancy to have passed over the steeple, but unfortunately the square below was crowded with thousands of spectators, and a bag of sand thrown out would have crushed some person below. The sand was thrown out in small quantities and the balloon swept upward and onward, but unfortunately not swerving from its dangerous direction. It became apparent that the balloon would strike the spire, the watching, anxious, breathless multitude awaiting the shock with compressed lips and blanched cheeks. With a tremendous rush the Atlantic struck the apex of the spire and in another instant parted in twain. At the same moment the basket containing the aeronaut crashed against the spire some twenty feet below. Seeing, as it were, instant death before him, Prof. Squires threw one hand forward to avert as far as possible the shock, at the same time allowing his body to sway in the opposite direction. The crash of the collision sounded over the square, now silent as the grave. As the balloon collapsed and the gas escaped it was seen that the netting had caught on the point of the spire. A moment of breathless suspense. Squires was not seen to move a muscle. A whisper ran round—the collision has killed him! Then a slight movement, and the basket began to slip. It was evident that the netting was giving way. Women grew white with terror; brave men trembled. There, at a height of eighty feet above the earth, was a fellow-being hanging by a few slender threads, above and around him the glittering steeple sheeted with tin, below the cold stone battlements of the tower, on which to fall was instant death. A pause, and the basket had evidently been arrested in its downward course. Squires was seen to grasp the netting; hope rose—he might be saved. The moment he struck the spire there was a rush for ladders and ropes. Without number were the plans suggested to save him from death. But at this moment brave men were clambering up the inside of the grim church tower, determined to save a human life. A small window directly below the eaves of the tower opens directly beneath where the basket was suspended, but unfortunately it was very contracted, and it did not seem possible for a man by any means to squeeze through the aperture. But in a few seconds a man thrust his head through the window, and a board was pushed out of the lower portion of the opening, the end on the inside being held by men within. Then began a struggle; it was apparent that a man was endeavoring to crawl through the narrow hole out upon the board. The clothes were torn from his person in the attempt, but inch by inch he gained, and at last was seated on the board directly below the bucket. The situation was one of great danger.

Should the netting give way the basket in its descent would catch the daring man and hurl him, together with Squires, into eternity. At his appearance there was a cheer that made the welkin ring again.

The main body of the network had caught on the northern side of the spire, only two or three small cords having passed around the other side, and these, when the basket slipped, became slack. The least motion on the part of Squires would have precipitated him upon the stone steps below. He spoke to Squires, who requested him to place his shoulder under the basket; this done Squires caught hold of a slight oval projection of the spire which offered a slight hold, and thus helped to support the basket. At this instant Mr. Stevenson appeared at an opening in the spire above Squires. The opening consists of a small trap-door, and was not discovered for some time. Stevenson came out upon the spire, reached down a hand, and firmly grasped the aeronaut and slowly drew him to a place of safety. The suspense was over and Squires was saved.

—To Press Flowers.—Procure two boards 12x18 inches and a large lot of old newspapers folded and cut to the size of the boards. Lay upon the floor one of the boards and on it place two or three of the newspapers. Now lay on the plant to be pressed, add another newspaper and then the next plant, and so on till all the specimens in hand have been disposed of. On top of all place the other board, upon which place a weight of not less than sixty pounds. The papers between the plants should be changed at least once a day for fresh ones, so that the plants may dry as rapidly as possible. Care should be taken not to remove the plant from the press until it is *thoroughly* dry. It is more convenient, especially with the delicate plants, to place them in the press between a single fold of soft brown wrapping paper, as the plant can be left in this fold till dry, and the specimen may be transferred to fresh papers without danger or injury. Very fleshy, succulent plants can best be dried by immersing them in boiling water before putting them into the press.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Minute Pudding.—One quart of sweet milk, a little salt; let it come to a boil, then stir in good wheat flour; let it boil five minutes; keep stirring to prevent burning. For the sauce take a pint of new milk, piece of butter size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls sugar, a little nutmeg; make it hot but do not boil; eat very soon.

—Sugar Cake.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, three eggs, and milk enough for a dough. Beat the butter and sugar together, whisk the eggs light and add them, stir in the milk and flour alternately so as to form a dough Roll the dough out, cut in cakes, and bake in a moderate oven.

—The *Canada Farmer* says: A few simple rules in the arrangement of flower beds will materially enhance the effect produced: 1. Avoid placing rose-colored next to scarlet, orange, or violet. 2. Do not place orange next to yellow, nor blue next to violet. 3. White relieves any color, but do not place it next to yellow. 4. Orange goes well with blue, and yellow with violet. 5. Rose-color and purple always go well together.

—To Free Cabbage From the Cabbage-Worm.—It has been recommended by one who asserts that he has practiced it thirty years to examine the cabbage before they head, and if the web of the caterpillar is found, or holes in the leaves of the bud, put a tablespoonful of wheat bran in the head. If hard rains follow you may have to repeat. The cure is said to be effectual, the worms becoming mired in the shorts made wet with the dew. They seldom attack the cabbage after they are headed.

—Rheumade.—When green currants and gooseberries and the ripe summer fruits come on, the rhubarb begins to be neglected. Often the large succulent stalks grow and decay in the garden, which might be put to better use. A new and excellent use for them is in making a summer drink after the following fashion: Pull the stalks and dress them, and put to stew after the usual fashion. As soon as they begin to boil, drain off the water closely and put by the latter to cool. To this add an equal amount of water, if liked, and sweeten to the taste, and you will have a most refreshing drink, quite as wholesome as the pie-plant stems used in any other way. It is a veritable "ade," not a wine, called after "Rheum," the genuine name of the plant, and is pleasanter to many than lemonade. It may be improved by flavoring with pineapple juice. The rhubarb left can have as much water added as was taken away, and then when stewed for sauce be as sour as most people care for, and it will besides not require so much sugar. It may also be canned for future use.—*Exchange.*

What Is a Defective Flue?

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* gives the following practical answer to the question:

"The question is often asked, 'What is a detective flue?' It is a flue that has open, unplastered joints in the brick-work through which flame or sparks can pass into the spaces between the floors and ceilings, or in which soot can accumulate and take fire. If the joints in the bricks of the flue are carefully covered with mortar, no joints built into or touching it, and no floor or wood-work allowed to come in contact with it, the owner of such a flue can retire to sleep with a mind at ease on that score. Safe flues in houses built by contract are exceptions, as the contractor sublets to the bricklayer, and he does not feel responsible to the owner, who gets a defective flue unless he stands by and bosses the job. If he does not he must chance it. I have had some eight or ten flues built for ovens heated to a white heat, but have always stood by to see that every joint was well closed, as the first flue I used fired the building. The last one I built was so dangerous—passing through a hay-loft—that, rather than trust it to others, I built it myself; and although it made the loft unbearably hot, I felt perfectly safe, and used it for three years constantly. Another cause of frequent fires is the careless use of matches. A porter in a store sent into a dark cellar or upper story goes with a lot of matches to strike while hunting what he wants; the match is thrown down; if it goes out, good; if not, and there is straw, paper, shavings, moss or rags lying around loose, presto! there you have a spontaneous combustion. Always take a lantern, and let it be a globe lantern, fed with lard or sperm oil. In looking back through a business life in Cincinnati of thirty years, I find that fire originated eight times on my premises, all, however, got under without calling out the engines. Only once was I burned out, thanks to a neighbor. Once, defective flue; twice, defective stove pipes; once, pan of hot ashes left on the floor over night (servant girl); once, hot ashes in an out-houses (servant girl); once, wood coal spilled on a floor (servant girl); twice, matches used and thrown on shavings.

Land-Leeches.

A traveler in Assam, Mr. T. T. Cooper, describes as follows the land-leeches which abound in the forests of that country: "Of all the hardships and unpleasant sensations experienced in the Assam jungles none have left a more disagreeable recollection than the attacks of land-leeches. Often on sitting down I could count a dozen of these little animals hurrying from all directions to their prey. In length they are about an inch, while their thickness does not exceed that of an ordinary sewing needle. Their mode of progression is very curious. Fixing one extremity, by means of its bell-shaped sucker, firmly on a leaf or on the ground, the leech curves itself into an arch, and the other end is then advanced till the creature resembles a loop, again to expand into an arch, but the movement is quicker than words can describe; the rapidity with which they get over the ground is quite startling. As they occasionally rear themselves perpendicularly and sway about from side to side, taking a survey round them in quest of prey, the observer cannot fail to conceive a dread of the blood-thirsty little creatures. I could never resist watching them whenever I took a seat. At first they would hold themselves erect, then suddenly, as though they had just discovered my whereabouts, they would throw themselves forward, and with quick, eager strides make toward me. Another kind of leech found in Assam is the hair-leech, so called from its great length and extreme tenuity. It lies in wait in the grass, and as animals feed enters their nostrils and fixes itself firmly in the interior, where it takes up permanent quarters, causing the poor beasts great irritation. It does not appear to attack human beings."

The Assam land-leech is not so formidable a pest, however, as the horse-leech of Ceylon. According to Sir Emerson Tennent, the Ceylon land-leech is about an inch in length, and as fine as a common knitting needle, but capable of distension to the thickness of a quill, and a length of nearly two inches. It can insinuate itself through the meshes of the finest stocking. It is always ready to assail a passing traveler or quadruped. The coffee planters are obliged to wear "leech gaiters" of closely-woven cloth for protection. "On every twig and grass blade," says Wood, "the land-leeches sit, stretching out their long bodies toward the coming prey, and hastening after the traveler with direful speed Instinctively they make for the unprotected parts. They crawl rapidly up his clothes, they insinuate themselves into his neck, his coat sleeves and his boots; and wherever a patch of bare skin can be found there a small colony of leeches is sure to hang."

Seed From Potato Balls.

THE *Canada Farmer*, in answer to a correspondent who asks for a proper method of saving potato seed from the balls so as to have it fit to sow, says that the method usually pursued is to wash the seed clean from the pulp, and then thoroughly dry them before sowing.

"In the fall, the berries or apples of the old stock are hung in a warm room, and toward the end of winter the seed is washed out, dried and preserved in a dry place, in cloth or paper bags, until sowing time. Some prefer taking the ball or apple when perfectly ripe, drying it, and disengaging the seed by rubbing it out with the hand. When this course is taken, the seed is preserved in bags, in a dry place, until spring, precisely as is done on the other method."

As to the augmenting of new varieties the same journal adds:

"It requires no small patience and judgment to originate a potato really worth cultivating Success most not be too readily taken for granted. A variety should be thoroughly tested before its excellencies are blazoned forth in advertisements. Anyone who undertakes to experiment in this line of things will arrive at appreciation and admiration of the persevering labors of others who have given choice varieties of potatoes to the world before he will achieve distinction in this direction himself. We do not say this to discourage endeavors by any means, but simply to suggest to experimenters the wisdom and propriety of counting the cost of the undertaking. What man has done man can do, and just as there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, so assuredly there are as good potatoes to be originated in the future as ever have been in the past, and possibly better."

Pianos and Organs in Chicago have been sold ever since the panic at a very great reduction in prices.

Reed's Temple of Music is recommended as the largest in the city and very reliable to deal with. They are at No. 92 Van Buren st.

—Sumner's death cost Massachusetts $40,000, and the expenditures were made on such an account that men feel delicate about questioning them.

"*The leaves were for the healing of the nations.*"

A Valuable Medical Herb.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the WORLD'S DISPENSARY, Buffalo, N. Y.

Smart-Weed, sometimes called Water Peper, but known by Botanists as *Polygonum Punctatum*, is a well-known, very common and modest little plant found growing in ditches, low grounds, among rubbish and about brooks and water-courses, flowering in August and September. In many sections of this country it is a deservedly highly esteemed family remedy. The Indians also make great use of this plant for the cure of various diseases. But neither the Indians nor the whites learned one-tenth of the value of this modest little weed, as they had no method of extracting its virtues without the application of heat, which destroys most of its properties, and usually made a tea from the dried herb that had been kept on hand for a long time until it had lost most of its medical properties. No educated Chemist had ever tried to make an analysis of the plant and produce an extract from it upon scientific principles by a cold process until I, having become convinced of the wonderful medical virtues of this little weed, investigated its properties and made an extract from the fresh herb by a cold process—using no heat at all, but bringing out its juices, oils and volatile properties complete and unimpaired. If this remedy had heretofore been valuable when prepared in the most crude manner, from the long-dried herb and by the application of heat, that destroyed so much of its virtues, I reasoned that it must, when properly prepared by a cold process and from the freshly-dried herb, prove a wonderfully efficacious and potent remedy for human suffering. And I can assure the people, upon my honor as a professional man, that in its use, since thus preparing it, my most sanguine expectations have been more than realized. I have found it to contain medicinal properties which steeping in water could not bring out at all, as they are resinous principles. With my Extract, containing all these medical properties unimpaired, I have been enabled to produce most astonishing remedial effects. By much study, a large experience in prescribing this and other medicines, and very close observation, I have been enabled to compound and combine with the simple Extract of Smart-Weed extracts of other medicinal herbs and roots that greatly improve its power and usefulness both as an internal and external remedy—besides they so flavor and modify it as to remove its pungent, smarty taste and render it *a pleasant remedy for both adults and children*. The greatest difficulty that I experience in the way of introducing this most valuable remedy to the public is the fact that Smart-Weed is such a common and unpretending-looking little herb that people are apt to think that it cannot possess any great or valuable medical properties. Had I prepared my Extract of Smart-Weed, put it up and labeled it with some great name, and told the people that the herbs of which it was composed were collected in Africa by the Arabs, carried across the Saharah Desert on the backs of camels, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean for my special use, and that its ingredients were therefore very expensive, I have no doubt that some would have been thereby inspired with greater confidence in it. But I prefer to deal honestly with the people and tell them that the chief ingredient of my Compound Extract is the modest little plant seen growing by the roadside in all parts of North America, and known as Smart-Weed. I believe that God has caused to grow, in each climate and region, those medicinal plants best calculated for the cure of the diseases that prevail in the section of country where those plants are found—that "the leaves were for the healing of the nations," and that the fewer far-fetched remedies we employ the better, if we would thoroughly investigate and understand those we have at home. So far as Smart-Weed has been employed by the medical profession it has won golden opinions, notwithstanding the fact that heretofore they have had only a very imperfect preparation of it to use, owing to heat being always employed in extracting its properties. A celebrated medical author says: "A friend of ours had an only child dangerously ill with Summer Complaint. He had employed a great variety of the usual means for relief, but all appeared unavailing. The child was finally given Smart-Weed and it was entirely successful. It arrested the vomiting and purging in a short time and without the aid of other medicine entirely restored the little patient." As a remedy for Dysentery (or Bloody Flux) I have never seen my extract of Smart-Weed equaled, yet I have used all the most modern and improved medicines usually employed in that disease. The Smart-Weed is rendered still more efficacious in all Bowel Complaints, Cramps and Pains in the Stomach by reason of the Jamaica Ginger which with other valuable ingredients, is compounded with the Smart-Weed in making my Extract—hence the name *Compound* Extract of Smart-Weed. The Ginger and other ingredients not only add greatly to the value of the Smart-Weed as a remedy for internal administration and render it more pleasant to take by imparting an agreeable flavor to it, but also enhance its value as an external application. In all cases of Diarrhea, whether acute or chronic, in young or old, as well as in cholera and Cholera Infantum, the symptoms of which are severe vomiting and purging, feeble pulse, with cold or clammy skin, my Extract of Smart-Weed will give almost immediate relief and speedily effect a cure. All authors writing upon Smart-Weed speak particularly about a dose of it producing a warmth and peculiar tingling sensation throughout the system. This is especially the case when my Extract is given, and indicates a perfect arousing of the whole system, as if from inaction and sleep, and resembles a shock of electricity, only that it is more lasting in effect. The whole system and its various functions are aroused to perform their normal functions by its electrical effect upon the nervous system. Hence, too, its great and masterly control over Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, for which it is particularly advised by medical authors and in which it has performed remarkable cures. It should be used in these cases both externally and internally. Being a great Diaphoretic, or *Sweating Medicine*, aids greatly in relieving pain, but, independently of that, it possesses great anodyne or soothing properties, that render it far ahead of any "Pain Killer" (so called), "Instant Relief," "Golden Relief," or any other pain remedy that has ever been offered to the public. Besides, it is perfectly harmless, which is not the case with many of the preparations patented and put up for sale by Quacks, "Indian Doctors," and those knowing nothing of the delicate and intricate structure of the human system, nor the action of medicines upon it. My Extract of Smart-Weed is not a secret Patent Medicine, no patent having been asked for or obtained upon it, and its ingredients are no secret—all that I claim is that, as an educated and skilled analytical and practical Chemist, I have devised a superior process for bringing out and obtaining the most valuable properties of the plants from which my Compound Extract is made. This I have done only after great expense in erecting machinery for grinding, pressing and percolating. I wish particularly to call public attention to my Extract of Smart-Weed as a remedy for all Colds, Febrile and Inflammatory Attacks. Nor can I too highly extol it as a remedy for Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and to break up the cold stage of Fever and Ague or Chills and Fever.

As an external application it is a perfect Panacea, if there ever was one. No family can afford to be one day without it in the house. Besides, it is equally as good for the horse as for man. It subdues Inflammation of all kinds. Used as a gargle and applied freely externally to the throat, it is a sovereign remedy in Diphtheria and Quinsy or Inflammation of the Tonsil Glands. To all Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Burns, Bee Stings, Insect and Snake Bites, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Caked Breast, Swollen Glands, Rheumatism, and, in short, to any and all ailments, whether afflicting man or beast, requiring a direct external application, either to allay inflammation or soothe pain, or both, Extract of Smart-Weed cannot be excelled. I do not extol this medicine as a cure-all, nor is it necessary to mention all the diseases wherein it will be found to effect cures, as I have said enough to indicate its properties, and the intelligent will at once see wherein its use may properly be extended. Recollect it is sold under a positive guarantee. If, after using two-thirds of the contents of the bottle, you are not satisfied with it, return the bottle to me and your money will be promptly refunded. Allow me to say, in conclusion, that my Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is a safe remedy in all cases, which cannot be said of many medicines put up for sale to the people. So harmless is it that it may be given in small doses of 5 to 10 drops in milk to infants for Colic, and will be far more effective and much safer than any "Soothing Syrup" or "Cordial" ever put up, and will not injure the child as they do. My Extract of Smart-Weed is now sold by most druggists, both in this and many foreign countries.

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