DANFORTH'S SPECIALTIES,

PATENTED

1869, 1870, 1878, 1881.

(OTHER PATENTS APPLIED FOR.)

USED FOR YEARS BY THOUSANDS.

Sold by Hundreds of Dealers.

THE EXPERIMENTING and Expense in proving them Worthy PUBLIC CONFIDENCE FINISHED.

NOW, orders from all parts of the world places it out of Mr. Danforth's power to personally visit different parts of the United States. But to facilitate the introduction of HIS GOODS into all sections, he has adopted a plan, experiments with which the past year have proved successful.

Many counties have been "tied up" by selling rights to parties who NEVER visit their townships, (hence only one town in twenty being supplied with my goods,) from which towns I constantly receive orders that can't be filled because of SUCH COUNTY SALE. To settle this difficulty I do not care to sell any more County Rights, unless under MOST STRINGENT contract, that Purchasers SHALL, within 60 days after, visit and introduce these Goods INTO EACH TOWN IN HIS COUNTY.

In my paper, "Light for the World," mailed FREE, I publish RETAIL price of goods from which sample orders will be filled, and upon application WHOLESALE and SPECIAL Price-list will be mailed, FROM which a FAIR SAMPLE stock for opening an agency can be ordered in amount proportionate to the size of town selected. This Outfit upon receipt of the money will be neatly packed and shipped in complete order with directions. Posters, cards, circulars, papers, and a CONTRACT under four patents, GIVING EXCLUSIVE control of said town SO LONG as the purchaser continues the sale of such goods, purchasing the same of Mr. D. or his authorized agents.

With a capital of $100 to $300, if energy and prudence be added, a GOOD LIVING can be made in any Town in the World, for these goods are ACTUAL necessities, and the sales of the past fourteen years show that purchases of Town Rights invariably add Town after Town until often several counties are their control.

To THIS question hourly made, "Why are these Goods not more generally introduced?" Mr. Danforth cites Hundreds of Agencies in 20 States, and adds THESE FIGURES: "Take the State of Ohio, with 88 counties, more than 1,700 Towns. The man who can visit a Town per day, each day in the year, COULD NOT visit THE TOWNS in Ohio in FIVE years—40 States and Territories, Twenty-Six Hundred Counties, MORE than FORTY THOUSAND Towns"—as great a necessity as these Goods are in EVERY Home. Mr. Danforth cannot by any means yet learned reach these Towns in a lifetime.

These Goods are all and more than claimed. I want HELP to sell them, honorable, energetic, men and women, who can add a few hundred dollars, that by labor and prudence, using cost of sales to renew stock, will soon grow into larger proportions.

But do from hundreds of successful agencies SAY, THAT by courteous showing, honest representation, and practical working of these goods, making one sale, the whole Town will soon become purchasers. Hundreds have so started selling my goods, and are successful.

cannot help any who, making one dollar, spend one. But I do offer a sure living to those who can and will invest a fair capital, reasonable Hours, and prompt attention, pushing rates. All such I am glad to see or hear from. Orders by mail filled as promptly and at same prices as if you visited my office. In many cases the expense of a visit is as great as the needed amount to commence business. Yet all are gladly welcomed and earnestly invited to come. Inquiries cheerfully answered. Please read papers sent you carefully. These specialties are results of twenty-five years labor and expense. Thousands of certificates can be given. References: Thousands of customers using them daily and Hundreds who have purchased rights and sold the goods from one week to fourteen years.

Respectfully,

RODERICK F. DANFORTH,

941 D Street,

(DAILY POST BUILDING.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY MOTHER.

It was at midnight's silent hour,
When all were hushed to rest,
Thy gentle spirit took its flight
To mansions of the blest.

I know when I beheld that form
That all my hopes had died;
My sorrow couched in those brief words,
Dear mother, thou art dead.

If time, or change, or night below,
Could that lost form restore,
Could bring that treasure back to me,
My sorrows would be o'er.

I'd patient wait the coming time.
Though it were many years—
Would strive to gay and happy be,
And drive away my tears.

But the sad thought that cannot be
Strikes like a poisoned dart,
And pangs of anguish pierce anew
Each fibre of my heart.

I never more can hear that voice,
Or see that tender smile;
No, never in that presence task
Which could each care beguile.

My life and hope sinks down beneath
This heavy weight of woe;
Though springtime decks the land,
And all is fair below.

The season only brings to me
Thoughts of those bygone hours,
When I in pleasant paths did stray,
And roam amid the flowers.

Ere angel hands did beckon thee
To their bright home above,
And rob me of life's purest gem—
A mother's changeless love. H. C.

FRIDAY AT STONE'S RIVER

The Charge.

"Get on your horse, go back across the river and hunt up Gen. Palmer, Gen. Negley, Gen. Rosecrans, or any other general you can find, and tell him I can't stop these men—all —— can't stop them," and then, *sotto voce*, "and, I don't want to stop them, either!"

The little orderly was not slow to leave the exposed position between the lines of the victorious Union troops and the discomfited but hard-fighting Confederate, where his duty to his chief had carried him, to hasten back with the message. When he did deliver it it had the desired effect—there was doubtless something in the ring of the words, although they certainly must have lacked a great deal, minus the flashing of the dark eyes and the triumphant tone of the voice with which Col. Miller gave them. It had the effect, for instantly regiments, brigades, and divisions began to pour hurriedly over the river in the wake that Miller had so valiantly and so suddenly cut through the enemy's lines. So that a half hour had not elapsed before the fruits of the splendid dash had been secured, and Bragg's buglers had sounded the retreat; and ten hours later Shelbyville, twenty-eight miles away, was filled to overbolting with a Confederate army fresh from the defeat at Murfreesboro, while the Army of the Cumberland had acquired time to grumble at short rations and begin to wonder how it had happened that in the flash of a sword the apparently unattainable had been attained.

Before going any further I wish to give warning that I am telling this story about a battle. It may be that the man who undertakes to tell such a story nowadays, unless he does it simply for the pleasure to be derived from the almost inevitable subsequent disputes as to points of detail, is an ass. That's all right; I'm willing to have the epithet applied to me—I only wish to serve notice on the other ass, the triple ass who fought elbow to elbow with me on that occasion, and proposes to come forward now to tell me that what I saw never happened, that I won't have any of his nonsense. He can tell the story when he gets a foul of THE HERALD to suit himself, and I'll promise to hold my peace, whether I can subscribe to all of his little bits of personal recollection or not. For you know, my friend, (I am speaking to that ass, the editor, now,) that no two men ever fought side by side and elbow to elbow in any given battle without disagreeing totally and irreconcilably ever afterwards as to the minor details of the affair. That's only because they didn't look through the same pair of eyes, you know; and when you get them to tell you the story separately you have the history of two distinct battles, only agreeing in vague and misty outlines. So I don't want Tom, Dick, and Harry to pop up instantly they have read this to tell me, "You are wrong when you say that it was half-past three o'clock when we charged across the river, for I looked at my watch, and it was full four;" or that, "You're mistaken when you say that Telford rode an iron-gray horse, for I happen to know that it was a sorrel mare; by the same token, she had the distemper"—because I don't care about such unimportant minutia. I will only take the contract to give my own recollections of the affair, and I'll be glib-tongued if I don't know them all to be true.

The Army of the Cumberland never yearned for a more complete and thorough thrashing than she got on Wednesday at Stone River—and, by the way, she never got a worse one either. But still, she sat down and rubbed her sore spots and watched for a chance to go in and try it again, with a grim determination to "get even" the next time or perish in the attempt. She didn't think of leaving the field, except in the direction of Murfreesboro and over the Confederate earthworks. All day Thursday she lay watching, with that peculiarly wicked glance that shoots from an angry and bloodshot eye, for her chance. Two or three times she thought she had it, but before she could fairly straighten out her stiffened limbs the prospect faded away; and, growling at the provoking faint-heartedness of some folks, she fell to watching again. Negley's division had been used as a sort of a flying reserve during the day, and whenever the Johnnies made a feint and wasted a few cartridges the boys were trotted up to the scene ready for work. But the day closed in, dismal and gloomy, without anything having occurred to relieve the feeling of chagrin at Wednesday's whipping; and the greater part of Friday was passed in the same way.

At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, however, (and here I beg to caution the other ass again—I don't care whether it was ten minutes after 3 or fifteen minutes before,) Gen. Breckinridge moved down in heavy force upon Van Cleve's division of Crittenden's corps, which held a position on the left bank of the river, while the rest of our army were on the right bank. Negley's division lay just across the river from Van Cleve's, the right flank of Van Cleve being on a direct line, perhaps, with Negley's centre. Breckinridge had a very heavy force—just how heavy it is difficult to say; one of our brigade commanders says that he counted seventeen regimental flags; another says that the force had the front of two regiments and was six columns deep. I can only speak for an individual in Negley's division who saw them sweep Van Cleve's division away as if it was composed of the veriest straws in the world, and he would have to make oath at the moment that there were at least a plumb million of them—all disgustingly willing and eager to fight, too. Of course, now, at this safe distance from the affair, it is his cool and dispassionate judgment that there couldn't have been so many.

At all events they were strong enough to drive Van Cleve across that river as though the devil was after him, and he went through our lines (when I say he, I mean his men, of course) with all expedition and a much more than convenient haste. I don't mean to say that there was no fighting. On the contrary, there was a very bitter contest, and it was only after a most determined struggle that the division yielded to superior numbers and retreated to save themselves from capture. During all of it Negley's men watched the conflict with eager eyes, and, with a heroism that commanded manly tears of admiration, opened their ranks to allow their flying brethren to pass through, and then quietly closed up again ready for whatever might be required of them. The enemy rushed down, flushed with victory, to the bank of the narrow stream, and halted for an almost imperceptible moment of time to gather themselves together for a charge across to complete the work they had so prosperously begun. Negley's men at this moment gave them a volley to which they replied, but it was evident that they did not contemplate a continuance of musketry hostilities even at such short range, but were bent upon coming over to reap the full fruits of their movement.

It was at this moment that the man for the occasion began to play his part. If I may be permitted, without shocking the purists too much, to paraphrase Shakespeare, I would like to say that "some men are born soldiers; some achieve soldierly attainments, and some have the name of soldier" (as we learned in the late war to our sorrow! Great Heavens, yes, my friend!) "thrust upon them." It happened that the man for this occasion was born a soldier, although he had lived thirty years without suspecting it. It wasn't that "his practiced eye" showed him the danger and the one extremely hazardous way there was of meeting and defeating it—for his experience in war had comprised less than two years—but it was the instinct of a true soldier born within him that told John F. Miller, then a colonel commanding one of Negley's brigades, just precisely what to do, and it was something more than a soldier's courage that prompted him to act without hesitation or loss of time to reckon up the cost. The situation was just like this: On the left bank of the river stood the victorious enemy, flushed and arrogantly confident. Confronting him was a division comprising not more than one-third his strength, and the junior brigade commander sitting on his horse debating what was best to be done. He (Miller) had already asked permission to go over to Van Cleve's relief, but it had been refused. None of his seniors were at hand. Should he stay where he was and content himself with a musketry duel across the stream till such time as the enemy chose to charge across, and then attempt with his comparatively puny force to engage Breckinridge hand to hand? He knew that he could not maintain so unequal a contest as that would have been. He knew that once the enemy got across and our line was broken, the drubbing of Wednesday might be repeated—only in all probability it might be a thousand times worse. He knew that right behind him lay fifty-eight guns, fully one-third of all the artillery in the Army of the Cumberland, for the moment useless, because the enemy were too near at hand—a tempting prize almost sure to fall into Breckinridge's hands if he once crossed the stream. In short, he saw that everything, almost, was at stake.

The conformation of the ground on the right bank of the river at the point where Miller sat cogitating was such that, while there were no troops there except Negley's division, from all that could be seen by the enemy on the left bank the whole Army of the Cumberland might be there waiting—and this may, in part, have caused the enemy to make his brief halt, instead of following Van Cleve pell-mell. Sending Lieutenant (now Brevet Brigadier General) Henry M. Cist to get permission to charge, Miller gathered up his strength. It was a fearful thing to contemplate. He was the junior brigade commander, and of course could only rely on the support of his own brigade of four regiments—at most he could not count on more than the division, numbering then not more than 3,000 men, or at the very best 8,000. What would be the chances of success in case he charged with that force, wading a stream under a heavy fire and challenging a hand-to-hand fight with an enemy having clearly at least three times his strength? There was about one chance out of fifty that he would drive the enemy back; forty-nine chances that his men, even if he got them across the stream, would beat themselves like spray upon a rock against the serried columns of the enemy, when, of course, the disaster begun with Van Cleve would redouble, and, taking fresh head, go on to complete rout; forty-nine chances to one that, if he did not get permission to charge, he would lose his official head (he didn't stop, of course, to reckon up the risk to his life) and have his career as a patriotic soldier cut short with an almost irredeemable disgrace. On the other hand, what else could he done? There was but one hope—everything else was against him—and that was that the enemy, seeing him make a bold charge with his small force, would imagine that he had the whole army back of him, and become sufficiently demoralized to allow him to drive them back far enough for the artillery to begin to play on them; then certainly help would come. It would be a grand essay of nerve. The enemy would argue that no man would have the temerity to charge under such circumstances. It was a desperate chance—and he took it. Without waiting for Cist's return he gave the order to charge, led the way himself, and—the turning point of the battle of Stone River was at hand! Midway of the stream Cist reached him, saying that Gen. Palmer, the first general officer he had encountered, whose division lay perhaps a quarter of a mile to the rear of Negley's, had peremptorily forbidden the charge.

"It is too late now," shouted Miller, his eyes blazing with the fire of battle, (and I certainly never saw a man's eyes blaze as did his in battle,) and on the men went, holding up their cartridge-boxes to keep them from getting wet, and altogether showing such cool, determined courage that the round-eyed Confederates grew demoralized and drew back. Then, with a shout that told of the recognition of the long-delayed opportunity to "get even," the blue coats swarmed up the bank, loading and firing like demons; falling like leaves, too, before the hot fire of the enemy; pushing, pushing, at first slowly and then faster and faster as the enemy yielded, till at last the artillery from the right bank got the range, and raised hell of shrieking discord with shot and shell and the repulse became a retreat and the retreat a disordered rout. The day was won—Murfreesboro, the prize for which Rosecrans and Bragg had contended for weary days, was practically in our grasp.

Once again, just as we reached the left bank, came an order from Gen. Palmer (this time borne, I think, by Maj. Telford, also of Miller's staff, now of the Sixth Auditor's Office) not to attempt to charge. In Wednesday's fight, in the never-to-be-forgotten "Cedars," Miller had received a flesh wound in the neck. On Friday this wound had become very painful, of course, and the young colonel's neck was so stiff that he could not turn his head—he was compelled to move his whole body. This was very inconvenient on horseback, and to remedy the matter he dismounted and strode on foot to the front of his line, where his flashing sword pointed his men the way to victory. Here again one of Palmer's staff officers brought him an order to "recross the river and reform his men to support Palmer's line." Then it was that he turned to his orderly and gave him the message to take back, in the words which stand at the opening of this article.

In point of fact Miller was followed in this charge by the Twenty-first Ohio, the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, the Seventy-fourth Ohio, and fragments of the Eighteenth Ohio, Thirty-seventh Indiana, and Nineteenth Illinois—in all, certainly not more than 2,000 men. It was a desperate chance, and he took it. It was a hazardous game, and he won it. And if you will keep your eyes on him you will find that the same soldierly instinct that made him seize this opportunity is still with him, and that in politics and statesmanship they will stand him in just as good stead.

But, Lord bless you, my friend! Do you ever read over these old reports? It did my soul good to find out how many brigadier generals and major generals and colonels commanding brigades and regiments were willing after the fact, and after it had become clear that that charge won the battle of Stone River) to assume all responsibility for the affair. Why, if all the general officers who intimate, more or less broadly and positively, in their official reports that they ordered the charge and perhaps led it—I say if all these gentlemen had been on the right bank of the river at the moment in all the pride, pomp, and panoply they were accustomed to sport in those days, Breckinridge's men would never have attempted to even attack Van Cleve—such a horrid front of war would have frightened the souls out of them! In point of fact no one seemed to expect a determined attack at that point. Miller was the ranking officer on the spot, and in the frantic endeavor to find a general officer to authorize the charge his staff officers wasted even more time than did the generals themselves in setting forth in their official reports, each and individually, the information that he had originated and designed and carried out the movement.

Prior to this Col. Miller had made a reputation as a hard, quick, and successful fighter, but all of his successes had been in comparatively small affairs. This battle made him a brigadier general, and in leading his brigade at the affair at Liberty Gap on the first day of the Tullahoma campaign he was struck by a minie ball, destroying the left eye completely. He was knocked from his horse and stunned, but he recovered in a few moments sufficiently to give instructions to the next in command, when he was taken to the rear. For twelve long, weary years of pain and suffering he carried that ounce of lead in the bones above the eye. During this time it is said that he was never once free from pain—never slept one night of undisturbed repose. But it was only his family or his more intimate friends who knew that he endured pain such as is not usual to men. He never was weak enough to complain. Have you ever observed that such an affliction as this, long illness, or prostrating physical suffering—yes or mental, either, for the matter of that—when it neither kills nor maddens, has a wonderful effect to strengthen the man's character, to broaden and elevate his manhood, to refine and purify him? Believe me, my friend, there is truth in the homely old doctrine that our greatest blessings often come in the guise of adversity.

But the minie ball cut short Gen. Miller's career as an active soldier almost completely. He remained in the service, commanding the post at Nashville, and afterwards the District of Mobile. At the battle of Nashville, December, 1864, he commanded the left wing of Thomas's army—8,000 men.

At the close of the war Gen. Miller was offered a high rank in the regular service, which he declined. President Johnson made him collector of customs at the port of San Francisco, where he took up his abode. He has not been much of an office-holding politician. When the war broke out he was a member of the Indiana Senate; before that he had been, I believe, the prosecuting attorney of the county in which South Bend is situated. He is an enthusiastic Republican, however, and always has been, and has been chosen a member of the Electoral College at every Presidential election since the war, save the last one. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention in California a few years ago. His election to the Senate was a spontaneous tribute from his party, and came to him as a well-earned but scarcely adequate reward for his services to his country and his party. At present so great has his popularity become because of the magnificent fight he has made to restrict Chinese immigration that it is moderate to estimate the "Miller party" on the Pacific Coast as comprising all the strength of all the other parties. If the "Slope" had the making of a president to-day there would be no division, and if they had the power to create a vacancy, John F. Miller would reign in Arthur's stead before the setting of to-morrow's sun. Indeed his performance upon the Chinese question has won for him high encomiums from all over the Union, and from those who differ with him in the premises as well as those who agree with him. The press of the country without division accord him the honor of having lifted the consideration of the question out of the depths of "bloodthirsty" to the regions of broad statesmanship. His arguments on behalf of the protection and elevation and the conservation of the dignity of labor have no shade of demagogical appeal, no taint of unpatriotic self-seeking. No speech that has been delivered in Congress in the last ten years (aside from campaign speeches made at the Capital to save postage) has had so wide a circulation, and the demand for it is still growing, although it was made over two months ago. It has attracted the attention not alone of the world in general, but of students of political economy, ministers of the Gospel, college faculties, and educated men generally. It has given him a fame which he might well be content to win by years of toil in the Senate—and it is a fame, too, that will endure.

Senator Miller was born in Union County, Ind., in 1831. His parents were Virginians, his ancestors from Switzerland. He is a man of commanding figure, handsome and manly, and of a fine presence. Naturally reserved, he bears beneath a cold exterior the heart of a woman for tenderness, of a lion for courage and magnanimity. He is reticent, but his word is his bond, and he hates a liar unspeakably.

When others are suffering, drop a word of kindness and sympathy. If they are suffering from a cold, give them Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; a few doses of this valuable remedy will afford instant relief, and a twenty-five-cent bottle will cure the worst cough.

Rogue Elephants.

Gen. W. W. Anderson writes from the Wynaad: "Hitherto our progress through this dense mass of impregnable forest has been but slow, chiefly on account of the elephants, who literally drove out my coolie laborers yesterday, sending them scuttling through the wood in a terrible fright. The beasts were giving tongue with deep-mouthed roars, mingled with loud trumpeting from the ladies of the herd, among which you distinctly heard the wee little penny-whistle squeals of the baby elephants. The ladies was fearful, enough to make the strongest quake, and though you could hear the smashing and crashing of trees and underwood, you could not distinguish your foes, or tell at which point they would break cover. The natives suppose that a rogue elephant (a gentleman, you must know, who has been turned out of the herd by one more powerful for some breach of social etiquette of which we shall never know the exact particulars) had attempted to force his way back into the herd, which upset the stolid indifference of the lord in possession, who immediately notified his displeasure by a roar, and probably a swift rush at the intruder, for the men say they heard the battering of heads, like the crushing of two rocks coming in contact, and then a wild stampede, which made them all lost. We know that there is one rogue elephant under my shoot in our vicinity, playing the mischief wherever he comes, destroying young trees, uprooting bandemen's huts, and, in fact, behaving like the lunatic he is. Rogues are dangerous fellows, and will charge upon you without the slightest provocation."

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation for the surprising cures which daily result from the use of her Vegetable Compound in all female diseases. Send for her pamphlets.

Colden's Liebig's Liquid Beef and Tonic invigorates! admirably adapted for females in delicate health. *Colden's; no other.* All druggists.

Bad coughs cured by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, fifty cents.

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LADIES' LOW RUN, WORKER BUTTON BOLES	2 00
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CHILDREN'S SOLID GOAT BUTTON BOOTS, 8-10	80

Ladies' Slippers, in all the new styles, at cost.
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A CHALLENGE!

TO ANY PHYSICIAN we will send one of

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSHES

With our urgent request for him to test it in every case of Headache and Neuralgia he may chance to meet, and if it fails to cure within a few minutes, nine sufferers out of every ten, let him advise his patients not to buy them. We also challenge a test in any case of Baldness. We submit that this is fair advertising, and every person reading this may have a brush on trial, as it costs nothing to try it. Now, many people are doubtful about advertised remedies, and, while we have received thousands of letters buy it through fear of being cheated. To remove this fear we have resolved to let all have them for a time, on trial, before deciding to purchase.

In 1878, the Pall Mall Electric Association introduced this new invention in London; the sale was enormous and now extends all over Europe. It soon won its way to Royal Favor, and had the distinction of being cordially indorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Jas. R. Chapman, the Mayor of Saratoga—President of the Bank and Gas Co. writes thus: "July, 1881. It always cures my headaches in a few minutes, and is an excellent brush, well worth the price, aside from its curative powers." Rev. Dr. Bridgman writes from Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Never before gave a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of so honest a remedy. It cured my baldness, and my wife finds it a prompt and infallible cure for her headaches." Geo. Thornburgh, Esq., Speaker of the House of Representatives, Little Rock, Arkansas, writes: "Feb. 15, 1881. This is my first testimonial. My wife was getting bald; the brush has entirely stopped the falling hair and started a new growth. I use it for Dandruff; it works like a charm. Several friends have bought and used them for headaches, and they have never failed to cure them in about three minutes. Mayor Pender uses it with like results. This is strictly true and given by me voluntarily without solicitation." "An infallible remedy for curing neuralgia in five minutes."—British Medical Index.

It will positively produce a rapid growth of hair on bald heads, where the glands and follicles are not totally destroyed.

Out of a mass of letters from personal benefited we have selected three from people of some prominence; and can any sensible person think for a moment that men of position and wealth would deliberately sit down and write falsehoods for our benefit, or that we would dare publish fabrications over their signatures and addresses? Were we artificiality to use letters receive from senators, judges, lawyers, doctors, ladies and gentlemen whose names are known in the highest circles in Europe and America, the readers of this paper would be astonished at the remarkable cures of Falling Hair, Baldness, Headaches, Neuralgia, etc., this Brush has effected.

Now, reader, are you bald or afflicted with Dandruff, Falling Hair, or Premature Grayness? Are you troubled with any kind of Headaches or Neuralgia? Do you wish to ward off and prevent these afflictions? No doubt you daily use a hair brush. Why not try this one? If you are not satisfied with it you may return it.

The Brush is made of a beautiful material resembling black ebony, handsomely carved and filled with the best bristles (not wires). This material is permanently charged with an electro-magnetic force which immediately acts upon the hair glands, follicles, and brain. Always doing good, never any harm, it should be used daily, in place of the ordinary brush. There is no shock or sensation whatever in using it, while the power can always be tested by a compass accompanying each brush. **The price is $3.00 each,** and no better brush can be found anywhere. If you wish to try it, please send us that amount and we will promptly forward it post-paid, on trial. Should you wish to return it, first write us and we will send back the money. If we fail to keep this promise, the publisher is authorized to return the money to you and charge the amount to us. Is not this fair? When all advertisers offer these honorable terms, they will show proper faith in their remedies and the public will be quick to respond. We cannot do more to invite your confidence, and hope you will give us a trial. If you prefer, you can obtain it on the same terms from any Drug or Fancy Store, but accept no substitute, and see that Dr. Scott's name is on the box, and "Electric" on the back of the Brush. If your druggist refuses to let you have it on these terms (which we authorize him to do), write directly to us. Remittances can be made by money order, draft, currency, or stamps, payable to **GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York,** and mention this paper.

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GOLD SEAL EXTRA DRY,

A True Champagne,

Made by fermentation in the bottle. Equal in every respect to the best brands of imported champagnes, and at about half the cost.

HIGHEST HONORS

Awarded at the Paris Exposition. Also, Finest Grade of

CATAWBAS AND PORTS.

For Sale at Barbour & Hamilton's, G. G. Cornwell's, E. E. White's, and other Leading Grocers and Wine Dealers.

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Mumm! Mumm! Mumm!

JULES MUMM & CO.'S

FAMOUS CHAMPAGNES.

THE ORIGINAL HOUSE, OCCUPYING THE ORIGINAL PREMISES.

Beware of Counterfeits.

See that the Corks are Branded

"JULES MUMM."

We offer to the trade these really superior EXTRA DRY and DRY WINES at lowest prices. These CHAMPAGNES need only a trial from connoisseurs to be appreciated.

DRINK THE WINE AND NOT THE LABEL!

BARBOUR & HAMILTON,

Established 1850,

Nos. 414 and 416 Pennsylvania Avenue, and 415 and 417 E street northwest,

AGENTS FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

CAROLINA

TOLU TONIC,

FOR

PULMONARY DISEASES

AND

GENERAL DEBILITY.

SURE CURE FOR

Malaria, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Dyspepsia

In all its stages, and all diseases of the

THROAT AND LUNGS.

This is a preparation of BALSAM OF TOLU, ROCK CANDY, MAGNESIA, and other Medicinals beneficial in above diseases, the basis being the purest Rice and Rye Whiskey. This Rice Whisky is commonly known as Arrack in the South and as Samshoo in China. It has been used for many years by the Chinese, and also by the negro laborers in the Southern rice-fields as the only antidote for Malaria and Rice Fever.

We guarantee a positive cure in every case. Harmless and very pleasant to take. Try it.

For sale by all druggists and grocers at $1 per quart bottle. The trade supplied at a liberal discount by

Barbour & Hamilton,

WHOLESALE AGENTS

614 and 616 Penna. Avenue.

This Tonic is classed by commissioners of internal revenue as medicinal, subject only to the stamp tax, which does not subject the vendor to license as liquor dealers.

HENRY BISCHOFF & CO.,

New York and Charleston, S. C.,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Medical.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay, and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars. Sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued by STUTT & CROMWELL, 498 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C., wholesale and retail agents. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. 6m18-1y

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. address J. H. REEVES 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

WHEAT Dealers make Money with W. T. SOULE & CO., 130 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. Write for particulars.

COCOA-PETROLEUM.

A NATURAL HAIR RESTORATIVE.

An agreeable and reliable preparation for promoting a luxuriant GROWTH of the HAIR, eradicating dandruff and stops the HAIR from falling out; delightful as a dressing, keeping the HAIR soft and glossy, and is elegantly perfumed; 75 cents a bottle.

A. M. SNYDER & BRO., Proprietors,

J. H. PERKINS & CO., Agents,

136 N. Howard street, Baltimore, Md.

Ask your druggist for it, or send to us for cards, etc. je26-1y

Dr. S. A. Richmond & Co's SAMARITAN CURES FITS.

NEVER FAILS. NERVINE

The only known Specific Remedy for Epileptic Fits.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Vertigo, Hysterics, Insanity, Apoplexy, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Nervous Diseases. Nothing equals it. It will positively eradicate every species of Nervous Derangement, and drive them away from whence they came, never to return again. It totally destroys the germs of disease by neutralizing the hereditary taint or poison in the system, and thoroughly eradicates the disease, and utterly destroys the cause.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures General Debility, Ulceration of the Uterus, Internal Heat, Gravel, For Wakefulness at Night, there is no better remedy. During the change of life no Female should be without it. It quiets the Nervous System and gives rest, comfort, and nature's sweet sleep.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Nervous Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Asthma, Bronchitis, Scrofula, diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases of the urinary organs. Nervous debility, caused by the indiscretions of youth, permanently cured by the use of this invaluable remedy. To you, young, middle-aged, and old men, who are covering your sufferings as with a mantle by silence, look up, you can be saved by timely efforts, and make ornaments to society, and jewels in the crown of your Maker, if you will. Do not keep this a secret longer, until it sap your vitals, and destroys both body and soul. If you are thus afflicted take Dr. RICHMOND'S Samaritan Nervine. It will restore your shattered nerves, arrest premature decay, impart tone and energy to the whole system.

SAMARITAN NERVINE

Is for sale by druggists everywhere, or may be had direct from us. Those who wish to obtain further evidence of the curative properties of Samaritan Nervine will please inclose a 3-cent postage stamp for a copy of our Illustrated Journal of Health, giving hundreds of testimonials of cure from persons who have used the medicine, and also their pictures photographed after their restoration to perfect health. Address

DR. S. A. RICHMOND & CO.,

WORLD'S EPILEPTIC INSTITUTE,

mh12-1y ST. JOSEPH, MO.

PROPOSALS FOR STATIONERY.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 17, 1882.

SEALED PROPOSALS for furnishing certain articles of Stationery needed for immediate use will be received at this Department until the 23d day of May, 1882, at 12 o'clock M.

Blank forms for bidding will be furnished upon application.

The bids will be considered and accepted or rejected item by item.

The articles contracted for must be delivered as soon as practicable.

Delivered must be free of charge at the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

Proposals to be addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Proposals for Stationery."

CHARLES J. FOLGER,
my14-415 Secretary.

PROPOSALS.

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,
WASHINGTON, May 10, 1882.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at the office, as above, until 12 o'clock M. THURSDAY, June 1, for furnishing supplies to the various branches of the District Government for the year ending June 30, 1883.

Information, samples, and blanks will be furnished upon application at room 57, Morrison Building, Four-and-a-half street.

By order of the