POETRY.

CALL ME WHEN BREAKFAST IS READY.

A SONG.

Call me when breakfast is ready—
O, mother don't call me before;
Do not deny me the pleasure
Of moderate rest, I implore.
Eight hours of sleep are too little
For delicate maidens like me;
Dearer, by far, is my pillow
Than cup of the daintiest tea.
Mother, I cannot endure it,
This getting up early's a bore—
Call me when breakfast is ready,
O, please do not call me before!

Call me when breakfast is ready—
Oh, mother, don't call me too soon,
Shopping, of course, needs attention,
But that can be done before noon.
Talk of the folly of fashion,
I do not consider it so:
Parties must not be neglected,
And style is important, you know.
Mother, it makes me so nervous
To think of your step at the door—
Call me when breakfast is ready;
Oh, please do not call me before!

Call me when breakfast is ready—
Oh, don't call me early, I pray.
Doctors advise to be quiet,
My spine is affected, they say.
Sleep is a potent elixir,
And better than drugs or the knife;
Why then, so much in a hurry,
Since rest is the solace of life?
Mother, do have some compassion,
And chide my late rising no more—
Call me when breakfast is ready,
Oh, please do not call me before!

Call me when breakfast is ready—
Oh, mother, I think I've been told,
Multitudes struggle for riches,
And barter their comfort for gold.
Hypocrites often rise early—
Their motives are perfectly plain;
Sundays they always sleep later,
Because they have nothing to gain,
Mother, I cannot endure it,
This getting up early's a bore—
Call me when breakfast is ready,
But please do not call me before!

Hearth and Home.

SELECTED STORIES.

In a Trance.

I and my friend George Summers were seated in one of the pretty arbors of Victoria Park, London, enjoying the fragrance of our cigars, and admiring the curious Chinese houses, pagodas, and sweet beds of flowers for which that place is celebrated.

In truth, I must say we gave a good deal of our attention to the well-dressed, gay young ladies that flirted by us. Though Summers was a married man, he had an eye for the beautiful, particularly for a beautiful woman.

"There is a great difference," he'd say, "between admiration and love. We often admire the fine figures and graceful manner of a woman, though we might be far from loving her. I love my little wife dearly—she is a good, precious little soul; nevertheless, I admire the queenly figures of those heartless coquettes, that captivate but to kill."

"You are severe on fine women," I said. "I hope they have not jilted you?"

"Not exactly; but one would, only I found her out in time."

Just then a splendid looking creature passed us, leaning upon a gentleman's arm.

"Look, Summers, what a magnificent man."

"Yes," he replied, knocking the ashes from the end of his cigar, "splendid to the eye, but as soulless as the Venus de Medici."

"You are rather severe, my friend; I saw her smile sweetly upon the gentleman."

"Yes; he is a wealthy old bachelor, and she is going to marry his riches, and then lead him a sorry life."

I doubtedly shrugged my shoulders.

"Light another cigar, and I'll tell you a story, and then I think you'll believe me," said Summers, handing me his case. "I must tell you that I was engaged to that woman that has just passed, and the day of our marriage set."

"Indeed! And what broke it off?" said I, in surprise.

"I died," said my friend, puffing away at his weed, and looking like anything but a dead man.

"Died! You made a wonderful resurrection, then."

"Wonderful, indeed. But you must listen to my story."

"Well, proceed."

"About five years ago I came to London, having received a lucrative government appointment. I had a letter of introduction to a Mr. Townsend, who lived near Islington. He had been a government employee, but had retired on a snug pension. I, being a stranger in the city, very gladly accepted his offer to board with his family.

"Mr. Townsend's family consisted of himself, his son, rather a snobbish dissipated fop, and his daughter, then a young girl of fifteen. I felt nothing in common with young Townsend, so I spent little of my time with him, and I must say he spent little of his time with his family.

"I was near forgetting Mrs. Townsend, who was a fine, matronly looking woman, but rather fond of good living and fashionable society. She had the misfortune of having a sister married to a poor baronet, and consequently looked upon herself as allied to the nobility, and fairly bored us about the delightful evenings she had at her sister's, Lady Lackland's, with sir this and my lord that.

"Mr. Townsend was a quiet, good soul, but did not seem to have a proper regard for his connections or dignity. So his wife thought, at least.

"I must now tell you about their daughter Bertha. She was just budding into womanhood, and I am not surprised that her parents doted on her, for a more lovely looking girl I have never seen; but her fashionable mother spoiled her, and brougdt her up as heartless and silly as herself. As you have seen her leaning upon the gentleman's arm just gone by I need not describe her, but confess she was beautiful.

"I was about twenty at the time, and thrown into the society of such a girl, it is no wonder that I fell desperately in love with her. I spent my salary in making her presents, in going with her to balls and theatres, and driving around the parks. Mrs. Townsend never objected to this, but if I hinted at marriage, she put it off with the reply that Bertha was too young to think of marriage yet. As for Bertha herself, I really think she loved me then—at least she often told me so.

"Bertha spent much of her time at her aunt's. Her mother would say to me if I appeared uneasy at this:

"You know, Mr. Summers, Bertha will meet such high society at Lady Lockland's it will make a refined lady of her."

"I have learned since and strongly suspected then, that her motive was to see whether her beauty would captivate some titled personage.

"This kind of courtship went on for three years, and Bertha every day became more beautiful and my passion more intense. One evening I saw her driving out in a barouch with Lord Stocton. I watched them with jealous eyes, and saw him speaking in a low earnest manner to her, and, as they turned a lonely corner, actually kissed her. I went home, my brain on fire, and in my frenzy told Mrs. Townsend what I had seen.

"She did not sympathize with me, but rather seemed well pleased, and remarked:

"What a nice man Lord Stockton is. I met him the other evening at Lady Lockland's, and—"

"Madam, you'll drive me mad!" I interrupted. "He is a rogue—he is a gambler—he is old enough to be her father, and you should not allow him to take such liberties with Bertha."

"I spoke passionately, and I am afraid I was a little hard on poor old Stockton; but when did you ever know a lover to be rational? However, she cut me short by assuming all her dignity and informing me that she could take care of her daughter's interest without my advice.

"Here was an exposition, and yet I was too infatuated to break off; however, I treated the mother and daughter with polite coldness for some time. I must confess that this did not break their hearts, though really it was near breaking mine.

"Before the breach was healed, I received a telegram to the effect that my father was dying, and to hurry home. I did hurry as fast as steam could carry me, and only arrived in time to receive his parting benediction. I remained at home a month, and when I returned the Townsends sympathized in my affliction, and Bertha took an opportunity to apologise to me for her thoughtless flirtation with Lord Stockton. Nothing could be handsomer than this, and the demon of jealousy was satisfied; but I have since learned that they had heard before my return of the fact that my father had bequeathed to me one thousand pounds a year in government stocks.

"A few weeks before my return, Sir John Lockland died suddenly of apoplexy, leaving to his wife and daughter only a small annuity during the life of the former. This was a great blow to the pride of Mrs. Townsend and to the helpless mother and daughter.

"After a family consultation, Mrs. Townsend consented to receive them into their family; not, I am sure, through any kind motives, for their income was not sufficient to pay their board, but it was something to have a baronet's widow in the family.

"Mrs. Lockland, was a very kind, amiable woman, totally unlike her proud, ambitious sister. As for her daughter Emily, she was a modest, sweet creature, rather retiring, but of an affectionate, loving disposition. She was handsome, too—nothing of Miss Townsend's grand style of beauty. She had a gentle, mild face, like a picture, cased in folds of the most glorious raven hair.

"As you know my wife, I need not describe her to you, for it looks rather silly, I must confess. She was highly accomplished, and could sing and play most beautifully. I loved to hear her play on the piano, and my looks of admiration did not escape the proud beauty, who became jealous and led the poor child a sorry life of it.

"I loved her as a sister, and tried to make her life happy, but I soon found it better for peace and quietness to take no interest in her. Her health was getting delicate, and I frequently look her with myself and Bertha to drive. We had arranged for a drive in the park, when I'd return from business one evening.

"I drove up with the coach at the appointed time and found that Bertha and her mother were out shopping, so after waiting a considerable time, I took Emma. When we returned home, Bertha could not conceal her rage, but rated us soundly. Emma bore it meekly, and retired to her room, and I wisely followed her example. Our wedding day was approaching, and Bertha and her mother were busy in buying the trosseau, and the poor slave, Emma, was kept equally busy preparing it.

"I took suddenly ill. An eminent doctor was called in, and he could not say what ailed me. I knew that I was subject to fits when a child, and that I at one time lay three days in a trance. It struck me that I was getting a similar attack. Bertha, when she came into the back room, cried and sobbed, and her mother thinking it would overpower her insisted that she should see him but once a day. At night, when the lamp mas dimly lighting and the old nurse nodding, I could feel a gentle tread on the carpet and the presence of some one near me. A cool little hand would be laid upon my burning brow and a parting kiss printed upon my lips. As I generally spent the night in a kind of stupor, poor Emma thought that I did not feel her, but my senses were wide awake.

"I was near two weeks sick, and one evening felt more lethargy than usual. The doctor was to see me and left some medicines, with strict injunctions to watch me close for the night and give me the medicine.

"The family had retired, and the nurse soon fell asleep in the arm chair. I tried to move—to call her, but how great was my horror to find that I could not stir. I tried to cry out, I tried to move my hands or feet, but oh! the agony of despair! I was as immovable as a block of stone. Soon I felt the door gently open and the rustle of a dress near the bed. A hand was laid quietly on my forehead, and then a scream of terror and despair rang through the room.

"The nurse jumped up frightened and cried out:

"Oh, Miss Emma, what is it?"

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "he is dead," and I heard her as she fell on the floor.

"The family were alarmed, and rushed to the room. Though my feelings were dreadful, I was anxious to know how Bertha would bear the shock.

"They all surrounded the bed, and each laid a hand on my brow.

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Townsend, "how sudden."

"Oh, dear," cried Bertha, "who would have thought it."

"The nurse and Mrs. Lockland were reviving Emma, and when she recovered took her to her room.

"Bertha, dear," said her mother, "you are better; go to bed; this no place for you."

"Poor young man!" said Mr. Townsend, wiping his eyes. "I suppose I had better telegraph to his friends in the morning."

"Certainly," said his amiable spouse; "how very shocking to have a corpse in the house. I declare I cannot close an eye for the night."

"Mother," said Bertha, "I'll be afraid to sleep in my room. I'll go to yours and let father take mine."

"Certainly," my child, don't fret yourself. If you chanced to be married you'd have his property; but now I suppose you'll come in for nothing."

"He might have a will, madam. Let us see!"

And they actually took the keys out of my pocket and searched my trunk and desk. Though they got no will, they took my watch and some jewelry and money, Mrs. Townsend, remarking:

"This is little enough for the trouble we have, and the expenses you have gone to in buying wedding things, Bertha."

They then left the room, locking the door after them.

"All this time I was perfectly sensible of what was going on, though my mind was one chaos of disgust. I was in a complete state of catelepsy; yet my senses were wide awake. But who can picture my agonizing feelings. To be buried alive, and left to die by inches in a narrow coffin, with a load of earth piled over me! Oh! if I were only really dead! But this torture—worse than the torture of the lost ones.

"I had often read of graves being opened, and the corpses found on their sides, with the glass of the coffin smashed. When the poor wretches came to they struggled hard for their escape, only to smother and die.

"The torture of that night was fearful. I even shudder now when I think of it. The doctor came next morning. I had hopes that he'd pronounce me not dead; but no, he just left his hand upon my brow, shook his head, and walked off.

"A few old women came and stripped and washed me, and then put on my grave clothes. One of them remarked:

"I never felt a corpse so soft; the flesh is like a living person's."

"I have heard it remarked," said another, "that is a sign some friend of his will soon die."

"I wish we had another bottle of brandy" said a third; "I hate to be about these corpses without plenty of drink."

"I was placed in the coffin, and some friends dropped into see me. George Rutland and Mark Keating were my most intimate friends, and visited me. They looked at me a few moments, Rutland remarking:

"Devilish sudden, poor Charles went!"

"Yes, indeed," said the other. "I say will you go to Mrs. Dancer's ball to-night?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow; and I intend making my love to the widow; she has the shiners, you know."

"Oh, nonsense, Keating, she's too old. That niece of hers is a splendid girl;" and my two dear friends went home to prepare for the ball.

"Ah," I thought, "if the dead could only come to life, what a sermon they could preach upon the hypocrisy of their pretended friends."

"Bertha had come in the room during the day, and I am sure cried for effect.

"It was night again, and I was left alone with the nurses and another old woman, both of whom soon fell asleep. Some one had gently come in and bent over me—it was Emma. She pressed her lips to mine, and the tears trickled over my face.

"Oh, Charles, Charles!" she murmured, "if you anly knew how much I loved you."

"She took her scissors and cut a lock off my hair and put it in her bosom. She again kissed and re-kissed me as her tears trickled over my face.

"Was it the sanctified presence of pure love that moved the angels to remove me from the leaden sleep that weighed upon me? I murmured:

"Emma."

"She gave a scream of joy and terror; and when the nurses reached the bed they found my arms thrown around the poor child.

"My story is told. Emma is my wife, and I almost bless the dreadful sleep that gave me such a treasure."

A Singular Claim.

There is a belief in Mexico that throughout the world generally that when the Jesuits were driven out of that country years ago, they buried in one of their principal colleges an immense amount of treasure. Various unsuccessful efforts have been made to find it. Some years ago a firm composed of one or two Americans and some Spaniards was formed for the purpose of excavating on a grand scale. The machinery was seized in one of the political convulsions and destroyed. A claim for this loss is to be brought before the Mexican commission which meets here in December, and it will be one of the most interesting cases which will come before that body. The claim amounts to $80,000.—*Washington Star.*

Count Michel Dycedurzyski is playing dreadful havoc in New York. The attempt to address him familiarly by name has cost several well-intentioned but mistaken persons their life.

The Best Wife in the World.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"The best little wife in the world!" said Herbert Ainscourt.

"Of course—I dare say," responded Mr. Portcross. "But what's your exact idea of the best wife in the world? Jones says he's got the best wife in the world, because she keeps his stockings darned, takes him to church three times on Sunday, and never lets him have an idea of his own. Jenkins says he's got the same identical article, but Jenkins' wife keeps all the money, draws his salary for him, and makes him live in the back kitchen because the parlor is too good for the family to use."

"Oh! but Daisy isn't a bit ogreish—a little submissive, soft-voiced thing, that hasn't an idea except what is reflected from me I tell you what, old fellow, I'm the master of my own house; I come when I please and go when I please. Daisy never ventures on a word of reproach."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, larking around at the clubs as you do, dissipated bachelor fashion."

"Ashamed! what of?"

"Why, I suppose you owe some duties to your wife?"

"Where's the harm? My wife doesn't care."

"Probably you think so, as she is quiet and submissive; but what if she were to object—"

"Object! I'd like to hear her try it."

"Now, look here Ainscourt, your wife may be a model wife, but you certainly are not a model husband. People are beginning to talk about the way you neglect that pretty little blue-eyed girl."

"I'll thank people to mind their own business. Neglect her indeed! Why, man, I love her as I love my own soul."

"Then why don't you treat her as if you did?"

"Oh, come, Portcross, that question just shows what a regular old bachelor you are. It won't do to make too much of your wife, unless you want to spoil her."

Mr. Portcross shook his head.

"That sounds selfish. I don't like the ring of that metal."

And he went away, leaving Mr. Ainscourt to finish his game of billiards.

"What a regular fuss-budget Portcross is," laughed the latter. "Always poking his nose into somebody else's business. There's one comfort—I never pay any attention to what he says."

Meanwhile Mrs. Ainscourt was sitting alone in her drawing-room, her two little white hands tightly locked in one another, and her fair head slightly drooping—a delicate little apple blossom of a woman, with blue, wistful eyes and curly flaxen hair, looking more like a grown up child than a wife of twenty-one summers.

"Oh, dear," sighed Daisy. "It so dull here. I wish Herbert would come home. He never spends any time with me now-a-days, and I practice all his favorite songs, and read the newspapers, so I can talk about the things he's interested in, and try so hard to be entertaining. It is very strange."

And then her oval face brightened into sudden brilliance, and the sparkles stole into her eyes, for her quick ear detected her husband's footsteps on the stairs. The next moment he came in.

"Well, pet, how are you?" with a playful pinch on her cheek. "There are some *bon-bons* for you. Where are my light gloves?"

"Oh, Herbet, you are not going away again?"

"I must Daisy. There are a lot of fellows going to drive to High Bridge, and I'm one of the party. You can go over to mother's for dinner, or send for one of your friends, or something. There, good bye, puss, I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

And with one careless kiss pressed on the quivering damask rose of a mouth that was lifted up to him, he was gone.

Daisey Ainscourt neither went to her mother-in-law's, nor sent for one of her friends. She spent the evening all alone, pondering on the shadow which was fast overgrowing her life.

"What shall I do?" thought the little timid, shrinking wife. "Oh, what shall I do?"

But, child as she was, Daisy had a strong, resolute woman's heart within her, nor was she long in coming to a decision.

"Daisy," said her husband to her the next day, "you haven't any objections to my attending the Orion Bal Masque?"

"Are masked balls nice places, Herbert?"

"O yes, everybody goes; only I thought I'd pay you the compliment, of asking whether you disproved or not."

"Can I go with you?"

"Well—ahem—not very well, this time, Daisy. You see, Mrs, Fenchurch really hinted so strongly for me to take her, that I couldn't help it."

"Very well," assented Daisy, meekly, and Herbert repeated within himself the pæan of praises he had chanted in Mr. Portcross' ears: "The best little wife in the world."

But, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Ainscourt was not exactly pleased, when, at the selfsame bal masque, during the gay period of unmasking, he saw his wife's innocent face crowing the picturesque costume of a Bavarian peasant girl.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated, rather ungraciously, "you here!"

"Yes," lisped Daisy, with a girlish smile. "You said everybody went! And oh, Herbert, its nice?"

Mr. Ainscourt said nothing more, but Mrs. Eenchurch found him a very stupid companion for the remainder of the evening.

He was late at dinner the next day; but, late as he was, he found himself more punctual than his wife, and the solitary meal was half over before Mrs. Daisy tripped in, her cashmere shawl trailing over her shoulders, and her dimpled cheeks all pink with the fresh wind.

"Am I behind time? Really, I am so sorry! But we have been driving in the park, and—"

"We! Who are we?" growled her husband.

"Why, Colonel Adair and I—the Colonel Adair that you go out with so much."

"Now, look here, Daisy!" ejaculated Mr. Ainscourt, rising from the table and pushing back his chair, "Adair isn't exactly the man I want you to drive with!"

"But you go everywhere with him!"

"I dare say—but you and I are two different persons."

"Now, dear Herbert," interposed Daisy, willfully misunderstanding him, "you know I never was a bit proud, and the associates that are good enough for my husband, are good enough for me. Let me give you a few more oysters."

Ainscourt looked sharply at his wife. Was she really in earnest, or was there a mocking undercurrent of satire in her tone? But he could not decide, so artless was her countenance.

I'll talk to her about it sometime, was his internal decision.

"Daisy," he said, carelessly, when dinner was over, "I've asked old Mrs. Barberry to come and spend the day with you to-morrow."

"Oh, have you? I'm sorry, for I am engaged out to-morrow."

"You! Where?"

"Oh, at Delmonico's. I've joined a Woman's Rights Club, and we meet there to organize."

"The duce take woman's rights!" ejaculated the irate husband.

"Of course I don't believe in them, but it is the fashion to belong to a club, and such a nice place to go to evenings. I am dull here evenings, Herbert."

Herbert's heart smote him, but he answered resolutely:

"I beg you will give up this ridiculous idea. What do women want of clubs?"

"What men do, I suppose."

"But I don't approve of it at all."

"You belong to three clubs, Herbert."

"That's altogether a different matter."

"But why is it different?"

"Hem—why? because—of course anybody can see why—it's self-evident."

"I must be very blind," said Mrs. Ainscourt, demurely, but I confess I can't discriminate the essential difference."

Herbert Ainscourt said no more, but he did not at all relish the change that had lately come over the spirit of Daisy's dream.

She did change, somehow. She went out driving, here, there and everywhere. He never knew when he was certain of a quiet evening with her; she joined not only the club, but innumerable societies for a thousand and one purposes, which took her away from home almost continually. Mr. Ainscourt chaffed against the bit, but it was useless. Daisy always had an excuse to plead.

Presently her mother-in-law bore down upon her, an austere old lady in black satin and a chestnut brown wig.

"Daisy, you are making my son wretched."

"Am I?" cried Daisy, "Dear me, I hadn't an idea of it! What's the trouble?"

"You must ask himself," said the mother-in-law, who believed—sensible old lady—in young married people settling their own difficulties. "All I know is the bare fact."

So Daisy went home to the drawing room, where Herbert lay on the sofa pretending to read, but in reality brooding over his troubles.

"What's the matter, Herbert?" said Daisy, kneeling on the floor beside him, and putting her soft cool hands on his fevered brow.

"The matter? Nothing much, only I am miserable," he sullenly answered.

"But why?" she persisted.

"Because you are changed, Daisy."

"How am I changed?"

"You are never at home; you have lost the domesticity which was, in my eyes, your greatest charm. I never have you to myself any more. Daisy, don't you see how this is embittering my life?"

"Does it make you unhappy?" she asked softly.

"You know that it does, Daisy."

"And do you suppose I liked it, Herbert?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that I passed the first year of my married life in just such a lonesome way. You had no 'domesticity.' Clubs, drives, billiard playing, and champagne suppers engrossed your whole time. I, your wife, pined at home alone."

"But why didn't you tell me you were unhappy?"

"Because you would have laughed at the idea, and called it a woman's whim. I resolved, when we were first married, to fritter away neither time nor breath in idle complaints. I have not complained; I have simply followed your example. If it was not a good one, whose fault was that? Not mine, surely."

"No, Daisy, not yours."

"I don't like this kind of life," went on Daisy. "It is a false excitement—a hollow diversion; but I persist in it for the same reason, I suppose, that you did—because it was the fashion. Now tell me, Herbert, whether you prefer a fashionable wife, or Daisy?"

"Daisy—a thousand times Daisy!"

"But Daisy can't get along with a theatre-going, club-living husband."

"Then she shall have a husband who finds his greatest happiness at his own hearthstone—whose wife is his dearest treasure—who has tried the experience of surface and finds it unsatisfactory. Daisy, shall we begin our matrimonial career anew?"

And Daisy's whispered answer was, "Yes."

"But what must you have thought of me all this time?" she asked him, after a little while.

"I know what I think now."

"And what is that?"

"I think," said Mr. Ainscourt, with emphasis, "that you are the best wife in the world."

A Very Singular Story from the State of Maine.

A man named Downs, who was in the army, and for all we know a respectable man, has lived for years in Auburn. A shoemaker by trade, he has been known to his friends to possess a curious power of putting other people into unconscious states, in which he could make them do any thing he pleased. On Thursday he came into the inner sole factory of Mr. Charles Woodward, in Auburn, and being an old friend, threw his arm casually around Woodward's neck, think nothing of the act, and soon after left the shop. Woodward says that he remembers nothing that occurred after that till Saturday afternoon. After Downs left the shop it was noticed that Woodward behaved strangely—danced, sang, &c. On Thursday night he did not come home; but about 2.30 Friday morning put in an appearance and went to bed. He boarded with Mr. Edwin Blake, on Spring street, Auburn, Mr. Blake thought Woodward acted strangely. Friday night he made inquiries for him, and found he had been over to a dance—had been down to a shanty and had got something to eat, and had acted very badly in other respects. Blake naturally thought he was on a spree, and finding Woodward at last, got him home, though he made stout resistance. Friday night and Saturday forenoon Woodward continued in this hysteric state; he would tell any one who came in all their family secrets—matters he never could have known—but yet he faithfully revealved everything. Mr. Blake saw clearly that it was not a case of intoxication, for it appeared Woodward went into the state suddenly at his place of business, and continued in it many hours after he could have had access to liquor. More than that, he seems to have been a man of temperate and excellent habits.

At last a physician was summoned, who thought it was a hysteric fit. It was recommended that he be rubbed in strong mustard water. While Mr. Blake was doing this, suddenly Mr. Woodward came to his senses, while Blake was instantly attacked with a nervous tremor, his muscles contracted, his body writhed, and soon it became evident that he himself was unconscious. The "demoniac possession," "the witchery," the fit, or whatsoever you please to call it, had left Woodward and Blake was now the victim.

Blake was soon found to be entirely unmanageable. He showed thrice his ordinary strength, and attacked with damaging effect a plethoric physician who was summoned. He would dance and sing and cut up all sorts of antics. Nobody could do anything with him. He seemed to see beforehand what the intention of those around him was. Finding that it was impossible to cure the case, it was asked, "Where is Downs?" It was then determined, as a dernier resort, to carry Blake thither. Accordingly, Sunday forenoon he was secured in a carriage and taken to Gardiner. They found Downs at a hotel there, and brought Blake to the room where he was. Downs put his hands on him, and suddenly Blakes muscles relaxed; he was restored to consciousness. Blake says the last he remembered he was rubbing Woodward in his own house. "Where am I?" "How did I come here?" These and similar questions gave expression of the Rip Van Winkle wonderment that naturally possessed him on coming to his senses. The story was soon told, but Blake was forced to see that the explanation only made it all still more blind; indeed, that the explanation itself needed explaining.

Downs said that ever since he had left Auburn he had not had a notion that something there was not right, but he could not tell exactly what the trouble was; he had been unusually nervous and restless, and had a presentiment that he was needed there.—After he took on himself the affection of Blake he could for a time hardly contain himself. A young man who accompanied Blake says when Downs restored himself to consciousness he himself felt a loss of nervous control, and feels that had it not been for Downs being there he should have been "possessed in the same way."

Woodward states that he knew Downs in the army, where Downs was quite notorious for mesmerizing people. He says he has seen him mesmerize many different persons; was himself mesmerized by him in those days on several occasions. On one occasion, while in this state, Downs, sent him through two picket lines and back, which he thinks he could not have p ssed in his right mind. Downs states that on Thursday he had not the least idea of "mesmerizing" Woodward; only, after he left and went to Gardiner he he was troubled about something—he knew not what.

Such a story as the above, if we should hear it from almost any ordinary source, we should discredit it to the whiskey bottle.—But in the present instance there is every reason to believe the facts are substantially as above given. We have them from the lips of Woodward and Blake, and those who took care of them. Mr. Blake is well known as one of the most reliable and Christian young men in Auburn. His father is Rev. Mr. Blake, of New York city, Mr. Woodward, so far as we know, has always borne himself in this community well, and the fact is well established that his condition, as above given, was due alone to some indefinable mesmeric influences.

Blake and Woodward are now confined to their rooms, where we saw them to-day.—They say they feel as though they had been "pounded"—every muscle in their bodies being swollen and sore. They are thoroughly prostrated.

"What is it?" is the question. To answer it by saying "mesmerism" is only to jump out of the frying pan into the fire. It is certainly a wondrous proof of the effect of one mind on another, of will on will, of animal magnetism—a physical wonder—as well established as any other in the nineteenth century. In Cotton Mather's time they hanged witches; lucky for Downs that he lives in the noonday century, else he might have been hanged long before from the bottommost limb of a live oak!

A party which recently went to the upper waters of the Yuba on a fishing excursion, not finding the sport with hook and line sufficiently exciting, exploded a small charge of giant powder in the water. The effect was astonishing—all the fish, in the immediate vicinity, large and small, being instantly killed.

A Mississippi judge has just decided that the intermarriage of white and colored people is "lawful in the State of Mississippi, the law of that State to the contrary notwithstanding."

A Tiger Loose—Exciting time at Glen's Falls.

French Mountain, between Glen's Falls, N. Y., and Lake George, was the scene of a genuine sensation during the sojourn of Campbell's Circus and Menagerie at that village last week. At a late hour one night, long after the audience had been dismissed and the canvass pulled down, the watchman left in charge observed a large animal dart across his path and almost instantly vanish in the darkness. Suspecting at once that some one or more of the wild beasts had escaped from their bondage, he hastened to where the cages were coralled, and discovered that the largest of the two elephants had drawn the stake to which he had been fastened, and had upset the cage of the Bengal tiger, breaking the doors and bending the bars in such a manner as to allow the animal to escape. To run to the hotel, awaken the elephant driver, and summon all hands, was the work of a moment. The elephant was promptly fettered, and a search for the truant tiger commenced. The scene was one of indescribable excitement. None but two of the most resolute of the showmen would lead in the search, the remainder following at a respectful distance and in the greatest trepidation. The tiger was not long in making known his whereabouts; for the bleating of a calf, in pain and terror, indicated that his royal highness was satiating his gluttonous appetite on a live veal. The leading spirits of the hunt approached, and, by the aid of their torches, discovered that the tiger had stricken down a yearling heifer, and was crouched over the dying animal, greedily lapping the blood which spurted from a large wound in its neck. A plan for capture was soon devised, and Mr. Clem King, the keeper of the tiger, at once set about putting it in practice. He procured a rope, and making a noose in the form of a lariat, he ascended by a ladder from the outside of the shed to a window, from whence he passed to the rafters immediately over the tiger. He then gave a loud shout, which caused the tiger to look upward, giving Mr. King an opportunity to throw a lariat over the animal's head, which feat he dexterously accomplished. Drawing his rope taut, he made it fast to a beam, and another rope was passed to him, with which he succeeded in lassoing the tiger in the same manner as before. Mr. King then threw the end of one rope to a party of men near the entrance to the shed, and when they had secured it, he threw the end of the other rope to another party, and the two lines were at once stretched, each party walking in an opposite direction. When the tiger would make a rush at one group of his captors, the others would haul taut on their line, and thus prevent him from doing any mischief. After much exertion, and several ludicrous stampedes from the bystanders, he was dragged back to his cage, which had in the meantime been repaired. When he came in view of his den he bounded in of his own accord; but the attendants, in their haste to secure him, closed the iron door too suddenly, and severed about a foot of his majesty's tail.—*Troy Times.*

A Woodcock Wooing.

The love making demonstrations of the bird are very peculiar. A male bird, desirous of attracting a mate, will repair in early spring to some apparently well-known resort. Emerging from some thick copse-wood or bramble covert, where during the day he has occupied himself in boring the moist earth or turning over decayed leaves in search of earth-worms, slugs, and insects, he now turns his attention to more sentimental objects. Arrived at his parade-ground he looks anxiously around, and if no suspicious appearance alarms him, he commences his low grunting introductory note; but his impatience is manifest, and he soon gives vent to louder guttural bleatings, each one introductory cluck. These aspirations are accompanied by a whimsical strutting, as if the performer greatly admired his own performances. Having thus proudly introduced himself he suddenly rises in the air, flying round in narrow circles, and ascending all the while in a spiral manner, until he attains a considerable elevation, uttering constantly what by this time may be termed a rather low and sweet note. Having attained his desired height he now performs various eccentric and long-continued gyrations, accompanied with an increased utterance of sweet, musical notes. Suddenly increasing his ecstasy of expression he descends headlong toward the earth, and making one grand swoop, alights near the spot of his ascent. Hours are thus spent, in which some of the actions of the bird are often strangely impulsive and animated. But these love-calls are suddenly arrested by the arrival of a large and more stately individual, that gracefully alights near our frenzied bird. It is the responding female, who has at length thrown aside her coquetry and answered the repeated call. She approaches with ruffled plumage and agitated demeanor. The action of the male bird is now eloquent with grotesque contortions, but at length the two meet, caress each other with every demonstration of affection, then lock their long bills in firm grasp, and then, as if too happy for this world, rise perpendicularly into the air till lost in the obscurity of night.—T. B. THROHE, in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

Days Without Nights.

Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of the night. Dr. Baird relates some interesting facts. He arrived at Stockholm from Guttenburg, four hundred miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends. He returned about midnight, when it was as light as it is in England an hour before sunset. You could see distinctly but all was quiet in the streets: it seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away or were dead. The sun in June goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock.—There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes around the earth toward the north pole and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm he was surprised to see the sun shining in his room.—He looked at his watch and found it only three o'clock. The next time he awoke it was five o'clock, but there were persons in the street.

The Swedes in the city are not very industrious. There is a mountain at the head of Bothinia, where on the 21st of June the sun does not appear to go down at all. The steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun reaches the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude seventy-two degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about twenty-five degrees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter time the sun disappears and is not seen for weeks: then it comes and remains for ten or fifteen minutes, after which it descends, and finally does not set at all, but makes almost a circle round the heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in those latitudes with hired persons, and what they considered a day. He replied that they worked by the hour, and twelve hour's would be considered a day's work. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hour, whether the sun goes down or not.

Ladies' Beware.

The German papers relates a curious instance of the effect of the chemical change sometimes wrought in the cosmetics, so freely and extensively used in the toilet of our fashionable ladies of the present day. An American lady, young and handsome, residing in Baden Baden, taking a fancy to bathe in the waters of the celebrated hot springs of that city, not being initiated in the science of chemistry and of course ignorant of the effect the sulphuric fluid would have on her painted beauty, washed herself all over in the heated water, immediately after, although no particular change was manifest in other parts of her body, her face which was before prepossessing, now presented a rather repulsive appearance. She was changed directly from a fair and beautiful Caucassian to a dark and ungainly Ethiopian. The sulphurous gas developed by the spring, wrought a chemical change in the Poudre de Riz and altered its color to a complete black. She was greatly alarmed at such a sudden transformation of her beauty, but learning its cause, resolved never again to resort to such a loathsome and foolish practice. During her stay in Baden Baden, she was recognized by the appropriate title of La Divine de Rouge et Noire.

A man named Patrick Bolan was sitting on the iron railing in front of the St. Charles Hotel, Syracuse, on Saturday, and in some way lost his balance, fell back into the area below, and was instantly killed.

It is said in political circles that the strongest candidate of the regular Republican ticket for Senator of Virginia has not been named publicly.

BLANKS! BLANKS!!

THE FOLLOWING BLANKS ARE NOW printed and for sale at this office:

FOR DISTRICT SOLICITORS:

Indictment for Larceny,
" " Assault and Battery,
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" " " " Road,
" " Burglary,
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Summons in actions for the recovery of money only—A. B. and C.
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Complaint to obtain Peace Warrant,
Examination of Complainant and his witnesses on affidavit to obtain Peace Warrant,
Warrant of commitment to jail for not finding sureties to keep the peace.
Bond by the Defendant to prevent the removal of goods attached.
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Bond given by one claiming goods attached.
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The above blanks are in conformity with the new Constitution.

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A. J. BLEECKER, Agent at New York and Boston, 77 Cedar Street, New York.
aug 3 404—d&w3m

Wake County Business.

Office Board Commissioners Wake County,
RALEIGH, Sept. 10, 1869.

THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF THE compensation allowed for attendance and mileage to the members of the Board of Commissioners for the County of Wake, from July 4th, 1868, to September 6th, 1869, inclusive, is published in accordance with Chapter XX, Public Laws of North Carolina passed at Session 1868, viz:

J. P. ANDREWS, for 151 days, at $3 per day,	$453 00
Mileage—144 miles, at 5c. per mile..	7 20
	$460 20
WM. JENKS, for 113 days, at $3 per day,	$339 00
Mileage—4,288 miles at 5c. per mile,	214 40
	$553 40
C. J. ROGERS, for 150 days, at $3 per day,	$450 00
Mileage—4,468 miles, at 5c. per mile,	223 40
	$673 40
JACOB SORRELL, to 149 days, at $3 per day,	$447 00
Mileage—2,980 miles, at 5c. per mile,	149 00
	$596 00
R. W. WYNNE, to 153 days, at $3 per day,	$459 00
Mileage—3,040 miles, at 5c. per mile,	152 00
	$611 00

The Board has been in session 156 days.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, } s.s.
WAKE COUNTY. }

I, W. W. WHITE, Register of Deeds, in and for said County aforesaid, certify that the foregoing is a correct statement of the amount allowed to the Members of the Board of Commissioners of said County, as compensation for attendance and mileage from July 4, 1868, to September 6, 1869, inclusive.

W. W. WHITE,
530—law4w Clerk.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, }
Wake County. }

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Wm. Mills and wife Margaret against The heirs at law of Jas. Crane, } Petition to change Trustee.

IN this cause it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants reside beyond the limits of the State of North Carolina, and that the ordinary process of law cannot be served on them, it is

Ordered, That publication be made in the Weekly SANDARD, a newspaper published in the city of Raleigh, for six weeks successively, notifying the defendants to answer the complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, this first day of October, 1869.

J. N. BUNTING,
Clerk Sup'r Court Wake County.
oct 5 539—w6w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Treasury Department,
RALEIGH, September 3d, 1869.

THE General Assembly of North Carolina, in accordance with the Constitution of the State, having levied special taxes, as the same may become due, on all "special tax bonds" issued in aid of Railroads unfinished at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, holders of said bonds are notified that the interest which became due on the first day of April, 1869, or such bonds, will be paid on presentation of the proper coupon at the Treasury, or at the Raleigh National Bank of North Carolina, at Raleigh, N. C.

And further, that interest which will become due on the 1st day of October, 1869, on the aforesaid "special tax bond," will likewise be paid as above, on and after the last mentioned date.

D. A. JENKINS,
sep 4—d3tw5t State Treasurer.

IMPORTANT LAND NOTICE.

THE undersigned having been appointed Commissioner by the Judge of the Superior Court of Surry County to sell the lands of Haywood Thompson, deceased, will, on Monday, the 1st day of November next, offer for sale on the premises, two hundred acres of land on the Yadkin River, in the County of Surry, opposite Jonesville, and adjoining the lands of Wm. B. Woodruff, Meredith T. Greenwood and others, on a credit of six months. Bond and approved security will be required.

There is about fifty acres of Yadkin River bottom of the best quality on said tract, together with fine uplands in a high state of cultivation, a fine two story dwelling with ten rooms, good out buildings, and a fine orchard.

Those wishing to invest it good real estate, would do well to call and look at the property.

MORGAN BRYAN,
sep 16—w6w Commissioner.

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HAVING MET WITH SUCCESS, FAR BEyond our expectation, in the publication of the

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we take this method of offering our papers,

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The Leading Company in North Carolina

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All the Surplus of the Company Divided among the Assured.

Dividends declared and paid annually on the Contribution Plan.

ALL POLICIES (after two full payments) NON-FORFEITABLE.

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Rates Lower than any other Company that pays Dividends to Policy-holders.

It issues all the various forms of Life and Endowment Policies.

LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN CASH.

DIVIDENDS PAID AT THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR, AND ANNUALLY THEREAFTER.

Its ratio of expense to income is extremely low. This may be seen by reference to the Official Reports for 1868. For example:

Expense on the $100 Received.

Knickerbocker,	$16.54
Equitable,	17.44
North America,	21.16
Brooklyn,	21.09
Universal,	27.24
John Hancock,	18.27
The National,	63.48
THE ÆTNA,	13.41

It has an

Important New Feature

that has been copy-righted. According to this plan, the rates are

Much Lower

than in any other Company in the world.

Its ratio of Mortality is low. Its Rates are very low. Its Expenses are very low. Its dividends are large.

It insured more lives in the City of New York in 1868, than any other Company except one. It issued more Policies in the United States than any other save one. It insured more lives in Canada than any other Company, British or America.

See what the

Highest Insurance Authority

in this country says. In the June number of the *Insurance Times* of New York, the following opinion was expressed:

"If there is any great benefit in mutual association, any great advantage to be derived from scientific organization and a chartered source, tending to mitigate the sufferings, lessen the privations, and add to the peace, security, and happiness of humanity, we are prepared to show that these blessings flow in all their fullness and purity from this excellent, powerful, and flourishing company, the Ætna Life of Hartford."

"No institution has brought more prompt, full, and grateful relief to the hearts of the bereaved and desolate, and none has been more uniformly distinguished for the enterprise, wisdom and equitable liberality with which it has fulfilled the purposes of its formation."

"Its success has been almost unbounded and beyond all precedent. Eight years ago, in 1861, it issued only 589 policies, received an income of seventy-eight thousand dollars, and possessed net assets summing up to something over two hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars; but last year, 1868, it granted 13,337 new policies, more than any other company, except the Mutual Life; received an income exceeding six millions dollars, and had amassed solid, securely and profitably invested net assets amounting to over Ten Million Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars. And this wonderful ratio of growth has been sustained in 1869."

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W. H. CROW,

GENERAL AGENT FOR N. C.,

AND

Virginia South of the James.

OFFICE:.................. Raleigh, N C.
W. H. McKEE, Medical Examiner.
july 25 466—3m

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THE PATENT

PALMER ARM AND LEG.

THESE celebrated artificial limbs are again brought to the attention of the MEDICAL FACULTY and people of the South by the Original Inventor. They have been twenty-three years before the public, and have secured, both in this country and EUROPE, the unqualified endorsement of the MOST DISTINGUISHED SURGEONS OF THE WORLD, MORE THAN A HUNDRED OF WHOM HAVE GIVEN PUBLIC TESTIMONY.

The Society de Chirurgie of Paris, perhaps the first surgical tribunal of the world, after twelve years investigation, pronounced decidedly in favor of the unquestioned superiority of the PALMER LIMBS.

FIFTY GOLD and SILVER MEDALS (or "first prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS, have been awarded to Dr. Palmer.

Dr. Palmer directs the manufacture of his PATENT LEG and ARM, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the Government, and has the patronage of the prominent Officers of the Army and Navy. TWENTY GENERALS, North and South, and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers of BOTH ARMIES, have worn the Palmer Limbs on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually concealing their misfortune—the whole number reaching TEN THOUSAND PERSONS WEARING PALMER LIMBS.

OFFICE SUP. U. S. A. GENERAL HOSPITALS,
CINCINNATI, OHIO, March 15th, 1866.

Having acted as *Medical Director* during three years of the war, it became my duty to give orders for artificial limbs to mutilated soldiers, and as DR. B. F. PALMER'S LIMBS were *greatly preferred, a large majority of the orders were given on him* to furnish the necessary limbs. So far as my knowledge extends, the limbs furnished by Dr. Palmer have given most satisfaction, and this also is the *testimony of hospital stewards* and *non-commissioned officers* on duty at the various hospitals in my charge, who have had opportunities of seeing the men after they had received and used the limbs furnished to them; and I have therefore no hesitation in saying that, *in my opinion, they are preferable to all others.*

WM. S. KING,
Brevet Colonel and Surgeon, U. S. A.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 4, 1866.

DR. B. FRANK PALMER—*Dear Sir*:—It affords me much pleasure to acknowledge the great success of your professional treatment in my case, which is one of the most difficult kind to treat, my foot being amputated by the Chopart method. The mechanism is complete in all respects—light, comfortable and strong—*and I walk perfectly.* I am convinced, after careful examination of a great number of patents, that *the PALMER limbs are superior to all others*, and strongly recommend the adoption of them by my mutilated comrades of the South, feeling assured that no other manufacturer can produce a limb so perfect.

Very respectfully,
J. G. MORRISON,
A. D. C. to the late Genl. T. J. Jackson.

Amputation three inches below Knee—Leg worn Twelve Years without Repairs—Side Knee-Joints not worn out in that time.

BOYKIN'S DEPOT, Southampton Co., Va.

DR. B. FRANK PALMER—*Dear Sir*:—It affords me the utmost pleasure to inform you that I have worn one of your Patent Legs during the last *twelve years*, with a satisfaction that has been wholly beyond my expectations. The limb has given no pain or trouble in all that time. I walk with perfect ease and comfort, without a cane, and a person not acquainted would not notice lameness. It is a remarkable fact that the limb *has had no repairs*, except a little attention given to it by myself, in twelve years; and it is now in such good state of preservation, that I think expending ten dollars on it will put it into good walking condition. The new limb which you have just supplied I find *even more perfect* in its action. Your very ob't servant,

E. ARTHUR HART.

PENDLETON, Anderson Co., S. C., April 24, '66.

DR. B. FRANK PALMER—*Dear Sir*:—I am happy to inform you that the trial I have now given your Patent Leg, leaves me no reason to doubt that it deserves all that has been said in its praise. I am convinced that it is the BEST Patent Leg in the world, and I shall be glad to learn that my mutilated friends in the South are so fortunate as to select this incomparable substitute. My limb was amputated within two inches *of the* knee, in consequence of a wound received in battle in front of Richmond. On the *first trial of the* PALMER LEG, I was able to walk without a cane, and with the utmost comfort and facility. I shall avail myself of an early opportunity to show the limb to Governor ORR, from whom I had the honor to receive an introduction to you, and I am sure the Governor will gladly recognize the great superiority of your beneficent invention, and send others to you for relief

Very truly, your obedient servant,
RICHARD LEWIS,
Capt. Co. B. Palmetto (S. C.) Sharpshooters.

PALMER ARM.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 24, 1866.

B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.,
No. 1609 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR:—When about to leave your city in December last, you desired me to communicate the degree of success I should attain in the use of your "Artificial Arm." I now do so with pleasure; first, because it is but just that you should enjoy the benefits which properly ought to accrue to the exertion of ingenuity so humane in its designs and beneficial in its results to the maimed; and because the benefit I continue to enjoy from its use, places me under obligations to the author of *so great a boon to man*. I am free, therefore, to say in all candor that *your Arm is a decided success*, and affords me conveniences and comforts quite beyond my most sanguine expectations. I was a staff officer in the late Confederate States army; was wounded in the left arm on 3d April, 1865, and suffered its amputation on May 8th following. My stump is only two and a half inches long. Your Arm was attached December 22d, since which time I have worn it every day, and frequently at night while asleep, without the slightest inconvenience or annoyance. I believe it to be superior to any which I have yet heard of. With its aid I manage easily a round rule in keeping a set of books, and the ordinary silver fork at table. It serves to keep my paper in position while writing, and grasps a watch with sufficient firmness when winding it up. It is easily gloved and ungloved. In fine, I enjoy many uses from it which, to the untutored, would seem impossible. You are at entire liberty to use this letter in such manner as you desire.

With much personal good-will,
I remain, truly yours,
ARTHUR PARKER,
Captain, &c., &c.

[We know, from experience, the value of this limb, and have no hesitation in recommending it to the public as the best now in use.—ED. OF STANDARD.]

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B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.,
1609 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
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It is authentically stated that one-fifth of the inhabitants of this country and Europe die of Consumption. No disease has been more thoroughly studied, and its nature less understood; there is no disease upon which exists a greater diversity of opinion and no disease which has more completely baffled all medical skill and remedial agencies.

Some of the prominent symptoms are Cough, Expectoration, Shortness of Breath Irritation about the Lungs and Chest, darting, Pains in the Sides and Back, Emaciation, and general negative condition of the whole system.

Persons suffering with this dread disease, or any of its concomitants, should lose no time in possessing themselves of the proper Remedy, in order that they may stay its ravages, and be restored to health. The

REV. E. A. WILSON'S

Prepared Prescription for the Cure of

Cnsumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Coughs, Colds,

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS,

by the use of which he was restored to health in a few weeks, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption, has now been in use over ten years with the most marked success.

This Remedy is prepared from the original Recipe chemically pure, by the Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, 165 South 2d Street, Williamsburg, Kings Co., New York.

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