Special Notices.

Most Wonderful Cure of Scrofula.

DONNELSVILLE, CLARKE CO., OHIO, January 10th, 1871.

Messrs. J. N. Harris & Co.:

DEAR SIRS—I have sold some of Dr. S. A. Weaver's Canker and Salt Rheum Syrup, from my store, and I think it the best medicine I ever sold, but my object in now writing you is to make known to you the result of its use in my own home. My daughter has been afflicted with scrofula for three years. A lady Doctress, who has a great reputation in treating such diseases in this section of the state, doctored her for some fifteen months, but seemed to do the girl no good. I was then advised to try Dr. Rose, of Dayton, who has a great reputation in curing such diseases. He had her under treatment for about sixteen months, and could not effect a cure. I attended the State Fair at Springfield last fall, accompanied by my family. There met a gentleman, who, seeing my daughter so sorely afflicted, advised me to procure Dr. Weaver's Syrup and Cerate, that they would cure her.

My daughter then could not see at all, her eyes being blinded by the humors; her mouth and jaws badly affected; she had two ulcerated sores, one on her hip and one on her arm. From the ulcer on her arm several pieces of bone had been taken out. Up to this time I had not spent less than $100 in medicines for her, and with it all she got no better, but when she had taken the third bottle of Weaver's Syrup she commenced to get better. She has now used since October, eight bottles of Syrup. Her eyes are entirely restored to sight, and the sores are healed up. I think a little more of the Syrup will restore her sound and well.

I write you of this cure, and want you to make it known, that others similarly afflicted will learn of the medicine to cure them. I think any one afflicted with Scrofula can save large doctor bills, and get cured by the use of Dr. Weaver's Syrup and Cerate. I think it will cure scrofula and old running sores, if anything known will.

Any person who knew the condition of my daughter, will testify that Weaver's Syrup and Cerate cured her, and any person who wants to inquire further about the cure can write to me, and I will satisfy them that Dr. Weaver's Syrup and Cerate cured that disease which baffled the skill of physicians, and that no other remedy would cure. I repeat that you cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Weaver's medicine, to make them known to such as are afflicted with any scrofulous diseases. With much gratitude I remain,

Yours truly,
JOHN MOUK,
Merchant, Donnelsville, Clarke Co., Ohio.

Most certainly the above letter is strong and convincing proof of the merits of Dr. Weaver's Syrup and Cerate.

The Most Effective Blood Purifier of the Nineteenth Century.

☞ FOR SALE BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors,
Cincinnati, O.

For sale by FULLER, FINCH & FULLER, Chicago; GREENE & BUTTON, Milwaukee; RICHARDSON & CO., St. Louis; MCCULLOCH, MCORD & CO., 1a Crosse; NOYES BROTHERS, Saint Paul.

Be Guided by What You Know.

There an old proverb which says "Experience is the safest guide." To this guide the sick and ailing naturally turn when casting about for the means of relief. They inquire what a medicine has done for others, before they adopt it themselves. Of all the remedies and preventives in use, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters meets the test most triumphantly, and hence its immense popularity and vast sales. The sufferer from indigestion is sure to find some one among his friends who has been cured of that ailment by the famous vegetable stomachic. The victim of fever and ague, liver complaint, constipation, nervous prostration, or general debility, has only to make inquiry to the neighborhood where he resides in order to discover what this standard restorative has effected in cases similar to his own. In the published testimony to its merits he will find a volume of proofs of its sanitary properties, which it is impossible for his common sense to resist. He tries it, and the effect it produces on his system adds another to the hosts of witnesses in its favor. Thus, its reputation, founded on facts, not assertions, continually grows and spreads. Charlatans and impostors, some of them mere lewd tricksters, and others who take a somewhat wider range, attempt to thrust into the hands and down the throats of the patients, their haphazard concoctions, as substitutes for the tonic which for so many years has been a medical staple throughout the United States, Spanish America, Canada, and the West Indies, but only succeed to a very limited extent. In this reasoning age, the people having ascertained what is really deserving of their confidence, decline "running after strange gods."

JOB MOSES'
Sir James Clark's Female Pills.

These invaluable Pills are unfailing to the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. They moderate all excesses and remove all obstructions, from whatever cause.

TO MARRIED LADIES

They are particularly suited. They will in a short time bring on the monthly period with regularity; and although very powerful, contain nothing hurtful to the constitution. In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue after slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, they will effect a cure when all other means have failed. The pamphlet around each package has full directions and advice' or will be sent free to all writing for it, sealed from observation.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Job Moses' Sir James Clark's Female Pills are extensively COUNTERFEITED. The genuine have the name of "JOB MOSES" on each package. All others are worthless.

N. B.—In all cases where the GENUINE cannot be obtained, One Dollar, with fifteen cents for postage, enclosed to the sole proprietor, JOB MOSES, 18 Cortlandt street, New York, will insure a bottle of the genuine, containing Fifty Pills, return mail, securely sealed from any knowledge of its contents.

$732
Made in 31 Days
BY ONE AGENT,

SELLING THE CELEBRATED

SILVER'S PATENT
ELASTIC BROOM

Over 100,000 Now in Use.

PRICES REDUCED FOR 1871.

Recommended by Hon. Horace Greeley and American Agriculturist. One county reserved for each Agent. Address

C. A. CLECC & CO.,
20 Cortlandt Street, N. Y., or 209 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

GEO. WOOD'S ORGANS.

See Them! Hear Them!

New styles now ready. Circulars containing NEW MUSIC free. Apply to Agents, Music Dealers, or

GEO. WOODS & CO., BOSTON.

REDUCTION OF PRICES

To conform to reduction of duties.

GREAT SAVING TO CONSUMERS

BY GETTING UP CLUBS.

☞ Send for our New Price List and a Club form will accompany it, containing full directions—making a large saving to consumers, and remunerative to club organizers.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.
P. O. Box 5643.

$50,000 Cash given to purchasers of Excelsior Meat and Vegetable Chopper. Just the thing wanted in every family. Price $2.50. One ticket with each Chopper. One gift of $20,000, and 400 gifts of $50 each. Address

ARTISAN MANUFACTURING CO.
543 West 24th St., New York.

THEA - NECTAR

IS A PURE
BLACK TEA
with the Green Tea Flavor. Warranted to suit all tastes. For sale everywhere. And for sale wholesale only by the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., 8 Church St., New York. P. O. Box 5500. Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.

THE YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE, Granville, Ohio, has an honorable history of forty years; a location unsurpassed for health and beauty; teaches all the branches of a preparatory and full collegiate course, Painting, French and German; has a Normal Class, and makes a specialty of music, with the best of new instruments, embracing the Organ, with pedal bass—a very rare feature. It is a lovely home. Terms moderate, with aid for the needy. The spring term will begin April the 3d, 1871. Rev. D. Shepardson, President.

AGENTS WANTED ($25 A MONTH) by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Practical Suggestions.

From the New England Farmer.

IT is poor economy to reset thin wheel tires.

EVERY farmer should have a brand to mark his cattle and tools. It will save its cost, often.

A WAGON-SHED, centrally located and easy of access, is a great convenience. It is an investment that will pay.

A BARN, located square up to the highway, like a city block, is worth half-price. No land is too valuable for buildings.

EVERY prudent farmer will avail himself of the comparative leisure of winter, to put every vehicle and implement in complete repair.

DON'T live another year without a toolroom. It will save hours of vexatious search for forks and shovels that should be ready without a moment's delay.

IF new tools and unpainted are soaked with raw linseed oil, they will work easier and last longer. Why don't manufacturers do it by the wholesale?

IT seems reasonable that a laboring horse should have a room to lie in at night, where he can turn over and shift about.

IF your colts are hard to get into the barn, after their daily exercise, let them find a few oats in their manger after coming in, and *that* trouble is over.

BETTER pay a carpenter for making flights of stairs in the barn, where needed, than a doctor for mending bones broken by using ladders. Rule: Things in daily use should be exactly adapted to the need.

Two dollars a day for a farm hand makes it important that he should have good tools to work with. They cost considerable. Insist that he use them for the purpose for which they are made.

AN Ohioan, who has three-fourths of an acre of quince orchard—from which last year he sold 300 bushels of first class fruit—spades the ground in spring and scatters a peck of coal ashes around each tree, also a quart of salt, and another quart when the quinces are half grown.

CARROTS are recommended as feed for farm-horses, as they save corn and give a fine gloss to the skin, besides promoting a healthful condition of the system. From fourteen to twenty-one pounds is a liberal allowance, anything over that being apt to affect the kidneys and induce excessive stalling.

Success in Farming.

I have lately visited a neighbor whose farm contains only twenty-eight acres. He has owned it and managed it for many years. His stock this year consisted of several horses and oxen and twenty-eight cows, in addition to a considerable number of fowls. He grows no fancy stock of any kind; sells milk, cream, roots, poultry and eggs. He buys some grain for his poultry and some meal for his cows, though he has a good field of corn every year. All of the pasture required for his large stock, and all the hay and other long fodder consumed on the place, together with a good supply of apples, are the product of his twenty-eight acres of land. The great secret of his success is to be sought in plenty of manure and thorough work, managed, of course, in the most skillful manner. His cash sales for 1870 will fall but little, if any, short of $4,000.

I have another neighbor who begun with a fine farm of over one hundred acres, and capital enough to have made a first rate farmer of an energetic man. He has probably never sold enough from his place to pay his yearly bills, and his land has run down to low water mark. These two men, living in the same township, and with equal facilities, illustrate perfectly the truth I have endeavored to set forth above. The one went to work in an over-cautious, penny-wise way, scrimping here and scrimping there, trying to cheat nature out of her just dues; and he has come to grief. The other went into farming as a business that was worthy of his best efforts, and whenever he saw an opportunity to invest a dollar in his farm to good advantage, he made the investment as soon as he could get the dollar. He acted on the belief that no bank in the world will pay such good interest as well-farmed land; and, so far as the plain and simple farming he has followed afforded him the opportunity, he has omitted nothing—nothing that could add to his facilities. The result is that he is more than forehand, and that, if he had his life to live over again, he would turn his attention to farming as the best opening that offers itself to a young man of energy and ability.—*Ogden Farm Papers in American Agriculturist.*

High Farming in England.

A valued correspondent (says the N. Y. Post) sends us the following extract from a letter from a young gentleman of this State, now traveling in England to familiarize himself with English methods of farming:

Mr. P. owns 2,000 acres, of which he farms 350—the rest being rented. He has not always made his farm pay well, but by his own high farming he has improved the system in the neighborhood, and thereby very much increased the value of land and his own rents.

He keeps on his home farm of 350 acres from 90 to 100 milch cows, besides a flock of sheep. He never purchases more than one-sixth of the food for his cattle, and that sixth is nearly all artificial.

His farm-buildings are of brick, and perfectly drained and ventilated. The hay and straw are stacked and thatched,—by the way, neither is ever stowed away in barns, even in this land of rains,—that system being exclusively ours.

Even the roots and potatoes are left out of doors in pits, and the barns are used for nothing but cattle and threshing grain.

Mr. P.'s yield of wheat this year was 56 bushels to the acre, and of hay 2½ tons; and such hay! In some of the clover cut last June there still remains the smell of the clover blossoms, and it is worth £7 10s. per ton.

Mr. P. has gone extensively into irrigation. Some parts of his property lie at the foot of a low range of hills, through which run streams, in which he has arranged flood-gates, so that after a heavy rain he can cover with water at one time fifty or sixty acres—the water taking the place of manure on the Nile principle.

His draining has been on the same scale. In one fifty-acre field he has put down twenty-five miles of tile pipes. This is high farming, you will say, with a vengeance. Yet it all pays, and I know not why it should not pay equally well with us. At all events let us try.

THE following estimate of woman's love appears in an English contemporary: "A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman if he despises all westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the court and aristocracy; an American woman if he has plenty of money."

BLOODY SPAIN.

The Attempted Assassination of Senor Zorilla—Discovery of a Wide-spread Plot for a General Massacre—Arrest of Distinguished Generals.

The Madrid correspondent of the New York World, under date of Feb. 19, writes as follows.

"The president of the late cortes, Senor Don Ruiz Zorrilla, who, in the present Serrano cabinet, holds the portfolio of Forscento, (public works and instruction), was fired on this morning in the Calle Pez, when returning from a friend's house to his own, but happily the balls missed him, and found a resting place, not in his body, but in the wall of house No. 10 in that street, where I have just seen their marks, and counted seven of them.

"Everybody knows the authorities, with all their vigilance and all their efforts, have as yet done nothing to discover the assassins of Prim. Numerous arrests, it is true, have been made, but no practical result appears to have taken place. That a deep conspiracy exists there is no doubt, but who are the conspirators? Anonymous letters have been received by Serrano, Sagasta, Zorilla, and others, warning them that they must die, but no clue can be got to their writers. Poor Prim's widow got one the day he was carried to Atocha church, saying, "We are satisfied with our work, and intend to continue it!" Ruiz Zorrilla has never gone about without police escort till this time, and this time his life has been attempted. Yesterday morning a mysterious personage went to his house, Calle San Mateo, and asked if he would appoint time and place to see certain parties who could tell him all about the assassins of Prim. Zorilla loved Prim, and would sacrifice his life to detect and punish his murderers. He said he would see them in his own house. That would not do, it must be in some other. As he had engaged to spend last evening with a friend who lived in Calle Pez, he fixed to meet his unknown informants there at 10 p. m. He waited till 1:30 this morning, but no one came. A little before 2 o'clock he left for home, accompanied by a friend, Senor Don Louis Hernandez. A few seconds after the door closed upon them, they observed a man emerge from a dark portal and run rapidly past them. This was doubtless one who had been watching the house they had been in, and who now ran ahead to advise his fellows of their approach. A few minutes more, and they were passing the currier's shop, No. 10 Calle Pez, exactly opposite Calle San Roque; they saw by the gas-light two men emerge from a dark corner in the latter street, who the same moment fired on them. Fortunately the balls struck the wall, having missed them by a few inches. Instantly they gave chase up the Call San Roque, firing their revolvers as they went, but at a dark interval between two lamps they suddenly lost sight of the assassins, who must have entered one of the houses, probably left open for the purpose. Police were quickly on the scene and blockaded the houses till daylight, when a strict search was made, which resulted in the arrest of four men and one woman, but whether guilty or not is out of my power to say.

"Many distinguished generals have flatly refused to swear allegiance to the new King. The Duke of Montpensier is one of them. They have been ordered to report themselves at the castle of Mola, in the Balearic Isles. Great agitation prevails on the subject, and it is generally thought the government is pursuing a suicidal course."

The Canadian Canal Improvement Project.

Information has been received from Ottawa that the commission appointed some time since to inquire into the whole canal system of the Dominion, and suggest the best plan for improving it, have agreed on a report which has just been submitted to the Government. The report recommends the following improvements: The construction of a canal at Sault St. Marie; the construction of a canal at the Welland improvement of the lower Ottawa canals; the improvement of the lower Champly canals; deepening the river St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal; the construction of the Bay Verte canal improvement of the St. Lawrence canals; the improvement of the upper St. Lawrence river. The total cost of these improvements is estimated at nearly $20,000,000. The Commissioners urge on the Government the necessity of the immediate construction of the enlargement of the Welland canal, and following it up by the improvement of the St. Lawrence canal, the construction of the Bay Verte and the other works recommended being taken up according as the public finances warrant it.

The report also refers to the great advantages which the American people in the West derive from the use of the canals, especially the Welland, and ask whether Canada should not demand from the United States the repeal of the navigation laws, under which a Canadian vessel cannot go from Chicago to Oswego, as some return for the still greater benefits the Americans must receive from the improvements in contemplation. The report contains a number of statistics to show that the Erie canal is inadequate to the requirements of the West, and that the St. Lawrence route affords the shortest and cheapest communication to Europe and the ports of the upper lakes. Even now it is shown that a bushel of wheat can be carried from Chicago to Montreal ten cents cheaper than from Chicago to New York *via* Buffalo and the Erie canal. Freights from Montreal to Liverpool are as low as from New York to Liverpool, and under these circumstances it is contended that if the St. Lawrence route is improved in the way contemplated, the bulk of the Western grains and other products will eventually find its way by this route in preference to the Erie canal.

Senor Casanova's Adventures in Havana.

Senor Casanova's experiences in Havana for a few days previous to his departure for New York were extremely exciting and interesting. An official permit to land from the steamer Meredon was given him when he reached Havana on the 24th ult., but on landing he was immediately seized and returned to the steamer by the authorities. He then wished to come back to New York by the Columbia, and was forced to go in a small boat in the night. In the morning a Spanish officer came on board to arrest him, claiming him as a rebel, but the captain of the steamer would not permit his arrest while under the protection of the American flag. A short time previous to the hour for the steamer to sail, a small Spanish boat from shore arrived at her side, in which was his daughter, who came to bid him farewell. Not suspecting the plot of the guard to kidnap him, Casanova stepped into the boat. Immediately afterward an order was given to shove off, and a rush was made to seize him, but without success, as he jumped back upon the Columbia, and thus escaped. Friends of Casanova visited the United States Consul previous to his sailing for New York, remonstrating against the outrages practised upon an American citizen, who had not only been imprisoned, but robbed of over a thousand dollars in American funds, and the Consul has brought the case before the authorities at Washington

IT is said that the Washington carnival was a stupendous failure, and one lady-reporter wants to know why Americans are not content to be Americans instead of trying to be Italians, Frenchmen, and apes generally.

Mrs. Maria Clemm.

Among the deaths published in the Baltimore Sun of the 17th ult., was that of Mrs. Maria Clemm, the aunt, mother-in-law, and never failing-friend of Edgar A. Poe. Mrs. Clemm was born in Baltimore on the 17th of March, 1790. Her family was one of the oldest and most distinguished in Maryland. Her father, David Poe, was Quartermaster General of the old Maryland line during the revolution, and the intimate friend of Washington, Lafayette, and the leading men of the time. In 1836, while editing the Southern Literary Messenger, Edgar A. Poe married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a lovely and beautiful girl, whose memory he embalmed in "The Raven" She was the "Lost Lenore" of that extraordinary poem. From the time of Poe's marriage with her daughter, Mrs. Clemm adopted him as her son, and never had a son a more devoted mother. To have won and kept the love of such a woman through all the vicissitudes of such a career as Edgar Poe's shows more forcibly than words can tell that the innate goodness of the poet was not lost even in the midst of wasted genius, unparalleled misfortunes, and utter misery. When he was ill, and his wife dying, it was a touching sight to see this "tireless minister to genius," poorly clad, going from office to office in New York with a poem, a story, or a critique of Poe's to sell. To her Poe wrote the sonnet, "To My Mother," in which he testifies to her care and devotion by saying that she had been "more than a mother" to him. After the poet's death on the 7th of October, 1849, Mrs. Clemm resided with different friends in New York and Virginia, until five or six years since, and she was received into the Church Home in Baltimore, a charitable institution, under the management of the Episcopal Church, and there she died on the 16th inst., in the eighty-first year of her age. Poe died in the same building which was then the Maryland Hospital. At her own request she was buried by the side of her "darling Eddie," in Westminster Churchyard, corner of Fayette and Green streets, Baltimore. Besides the four pall bearers, there were about a dozen ladies and two gentlemen present, admirers of Poe and friends of Mrs. Clemm. Among the ladies was Miss Rosalie Poe, the sister of the poet.

Truly French.

The following incident is claimed by the writer (a London Times correspondent) to be characteristic of French character: "A good many years ago I heard an estimable member of the Garrick Club, whom I hope may be a member of it still, though if alive he can be no chicken, tell a story from his own personal experience illustrative of the inveterate propensity of the French to brag and boast, even of things which should be a cause of grief, if not of shame. He was present in the Champs Elysees at a grand review of the Prussian and English who occupied Paris in 1815. From a feeling of delicacy he was afraid to say a word upon an event which he fancied must be a source of deep humiliation to France. But a Frenchman came up to him and said, jauntily, "Tenez, Monsieur! Quel beau spectacle! Comme c'est magnifique. Ill n'y a' qu' a' Paris qu'on voit des choses pareilles!' ('Look here, Sir! What a magnificant spectacle! It's only in Paris that you such see sights.') The French character has not changed during the fifty-five years that have elapsed since Waterloo."

A New Invention.

A new fire escape was tested on Saturday, at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, when a man lowered himself from the sixth story window on the Ninth street front to the pavement, regulating the speed of his own descent, and stopping two or three times in front of windows on the different stories. The apparatus used is known as the Renyon Fire Escape, and consists of a small, closely twisted rope of fine Italian hemp, which passes through the spiral grooves in a cylindrical metal machine about ten inches long, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter. The grooves in the machine cause the rope to pass around the cylinder two or three time, thus causing friction sufficient to enable the person descending to regulate the speed of his downward passage, or to come to a dead stop whenever desired. Attached to the metal cylinder are two leather belts one of which is to be buckled around the waist, and the other around the thighs, so as to hold the person in a sitting position, and leaving the arms entirely free. After one person has descended the rope may be drawn up, the ends reversed, and another person may come down, and so on as long as practicable.

A Mammoth Millinery House.

Messrs. Keith Brothers, importers, manufacturers and jobbers of millinery, straw goods, hats, caps, and furs, occupy the entire spacious building located at 68 and 70 Wabash avenue. This store embraces six floors, 50 by 165 feet; all admirably lighted.

The annual sales of this house now amount to over two million dollars; being larger than that of any other house in their line in this country, their trade extending *East* as far as Pennsylvania, and throughout the *entire* West and South. Having a large capital, and buying only of manufacturers, and always for cash, they are enabled to meet the lowest New York importers' prices in every department of their business.

They import direct their entire lines of Ribbons, Silks, Velvets, Fine Flowers, and *always for cash*, they are enabled to meet the lowest New York importers' prices in every department of their business.

They import direct their entire lines of Ribbons, Silks, Velvets, Fine Flowers, and *always for cash*, they are enabled to meet the lowest New York importers' prices in every department of their business.

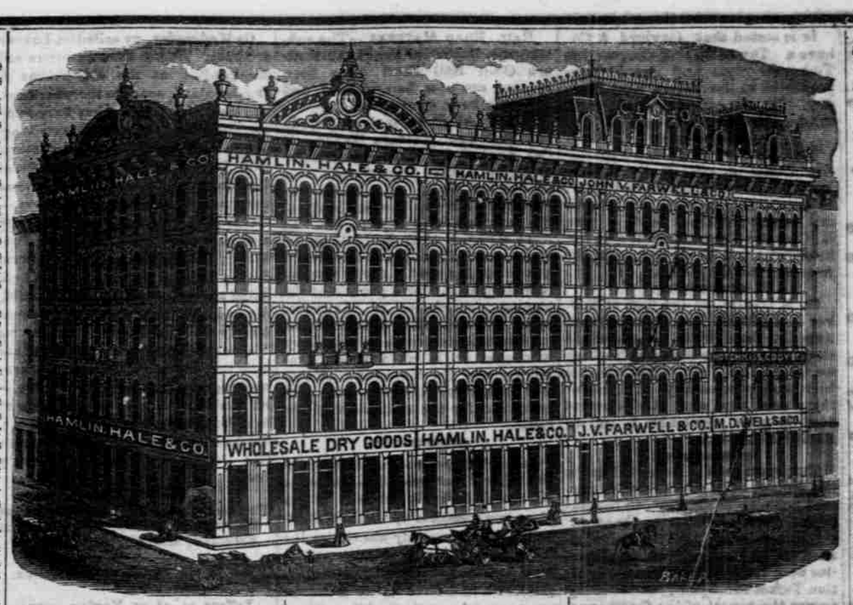
They also manufacture, and have made a specialty of, Ladies' hats, and bonnets, consisting of fine Leghorn, Milan, Chip, Hair and Cactus, and *all* styles of Swiss Braids, from the leading English manufacturers.

Mr. O. B. Keith, the senior member of the firm, spends a part of each year visiting the most celebrated manufactories of Europe, selecting these goods. He has recently returned with a large and elegant assortment of spring goods, which is fully equal, in every respect, to any stock in this country.

The high reputation this house enjoys for integrity and fair dealing, and their well-won position in the front ranks of Chicago merchants, are pledges of the superior advantages they are able to offer to the trade of the West, which an examination of their extensive stock and their prices will confirm. Purchasers who consult their best interests should not fail to visit this house when they come to Chicago.

A LOUISVILLE lass got very tired of her lover calling on her so constantly. Desiring to get rid of him, she concocted a plan by which the much-desired result could be obtained. Every time he came she asked him to help move the piano up stairs, and after that was done, changed her mind, and had him help move it down. She kept on until she removed all the furniture in the house seven times, and he didn't see the point; but the other night in despair, when he called, she threw a pail of water on him from the window. He says he can't place any confidence in women, and he has presented a bill for removing furniture.

AN official statement shows that in 1870, 5,661 diamonds were shipped from the Cape of Good Hope, valued at $625,000 and that the total value of stones shipped since the discovery of diamond diggings does not exceed $1,000,000. Mr. Harry Emanuel, the London jeweller, says that the American demand is far in excess of the supply, that the Cape diamonds are very poor, and that the value will not decline perceptibly. He may be right or not, but this odd thing is the imaginary value placed upon the discovery of the stones. Here is a whole colony gone wild about mines which promise to yield in time about the same sum that any new cultivation, such as tobacco, would produce.



HAMLIN, HALE & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods, now occupy the corner of the above splendid new block, their stores having a frontage of 120 feet on Wabash Avenue. This firm is a combination of members of the two firms of F. N. Hamlin & Co., long known as a leading retail house, and of Hunt, Barbour & Hale, for five years a prominent wholesale firm. They use the first floor and basement for the retail branch, and upper stories for the wholesal efirm.

The magnificence of their building, and the requirements of their business, may be understood when we state that their principal floor is lighted in the day by 26 windows, each 15½ feet high, and in the evening by 28 chandeliers, each having 24 burners, making more than 650 gas lights for this floor alone.

JOHN V. FARWELL & Co., Wholesale Dealers in Dry Goods, Woolens, Notions, Fancy Goods, Hosiery and Gloves, have removed into their new store, 106, 108, 110 and 112 Wabash avenue, and have made the amplest preparations for the Spring trade. Their store—built and owned by themselves—contains seven floors, 72 by 165 feet, with extensions under sidewalk and alley, making 366 square rods—over two and a quarter acres of floor room—being the largest and most perfectly arranged store devoted exclusively to the wholesale dry goods trade in the Northwest. The south 112 feet of this block is one story higher, and 85 feet deeper, than the north 120 feet, though the perspective does not show it. They have four patent elevators working to their full capacity, in receiving and shipping goods—*one more*, and running a *third faster* than those of any other store in the city. They are the oldest and most successful wholesale dry goods house in the Northwest, and sustain the same relation to the wholesale dry goods trade of Chicago that H. B. Claflin & Co. do to that of New York.

HOTCHKISS, EDDY & Co., successors to Whittemore, Carter & Brown, wholesale dealers in Hats, Caps, Furs and Straw Goods, occupy the second and third floors of the south 40 feet—167 feet deep—with a large and carefully selected stock of the best goods in their line, at the lowest prices to be found in Chicago. Mr. Hotchkiss has had fifteen years' experience in the business in New York, and Mr. Eddy was seven years with John V. Farwell & Co., and had a confidential position in that great house. They are both live men, understand their business, and offer special inducements to the trade of the Northwest. They make a specialty of umbrellas and parasols.

"FANCHON," writing of hearths—the real hearth with its crackling hickory and ruddy flames—says: "Already in superb dwelling houses, newly built upon the avenues near Central Park, in the drawing-rooms sufficiently heated by furnace, the fire-places are extinct. Even the monumental marble is removed that could serve but to entomb, with its gold sculptures, the departed flame; and in its place are mirrors and drapery, softly polished and delicately inlaid woods, costly ornaments and fresh flowers. The old-fashioned chimney-piece is as completely metamorphosed (alas! for our old loves) as the dead who are risen again."—Further on, in her charming article, she says: "The fireside and the clock are boon companions. Of all inanimate objects—if we can be so ungratefully matter-of-fact as to call them inanimate—they are the most friendly to man.

Even the rusty, crusty old bachelor—if such a venerable relic of genuine immolation exists in this day of devotion to the single man—must feel himself consoled and caressed when fixing himself snugly in his arm-chair for a winter evening; with his pipe in his mouth and his slippered feet upon the fender, he feels stealing softly up to him the genial warmth, and hears in the depths of his unpulled ears the soothing tick of the companionable clock.

What castles are built in the coals; what love stories light up the embers; what parsons and people go out in the sparks! And what loneliness chills us, what a pang of "missing" thrills the heart when entering the deserted room, we find the clock *silent*, and the ashes—*dead on the hearth!*"

A ROMANTIC incident, showing the power of an earnest love to overcome the most formidable difficulties, is reported in the Colorado papers. A Chicago youth fell in love with a Colorado maid, whose father was so opposed to proceedings that he drove the young man from his house with wrath and a revolver. Upon this the earnest youth had the stern parent arrested for threatning his life; and when the old gentleman was safely locked up, by the judicious use of a ten-dollar bill, he induced the same Justice of Peace who had imprisoned the father to marry him to the daughter. This done the old man was brought up for trial, when he concluded to swap forgiveness with his enterprising son-in-law, who thereupon magnanimously withdrew his complaint.

☞ WHAT ARE YOUR SYMPTOMS?—Mrs. Selina Horton, residing at Fort Lee, was, five months ago, a confirmed hypochondriac. One day she was bewailing her miserable condition to a lady friend in Brooklyn. "What are your symptoms?" said the lady. "Oh, I am sick all over," was the reply; "never free from headache and pains in the back; very weak, and so low-spirited that the least thing makes me cry." "Just my own case a year ago, when I commenced using PLANTATION BITTERS," said Mrs. H, "Well?" inquired her friend. "Well; they cured me of every distressing symptom in two weeks, and you'd better follow my example." The lady did so, and with the same happy result.

☞ SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Custards, Creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

☞ SEE ADVERTISEMENT of Dr. Butts' Dispensary, headed Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

THE Bavarian wounded are said to be very sensitive to pain, frequently uttering frightful cries where a single word from an officer would keep the maugled Prussians as silent as death.

☞ NORTHWESTERN HORSE NAIL CO., manufacturers of Patent Hammered Horse Nails. Office, 68 West Van Buren street. Factory 56 to 78 West Van Buren street, corner Clinton street, Chicago.

"SIR," said a guest to his host at dinner, "this is a capital sirloin; please tell me the name of your purveyor?" "Addison," was the reply. "Any relation to the Spectator?" added the gentleman. "Probably," said the other; "I have often seen steel by his side."

GOV. CLAYTON has been elected U. S. Senator from Arkansas.

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☞ LADIES! You will receive valuable information by addressing Dr. Louis Magendie, 52 Vesey street, New York city.

☞ JAMES H. FOSTER & Co., 151 Lake street, Chicago, importers of breech-loading shot-guns and implements.

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