Ashtabula Telegraph.

JAMES REED & SON, Prop'rs.

ASHTABULA, : : OHIO

THE SOUL OF LOVE.

Thou think'st perchance I love thee,
O my treasure,
For flowing locks or diadem,
So without measure;

For curving lashes, rosy lips,
Or smile so gay.
Believe not so; for these are things
Which pass away.

Believe not so: that were to doubt
The soul of love:
To think it had no power to live
Such charms above.

Believe not so: that which I love—
Oh, know it, dear!—
With jealous time, nor death itself,
Can disappear.

I love because when on thy face
My fond glance lies,
Thy white soul clearly I behold
In thy dark eyes.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE DEAR DEAD FACE.

The war I refer to was not one of those which we have lately had upon our own hands, but that which a few years ago raged so long, so fiercely, between the Northern and the Southern States of America. It was my fortune to serve on the medical staff with a portion of the Northern army during most of that terrible struggle; and it is needless to say that many personal incidents came under my notice, which will never leave my memory. Not one of them, however, made so painful an impression upon me as that which I am about to describe.

Toward noon on the day after one of the fiercest fights of all the war, a young soldier was brought in from the battlefield, where by some mischance he had been overlooked and abandoned, while comrades of his, far less grievously wounded than he, had been sheltered and tended before nightfall. The poor fellow had lain all night and during the long scorching hours of the morning, amid heaps of dead, both men and horses, suffering from the loss of an arm, and other wounds. An army surgeon is not as a rule a man prone to undue sentiment or to feminine softness at the sight of physical suffering; and I am not conscious of any weakness that makes me an exception in this particular. There was, however, in this youth's expression of countenance something which struck me irresistibly, and with the strong glare of his large, bright eye, fixed my attention and awakened my eager interest. He was a slender youth, tall, yet gracefully made, with a head which, as the novelists phrase it, would bring ecstacy to the soul of a sculptor; and every feature molded to the true type of manly beauty. A single glance gave me this summary outline of my patient before I had time to ascertain the nature or extent of his injuries. A very brief examination soon told me that the life which for hours had been ebbing so painfully away was well nigh spent, and he must have read the awful truth in my face, for he whispered to me faintly and sadly, as I rose:

"Is there, then, no hope?"

Alas! there was no hope; but I had not speech to tell him so; for something was rising in my throat and choking me, and a moisture in my eyes was blinding me; and the only reply I could give him was a shake of my head. The brave spirit which had nerved him through the fight had kept him up till now; but now, when the dismal truth had broken upon him, there passed over his pallid face a look of mingled disappointment and resignation which it was painful beyond expression to witness. I lost no time in giving him such surgical aid as his desperate condition called for and his waning strength could bear. I had hardly done so when an unexpected voice addressed him:

"My own dear boy! my brave, heroic boy!"

The tone was of cheery encouragement, yet feebly disguising the woe of a breaking heart; for it was his mother's voice that spoke, and her lips that kissed his fevered brow. Gently she turned back his disordered and blood-stained locks, dissembling with evident effort the mother's anguish, lest she should add another sorrow to the pangs of his dying hour.

"My mother!" he cried with almost frantic delight. "Is it you, my mother? How came you here? Is it you, or am I dreaming?" and as he spoke he threw his only remaining arm around her neck and kissed her with all the rapture of a child. "Thank God!" he continued, in snatches, as his failing strength allowed him—"thank God for this blessed joy, that I see your face once more, my mother. All last night, as I lay amid the dreadful sights around me, I prayed the prayer in all my pain, and only one. I prayed that I might look once more upon your face, my sweetest mother, once more hear your voice. I seemed to pray in vain, yet still I prayed."

"My poor, poor boy," she said; "a curse upon the hand that has brought you to this!" and her tears at length broke from her control.

To the amazement of all, there appeared to be something in this exclamation of his mother that stimulated the dying youth to a final effort of speech and motion. He half raised himself from his bed, and with that unaccountable energy which sometimes marks the closing moments of life, he said:

"No, no! don't say that. Don't say accurst. You know not the words you are speaking. Oh!" he cried after a moment's pause, "how shall I tell her the horrible tale? How can I smite her down with such a blow, at such an hour?" and he fell back exhausted upon his pillow. The effort has been too much for him, and for some moments we doubted if the spirit had not fled. It was only a passing weakness, however, and before long he rallied again. Again he spoke, but with a kind of dreamy half consciousness, at one moment gazing into his mother's eyes, at another seemingly forgetful of her presence.

"Truly it was a bloody field," he said. "I had been in several hard-fought fights before, but they were all children's pastime compared with that of yesterday. No sooner had we come in sight of the enemy than the ringing voice of the General was heard:

"'At them, my boys, and do your duty!'

"What happened after that, I know not. Know not, do I say? Oh, would it were true that I knew not! Begrimed with dust, each man was confronted with his own individual foe, and if there be fighting among fiends, then surely did our fighting resemble theirs. I was myself wounded when a fair-haired man bore down upon me from the opposing line, if line it could then be called, and I received his headlong onset with a terrific bayonet thrust, and as he fell I thought of Cain, and of that deed which has made the name of Cain a name of malediction forever. I know not why, but I felt myself compelled to halt in the midst of the melee to kneel beside that fair-haired man and look at him. I turned him over, and looked upon his face—his dear, dead face. Ah! mother, it was—it was—it was my brother's face, and my own arm had slain him!"

The scene at that moment it would not be easy to describe. In an instant the weeping mother's tears were dry and her face became passionless as marble. My own emotion, which I have already acknowledged, I took no pains to conceal. Rough, hard-favored soldiers standing by listened with bated breath to this more than tragic narrative, while big tear-drops welled from their eyes unchecked and undisguised.

"Yes," he continued, soliloquizing, "my own arm had slain him. Dear, darling brother Fred! I laid my face upon his and it was cold—that face which in our boyhood seemed but the mirror of my own; ever near me—at home, at school, at meal, at play—which laughed when I was glad, and wept when I was sorrowful. Oh, would we both had died in those fresh bright days of innocence. I kissed his pallid lips; I looked into his eyes, but in them was no responsive glance. He was dead. I had slain him! The very thought was a burning madness in my brain. I heeded not the carnage around me. I thought not of my own wounds. I even knew not when my arm was gone. Oh, the arm that had done such a deed deserved to perish. Forgive me, O my brother! How gladly would I give my life to bring back thine again! Stay, friends; do not shut out the blessed light. Let in the light. I can not see my brother. Fred, sweet brother, put up your sword, and let us play with flowers once more upon this pleasant grass.

And so he passed away—to join his brother, let us hope in a land where bloom the flowers that never fade, where strifes and wars are unknown, and where the mysteries and misunderstandings of our present state are dispelled by the light that never dies.

Reverence for the childless mother's grief, as well as the many-voiced call of duty, prevented my making at that moment the inquiries which thronged my mind both as to the history of this strangely sorrow-smitten family, and the means by which the poor mother had come to know of her son's condition and whereabouts. I have often since tried to trace her; but the search has always been fruitless. They certainly belonged to the better class of society; and I think it likewise certain that they were Southerners. The younger brother—which I took him to be—whose sad narrative is here given, and probably resided for sometime in the North, and becoming imbued with the sentiments and opinions which charged the atmosphere around him, found himself eventually in the ranks. In a word, I look upon the whole episode as one of these awful coincidences of fate which are generally thought to take place only in the pages of romance, but which a wide experience has taught me to believe are by no means infrequent among the unrecorded realities of life.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Burdette on Commercial Travelers.

What would I do with "the boys?" How often they have been my friends. I go to a new town. I don't know one hotel from another. I don't know where to go. The man with the samples gets off at the same station. I follow him without a word or a tremor. He calls to the 'bus driver by name and orders him to "get out of this now," as soon as we are seated. And when I follow him I am inevitably certain to go to the best house there is in the place. He shouts at the clerk by name, and fires a joke at the landlord as we go in. He looks over my shoulder as I register after him, and hands me his card with a shout of recognition. He peeps at the register again and watches the clerk assign me to ninety-eight. "Ninety nothing," he shouts, "who's in fifteen?" The clerk says he is saving fifteen for Judge Dryasdust. "Well, he be blowed," says my cheery friend, "give him the attic and put this gentleman in fifteen." And if the clerk hesitates, he seizes the pen and gives me fifteen himself, and then he calls the porter, orders him to carry up my baggage and put a fire in fifteen, and then in the same breath adds, "What time will you be down to supper, Mr. Burdette?" And he waits for me, and, seeing that I am a stranger is the town, he sees that I am cared for, and that the waiters do not neglect me; he tells me about the town, the people, and the business. He is breezy, cheery, sociable, full of new stories, always good-natured; he frisks with cigars and overflows with "thousand-mile tickets;" he knows all the best rooms in all the hotels; and always has a key for the car-seats, and turns a seat for himself and his friends without troubling the brakeman, but he will ride on the wood-box or stand outside to accommodate a lady, or he will give his seat to an old man. I know him pretty well. For three years I have been traveling with him, from Colorado to Maine, and I have seen the worst and the best of him, and I know the best far outweighs the worst. I could hardly get along without him, and I am glad he is numerous.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

An Irreverent Witness.

A Minnesota correspondent sends the following to *Harper's Drawer:*

We have had for many years in this county, as Clerk of the District Court, an intelligent and careful German, who, during the sessions of the Court is very fastidious about violations of decorum. Recently in an important trial a somewhat "bumptious" young man from the rural districts was called as a witness, and took his place on the stand without removing his hat. He was told to hold up his hand, which he did, and the Clerk proceeded to administer the customary oath, reading it from the statute. He had read about half way through, when, happening to glance over his spectacles, he noticed that the witness had not removed his hat. The Clerk slowly lowering the book, and gazing intently at the young man, said, "Look here, sir, when you swear before me and Gott, take off your hat, sir!"

One of the New York dry goods firms has recently displayed a gown embroidered with moss rose-buds, in which real moss was used to make the calyx of each flower.

A frog four inches long and one inch in breadth was found in the throat of a kingrail shot in Rockland County, N. Y. It was alive when drawn from the dead bird.

Fraud will out. The fellow who claims to be the great African giant has a foot over nineteen inches long. Wash him and see if he isn't a Chicago man blacked up.—*Boston Post.*

A printer's girl fell exhausted into his arms at a ball. It was a feint to work in an em brace.—*N. O. Picayune.*

HOME AND FARM.

It is always best to under-season rather than to over-season food.

To retain the color of any vegetable, plunge it into cold water after boiling.

When any thing is accidentally made too salt it can be counteracted by adding a tablespoonful of vinegar and a tablespoonful of sugar.

Potatoes any time of the year can be made mealy if boiled in salt and water and drained and then covered with a thick towel and left in behind the range five minutes.

Potato Pudding.—Two pounds potatoes boiled and mashed, one-half pound sugar, one-half pound butter, six eggs, a wineglassful of brandy, and one nutmeg. Line a dish with paste, and bake.

To Take Marks off Varnished Furniture.—Wet a sponge in common alcohol camphor and apply it freely to the furniture. It has nearly, if not quite, the same effect that varnish has, and is much cheaper.

Filling for Pies or Turnovers.—One-fourth pound of raisins stoned and chopped, one cracker, rolled fine, one egg, juice and grated rind of one lemon and nearly a cup of sugar. If used for pie use top crust.

Burns.—Wet saleratus and spread on a cloth, bind this around the burnt part and in a few hours it will be nearly well unless the burn is very deep, in which case the saleratus should be removed, and after being removed the burn should be covered with a piece of old linen on which has been rubbed a little mutton tallow or sweet oil.

Lemon Pie.—One egg mixed with one grated lemon. In another dish stir smooth with a little cold water one large tablespoon of corn-starch; add one good cupful of boiling water, one cup of white sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg; when cool add the egg and lemon. Bake with one crust. Use the white of the egg for frosting. One large lemon will make two pies by doubling the rest.

Veal Hash.—Take a teacup of boiling water in a sauce-pan, stir in an even teaspoon of flour wet in a tablespoon of cold water, and let it boil five minutes; add one-half teaspoon of black pepper, as much salt, and two tablespoons butter, and let it keep hot, but not boil. Chop the veal fine, and mix with it half as much stale bread-crumbs. Put it in a pan and pour the gravy on it, then let it simmer ten minutes. Serve this on buttered toast.

Southern Gumbo.—Fry one chicken brown, and two slices of bacon. Pour on them three quarts boiling water; add one onion and some sweet herbs tied in a rag. Simmer this gently three hours and a half. Strain off the liquor, take off the fat, then put the ham and chicken, cut in small pieces, into the liquor. Add one-half teacup ochra cut up, also one-half teacup rice. Boil one-half an hour, and just before serving add a glass of wine and a dozen of oysters with their juice.

Malaga Cake.—Two cups of sugar and half a cup of butter; beat to a cream; add half a cup of sweet milk; mix three cups of flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; beat the whites of seven eggs to froth; stir all together and flavor with lemon; bake in sheets. Filling—Whites of three eggs beaten with sugar as for frosting; save out enough for the top of the cake; add one coffee cup of seeded and chopped raisins, two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract; spread between the cake.

How to Lime Eggs.—Eggs are limed by packing them in a liquid made as follows, viz.: One peck of fresh lime is slacked in sufficient water, to make a thin paste; when thoroughly slacked, which will require twenty-four hours, water is added to thin it so that it can be strained through a fine sieve into a clean barrel, which is then filled with water; the eggs, perfectly fresh, are laid carefully into kegs or barrels, and the stirred lime liquor is poured over them, a board being floated on the top to keep the eggs under the surface. In this way the eggs may be kept six months.

Charlotte Russe.—One pint milk, three-quarters pound sugar, one-half box gelatine. Put these together, and set over a kettle of boiling water; after the gelatine is dissolved, beat four eggs and stir in. Leave over the fire until it looks clear, then let it cool. Beat to a stiff froth one pint cream, then add vanilla to taste. Stir all well together, and set in a cool place with ice or snow around it. When you add the eggs stir thoroughly all the time, and when it is cool give it a hard beat. Put cake in a mold stuck together with white of egg, and put the liquid inside, or serve the cake and liquid separately.

Capital and Labor on the Big Farms of Dakota.

We spent an evening in the comfortable home of one of the superintendents, and heard him explain the system of book-keeping. Every man is engaged by contract, for a certain time, to do certain work, for certain wages. He receives his money on presenting to the cashier a time check certifying the amount and nature of his labor. The average price paid to hands is $18 a month and board. In harvest they get $2.25 a day. A record is kept by the foreman of the amount of wheat turned out by each thresher, by the driver of each wagon of the amount of wheat loaded by him, and by the receiver at the elevator of the amount of wheat brought in by each team. All the farm machinery and the provisions are bought at first hands for wholesale prices. Mules and horses are bought in St. Louis. Wheat is not stacked or stored, but shipped to market as rapidly as possible. Every thing is regulated by an exact system, and this is what makes the farms a success.

Brains and energy in the man who controls them and in those whom he chooses as his subordinate officers—this is the secret of the enormous profits which have been made on the Dalrymple farms. The cost of raising the first crop is about $11 an acre; each subsequent crop costs $8. The average yield for this year was about nineteen bushels to the acre. This could be sold at Fargo on October 1 for 80 cents a bushel. A brief calculation will give you $4.20 per acre profit on the new land, and $7.20 for all the rest; or, say, $130,000 gain on one crop. These figures I believe to be too small, rather than too large.

But does this large farming pay for the country? It absorbs great tracts of land, and keeps out smaller farmers. It employs tramps, who vanish when the harvest is over, instead of increasing the permanent population. It exhausts the land. The cultivation is very shallow. There is no rotation of crops. Every thing is taken from the ground; nothing is returned to it. Even the straw is burned. The result of this is that the average crop from any given acre grows smaller every year, and it is simply a question of time under the present system how long it will take to exhaust the land.—*Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., in Harper's Magazine for May.*

—An English journal reports that a man who cut his finger while opening a can of preserved meat was so poisoned that he died within twenty days. Query: Was the meat so very bad or was the man's blood in condition to be inflamed on slight provocation. The paper from which we take this item speaks of it as a "poisoning from decayed meat," but how can we be sure of that when a cut inoculated with blood from perfectly fresh meat has often produced just as serious result?—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for May.*

A musical (?) enthusiast at Munich has constructed an instrument which exactly imitates the cries of thirty-seven animals, from the roaring of the lion to the clucking of the hen. All the beasts in creation seem to be shut up inside it. The inventor gave a sitting at Munich recently preparatory to his departure for foreign countries, where he expects to obtain great fame, his fellow-countrymen appearing to be somewhat indifferent to the merits of these harmonious sounds. The "zophone" also imitates the human voice, and concluded its performance by pronouncing distinctly and elegantly "respects to the ladies."

A millionaire—an Italian senator—residing at Manteleone, was on his way to Pizzo recently, when he unwittingly dropped from his carriage a packet of notes of the value of 80,000 francs. A poor peasant who noticed the accident picked up the parcel, and running after the carriage gave up the missing property to Cressus, who rewarded him with a gracious smile and continued his journey.

The *Saturday Review* says that the Cairo donkey boy is the incarnation of everything oriental, strange, convenient, civil and wonderful in Egypt. His activity, his ready tact, his good temper, his avidity for backsheesh, and, above all, his knowledge of English, are astonishing. Many Englishmen accustomed to winter in Egypt retain a donkey boy for the season, and in cases of severe illness one of these marvelous factotums has been known to become a tender, attentive, and vigilant nurse. The average donkey boy speaks better English than the average dragoman.

A fire recently broke out in an extensive German brewery and *bierhaus* in Montevideo. All available supplies of water having been exhausted, and the flames still advancing, the fire brigade asked and received permission of the proprietor to make use of a large stock of beer on the premises in order to continue their operations. After some twenty thousand gallons of beer had been cast into the flames, the conflagration was arrested.

The game of poker is very old. Shakspeare excelled in it. You remember where he says: "I'll call thee, Hamlet."

—Nothing is further from the earth than heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.

—Genius of the highest kind implies an unusual intensity of the modifying power.—*Coleridge.*

—It is our good nature and not fine furniture that makes home attractive.

Around the World.

A fame that is world-wide and acquired in the short space of a few years, must have true merit for its support. Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines have gained such fame and the force'gn orders for his Golden Medical Discovery—the greatest blood-purifier of the age, for his Pleasant Purgative Pellets (little sugar-coated pills), his Favorite Prescription—woman's best friend—and other remedies became so great that a branch of the World's Dispensary has been established in London, England, for their manufacture. From this depot they are shipped to every part of Europe, and to the East Indies, China, Japan and other countries. Their sale in both North and South America is perfectly enormous and increases yearly. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., and Great Russell Street Buildings, London, Eng.

Royal Centre, Cass Co., Ind., Feb. 28, 1879.

Dr. R. V. Pierce;

Dear Sir—I take pleasure in writing my testimony with others in regard to your valuable medicine. For a long time I have suffered from disease of the lungs, and until I used your Discovery found nothing that did me any good. Thanks to it I am relieved and recommend it to all. Yours truly,

Mary Kennel.

Great News.

It is great news indeed that there is at last a remedy (Warner's Safe Nervine) which will relieve all kinds of pain and give rest and sleep without injury to the system. The discoverer of this remedy is considered the most skillful nerve doctor in the world.

Nervousness, and all derangements of the nervous system, are usually connected with a diseased condition of the blood. Debility is a frequent accompaniment. The first thing to be done is to improve the condition of the blood. This is accomplished by taking Vegetine. It is a nerve medicine, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take a dose of Piso's Cure for Consumption. So say all who have tried it.

Redding's Russia Salve. Best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use.

Light colored or yellow Axle Grease soon wears off. Get the genuine Frazer.

Grocers keep C. Gilbert's pure Starches.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 15, 1880.		
FLOUR—Extra Ohio	$5 10 @	$6 75
WHEAT—Red Winter No. 2	1 3 @	1 3-½
No. 1 White	1 27½@	1 28
CORN—No. 2	51 @	51
OATS—Mixed Western	42 @	43
PORK—Mess	11 25 @	11 25
LARD—Prime Steam	7 2 @	7 2½
BUTTER—Western	09 @	17
CHEESE—Ohio	11 @	12½
EGGS—Western	10 @	11
WOOL—Fulled	30 @	32
Unwashed	18 @	38
CATTLE	8 00 @	10 00
HOGS	4 65 @	4 85
SHEEP	4 80 @	7 50
CLEVELAND.		
FLOUR—X White	$.... @	$6 75
XX Red, No. 1	.... @	6 25
Spring X, Red	6 00 @	6 25
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	.... @	1 21
No. 2 "	.... @	1 18
CORN	45 @	46
OATS—No. 1	.... @	40
RYE	85 @	88
BARLEY—State	80 @	85
CHEESE—Choice Factory	14 @	14½
Ohio Dairy	09 @	10
BUTTER—Choice	17 @	18
EGGS	09 @	10
POTATOES	30 @	40
SEEDS—Timothy	2 15 @	2 50
Clover	4 25 @	4 75
Red Top	.... @	80
CINCINNATI.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00 @	$6 00
WHEAT	.... @	1 18
CORN	40 @	41
RYE	84 @	86
OATS	.... @	37
BUTTER—Choice	15 @	17
HOGS—Common to light	3 25 @	4 60
Packing	4 10 @	4 45
BUFFALO.		
BEEVES—Best	$5 00 @	$5 15
Medium	4 65 @	4 70
HOGS—Common to fair	4 40 @	4 55
Heavy	4 70 @	4 80
SHEEP—Fair to good wool	4 50 @	4 65
Clipped	.... @	5 70
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Western Amber	8 .. @	$1 23
No. 2 Red Winter	.. @	1 21
CORN—High Mixed	.. @	43
No. 2	.. @	42
OATS—No. 2	.. @	35
PITTSBURG.		
BEEVES—Best	$4 00 @	$4 75
Medium	3 25 @	3 75
HOGS—Yorkers	4 50 @	4 65
Philadelphias	4 75 @	4 90
SHEEP—Best	.... @	5 10
Medium	.... @	3 50

A New Gold Region.

Mr. J. H. Wise has just returned from New Mexico to Denver, with glowing reports of the region inspected, and declares that no place under the sun possesses such excellent prospects. He is Superintendent of the New Mexico, Bonito and White Oaks Mining Co., in the region of the Jicarilla Mountains, and exhibits splendid specimens of quartz, both gold and silver, which are nothing but top-rock. One specimen of gold quartz, from the Little Mack Lode is full of wire gold and assays $60,000 per ton. Other specimens from the Silver King and Bonito, give 50 and 135 ounces, respectively, in silver. About two hundred claims have been staked off in the neighborhood, and the place is growing lively. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. Co. have just gotten out a new and perfect map of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah, showing railroad lines, built and under construction, proposed lines, stage routes, exact location of all mining camps, etc., etc., which will be sent Free to any one by addressing Jas. R. Wood, General Passenger Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Vegetine

Purifies the Blood; Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

Reader, Have You Got Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancerous Humor, Cancer?

You Can Positively be Cured.

Thousands of Testimonials Prove It.

Vegetine Cures When Physicians Fail.

Cass Orchard, Lincoln Co., Ky., May 8, 1878.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

Sir—I consider it a duty that I owe you and the public to let you know what your medicine, VEGETINE, has done for my daughter. About four years ago she was so afflicted with *scrofula* as to be drawn to one side as she walked. After trying several of the best physicians at home and at Louisville without relief, she was induced to try VEGETINE. After taking 30 bottles I consider her perfectly cured. She has now a beautiful, clear complexion, without blotch or blemish, and I have no hesitation in attributing her cure to your valuable medicine, and in recommending it to the use of the afflicted. There are many of the inhabitants of this county who can and will testify to the above.

Yours, Mrs. S. E. Brooks.

I can testify to the above.

J. E. Carson,
Firm of Carson Bros., Druggists.
W. F. Kennedy,
Proprietor Cass Orchard Hotel.

Montreal, P. Q., Jan. 8, 1880.

Mr. H. R. Stevens: *Dear Sir*—We take great pleasure in adding to your numerous testimonials in regard to VEGETINE. We sell a great deal of it, and it invariably gives satisfaction. Several remarkable cures by its use have come under our notice, and we think it a valuable medicine, as it acts as a duty, to justify its merits.

We remain yours truly, Dr. Ledoux & Co.
Chemists and Druggists.

Montreal, Jan. 7, 1880.

Mr. H. R. Stevens: *Dear Sir*—I have recommended and sold your VEGETINE to a great many cases indeed, but one case came under my special notice in which three bottles completely cured a friend of mine whose case had resisted all other medicines previously tried. Yours, F. G. Giroux, Druggist,
801 St. Joseph St.

Vegetine is the best SPRING MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

ATTENTION! PAINT YOUR HOUSES.

By making strictly pure and first-class goods for the last eight years, in New York, we find our rapidly increasing trade demands our opening an office and factory in Chicago, to supply the western trade, and we would advise all parties wishing to paint, to try ours, which is the very best and cheapest in the market. Send for sample card and prices.

NATIONAL MIXED PAINT CO., NEW YORK or CHICAGO, ILL.

RED RIVER VALLEY
2,000,000 Acres
Wheat Lands
best in the world, for sale by the
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R.R. CO.
Three dollars per acre allowed the settler for breaking and cultivating. For particulars apply to
D. A. McKINLAY,
Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER
Cures Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.
PAIN KILLER LINIMENT MADE, is the well tried and trusted PAIN KILLER Friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and safe to use internally or externally with certainty of relief. Sold by all Druggists.

THE VICTOR
Double Huller Clover Machine
is the only tool that never failed to hull 100 bushels of seed in one day from damp and wet straw. Send for Descriptive Circular and Price List, which contains many letters unsolicited this season. Hagerstown Agricultural Implement Mfg. Co. Buts where you see Advertisement. Hagerstown, Md.

WANTED!
Every Doctor, Artist and Canvasser in the country to send me their address. I will send by return mail my New Reduced Price List for Artists' Materials, Crayons, Easels, Walnut and Velvet Frames, Mouldings, Mirrors and Mirror Plates, Mottoes, Perforated Card Board, Paintings, Stereoscopes, Views, Photographic Stock, Apparatus, etc. Dealers, Artists and Canvassers can make money on these goods at the prices I sell them. When writing, please state where you saw this advertisement and what your present business is. W. H. Rhue, Dealer in all kinds of Fine Art Goods, 352 and 354 (new number) Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.

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