

NOT AN ANGEL.

BY W. H. R. M'CLINTOCK.

UNLIKE the heroines of most writers, mine is not an angel. When the poet Burns was in Edinburgh, he was introduced by a friend to the studio of a well-known painter, whom he found engaged on a representation of "Jacob's Dream." After minutely examining the work, he wrote the following verses on the back of a little sketch, which is still preserved in the painter's family.— It is highly characteristic of the man:

Dear—'I'll give you some advice,
You should not paint an angel, man,
But try and paint the Devil.
To paint an angel's kittle work,
W'uld Nick there's less danger;
You'll easy paint a weal-keut face,
But no so well a stranger."

This story does not appear in his biography but was found in a magazine. We were struck with the force of his lines and hence we shall, hereafter, refrain from attempting to bring our heroines up to an angelic standard.— Poor, frail human nature is often overdrawn. After all we are but miserable sinners, the highest only a degree above the lowest. There are, and have been, lovely characters known to exist, whose merits have been extolled, but whose faults have been lightly skimmed over. Our favorite authors appear to us, always, as pure beings. We love Byron and ignore his faults. We do admire Milton, and yet history makes him a great scold. Even the great exemplar, Dr. Johnson, had his petty faults, and so on down the list. No great man of the present day would appear half so great, in our eyes, if we could fully know his private life. We do not speak of this with pleasure. We call attention to a truth and make the appreciation to our novelists, who would have us believe that (Catharine Gaunt, for instance), their heroines were, in truth, immaculate.

With these prefatory remarks we proceed to introduce Miss Lucille Agnew.— Miss Agnew, ladies and gentlemen, was the only daughter of the most noted crackman, to use a slang term, of his day. "Billy Agnew," as he was familiarly called by the good people of Middletown, was the hero of many escapades. At home he was known, only, for his good qualities. At home he was a quiet, unassuming, genial neighbor.— He was open hearted to an unusual degree. The poor always met with more than they solicited from "Billy." His occupation was that of a blacksmith, and there was not a lazy bone in his body.— He worked steadily, week in and week out, except when he "took a trip North," as he said, "for the purpose of seeing a sickly brother." This trip usually required about two weeks. During that time the old blacksmith shop would be desolate and quiet. The prodigality of Billy, after these trips, excited some remark, but as his good deeds were always in the interest of the deserving poor of Middletown, no one seemed to be very inquisitive as to the meaning of his frequent trips to see his delicate relative. Billy had, in truth, had several narrow, exceeding narrow escapes during some of those trips, but he kept his own secrets like a prudent man should, and was never disturbed in the solitary home at Middletown. This man lacked, even an elementary education, but was possessed of great natural ability and of an iron nerve. He had the most perfect control over himself. His muscles were hardened by toil, and no intemperance had weakened his physical powers. The scenes he had taken part in would read like the tales of Dick Turpin, yet he never told them; while his neighbors slept soundly with Billy in their midst, never for a moment dreaming of the evil that lurked in his bosom. One day Billy took off his leather apron and threw his sledge hammer into a far corner of his shop. He gently closed and locked the door. Going into his humble cottage, he donned a better suit of clothing, then partaking of a hasty meal he was gone. He was off again to see that sick brother. That was all he told the people, and as to any thing further about the aforesaid relative, the whole of Middletown was blissfully ignorant.

Billy was gone. This time he went when our Northern summer was at its height. The harvest was ended and the wind was just beginning to blow over the oat stubbles. The glorious days of warm sunshine had joined the goodly rain fall, and the people were highly blessed in their crops. Industry had brought its reward and God was to be thanked. While all was peace at Middletown and people were rejoiced at the bounties of a merciful Providence, yet that stalwart blacksmith was discontented with his lot. The constant click of his hammer had brought him in plenty of dimes and quarters, and yet he was unhappy. Under the plea of going to see a sick brother he was off; but it was not on the errand of love as we shall see.

Instead of seeking a brother, he went directly to the town of P—. There he put up at a first-class hotel. Soon he

was joined by a friend whom he called "Sam." Sam and Billy became very intimate. They hired teams and took daily rides into the country to view the different farms for sale thereabouts.— This course they continued for one week. They were hard to please. It appeared, and at the end of the week were as far from purchasing as at first. Farmers sought them and offered them the best of terms, but Billy, who was the spokesman, always found an answer by which to hold the farmer aloof and yet keep him in expectancy. In the meantime they made the acquaintance of the cashier of the Deposit Bank. They called, together, the day after their arrival at P—, and gave the cashier of the Bank a package, said to contain several thousand dollars, and requested him to put it in the safe until called for. It was a sealed package and the cashier never knew but what it contained the amount as represented by them. They further told him that they were looking for a farm and if they could be suited, they intended to purchase. These conversations were continued from day to day until the worthy cashier was completely lulled into security. Their demeanor was perfectly right and proper. The citizens with whom they came in contact were agreeably impressed. As usual in small towns the people went out of their way to do obeisance to the strangers. Billy and Sam actually received favors which would not have been accorded to the old citizens of P—.

Their money had great influence. The bar-rooms and stores were made to echo with the stories of their wealth. Thus it has always been in small towns.— Thus it ever will be. Sycophancy to strangers is the rule, while both eyes are kept open to watch the home citizens. On the Saturday of the week of their arrival, at the hour of 9 P. M., a knock was heard at the door of the Bank. The cashier happened to be away from home. He had his residence in the Bank building, and, although it was after banking hours, the cashier was likely to be in at that hour. When the knock was heard it was answered by the watchman who told the gentlemen that "Wm. O— had just stepped out, but would be in in a short time."

They responded that "they would call again in half an hour." At the end of a half hour they were back. This time Wm. O— met them in his usual polite manner, inviting them into his sitting room. They politely declined, stating that they would be glad to see him on business. Billy stated that his friend was unexpectedly called to New York, and as he was short of funds it would be necessary to get a check cashed. He remarked that he was sorry to trouble the cashier at so unreasonable an hour, but the call was so unexpected that they were compelled to ask the favor.

Wm. O— replied that "it was past banking hours, and the vault was locked, but if a small amount, say one hundred dollars, would be of any use to them he could raise that amount." They jointly replied that it would do, and Wm. O— invited them into the banking room. The three then walked into the room.

As soon as Sam, who was the last in, had closed the door Billy, very suddenly, threw himself upon the unsuspecting cashier, and, before he could utter a single cry, had him gagged. Sam, in the meantime, locked the door and then hastened to the assistance of his "Pard."

Wm. O— by this time realized the situation, and, although unable to cry out, yet struggled most violently. Billy would not hurt him nor allow his pard to hurt him, although Sam had drawn his revolver. In those powerful hands Wm. O— was like a child however, and soon was fixed in a way commonly or technically known as "bucked and gagged." By the aid of tools, which bore the marks of the blacksmith, they soon effected an entrance into the vault. Extracting therefrom some thirty thousand dollars in two packages, and leaving their own deposit where Wm. O— had placed it, they prepared to depart.

In the meantime the night watchman, who proved to be the most sagacious man in the town, began to meditate.— As he meditated he began to think things looked curious to say the least. Why those men should come there at that hour? was a question with him.— Why they should remain so long and so quiet within the Bank? was another question. Acting on his suspicions he told a few passers by of the singular occurrence. These he placed at favorable locations, and himself stood near the inner door of the Bank.

When Billy and Sam came out of the door alone the case was clear one to the faithful watchman. Drawing his club he felled Sam to the floor at one powerful blow and screamed for help. Billy, seeing the terrible situation at a glance, closed with the watchman and by a mighty effort hurled him to the floor.— He then leaped across the entry and opened the outer door, having still retained the stolen packages. But the

outside watchers had heard the alarm of the watchman and in an instant he was surrounded. Revolvers faced Billy in all directions and after a brief parley, he was a prisoner. The town, by this time, was aroused and a great crowd was soon on the spot. Cries of "Hang him!" "Hang him!" now rent the air. The same people who had fondled Billy now cried "Hang him!"

Such is the fickleness of human nature. Sam was secured also and together they were marched to prison.— The denouement caused great excitement for miles around as the news of the great robbery spread. In the meantime Billy sat demurely in his narrow cell with his head in his hands, looking at his chains, and, this time he failed to return to his home at the end of two weeks as heretofore.

The town of M— being somewhat off of the public thoroughfare, did not get news as speedily as other better favored towns. At the end of two weeks the good people of M— began to look for Billy, but he came not.— At the end of three weeks they were really uneasy. Some said "the brother must be very sick." Others said "it was very strange indeed."

At the end of four weeks rumors began to circulate. One man who had been North heard of a man being drowned who resembled Billy. Another heard of him in a rail road accident. At length the true story came in the shape of a newspaper article with flaming headings. This still did not certainly identify Billy with the attempted robbery, but it was followed and confirmed by a detective. The detective had found a clue in an envelope which the wily Billy had unintentionally left in his satchel. This envelope had his name and address written upon the outside.— The detective in developing the case started to find the obscure village of M—. There was a wonderful commotion among the people in the quiet town when the truth flashed upon their astonished minds.

Here, again, former friends execrated the unfortunate Bill. Amid all these terrible denunciations there was but one feeble voice that did not cry out against him in the frantic town. In the little old cabin by the blacksmith shop sat a delicate female. She was an only child, her mother having died in giving her birth. Alone, with her father, she had lived since that solemn hour and now she was just eighteen years old. Beautiful golden ringlets had learned to cluster about her fair brow, and two little dimples danced in and out about the well shaped mouth. She was possessed of a perfect form, while blushes were continually flitting across her countenance like the light and shade of the capricious sunshine of a summer evening. Her moral character was as pure as it could be under the rough culture she had obtained near the blacksmith shop. She was naturally good at heart, but Lucille Agnew was not an Angel! When the, now envious, neighbors rushed in, with undue haste, to tell her the news, in the harshest manner, she was simply stunned at first. Stupefied she sat but could not realize the situation. When they talked of robbing a Bank she did not comprehend their meaning. When they told her that her father was not with his sick brother she started from her comatose condition. Tears she had none. Her utterance was coarse and choked. When told that her father was in danger she then, for the first time seemed to arouse and the first intelligible words she uttered were—"Father!" "danger!" Turning to the nearest news-bearer she asked eagerly—"Where is father?" "What is the danger?"

She was in blissful ignorance, all these years, of his occupation and hence never thought that danger hovered nigh unto him. In her innocence she saw only her father in the rough blacksmith. To Lucille, Billy never was unkind. The only pulsation of love his callous heart ever felt was caused by Lucille. She was now the ivy clinging to the oak.— As the storm was gathering she was beginning to cling the closer. Billy Agnew, that day, had but one human being in this universe who shed the tear of pity for him or cared a jot about his doom. He had one other friend—the one who befriended the thief on the cross—but he knew him not. Poor Lucille had but one earthly friend and he was chained in his cell. The charity of the world is a poor antidote for the unfortunates. They wither under its blighting influence like the young bud that is nipped by the frost. In answer to her question—"Where is father?" She was told that he was in prison at P—.

The next morning when the neighbors called to see Lucille again, she was nowhere to be found. The little cottage was deserted. Alone with her tears she had spent a horrid night. Desolate and disconsolate she might have been observed, early that morning, passing from her humble door, out into the by path, alone.

Without a knowledge of the geography of the country she had sternly determined to seek her father. Thinly clad and without a word to a living soul she started for the far off North land.— Father was somewhere and she must find him. On, on she plodded like a ship without a compass. That day she walked as far as her weary feet and heavy heart could carry her and when the stars peeped forth and the pale moon looked down, she still continued her tiresome walk. Subsistence was unthought of until far in the night and even then, food she had none. She was not an angel and yet she was doing this for her imprisoned parent. With a terrible energy she pursued her weary way. At length tired nature could endure no more. Falling on the ground she slept while the stars kept their ceaseless vigil. The next day she resumed her walk.— By begging from the people she obtained a scanty meal now and then. Day after day she struggled on until, footsore and feverish, she found that Providence had guided her aright, and that the next day would bring her to the town of Pennington. Her thin shoes had already worn out and now she was compelled to enter P— bare footed.

Thus, bare footed and in rags, poor Lucille was still beautiful. Her black eye took on a more brilliant lustre by reason of her great sufferings. The uncombed tresses took on a more wavy appearance by reason of neglect to arrange them. Her bare ankles had been bronzed by the sun. Her fair complexion had assumed a deeper hue by reason of exposure during that terrible walk. But all this mattered not now for that day she should see her father. Enclosed as he was he was still dear to Lucille. Her untainted heart knew but one man in the world and that man was Billy Agnew. Trembling in every nerve she entered the town where he was confined. Like a frightened bird she fluttered about the cage a long time before she dared to approach the door.

Having entered the town through the alleys she inquired for the prison. As she gazed on the doleful looking structure her heart sank within her and she thought of her pleasant home at M—. Those great walls of stone and those iron doors struck terror to her soul.— Faintly, under one of the rear windows, she ventured to utter a single word—"Father!" She heard the clanking of chains but no response came from those grid-ironed windows. Again she cried, this time a little louder—"Father!" Still no response. This suspense was hard on the inexperienced wanderer. "Father!" for the third time she exclaimed and still naught but the clanking of the prison chains. There she stood alone. The big world was around her, but Lucille was alone. Where was its boasted charity now? Many a poodle had a better home and more friends than Lucille.

The walls echoed back the cry of father, but the world heard it not. She was literally a prisoner on the outside of the jail. When her cries failed, she ventured a little closer to the great door. She was not an angel, and as a mere mortal she had to force her way on her errand of love. Gently knocking, there was no response. Still a little louder, and finally, so hard that her knuckles ached, and then she heard foot-steps within. The next moment the heavy door creaked on its hinges and Lucille Agnew stood face to face with the jailer. With tears pouring down from her eyes she asked, "Is father in?"

"Who's father?" muttered the annoyed jailer.
"Why, my father, sir," she replied.
"Well, who are you?" said he in anger.
"I am father's Lucille, sir."
"What is your name?" he asked, softening a little at her child-like simplicity.
"My name, sir, is Lucille Agnew, I came all the way from M— to see father?" "Are you the daughter of William Agnew?" he asked. "I am," she answered. "Well," said he, "I am sorry for you, my poor girl, but your father is not here. He was tried in the early part of the week, convicted of the crime of attempted robbery, and is now over a hundred miles from here, in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia. I am sorry for you my poor child. Your father very much looked for you and constantly talked about you."
There was a loud piercing shriek sent ringing through that old jail that reverberated from corridor to corridor and from cellar to dome. There was a heavy fall and Lucille Agnew—the beautiful—the affectionate Lucille—lay insensible at the jailer's feet. Her weary walk was all in vain. Hope's bright day star went out and all was bleak night. After a brief fitful fever Lucille slept well. No more those feet will ache on earth's hard pebbles. No more cold charity will hurt that young soul. No more cries of "Father" will fall from those soft lips. All tears have been wiped from those sightless orbs. The worm now nestles among those golden curls that might have dazzled the eyes of the courts of Europe. Surely, when Lucille fell in that jail door-way, Jesus of Nazareth must have passed by and taken the untutored soul back to its home. Death was her best friend in a friendless world, and a merciful Heavenly father sent death. She was buried at the expense of the county, in a thin shroud and a pine coffin. Lucille Agnew was a noble girl, but Lucille Agnew WAS NOT AN ANGEL!

phy of the country she had sternly determined to seek her father. Thinly clad and without a word to a living soul she started for the far off North land.— Father was somewhere and she must find him. On, on she plodded like a ship without a compass. That day she walked as far as her weary feet and heavy heart could carry her and when the stars peeped forth and the pale moon looked down, she still continued her tiresome walk. Subsistence was unthought of until far in the night and even then, food she had none. She was not an angel and yet she was doing this for her imprisoned parent. With a terrible energy she pursued her weary way. At length tired nature could endure no more. Falling on the ground she slept while the stars kept their ceaseless vigil. The next day she resumed her walk.— By begging from the people she obtained a scanty meal now and then. Day after day she struggled on until, footsore and feverish, she found that Providence had guided her aright, and that the next day would bring her to the town of Pennington. Her thin shoes had already worn out and now she was compelled to enter P— bare footed.

Thus, bare footed and in rags, poor Lucille was still beautiful. Her black eye took on a more brilliant lustre by reason of her great sufferings. The uncombed tresses took on a more wavy appearance by reason of neglect to arrange them. Her bare ankles had been bronzed by the sun. Her fair complexion had assumed a deeper hue by reason of exposure during that terrible walk. But all this mattered not now for that day she should see her father. Enclosed as he was he was still dear to Lucille. Her untainted heart knew but one man in the world and that man was Billy Agnew. Trembling in every nerve she entered the town where he was confined. Like a frightened bird she fluttered about the cage a long time before she dared to approach the door.

Having entered the town through the alleys she inquired for the prison. As she gazed on the doleful looking structure her heart sank within her and she thought of her pleasant home at M—. Those great walls of stone and those iron doors struck terror to her soul.— Faintly, under one of the rear windows, she ventured to utter a single word—"Father!" She heard the clanking of chains but no response came from those grid-ironed windows. Again she cried, this time a little louder—"Father!" Still no response. This suspense was hard on the inexperienced wanderer. "Father!" for the third time she exclaimed and still naught but the clanking of the prison chains. There she stood alone. The big world was around her, but Lucille was alone. Where was its boasted charity now? Many a poodle had a better home and more friends than Lucille.

The walls echoed back the cry of father, but the world heard it not. She was literally a prisoner on the outside of the jail. When her cries failed, she ventured a little closer to the great door. She was not an angel, and as a mere mortal she had to force her way on her errand of love. Gently knocking, there was no response. Still a little louder, and finally, so hard that her knuckles ached, and then she heard foot-steps within. The next moment the heavy door creaked on its hinges and Lucille Agnew stood face to face with the jailer. With tears pouring down from her eyes she asked, "Is father in?"

"Who's father?" muttered the annoyed jailer.
"Why, my father, sir," she replied.
"Well, who are you?" said he in anger.
"I am father's Lucille, sir."
"What is your name?" he asked, softening a little at her child-like simplicity.
"My name, sir, is Lucille Agnew, I came all the way from M— to see father?" "Are you the daughter of William Agnew?" he asked. "I am," she answered. "Well," said he, "I am sorry for you, my poor girl, but your father is not here. He was tried in the early part of the week, convicted of the crime of attempted robbery, and is now over a hundred miles from here, in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia. I am sorry for you my poor child. Your father very much looked for you and constantly talked about you."
There was a loud piercing shriek sent ringing through that old jail that reverberated from corridor to corridor and from cellar to dome. There was a heavy fall and Lucille Agnew—the beautiful—the affectionate Lucille—lay insensible at the jailer's feet. Her weary walk was all in vain. Hope's bright day star went out and all was bleak night. After a brief fitful fever Lucille slept well. No more those feet will ache on earth's hard pebbles. No more cold charity will hurt that young soul. No more cries of "Father" will fall from those soft lips. All tears have been wiped from those sightless orbs. The worm now nestles among those golden curls that might have dazzled the eyes of the courts of Europe. Surely, when Lucille fell in that jail door-way, Jesus of Nazareth must have passed by and taken the untutored soul back to its home. Death was her best friend in a friendless world, and a merciful Heavenly father sent death. She was buried at the expense of the county, in a thin shroud and a pine coffin. Lucille Agnew was a noble girl, but Lucille Agnew WAS NOT AN ANGEL!

Without a knowledge of the geography of the country she had sternly determined to seek her father. Thinly clad and without a word to a living soul she started for the far off North land.— Father was somewhere and she must find him. On, on she plodded like a ship without a compass. That day she walked as far as her weary feet and heavy heart could carry her and when the stars peeped forth and the pale moon looked down, she still continued her tiresome walk. Subsistence was unthought of until far in the night and even then, food she had none. She was not an angel and yet she was doing this for her imprisoned parent. With a terrible energy she pursued her weary way. At length tired nature could endure no more. Falling on the ground she slept while the stars kept their ceaseless vigil. The next day she resumed her walk.— By begging from the people she obtained a scanty meal now and then. Day after day she struggled on until, footsore and feverish, she found that Providence had guided her aright, and that the next day would bring her to the town of Pennington. Her thin shoes had already worn out and now she was compelled to enter P— bare footed.

Thus, bare footed and in rags, poor Lucille was still beautiful. Her black eye took on a more brilliant lustre by reason of her great sufferings. The uncombed tresses took on a more wavy appearance by reason of neglect to arrange them. Her bare ankles had been bronzed by the sun. Her fair complexion had assumed a deeper hue by reason of exposure during that terrible walk. But all this mattered not now for that day she should see her father. Enclosed as he was he was still dear to Lucille. Her untainted heart knew but one man in the world and that man was Billy Agnew. Trembling in every nerve she entered the town where he was confined. Like a frightened bird she fluttered about the cage a long time before she dared to approach the door.

Having entered the town through the alleys she inquired for the prison. As she gazed on the doleful looking structure her heart sank within her and she thought of her pleasant home at M—. Those great walls of stone and those iron doors struck terror to her soul.— Faintly, under one of the rear windows, she ventured to utter a single word—"Father!" She heard the clanking of chains but no response came from those grid-ironed windows. Again she cried, this time a little louder—"Father!" Still no response. This suspense was hard on the inexperienced wanderer. "Father!" for the third time she exclaimed and still naught but the clanking of the prison chains. There she stood alone. The big world was around her, but Lucille was alone. Where was its boasted charity now? Many a poodle had a better home and more friends than Lucille.

The walls echoed back the cry of father, but the world heard it not. She was literally a prisoner on the outside of the jail. When her cries failed, she ventured a little closer to the great door. She was not an angel, and as a mere mortal she had to force her way on her errand of love. Gently knocking, there was no response. Still a little louder, and finally, so hard that her knuckles ached, and then she heard foot-steps within. The next moment the heavy door creaked on its hinges and Lucille Agnew stood face to face with the jailer. With tears pouring down from her eyes she asked, "Is father in?"

Consumptives Take Notice.

Every moment of delay makes your cure more hopeless, and much depends on the judicious choice of a remedy. The amount of testimony in favor of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup for Consumption, far exceeds all that can be brought to support the pretensions of any other medicine. See Dr. Schenck's Almanac, containing the certificates of many persons of the highest respectability, who have been restored to health, after being pronounced incurable by physicians of acknowledged ability. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone cured many, as these evidences will show; but the cure is often promoted by the employment of two other remedies which Dr. Schenck provides for the purpose. These additional remedies are Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. By the timely use of these medicines, according to directions, Dr. Schenck certifies that most any case of Consumption may be cured.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, Corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. C 1mf

VEGETINE

Strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

Is not a vile, nauseous compound, which simply purges the bowels, but a safe, pleasant remedy which is sure to purify the blood, and thereby restore the health.

Is now prescribed in cases of Scrofula and other diseases of the blood, by many of the best physicians, owing to its great success in curing all diseases of this nature.

Does not deceive invalids into false hopes by purging and creating a ravenous appetite, but assists nature in clearing and purifying the whole system, leading the patient gradually to perfect health.

Was looked upon as an experiment for some time by some of our best physicians, but those most incredulous in regard to its merits are now its most ardent friends and supporters.

Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood-purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies had failed, I visited a laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from herbs, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

Is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

PROOF—WHAT IS NEEDED.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. VEGETINE was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article, and after using several bottles, was restored to health and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health. Respectfully yours,

FIRM OF S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., 19 STATE ST., BOSTON

CINCINNATI, Nov. 26, 1872.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir—The two bottles of VEGETINE furnished me by your agent, my wife has used with great benefit. For a long time she has been troubled with dizziness and costiveness; these troubles are now entirely removed by the use of Vegetine. She was also troubled with Dyspepsia and General Debility, and has been greatly benefited. THOS. GILMORE, 229 1/2 Walnut St.

Feel Myself a New Man.

NATIC, Mass., June 1, 1872.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir—Through the advice and earnest persuasion of Rev. E. S. Best of this place, I have been taking VEGETINE for Dyspepsia, of which I have suffered for years. I have used only two bottles, and already feel myself a new man. Respectfully,

DR. J. W. CARTER.

Report from a Practical Chemist and Apothecary.

BOSTON, Jan. 1, 1874.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have sold at retail 154 1/2 dozen (182 bottles) of your VEGETINE since April 12, 1870, and can truly say that it has given the best satisfaction of any remedy for the complaints for which it is recommended that I ever sold. Scarcely a day passes without some of my customers testifying to its merits on themselves and their friends. I am perfectly cognizant of several cases of Scrofula Tumors being cured by Vegetine alone in this vicinity. Very respectfully yours,

AL GILMAN, 468 Broadway, N. Y.

Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

WEST STREET HOTEL,

Nos. 41, 42, 43 & 44 West St.,
NEW YORK,

TEMPERANCE HOUSE, ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

ROOMS 50 and 75 cents per day. Charges very MODERATE. The best meats and vegetables in the market. BEST BEDS IN THE CITY.
171yt B. T. BABBITT, Proprietor.

LEATHER & C.

THE subscriber has now on hand at **LOW PRICES,**

Good Sole Leather,
Kip of Superior Quality,
Country Calf Skins,
French Calf,
LININGS, ROANS, &c.
F. Mortimer,
NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

Late Immense Discoveries by STANLEY and others are just added to its only complete **Life and Labors of Livingstone.**

This Veteran Explorer ranks among the most heroic figures of the Century, and this book is one of the most attractive, fascinating, richly illustrated and instructive volumes ever issued.— Being the only entire and authentic life, the millions are eager for it, and wide awake agents are wanted quickly. For proof and terms address HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 733 Sanson Street, Philadelphia.

STORE STAND AND FARM FOR SALE.—A First-rate Farm in Juniata co., Pa., also a Store Stand and Stock of Goods. For further particulars address SAMUEL HUCK, Fort Royal, Juniata co., Pa. 35 3mf