

The acorns are very large and abundant, rounded at the summit, compressed at the base, and contained in flat cups covered with narrow, compact scales. They are voraciously devoured by wild animals, and by cows, horses and swine which are allowed to range in the woods after the herbage has perished.

The wood is reddish and coarse-grained, and the pores are often large enough for the passage of a hair; it is strong but not durable, and is the last among the oaks to be employed in building. Its principal use is for staves, which at home are used to contain salted provisions, flour and such dry wares as are exported to the islands, and in the colonies, to receive molasses and sugar.

The bark consists of a very thin epidermis and a very thick cellular tissue. It is extensively used in tanning, but is less esteemed than that of the Spanish, Black and Rock Chestnut oaks.

The Red oak was one of the earliest American trees introduced into Europe. Large stocks are found on the estate of Duhamel, which yield seed abundantly and even multiply naturally; but the quality of its wood is so inferior that I cannot recommend its propagation in our forests.

[The Red is the most northerly of the oaks. Dr. Richardson reporting it as far north as the Saskatchewan and the rocks of Lake Namaken. Though its usefulness is not great, its beauty is unsurpassed, as are also its dimensions, which give an idea of nobility and strength. It grows rapidly from stoles, sometimes six feet in a season.]

POETRY.

SOLIQUY OF KING HENRY V.

Upon the king—let us our lives, our souls, our debts, our careful wives, our children, and our sins, lay on the king.

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect, That private men enjoy?

And what have kings, that privates have not too, Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou little ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is thy soul's adoration? Art thou aught else but place, degree and form?

Creating awe and fear in other men? Wherein thou artless happy, being fearful, Than they in fearing?

What drink'st thou off, instead of homage sweet, But poison'd flattery? O, he sick, great griefs

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure! Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee

Command the health of it? No, thou proud-dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose; I am a king, that find thee, and I know

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The farced tinsel, nor the golden tinsel,

The fearful tingle, nor the awe that holds the heart, The throne he sits on, but the title of the peony

That beats upon the high shive of this world—No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestic,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave. Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, crumbl'd with distress'd bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell; But, like a lucky knave, from rest to rest,

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn, Doth rise, and help his perion to his horse;

And follows so the ever-running year With profane labour to his grave;

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's peace, Enjoys it, but in gross and common ways,

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

—Shakespeare.

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER.

There's a wonderful weaver High up in the air,

And he weaves a white mantle For cold earth to wear.

With the wind for his shuttle The cloud for his loom,

How he weaves, how he weaves, In the light, in the gloom!

Oh! with the finest of laces He decks bush and tree;

On the bare, flinty meadows A cover lay's he.

Then a quilted cap he places On pillar and post;

And he changes the pump To a grin, silent ghost!

But this wonderful weaver Grows weary at last;

And the shuttle lies idle That once flew so fast.

Then the sun peeps abroad On the work that is done;

And he smiles: "Eh! unravel It all, just for fun!"

BITE BIGGER.

YORKSHIRE BALLAD.

As aw hurried throo' th' toan to m' work (Aw wur lat, for all th' whistles had goan),

Aw happened to hear a remark At an old feteaer throo' th' heart of a stoan;

It wur rathin, an' snowin, an' cowl'd, An' th' flagston's wur covered w' muck,

An' th' east wind wur whistled an' 'low'd'! It sound'd like noet but ill-luck;

When two little lads down'd' d' rags, Baglit stockings or shows o' th' feet,

Coom trapasin' up o'er th' flags Coom on 'em soddened w' th' weat,

Th' oughest wud happen he ten, Th' yungest he hauf on't—noa mooar;

As aw luk'd on, aw sed to mysen, God help fowk this weather 'at's poor!

Th' big an' saw'd summat off th' ground, An' aw luk'd just to see what 't' cou'd be;

T' wur a few wizen'd flaxer he'd faand An' they seem'd to ha' fill'd him w' glee,

An' he said, "Come on, Billy, may be We shall find summat else by an' by,

An' if not, th' man share these w' me When we get to some spot where 't's dry." Leet-hearted they trotted away,

An' aw followed, cross t'war in m' road,

But aw thowt aw'd neer seen such a day— It wurn't fit to be aght for a toad. Sootin th' big an' agest slipt away An' saw'd summat else aght o' th' muck,

An' he cried aght: "Luk here, Bill! to-day Arcn't we blessed w' a set o' good luck?

Here's a apple, an' th' moost on it's saand; What's rotten aw'll throw in th' street—

Worn't it good to lig th' ear to be faand? Nah, looth on us, con have a treat."

Soa he wip'd it an' rubb'd it, an' then Sed, "Billy, thee hitte off a bit; If th' hasn't been lucky thysen

The shall share w' me sich as aw git." Soa th' little en bate off a touch;

T' other's face beam'd w' pleasure aw'l throo,

An' he sed, "Nay, th' hasn't th' muck; Ah! agest, an' little bigger, nah, do!"

Aw wait'd to hear noet no mooar. Think's aw, th'ear's a lesson for me!

That's a heart o' th' breast, if th' it poor; Th' world wur richer w' moost sich as thee!

Th' pinner wur all th' brass aw had, An' aw ment it for aale when coom noot,

But aw thowt, aw'll goa git it yond toot, He deserves it fur what he's been dooin';

Soa aw sed, "Lad here's th' pinner fur thee, Fur thysen;" an' they stared like two geese,

But he sed, woll th' tear stood in 's e'e, "Nah, it'll jst be a penny apiece,"

"God bless thee! do just as th' will, An' may better days speedily come;

Th' clam'd an' hauf don'd, m' lad, still Th' art a deal neerer heven nor some!"

—Anonymous.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.

CHAPTER IX.

The History of Inluc continued.

"When I first entered upon the world of waters, and lost sight of land, I looked round about me with pleasing terror, and, thinking my soul enlarged by the boundless prospect, imagined that I could gaze round without satiety; but, in a short time, I grew weary of looking on barren uniformity, where I could only see again what I had already seen. I then descended into the ship, and doubted for a while whether all my future pleasures would not end like this, in disgust and disappointment. Yet, surely, said I, the ocean and the land are very different; the only variety of water is rest and motion, but the earth has mountains and valleys, deserts and cities; it is inhabited by men of different customs and contrary opinions; and I may hope to find variety in life though I should miss it in nature.

"With this thought I quieted my mind, and amused myself during the voyage, sometimes by learning from the sailors the art of navigation, which I have never practised, and sometimes by forming schemes for my conduct in different situations, in not one of which I have been ever placed.

"I was almost weary of my naval amusements when we landed safely at Surat. I secured my money, and purchasing some commodities for show, joined myself to a caravan that was passing into the inland country. My companions, for some reason or other, conjecturing that I was rich, and, by my inquiries and admiration, finding that I was ignorant, considered me as a novice whom they had a right to cheat, and who was to learn at the usual expense the art of fraud. They exposed me to the theft of servants and the exaction of officers, and saw me plundered upon false pretences, without any advantage to themselves, but that of rejoicing in the superiority of their own knowledge.

"Stop a moment," said the prince. "Is there such depravity in man as that he should injure another without benefit to himself? I can easily conceive that all are pleased with superiority; but your ignorance was merely accidental, which, being neither your crime nor your folly, could afford them no reason to applaud themselves; and the knowledge which they had, and which you wanted, they might as effectually have shown by warning as betraying you."

"Pride," said Inluc, "is seldom delicate, it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others. They were my enemies, because they grieved to think me rich; and my oppressors, because they delighted to find me weak."

"Proceed," said the prince; "I doubt not of the facts which you relate, but imagine that you impute them to mistaken motives."

"In this company," said Inluc, "I arrived at Agra, the capital of Indostan, the city in which the Great Mogul commonly resides. I applied myself to the language of the country, and in a few months was able to converse with the learned men; some of whom I found morose and reserved, and others easy and communicative; some were unwilling to teach another what they had with difficulty learned themselves; and some showed that the end of their studies was to gain the dignity of instructing.

"To the tutor of the young princes I recommended myself so much that I was presented to the emperor as a man of uncommon knowledge. The emperor asked me many questions concerning my country and my travels; and though I cannot now recollect anything that he uttered above the power of a common man, he dismissed me astonished at his wisdom, and enamored at his goodness.

"My credit was now so high that the merchants, with whom I travelled, applied to me for recommendations to the ladies of the court. I was surprised at their confidence of solicitation, and gently reproached them with their practices on the road. They heard me with cold indifference, and showed no tokens of shame or sorrow.

"They then urged their request with the offer of a bribe; but what I would not do for kindness, I would not do for money, and refused them, not because they had injured me, but because I would not enable them to injure others; for I knew

they would have made use of my credit to cheat those who should buy their wares.

"Having resided at Agra till there was no more to be learned, I travelled into Persia, where I saw many remains of ancient magnificence, and observed many new accommodations of life. The Persians are a nation eminently social, and their assemblies afforded me daily opportunities of remarking characters and manners, and of tracing human nature through all its variations.

"From Persia I passed into Arabia, where I saw a nation at once pastoral and warlike; who live without any settled habitation; whose only wealth is their flocks and herds; and who have yet carried on, through all ages, an hereditary war with all mankind, though they neither covet nor envy their possessions."

CHAPTER X.

Inluc's History continued. A Dissertation on poetry.

"Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the Angelic Nature. And yet it fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best; whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent, which it received by accident at first; or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcription of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art that the first excel in strength and invention, and the later in elegance and refinement.

"I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors; I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified; no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rhytel, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study; and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I had never beheld before or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Inluc, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features as recall the original to every mind; and must neglect the minute discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

"But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition; observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same; he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the

justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations; as a being superior to time and place.

"His labor is not yet at an end; he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony."

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

The death of Horatio Seymour recalls the recent death of another leader of the party in which Mr. Seymour's position in New York was very much like that of Mr. Hendricks in Indiana. Until he at last refused, with such decisiveness, that there could be no doubt of his meaning, to reappear in politics, any honor that the Democrats of New York could bestow upon Mr. Seymour was at his service and honors were thrust upon him which he was really reluctant to accept, though he knew not how to reject them. His constitutional inability to disoblige people subjected him to some ridicule, and made many persons believe that his expressed aversion to political strife was assumed. There could be no doubt of its reality, however, when, after having publicly declined a nomination to the Presidency which he afterward took, he refused a nomination to the Governorship of New York, and insisted upon his refusal after the nominating convention had adjourned. It is possible that even then he might have been induced to yield to the pressure put upon him by his party but for a fear that his health would not withstand the excitement of the canvass and the labors of the office if he should be elected.

In this respect there was no likeness between Mr. Seymour and Mr. Hendricks, whose political ambition was not concealed. The resemblance was in the personal amiability which took the rancor from political opposition to either. In one respect Mr. Seymour's lack of ambition gave him a decided advantage. He was under no temptation to conceal his real opinions, and in spite of the amiability that sometimes amounted to a fault he was never charged with being a political trimmer. As the Democratic Governor of a great State at the crisis of the war he was almost necessarily an object of suspicion to the loyal people of the country. It was this suspicion that caused an amiable phrase that escaped him in addressing the New York rioters during the draft to be caught upon its significance so exaggerated as to be perverted by the inflamed passions of that time. Now that they have abated it is seen to have meant nothing beyond the orator's desire to please and his inability to be unpleasant. The loyalty of his conduct as Governor was never impeached, and the prompt energy of his action when Pennsylvania was invaded fully deserved the acknowledgment it received from President Lincoln and from Secretary Stanton.

It is singular that Mr. Seymour should have figured in the minds of most of his fellow-citizens almost entirely as a representative partisan, when in fact the constitution of his mind made it impossible for him to be a partisan at all. He liked to look at a subject from all points of view, and his temper was judicial. It was this trait that made his speeches, his letters, and his reported conversations so invariably interesting and instructive. They were the utterances of a fresh and suggestive mind which did not seem to have been committed to any point of view and they were read with much interest and pleasure by his political opponents as by his political friends. He did not in his speeches suppress his political animosities; he simply had none to suppress. Accordingly his political opponents never became his personal enemies from the time when, at the age of 49, he was a candidate for the Governorship of New York against one of his warm friends, to the day of his death. Even while he was an active politician he had the same detachment from the heats and jealousies of politicians as after he had retired from politics and become known as the "Sage of Deerfield."

The proper arena in our system for such a man as this is in the Senate of the United States, and it is a pity that his party did not avail itself of some one of the opportunities it had to send Mr. Seymour there. He would have appeared to even better advantage as a Senator than in any of the offices which he did hold, while he would have been a most useful representative of New York by reason of his interest in and his knowledge of the commercial needs and resources of the State. For party politics did not play an exclusive or even an absorbing part in his intellectual activities. He once said of himself, when asked to define his objects in life: "I have aimed to take an interest in everything in this world with which I had a right to concern myself." This is an unconscious paraphrase of Burke's saying: "I trust that few things which have a tendency to bless and adorn life have wholly escaped my observation in my passage through it." Such a discursive and speculative tendency can scarcely go with acute partisanship in politics or elsewhere. It betokens the temperament of a scholar, and Gov. Seymour, though not especially a bookish man, had this scholar's temperament. His observation seemed to turn more to men than to books, and perhaps it was this fact that gave his speeches and writings the freshness and raciness that made them always readable and worth reading. His long retreat from public life, continuing for

more than twenty years, with the unfortunate exception of his canvass for the Presidency, now seventeen years gone by, has brought his fellow-citizens of both parties to a full appreciation of his virtues. Among these his public spirit, his complete freedom from the taint of any sordid interest, was never questioned, even when political opposition to him was most bitter. In his death the State of New York loses one of her most affectionate and useful sons, and the Nation a pure, accomplished, and high-minded citizen.

—New York Times.

AMERICAN PRECIOUS STONES.

[From the Scientific American.]

The recent volume on "The Mineral Resources of the United States," published by the government, contains an interesting paper by Mr. George F. Kunz on the history and production of gem stones in America. For a country so otherwise richly endowed with mineral wealth as the United States, her product of precious stones is surprisingly small. The total value of gems mined in this country during 1884 amounted to but \$82,975. Almost two-thirds of this sum was for minerals valuable only as cabinet specimens, and therefore not strictly to be classed under the head of gems. In addition, the value of the gold quartz withheld from reduction for use in jewelry and as specimens is calculated to be \$140,000.

Though in point of quantity and value among the most insignificant of the entire list, the diamond, as the stone of all stones, naturally receives the first consideration. Probably the largest one ever found in this country is the Manchester diamond, which was unearthed by a laborer at Manchester, Va., about the middle of the century. The gem was not recognized at first, and by way of experiment was placed in an iron furnace at Richmond. After remaining at a red heat for two hours and twenty minutes, it was found to be unimpaired and brighter than before. When recognized, it was valued at \$4,000. It passed through a number of hands, being cut at an expense of \$1,500, and at one time \$6,000 was loaned on it. The original weight was 23.34 carats. This was reduced by cutting to 11.11-16 carats. As the stone is off-color and imperfect it is not worth to-day more than from \$300 to \$400. The gold regions of North Carolina have produced a number of small diamonds. Among the first discovered was a fine octahedron from Brindletown Creek, valued at \$100. A number of stones, improperly classed as diamonds, proved on examination to be quartz pebbles, or zircons. Another stone, of fine white color, found in a South Carolina placer claim, has a reputed value of \$400.

Some of the finest American diamonds come from California, though their size is generally quite small. Professor Whitney states that the stone is found in fifteen or twenty different localities, the largest that has come under his notice having been discovered at French Corral. It weighed 7.14 carats. The most prolific locality has been at Cherokee Flats, Butte county, where hydraulic operations have disclosed a number of diamonds of all colors, white, yellow, straw, and rose. They are found with zircons, platinum, iridium, and other associates of the diamond. They are also found in connection with itacolumite, that peculiar flexible sandstone which is likewise native to North Carolina. So far as known, \$500 is the highest price ever paid for any California diamond in the rough. Large numbers, however, have been sold for from \$10 to \$50, and not a few have been brought as much as \$100. Among the sapphire gems, a number of excellent specimens have been found, particularly in North Carolina. Probably one of the finest known specimens of emerald green sapphire was found at Jenks mine, in Franklin County. It is the transparent part of a corundum crystal, 4 by 2 by 1.2 inches. It would probably furnish gems to the amount of 100 carats. Being very rare, its value is over \$1,000. Fine specimens chrysoberyl and spinel have been found in various localities in New England, New York, and the Southern States. The Platte Mountains, in Colorado, have afforded the best crystals of topaz. One of these weighs 125 carats, and is as fine a gem of any kind as America has ever produced. The crystals gathered from this one locality, during a period of fourteen months, have sold for nearly a thousand dollars. Emeralds, beryls, and some of the less commonly known minerals, such as zircon, tourmaline, and staurolite, have been found in small quantities, but have not proved of much importance as gems. In garnets, however, America has produced stones comparable with the best products of Africa and the East. Though smaller than those found in the diamond mines of the Cape Good Hope, the garnets of the Colorado River plateau are unsurpassed in color and clearness. The Cape garnets retain their dark color by artificial light, but in the American nothing but the clear blood color is visible. As a mineral they are found all over the United States, wherever the older formations are exposed, but it is only occasionally that they are sufficiently transparent to rank as gems.

It is in the group of silicates that we find the largest value among American gem minerals. In transparent quartz, particularly fine crystals have been found in New York. The purple variety, the well known amethyst, is quite common in New England, one specimen found near Cheshire, Conn., being almost equal in color to the much praised Siberian gems. Several southern localities likewise afford excellent specimens. The most remarkable native amethyst is that

recently deposited in the National Museum by Dr. Lucas. It is a turtle-shaped prehistoric cutting, which measures 2 3/4 inches in length, 2 inches in width, and 1 1/2 inches in thickness. The whole stone is transparent and without a flaw. Smoky quartz has returned the largest revenue of any of the gem stones, amounting, in 1884, to \$10,000. The finest specimens are those from Bear Creek, Colorado, where finely developed crystals, from an inch to over four feet in length, have been found. In many of the specimens, included minerals, such as rutile, asbestos, and goethite, add much to their beauty and value. Quartz crystals containing fluid cavities with moving bubbles are of particular interest, and have been found in a number of localities. There are in addition a large number of less valuable stones, whose beauty still attracts admiration. The beautiful green variety of feldspar known as Amazon stone, which has been found in fine crystals at Pike's Peak, is much prized as cabinet specimens. The numerous varieties of silicified wood have afforded as pretty specimens as can be found the world over. Numbers of minerals also, which have but a nominal value in themselves, are made up into attractive articles. Anthracite is carved and turned into a variety of pretty trinkets, of which \$2,500 to \$3,000 worth are sold annually. Pipestone, from those red pipestone quarries in Minnesota which are so well known to the readers of "Hiawatha" as having afforded the material of the famous peace pipe smoked by Gitchie-Manitou, the Mighty, is still used for the same purpose, only that the pipes sell for \$1 to \$20 apiece, according to the carving, and circulate strictly among mortals.

There are many inducements for a systematic search for precious stones. Though we produced but \$28,650 worth of gems proper, we imported during the same year diamonds and other precious stones to the amount of over \$9,000,000. A more intimate knowledge of American resources will probably, in time, somewhat reduce this undesirable proportion between the native and imported gems.

—A Bridge-water correspondent of the Loughborough Register, writing of a speech made there during the campaign of 1880 by M. H. Goddard, the Ludlow Democrat, says: "His mouth was a perfect Versuvivus and belched forth a stream of billingsgate and vituperation."

When Baby was sick, she gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

LONGEVITY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Statistics show that New Hampshire is pre-eminently the home of the centenarian, nonagenarian and octogenarian, of hale and hearty old men who began life with the republic. Indeed, so numerous are the veterans of the war of 1812 in some of the remote towns of the Granite State that a popular impression prevails there that "the last war," as it is still called by these warriors of bygone days, was fought entirely by New Hampshire regiments, and that from Lindy's Lane to the battle of New Orleans they carried the American banner to the front on every hard-contested field. Many theories have been spun as to why people should live to be older in New Hampshire than in Vermont or Maine. Of course, there must be some good reason for it. Perhaps it is because they take better care of their health and understand what is the right medicine for the right disease. Such at least would seem to be the inference from the following account by Charles M. Lamprey, Esq., a well-known attorney and counselor, of Hampton, N. H., of how he was cured of rheumatism.

"I have had several attacks of rheumatism within the last thirty years," he says, "and have got rid of them the best I could with the help of good physicians. The last attack, which began in April, 1884, was the severest. I was daily under the care of the doctor, who gave me the best attention to relieve me of the severe pain and to relax the contracted muscles. I was taken in the back of the neck. In a few days the pain moved down into the limbs, and in the course of three weeks had run all through the joints from head to foot. At the commencement of the fourth week it had apparently settled down to stay all over me from the back of the head to the toes, and I was unable to move any part of the body except the right hand at the wrist joints. The day before, Isaac Hobbie, a neighbor, who had been suffering for several months with rheumatism, sent me word that he was taking Athlrophos and that it was doing him good. My father accordingly sent to Boston for a bottle. It was brought into the house at 8 o'clock in the evening and found me lying in bed like a corpse.

"I was about to give up the ghost and of course was ready to take anything in hopes that it might do some good. A dose was administered and three hours later another. My hearing became obtuse and my head confused. I dropped into a sleep and slept all night. The next morning after waking I had no pain and could move any part of the body. In the course of three hours I sat up in bed without any assistance. I continued to take the medicine every three hours through the day and a part of the next day and then stopped.

"In a few days I had very severe rheumatic pains in the thumb, and when I went to bed one dose was administered. I slept all night and in the morning the pain was gone. A few days later it returned in the left hand very seriously. On retiring one dose was taken, followed by sleep and no pain in the morning. The whole amount of medicine taken was one and a half bottles, and I have had no occasion to use any since. I consider that the Athlrophos saved my life and I recommend it to all who have rheumatic troubles."

If you cannot get ATHLROPHOS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed. ATHLROPHOS CO., 312 Wall Street, New York.