"Affidavits Are Not Lobsters."

Gen. James Grant Wilson furnishes the Cape Ann *Advertiser* with the following pleasant gossip about old Admiral Coffin—one of *the* Coffins, by the way—and the great variety about Cape Cod of lobsters weighing exactly ninety pounds.

Sir Isaac Coffin, a British Admiral and a member of the family which held a famous reunion at Nantucket, August 16, was born at Boston, and when a child lived for some years on Cape Cod. Sir Isaac came to this country soon after the war of 1812, and during the voyage he stated to the officers of his flag-ship that when they reached Cape Cod he would show them lobsters that weighed ninety pounds! The rules of a quarter deck do not permit you to flatly contradict an Admiral, but still some doubt and distrust was visible on the countenances of the Captain and Lieutenants who stood around. "Well," said Sir Isaac, "if you doubt it, I will make you a wager that when we reach Cape Cod I will produce a lobster that weighs ninety pounds." The wager was made under the gracious permission of the Admiral, and when they arrived there Sir Isaac scoured the Cape, but he could not find any lobster that weighed ninety pounds, so he said: "Well, they don't happen to be here just now, but I will obtain the affidavits of the old fishermen to prove that there are such lobsters." And he produced a pile of affidavits, showing that when there were fishermen in early times lobsters that weighed ninety pounds were as common as huckleberries on the Cape. Then it was left to an umpire to decide, which had lost and which had won, and by him so concise a judgment was given that if now living it would entitle him to the vacant Judgeship in the Massachusetts Supreme Court, if all his decisions were equally good. His decision was that "affidavits are not lobsters."

The distinguished member of the Coffin family, writing to his friend Commodore Isaac Hull, in 1816, says: "Many thanks for your kind exertions; send the ninety pound lobster when you can. My reputation will be saved, although my money is gone," and in another letter now lying before me the Admiral remarks: "The lobster you committed to Capt. Tracy arrived in good condition, and is considered a marvelous one here. Still my friend Sir Joseph Banks loves for one of ninety pounds." Whether Hull succeeded in saving Sir Isaac's reputation by sending him a ninety-pound lobster I very much regret I am unable to state, but a venerable Gloucester fisherman whom the writer consulted on the subject said: "There ain't no sich lobsters seen on Cape Ann durin' the last sixty years, an' I don't believe any sich were ever caught on Cape Cod."

A Letter from N. P. Willis.

The Boston *Advertiser* says: Many years ago a young man, barely twenty-one, living in a Western State, had sent a poem to Mr. Willis, then in the height of his fame. To this day he remembers the thrill with which he broke the dainty waxen seal—it was before the days of envelopes—and rushed into the yard, under the shade of a great beech tree, to read the letter. It was upon one of the ample sheets of the olden times, and had been written with a dashing quill pen that would have been bettered by sharpening. But Abou Ben Adhem, when he saw his name in characters of gold, could not have felt more delighted.

The letter has more than a personal interest. It gives a view of the labors and hardships of literary men forty years ago, which will be contemplated with something like wonder by the present generation. But the elders know the wretched picture is not in the least exaggerated. There was little appreciation of literature, and no adequate reward for the author. It was the era of annuals, magazines, and writers got only the "fine words" that "butter no parsnips." It was the time when Hawthorne could describe himself as the "obscurest man of letters in America." The bulk of literary achievement and nearly all literary renown were yet to come. The charm of the letter is in its genial and hearty sympathy, and its wise and gracefully turned counsel. Few authors find time to reply, as Willis did, to such epistles, and few have had the taste and feeling both to inspire such a one as this. If there is any satisfaction in the grateful recollection of a lifetime, Willis might have deemed himself recompensed for his kind words to an unknown youth.

WASHINGTON, April 28, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter forwarded to me here, is just received, and I hasten to comply with your request: though young poets ask advice very much as lovers do, after they are irrevocably engaged. In the first place, however, I should always advise against adopting the literary profession; for at best, it is like making wagon-traces of your hair, wholly unsufficient for wants which increase as the power gives way. Your poetry [Well, no matter about *that!* The poem was judiciously condemned by the writer thereof many years ago, and duly suffered an *auto-da-fe*. And as he was never guilty of any subsequent indiscretion of that nature, it is not necessary now to quote (and controvert) Mr. Willis' flattering prognostication]....but there are many men of the same caliber who would go on and starve, up to the empty honor of being remembered *first* when dead, were it not that they could turn their more common powers to account, and live by meaner industry. *Poetry is an angel in your breast, and you had better not turn her out to be your maid of all work.* As to writing for magazines, that is very nearly done with, as a matter of profit. The competition for notoriety alone gives the editors more than they can use. You could not sell a piece of poetry now in America. The literary avenues are all over-crowded, and you can not live by the pen, except as a drudge to a newspaper. Notwithstanding all this, you will probably try it; and, all I can say is, you shall have my sympathy and what aid I can give you. If you should come to New York, and will call on me, I shall be happy to say more than I have time to write. Yours, very truly,

N. P. WILLIS.

Pluck in Death.

Col. Malleson, in the closing volume of his history of the Indian mutiny, commonly called the Sepoy mutiny, gives some curious instances of pluck in death. Brigadier Horsford, he states, "had driven a strong rebel force across that river (the Rapti), and in fording it, in pursuit of them, many men of the Seventh Hussars and the First Panjab cavalry had been swept away by the force of the current, and were lost. Among these was Maj. Home, of the Seventh Hussars. Aftersome search his body was drawn out of a deep hole, his hands having a fast grip on two of the rebels, while the bodies of two troopers who perished with him were found, each with his hands clutching a rebel sowar." This was an exhibition of the ruling passion strong in death, and engaged in doing death's work. There is nothing like fighting, once men have entered upon it. Few men but are slow to fight, from choice; but when they enter upon it, from the pressure of some overpowering necessity, there is nothing they are incapable of doing in its course.

A STORY is told of one of the old-time inhabitants of Rhode Island, Austin by name, who, long before the spirit of abolition had been raised, finding himself the owner of a slave—his sole inheritance—freed the man and sought work on a farm.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE bee-beetle can draw forty times its own weight.

THE eggs of the cheesemite are so minute that a pigeon's egg would hold fully 100,000,000 of them.

THE sea anemone can at its pleasure turn inside out, and again assume its natural shape and appearance.

THE census figures show that more than three-fourths of the people in the United States live at an elevation of less than 1,000 feet above the sea.

THERE is in Springfield, Mass., a piano made in 1770 by an uncle and his three nephews, John Jacob Astor, both of whom were at that time piano makers in London.

THE grasshopper has between his throat and his stomach an apparatus called a gizzard, with more than 200 teeth in it, for grinding his food.

It has been reckoned that a single aphis, or plant-louse, may give rise in one summer to a quintillion (1,000,000,000,000,000,000) of little ones.

WHITE alligators found in Brazil travel fast and well on land. Their skulls and bones are frequently seen in the forests, and they deposit their eggs in the woods.

THERE has buried near Naples, not only the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, but another which flourished 1,000 years before Christ, the ancient city of Cumæ. Few remains now exist to stimulate the mind of the traveler.

MORE than one-tenth of the inhabitants of the United States live in ten cities—New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Baltimore, San Francisco, New Orleans and Cleveland—whose aggregate population is 5,033,760.

THE whistle of a locomotive can be heard 5,390 yards through the air; the screech of a train 2,500 yards; the bark of a dog and the report of a musket can be heard 1,800 yards; the roll of a drum or an orchestra 1,650 yards; the human voice travels 1,000 yards; the crowing of hogs, 900 yards; the chirping of crickets, 800 yards.

DR. JOHNSON tells an extraordinary story of a sea-encumber which he possessed. He forgot to furnish it with fresh water, and the creature became sick and dejected. Under this neglect it wasted away in a most remarkable manner. One by one it ejected its tentacles, its teeth, its digestive tubes. These fragments lay here and there, scattered about the aquarium. Still what was left of the creature was not dead. Its empty sack contracted at the least touch. As soon as fresh water was provided the animal began to revive again, reproducing one after another of its lost organs, and at the end of two or three months appeared to be as well and as happy as before.

FRENCH newspapers report the discovery in Algiers, by the archæologist M. Farry, of a city which had been intombed in the sand. M. Farry's attention had been awakened by the mound-like appearance of the sandy soil, and some digging brought to light the minarets and upper portion of a mosque. Further excavations laid bare a terrace, a tower and about a dozen houses, all in excellent preservation. He reported his discoveries to the Government of Algiers, which has undertaken to have the site thoroughly explored. The place is in the southern part of the province, not far from the town of Ouargin, and exposed to the full blast of the sandy winds from the desert. Probably a succession of storms bearing clouds of sand completely filled up the streets and houses, making the town uninhabitable, and so drove out the population. At present there is no ground for conjecture as to the date of the occurrence.

The Use of Pain.

The power which rules the universe, this great, tender power, uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls or lays ambuscades; never wears a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws, plainly she writes her warnings, tenderly she graduates their force. Long before the fierce, red, danger light of pain is flashed she pleads with us—as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves and to each other. She makes the overworked brain to wander from the subject of its labors. She turns the overindulged body against the delights of yesterday. This is her caution signal, "Go slow." She stands in the filthy courts and alleys that we pass daily, and beckons us to enter and realize with our senses what we allow to exist in the midst of the culture of which we brag.

And what do we do ourselves? We ply whip and spur on the jaded brain as though it were a jibing horse—force it back into the road which leads to madness, and go on full gallop. We drug the rebellious body with stimulants, we hide the original and think we have escaped the danger, and are very festive before night. We turn aside, as the Pharisee did of old, and pass on the other side with our handkerchief to our noses. At last, having broken nature's laws and disregarded her warnings, forth she comes—drums beating, colors flying—right in front! to punish us. Then we go down on our knees and whimper about it having pleased God Almighty to send this affliction upon us, and we pray Him to work a miracle in order to reverse the natural consequences of our disobedience, or save us from the trouble of doing our duty. In other words, we put our fingers in the fire and pray it will not burn.

Wanted to Know.

A crusty-looking old gentleman, accompanied by the regulation well-fed consort and a couple of well-favored daughters, entered the dining room of the Del Monte, and, as he tucked his napkin beneath his generous chin, turned round and fixed a fierce glance upon the waiter leaning his chair:

"Look here, my man," said the old party sharply, "before I give my order I want to ask you a question. Are you an Italian Count in disguise?"

"Divil a bit," replied the surprised coffee splasher.

"Nor an English nobleman, the unaccountable delay of whose remittances has temporarily compelled? etc."

"Naw, zur."

"Nor a graduate of Harvard, and estranged from your father, a rich Boston banker, whose haughty pride is as unyielding as your own? etc."

"Oi am not."

"All right, here's a dollar, and you can bring in the grub. Now that I know you are not the regular thing in waiters now-a-days—that you are not going to run off with one of my daughters, or pick my pocket, I can eat in peace."—*San Francisco Post.*

WHEN others are suffering, drop a word of kindness and sympathy. If they are suffering from a Cold, give them Dr. Bulls' Cough Syrup; a few doses of this valuable remedy will afford instant relief, and a twenty-five cent bottle will cure the worst Cough.

Stock-Raising in the West.

The freedom to pasture cattle on excellent grazing land, together with an accessible market, are the main reasons why at present stock-farming is particularly profitable. The first of these conditions is precarious, and it is evident that in ten years there will not be much good free range left east of the Missouri river. When immigration to that extent shall have shut him off from free pasturage, the stock man can either sell his farm at probably four times its present value, and move to Dakota or Montana, or else turn his attention to fattening stock on grain for other parties.

For instance, as a practical case, there is a cattle man of Council Bluffs who is said to own 100,000 head of cattle in Idaho. He has a range of sixty square miles of land not worth a cent to the acre for agriculture, yet affording excellent pasture for cattle. He has ten men employed at wages varying from $24 to $40 per month to look after the stock. These men require 200 ponies to handle the cattle. An overseer is hired at $1,200 a year. During the winter, however, four men can do all the work required, which is mainly breaking the ice in the streams that the cattle may have water. Streams serve as the great checks upon the cattle straying away, for they never will go far from water. In the spring of the year the cattle men of the plains have a grand "round up" (as it is called), the stock is picked out by means of the brand, and those cattle that are meant for the Eastern market are started for Omaha. They travel about ten miles a day, and generally take the whole season in the journey from the winter ground to the Missouri bottom. At Omaha the cattle are put on the train and shipped nominally to Chicago, but really to different points along the road, to be handed over to farmers for fattening. Mr. Stewart delivered over 1,900 head to farmers last fall, and of these only eight were lost during the winter. The parties who receive the cattle agree to fatten them at the rate of 5 cents for every extra pound of weight they add to the animal. This seems small at first sight, but when cattle put on 250 extra pounds during a winter, and where two hogs are fed from the refuse of each ox, the former finds that the result to him is equivalent to selling his corn at 100 per cent. profit. The large cattle-raisers, of course, have their inspectors, who travel from farm to farm to look after their property, and gather it together in the spring for shipment to Chicago, where they are either slaughtered or shipped to Europe. The cattle men have a great advantage over mere farmers, in that they are to a great extent independent of railways. If they are badly treated by one corporation, they have a simple remedy in driving their stock a few miles to the next road.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Day That Is Dead.

"The day that is dead has for men a more actual, a more tangible, a more vivid identity than the day that exists, nay, than the day as yet unborn. One of the most characteristic delusions of humanity is its incapacity for enjoyment of the present. Life is a journey in which people are either looking forward or looking back. Nobody has the wisdom to sit down for half an hour in the shade listening to the birds overhead, examining the flowers under foot. It is always, 'How pleasant it was yesterday!' What fun we shall have to-morrow!' Never, 'How happy we are to-day.'"

AN ex-consul of Great Britain, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, related that Mr. Chas. Townsend, Sedalia, Mo., was cured of rheumatism of the worst kind by St. Jacobs Oil.—*Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel.*

A Romance.

Shortly after the war a battalion of the Second dragoons was ordered to Fort Laramie, and there Lieutenant Beckhurst Livingston, of the well-known New York family, saw and loved the favorite daughter of the old Sioux chief, Spotted Tail, and found his passion reciprocated. The young officer took her to his home, and she bore him a son, but Livingston's health failed and he was ordered to Europe, where he died. The Sioux girl died of a broken heart in 1868, after learning of his death, and was carried to Fort Laramie by her father and there buried. Her grave is still annually decorated with flowers by the soldiers. The mother of the young officer has sought to find and educate his son, but the Sioux, either because they have lost sight of him or because they wish to keep him, give no trace of his whereabouts.—*Lacrosse City Democrat.*

THE Ottawa (Kan.) *Republican* thus quotes: Mr. Harvey B. F. Keller, recorder of deeds, says: I have long been convinced of the merits of St. Jacobs Oil, and use it in my family for rheumatism successfully.

PEOPLE who are in the habit of eating eggs will be interested in learning that by an order from headquarters silver coins having holes in them, or otherwise mutilated, have been given the following values at the postoffices throughout the country: One dollar is worth seventy-five cents; fifty-cent pieces, thirty-five cents; twenty-five cent pieces, fifteen cents; ten-cent pieces, five cents. Five-cent pieces and three-cent pieces will not be taken at any price.

"Don't Know half their Value."

They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I took a half dozen bottles first which I used for my two little girls, also the mother and nurse, and they all say they do not know half their value.—R. Rochester, N. Y. [illegible] American Hotel House.

IN a MS calendar of the time of Henry VI. is one vellum page, filled with a list of unlucky days upon which it would be "perilous to take any sickness, or to be hurt in, or to be wedded in, or take any journey upon or begin any work on, that he would well speed."

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often?"

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time, kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time."

"Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter."

IN Germany the man who gets but three hours sleep per night is supposed to be a statesman overworked. They never reflect that his wife might have kept him on the front door step until 3 o'clock in the morning.

IF YOU are "[illegible] tired" and all worn out, you must take a dose of Hop Bitters. It is what you need.

Agricultural Methods in New Mexico.

The Mexican and Indian methods of harvesting their grain are very primitive, similar, indeed, to those of Eastern countries in Bible times. Wheat is cut by hand with a sickle, and taken, unbound, in carts to the threshing floor. This consists of a round plat of level ground, in an elevated place, fifty, 100 or 200 feet in diameter, as the farm is a large or small one, the surface of which is pounded or trodden as hard as a cement floor. Around the edges of this, tall poles are set in the ground five or six feet apart, forming a circle. The unthreshed grain is piled up loosely in the center, and, when everything is ready, a thin layer is raked down between the central pile of grain and the circle of poles, and then a flock of goats or sheep, or sometimes of burros or ponies, is driven around over the grain until it has all been beaten out of the heads by their feet. The straw is then thrown outside of the circle of poles, and the wheat pushed up toward the center. Another lot of the unthreshed grain is then raked down, and the operation repeated until the wheat is threshed. I was forcibly reminded of the scriptural injunction which forbade the Hebrews to muzzle the ox that trod out the grain. The winnowing is also done in the Biblical way. After the wheat has been separated from the straw, it is gathered up into a heap, and when a brisk breeze blows it is thrown into the air in the teeth of the wind, which blows away the chaff while the wheat falls by itself on the clean floor. At a distance the flying chaff looks like steam escaping by successive puffs from the exhaust-pipe of an engine.

WORK is the law of our being—the living principle that carries men and nations onward. The greater number of men have to work with their hands as a matter of necessity, in order to live; but all must work in one way or another, if they would enjoy life as it ought to be enjoyed. Labor may be a burden and a chastisement, but it is also an honor and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished. All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product. Were labor abolished, the race of Adam were at once stricken by moral death.

Notice.

From the 10th of October, 1881, to the 1st of July, 1882, genuine ROCK SPRING WATER will be supplied bottlers by Ellis & Co., of Rock Springs, Ala., at the following rates:

Ten gallons in anti-corrosive can	$5.00
Same can refilled at	3.00
Five gallons in anti-corrosive can	3.25
Same can refilled at	2.50
Nine gallons in glass bottles	7.50

Reasonable freight and express rates are given by all railroads. This water has been known for nearly fifty years as a sure cure for Dyspepsia, a sure cure for diseases of the Kidney and Bladder, a sure cure for all curable cases of Dropsy, a sure cure for scrofulous cases of the Bones or Skin, and a certain destroyer of the terrible thirst for intoxicating drink that overcomes so many worthy resolutions. Deprive a drunkard of his dram for three days and meanwhile give him plenty of Rock Spring Water, and he won't want the whiskey. Don't you think it's worth trying? If you do, drop a postal to Ellis & Co. It will cost only a cent.

"HAVE you spoken to pa about that yet?" anxiously inquired the oldest daughter of her indulgent mother. "No, my child, not yet. Your father is too busy with his creditors to think of pony phaetons and russet harness to match just now." "Bother the creditors," was the snappish reply. "That's what your father is doing, my dear. After he has compromised you shall have your turnout."

FOR dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, this is a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the Panama fever included, a tonic for weak children, a cordial for the aged, invaluable for females during pregnancy, in the last trimester, and for persons recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Flies and Mosquitoes.

15c. box "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

[illegible]

(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

A STANDARD REMEDY

IN MANY HOMES.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Throat and LUNGS, it stands unrivaled and already is loved all over the world.

IN CONSUMPTIVE CASES

approaches so nigh, a specific that "Sixty-five" per cent. are permanently cured, where the directions are strictly complied with. There is no chemical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.

IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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This is the cheapest and only complete and reliable work on Etiquette and Business and Social Forms. It tells how to perform all the various duties of life, and how to appear to the best advantage on all occasions.

Agents Wanted.—Send for circular containing a full description of the work and extra terms to agents. Address National Publishing Co., Atlanta, Ga.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world. Samples free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

WEATHER--OR NOT.

We admire the philosophy of the unfortunate man, who, when everything had been swept away, said, "Well, there'll be weather and taxes left, at any rate." Alas! weather is the "yellow dog" of all subjects; everyone thinks it his special right to try to better the weather, and hurls his anathemas against "Old Probabilities," and all who endeavor to assist him in regulating the weather. The following communication is from Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, Mo., the renowned meteorologist and weather prophet of the West. It does not discuss the weather but something of more importance to those who suffer with that painful malady he speaks of: "The day after arriving my lungs at Burlington,

Iowa, on the 20th of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of soreness in the chest, coming on every other day with alternate periods of coughing. My pulse ranged 90 to 95; night sweats set in, and I was rapidly growing worse. The medicine I had taken seemed to nothing to me. I was advised by friends to try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. After suffering for three hours I procured a bottle of the Syrup. I was soon relieved, and by using two bottles was entirely cured. I would recommend it to all sufferers with Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membranes of the Lungs, inflamed and subdued by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. Consumption is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

Diminished Vigor

is replenished in great measure, to those troubled with weak kidneys, by a judicious use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and stimulates without exciting the urinary organs. In conjunction with its influence upon them, it corrects acidity, dyspepsia, appetite, and in every way conduces to health and nerve repose. Another marked quality is its control over fever and ague, and its powerful preventive in. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

YOUNG MEN If you would learn Telegraphy in from six to twelve months and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

WATCHES Catalogue free. Address American Watch Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

GUNS Manufacturers' Catalogue free. Address Great West. Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

CHEAPEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD

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COTTON IS KING BUT ONE ENGINE Combines patented improvements which make it the KING OF COTTON for Cotton Gin use and general plantation purposes, not found in any other. Engine in the world. For Catalogue and Price List apply to THE MANN & TAYLOR COMPANY, Manchester, Conn.

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To the People OF THE South.

KINGS MOUNTAIN and Its HEROES.

A History of the Battle, Oct. 7, 1780, and the events which led to it, after ten years spent in preparation, is now published and ready for delivery. The author, LYMAN C. DRAPER, LL.D. has spent 40 years in gathering materials for this work, which abounds in stirring incidents of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, alike interesting to old and young. The descendants of such men as Campbell, Shelby, Sevier, Cleveland, Lacey, Williams, Hambright, McDowell, Winston, Hammond, and their officers, now living by the thousands throughout the South, will welcome this permanent record of that glorious event which turned the tide of the Revolution. The work contains 612 pages, on fine paper, beautifully bound, with seven steel portraits of the Heroes, and numerous wood cuts, with index of 5,000 references. **Price, $4**, sent postpaid on receipt of price, or may be had of Agents in every county. PETER G. THOMSON, Publisher, No. 179 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

*** Agents Wanted for unassigned territory. Send for terms, circulars and sample copy.

FOR OLD

CONFEDERATE

Bills issued in 1861-'65 by the Postmasters of various Southern cities (Prices being New Orleans, Macon, Ga., Richmond, Va., etc.) the notes must be in good condition, not torn or ragged, and the more perfect and free from creases or more specimens of each issue. These notes are wanted as curiosities. I do not want to look over your old bureau or your musty old trunks, for which the undersigned

Will Pay $100 or More.

If you find any of the notes in demand, always leave them in unmutilated condition, and address all communications to N. F. SHERMAN, 52 Wall St., New York.

Guarantee!!
Tooth Preservative

And a sure cure for offensive breath, no matter from what cause arising. Send 15 cents in stamps, or three packages for $1. Prof. G. O. PELLETIER, Memphis, Tenn.

Garfield! A souvenir wanted for life of President Garfield, [illegible] Address Chicago Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Tutt's Pills make New Rich Blood and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill nightly for from five weeks to six months may restore health to a healthy body. Such a thing as a pimple or blotch on the skin is an unknown article. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Office, 39 Murray St., New York.

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MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK is Decidedly THE BEST! "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER." Will consult all his previous works, and offers you the best chance of your life to make money rapidly. Old agents will act promptly, and secure choice territory, and others wait to hear from the same. Outfits now ready, and time for circulars and terms to DOUGLASS BROS. & PAYNE, Publishers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS.

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membranes of the Lungs, inflamed and subdued by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. Consumption is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

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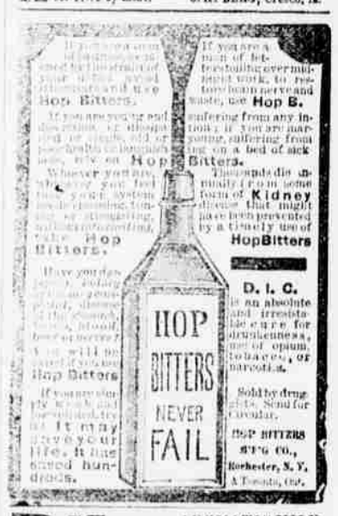

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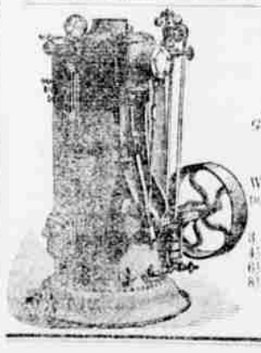

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