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From the Ladies' Companion.

ROMANCE OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

STORY OF ATHENAIS.

BY MRS. E. S. SMITH.

(*Concluded.*)

The Eastern Empire was, at that time, under the dominion of Pulcheria, daughter of Arcadius, and grand-daughter of Theodosius the Great. She was invested with the sovereign power during the minority of her brother, the younger Theodosius. Although possessing a high, proud spirit, she was renowned for the justice and benevolence of her character, and Athenais felt, as she reflected upon what she was about to undertake, that the Empress might be awakened to womanly tenderness and pity for one so desolate and unhappy.

As soon as her design was formed, she proceeded to put it in execution. She fortunately escaped from the house without arousing suspicion, and, with no companion but her attendant, proceeded on the journey. In due season, and without obstacle, she reached the palace.—Then, and not 'till then, did she pause and hesitate, and think fearfully upon the ordeal she was about to endure. She had been reared in the simplest and plainest manner. She was totally unacquainted with the forms and rules of a court, and dreaded to pass those lofty portals that seemed frowningly to forbid her entrance. But one thought of her friendless situation called back her courage and nerved her to the task.—Without difficulty she gained admittance, and, ere long, was ushered into the presence of the Empress. Nothing could afford a better illustration of the industry and simplicity of the females of that day, than the sight which met the eye of Athenais, as she entered the stately apartment. A group of maidens were seated round the room, all engaged on works of embroidery, and in their midst, portioning out their respective tasks, and occupying herself, from time to time, with the same feminine employment, was the Empress of the East, the proud ambitious woman, who, at the age of sixteen, received the lofty title of Augusta, and wielded the sceptre with some of the wisdom, and much of the spirit that characterized her illustrious progenitor, Theodosius the Great.

As soon as Athenais beheld the benevolent features of the Empress, her fears were dispelled, and, advancing with graceful ease, she knelt at her feet. In the kindest manner Pulcheria raised the maiden, and bade her make known her wishes. That she might attract less observation, Athenais had arrayed her form in a plain and humble garb—her eyes were dimmed with tears—her features wore the languor of weariness and the gloom of anxiety, yet, despite these disadvantages, her beauty shone conspicuous and charmed the eyes of beholders. With a low but firm voice, she said:

'Illustrious Sovereign, you see before you, in the character of a suppliant, an unhappy, destitute, and desolate orphan. If one who has no inheritance but Sorrow—no friend but Hope, and no shelter but Heaven can claim your pity, then, most gracious lady, award that pity to me. Driven by unnatural kindred from an unhappy home, and flying from the persecutions of one who would force me into a union whose ties were more fearful than death, I come to plead, with voice and heart, for the boon of your favor and protection. I am a humble maiden—born, reared, and educated in retirement, I know not the language of a court, and if my freedom of expression offend your ear, I pray your Majesty's pardon; but listen, oh, deign to listen kindly to my appeal. I know not what words to use, but I feel that the voice of Pity in your own breast will plead eloquently in my behalf. I am poor and miserable, but beneath my humble garb beats a heart filled with loyal and generous emotions. Grant me the boon I ask, oh, Sovereign, and the service, the devotion, I had almost said worship of that heart shall be yours. Shield me with your gracious power, from the loneliness and sorrow that oppress my spirit, and life will be too short to pay the debt of gratitude I shall thus incur.'

The voice, the words, the manner of Athenais, all had a powerful effect over the Empress. She immediately soothed the suppliant with words of kindness, and gave her many assurances of favor and protection. She ministered to her wants, and sought by every gentle means to make her forget the ills which she endured.—Every passing moment added to the interest she had awakened in the breast of Pulcheria, and the latter at length began to indulge secret thoughts of making her the wife of her brother.

Theodosius was at that period about twenty years of age. Although possessing few of the illustrious qualities of his grandfather, the elder Theodosius, he was a youth of virtuous heart and fine endowments of mind. His education had been carefully superintended by his older & more imperial-minded sister, Pulcheria, and she had also scrupulously instructed him in all the the graces and dignities of royalty. He was deeply imbued with the sublime spirit of Christianity, then fast dispelling the errors of Paganism from the world, and all his acts were guided and governed by its divine precepts. His mildness, his benevolence, and his piety caused him to be respected and beloved by all who surrounded him.

A short time after her fair suppliant's arrival at the palace, Pulcheria sought an interview with Theodosius. In tones of pleasure she addressed him:

'My brother, I have this day seen and conversed with a young Grecian maiden, who is, in every respect, worthy to be the wife of the future Emperor of Rome. Listen while I describe a being such as fancy never pictured to your mind. Imagine a form of lofty stature and graceful proportions, invested with all the charms of youth, yet merging into the richer beauty of womanhood; a brow white and pure as the unsullied snow flake, around which clustor locks of the softest texture and richest luxuriance; an eye that eloquently expresses every tender emotion of the soul, yet darts around such fires as flash from the noonday sun; a cheek where the first rose of spring seems to have nestled long and lovingly, and tinted its resting-place with its own delicate and beautiful hue; a mouth that expresses at once sweetness and intelligence, whose voice is music, and whose smile, like the rainbow of peace, can charm away all storms from the heart. Add to all these external graces, a mind lighted by nature with the divine fire of genius, and stored by education with the wisdom and learning of a sage; a heart where every generous and kind emotion has found a home; a virtue that has been tried in the fiery ordeal of woe, and found pure as the shining ore that emerges from the severest test, without spot and without blemish; a character, in short, my brother, which, like the sunbeam of Heaven, must shed universal brightness and gladness around.'

Theodosius had listened with looks of wondering delight to his sister's glowing description of the young Grecian, and when she closed, he said:

'You have, indeed, dear Pulcheria, described a wondrous being—such an one as only the brightest day-dreams have ever imaged to my soul, and my spirit pines to behold her. But if she is all you so brightly picture, she is surely capable of feeling an elevated and noble attachment—a love founded on pure and divine principles. Such a love I have long sighed to awaken—such a true and sincere affection have I ardently wished to inspire. But, surrounded by a host of admiring friends and followers, who applaud and flatter and offer me the servile homage of interested hearts, I still vainly seek and pine for that unalloyed affection which all desire to obtain. The attentions, the praises, the adulations which are paid to my rank, and not to myself, and satisfy me not; as the drooping flower thirsts for the dew, my soul thirsts for the language of truth—for the words of pure and sincere esteem. If I could woo this young maiden as a lowly and humble individual, might I not win a love that the favored of fortune seldom possess, and that kings often sigh for in vain?"

Pulcheria approves her brother's sentiments, and assures him that his desire can be gratified. They arrange that he is to gaze unseen upon the fair stranger, and then unknown, seek to win her love. Concealed behind the drapery in his sister's apartment, he awaits the entrance of Athenais, who has been summoned to the presence of Pulcheria. With what delight he beholds her radiant face, and listens to her silvery voice! His ardent imagination finds the original fairer, if possible, than the picture his sister had so vividly drawn, and his youthful heart beats rapidly beneath the touch of Love. He can scarcely await the fitting season for the interview, and longs impatiently for the appointed hour.

As he led a quiet and secluded life, it was easy for Theodosius to practice the innocent deception which he had planned, and in a humble garb he was introduced to Athenais as one of the tutors of the young Emperor. Pulcheria daily devised excuses for an interview between the young pair, and by that means the lover had the necessary opportunities to carry on his plan. Every one who approached Athenais was instructed in the secret, and commanded not to divulge it, thus she had not the most remote suspicion of the truth. Feeling none of the timidity which would have characterized her intercourse with him, had she dreamed of his rank, and grateful for his respectful attentions, Athenais soon extended to the young tutor her confidence and regard. It was not long ere a warmer sentiment sprung up in her heart and lent a new charm to her life. Then indeed, all things wore a smiling aspect, and time sped by on the wings of joy.

Athenais became daily a greater favorite with the Empress, and, receiving from her constantly the most unequivocal marks of regard, she ceased to feel her dependant situation, and banished from her mind all thoughts of care. She was grateful and happy—Her heart, like a summer bird, warbled forth incessantly the music of delight. She was surrounded by every comfort and luxury of life; she loved and was beloved! What a contrast with her former friendless condition. With what happy dreams and anticipations she looked forward to the future. One day, while indulging this pleasant frame of mind, she received a message from the Empress bidding her to an interview. With a light step and a lighter heart, she entered the presence of her benefactor.

'Well, my bird of beauty,' said Pulcheria, 'art thou not happy in thy new bower?'

The maiden's face was radiant with the sunshine of the soul, as she replied:

'Not even in the days of innocent childhood, when I wandered by the shores of my own blue sea, or decked my brow with the flowers of my dear native plains, did my heart revel more gladly in the joyous sense of existence. I am no longer a friendless, houseless exile; for thou, dear lady, hast supplied the place of country, kindred, and home. What can I do to serve thee?'

'Listen, my dear Athenais; have I not in all things studied thy comfort? Have I not given thee a home that the greatest might envy, and clothed thee in raiment that kings might wear? Have I not bestowed attendants to obey thy slightest bidding, and surrounded thee with luxuries that only the noble can gain?'

'Yes, my Sovereign, you have done all this, and more. You have wiped the tear of woe from my eyes, and plucked the arrow of grief from my heart. You have soothed my wounded spirit with the voice of consolation, and whispered peace when despair was at hand.—You have converted fear into hope and regret into joy. You have awakened love in the heart where sorrow before reigned supreme, and made the life that was fast becoming a burthen, a blessing and delight. All this you have done, dear lady, and now what can I do testify my gratitude? Name but the price, and though it were life itself—the very life you have so cheered—it shall be sacrificed for your good.'

'I want no sacrifices, Athenais; I am fully rewarded by seeing you happy, and to show my sense of your gratitude, I am about to confer a favor greater than any you have yet received.—I am about to give you in marriage to my imperial brother, the young Emperor of the East.'

As if a mighty spell had suddenly converted the maiden into stone, she stood, pale, motionless, her hands clasped, her head bent forward, her eye fixed despairingly upon the Empress, and her whole appearance indicative of the most intense amazement.

At length she spoke:

"I pray thee, dear lady, unsay those fearful words. Mock not my misfortunes with such an offer. I am too humble and too unworthy to share the splendid destinies of thy brother. Choose him a bride more suited to his birth, and more befitting his exalted station."

"Not so, Athenais—thy beauty, thy virtue, thy learning, make thee his equal, and render thee, in all respects, worthy to be a monarch's consort. I have willed it, and thou must be his bride."

Then an expression of the deepest sorrow passed over the features of the maiden—She went forward and bent lowly at the feet of the Empress. "Lady, I entreat thy forgiveness, but I cannot obey thy bidding. My heart is already united to another."

Pulcheria received this announcement with the greatest apparent displeasure. She reproached Athenais for her ingratitude, and threatened her with punishment and persecution, if she did not instantly renounce her love. Finding reproaches and threats alike powerless to call forth this renunciation, she tried other means. She described her brother handsome, wise, valiant and noble. She represented the greatness, the pomp, the power his consort would enjoy—the splendors that would surround her, the luxuries that would minister to her comfort, and pictured all the charms of a regal station, in their most fascinating colors. But to all these temptations Athenais seemed insensible, and when Pulcheria had finished, she rose and with a look of dignity and a voice that trembled, said:

'Banish me from your presence—send me forth to the world friendless and miserable as when I sought your protection—torture my spirit with cruel threats and reproaches—kill me, if you will, but do not, dear lady, force me to renounce my love. It were sacrilege to tear away the image that lives in my heart, and seek to place another in its shrine. Here, in thy palace, I met a youth—humble, homeless, friendless as myself. The bond of sympathy united us. He spoke kindly to ears that had long been accustomed to the words and tones of harshness—what wonder that in those ears his voice became a music sweeter than all other? What wonder that, when he breathed the accents of love, my soul responded in a kindred strain?—What wonder that, when he asked my affection, it was given him freely and forever? With such feelings, oh, Sovereign lady, can you ask me to wed your imperial brother? No; that union were misery to us both. What is marriage without affection but a bondage of the most sad and insupportable kind?—a state of servitude that trammels, not only the body, but the mind, and destroys even the freedom of thought. You tell me of the wealth, the splendors, the honors I should enjoy; oh, these would but gild the galling chains, and render them heavier still. Think not, dear lady, I am insensible to your kindness, for while my heart continues to beat, it will cherish with fervent gratitude the memory of your favors; but the very evil that led me to supplicate your bounty will drive me again from your presence, an outcast alike from your home and heart.'

A flood of passionate tears prevented the utterance of Athenais, and she could say no more. Theodosius, who had been concealed in the apartment, during the interview between his sister and the young maiden, drank in every word with eager ear and delighted soul.—As soon as Athenais was silent, he emerged from his place of concealment, and sprang to her feet:

'Here let me kneel,' he said in impassioned tones, 'here let me kneel and pour forth my gratitude and my love. Know, excellent Athenais, that thy angel-affection is not given to the humble tutor, but to Theodosius himself, and lofty as is his birth, exalted as is his station, he feels that he is scarce worthy of the treasure he has obtained. Forgive, dear maiden, the stratagem I used to gain thy heart, and believe me when I say, my future life shall be a study to deserve the precious boon.'

Pulcheria shared the happiness of her brother, and Athenais, bewildered, yet blest, testified in smiles and tears, and wondering looks her pleasure and surprise.

The nuptials were soon after celebrated with regal pomp, amid the joyous acclamations of the people; and thus the world beheld, what seemed more like a tale of fiction than reality, a humble maiden elevated by her virtues to the lofty honors of the Imperial throne.

Ohio Election.

A private dispatch, from a well informed source received last evening, conveys to us the following distinct information in reference to the Ohio Election:

COLUMBUS, October 14.

In Ohio, twenty-six counties show a Whig gain over last year's vote of about seven thousand. Galloway, Whig, in the Columbus district, is beaten by Olds, who has a majority of fifty votes. Six Whig members of Congress are elected—Harlin, Corwin, Taylor, Bell, Campbell, and Harrison. Two Free Soilers are elected—Giddings and Wade. The Locofoco State ticket is elected by from five to eight thousand majority.

[This will do. A Locofoco majority of over 26,000 last year, reduced to five or eight thousand now—the majority of Cass over Taylor reduced from over 16,000 to less than one-half that number of votes—this shows that a revolution is in progress in Ohio which will sweep that State for SCOTT and GRAHAM on the second Tuesday in November. We shall again on that day, be able to welcome Ohio back to the rank of Whig States, and her vote will be the efficient means of giving to the United States a Whig President.]—[Republican.

HOGS AND CATTLE.—Packers are in the market for all good hogs and cattle, and are paying $5 per hundred for hogs, and $3 50 to $4 for cattle. One concern has purchased about 7,000 head of hogs, to weigh 200 lbs, and upwards, at $5 per hundred. Beef slaughtering will probably begin to-day, and if the weather is favorable, a beginning will soon be made upon pork packing. During the past season our various slaughtering and packing establishments have enlarged their buildings; and with greatly increased facilities, are prepared to give the greatest dispatch in the prosecution of their business.—Alton Telegraph.

OFFICE MORSE AM. TELEGRAPH,
St. Louis, Oct. 8, 1852.

Dear Sir: Isaac M. Veitch, President of the St. Louis and Missouri Telegraph Company, and John W. Morris, who has been for several years connected with the St. Louis and New Orleans Line, and more recently with the St. Louis & Missouri River Line, announce to the citizens of the various towns on the route, that they propose to construct a Telegraph Line from St. Louis to such towns on and near the Upper Mississippi as will subscribe for an adequate amount of stock and otherwise encourage the enterprise.

The route contemplated will embrace the towns on the west side of the Mississippi river—say from St. Louis, thence to St. Charles, Clarksville, Louisiana, Hannibal, Palmyra, La-Grange, Canton, and Tully; Alexandria, Keokuk, Fort Madison, Burlington, Muscatine, Davenport, and Dubuque, and such other and intermediate points as may evince a disposition to encourage the enterprise.

The want of a direct line of Telegraph from these towns to St. Louis has long been felt.—Such a Line, it is believed, will not only be appreciated, but be of great service to the rapidly increasing trade of these towns, and must prove a profitable investment as a paying line.

The Line proposed will be built in the best and most substantial manner, thereby insuring permanency and durability, and obviating the frequent delays and annoyances to which the branch Lines, extending over a portion of the route, has been subjected.

The proposed Line will connect at St. Louis with others extending to all sections of the U. S., insuring prompt dispatch of business coming from or destined for any point on the Line.

One of the undersigned will visit the several towns on the route contemplated during the present or succeeding month, and lay before you in detail the plans for the prosecution of the work; and we solicit, in advance, the attention of your citizens to the important subject, believing that your business relations with St. Louis and other parts of the U. States, and your own immediate interests, will prompt you to give to the enterprise your favorable consideration and support. We beg you will take immediate measures to ascertain what amount of stock can be secured in your town, at fifty dollars a share, and inform us at as early a period as practicable. We also ask your own personal attention to this matter, and to give us your views on the subject.

It will be understood, however, that such towns as do not subscribe an adequate amount to secure the success of the measure, will not, of course, be taken into the route. Yours, &c.

ISAAC M. VEITCH.
JOHN W. MORRIS.

FIRST GUN FROM OHIO!

Hurrah for Scott and Graham!

Our telegraphic election returns from Ohio, thus far, are gratifying beyond all previous calculation. Hamilton county, (including Cincinnati,) gave last year a majority of nearly four thousand for the Democratic candidate for Governor, and sent three Democratic members to the Legislature, by about the same number of votes. This year the Whigs have overcome this tremendous majority, and elected a Congressman, and all their members of the Legislature!

The counties comprising the Third Congressional District gave last year upward of twelve hundred majority for the Democratic candidate for Governor. Now, they elect Campbell, *Whig*, to Congress.

The counties composing the Second District gave last year about two hundred Democratic majority. The probability is that a Democrat is now elected to Congress, though by a small majority.

From the more interior counties we have not sufficient returns upon which to make any satisfactory calculations. We have enough now to confirm—if anything had been wanting—the certainty of Ohio's rolling up for SCOTT and GRAHAM a magnificent majority in November.

We congratulate our German friends upon the noble stand their countrymen have taken in Cincinnati, and hope we may soon be able to show as good an account in St. Louis.—[Intel.

MARCH OF MIND.—A very popular preacher in South Carolina, and a secessionist withal, harangued his hearers on the importance of perseverance and fortitude. He said:

'You that *is* church members must not look back upon Babylon [Sodom] like Paul's wife [Lot's] done! You must be a *heap* better than the world's people! Religion is like a battle, and Satan *are* strong! He hates good men, and wants to kill them at *wonst*! In short, my dearly beloved hearers, you must do *like* Gen. Washington *done* at the battle of Waterloo! In the heat of the *skrimmage* his horse was killed by a British cannon ball. Did Washington give up his sword to the enemy? Not he! He sung out at the top of his voice: 'A horse! a horse! my *kingdom* for a horse!!' A horse was brought him by *Frank Marion*, and he *draw* the bloody British from the field, and thus secured the liberty of South Carolina!'

A FRENCHMAN FAST.—A Frenchman upon the road on 'Fast Day,' told a boy to hold his horse *swift*.

'*Fast*, you mean, don't you, sir?' interrogated the lad.

'Yel, *fast*, den; mais be gar, I no understand dis.'

'There goes a fast horse!' exclaimed a bystander, as a lively trotting nag streaked by.

'How is zat,' nervously inquired the astonished Frenchman; 'zare is von horse *fast*, and he goes like zunder all ze time; zare is my horse—he is *fast*, too, and he no move.'

'This is Fast Day in reality, by the appearance of the road,' said another.

'Oh, I see, den,' said Monsieur, 'my dis is fast day; everything is fast—ze horse zat goes is fast, ze horse zat is tied is fast, and ze folks zat eat nothing and eat it slow, is fast. Be gar, vot a countre.'

To go to sleep easy, read some of the Philadelphia 'weekly' papers.—[N. Y. Sunday Atlas.

To which the Philadelphia weekly Post rejoins:

'To go to the devil easy, read some of the New York Sunday papers.'

We clip the following from the table drawer of 'Old Knick':

An esteemed friend sends us the following, which he says is '*vero e ben trovato*.' Poor old Sambo was very pious; and as he became well stricken in years, flattered himself that he was willing and anxious to die. So he used to sit in his log hut, when his day's task was over, alone, with a tallow candle flickering upon the ground floor; and so he used to work himself into his favorite belief. First he sung a hymn, and then rocking himself backward and forward, his eyes closed and his mouth open, he would ejaculate and repeat:

'Wheneber de angel ob de Lord call, ole Sambo ready to go.'

Now this became commonly known among the young darkies on the plantation, who all had a grudge against old Sambo, because he was a terror to evil doers. Accordingly, one night, a negro wag crept to the door of the hut, and waited for old Sambo to begin. First came the hymn, and at length, with a sigh and a groan, he began to sway his body, and out it came:

'Wheneber de angel ob de Lord shall call, poor ole Sambo am ready to go.'

Tap! tap! tap! upon the door.

'Who dar?' shouted Sambo, turning his eyes until the white alone was visible.

'De angel ob de Lord.'

'Who do he want?' gasped Sambo.

'He come for ole Sambo,' was the dreadad reply.

Pugh! out went the candle at one puff.

'Dar ain't no Sambo here—he's gone dead more'n tree weeks!'

'E'yah! yah! yah!' shouted a chorus from without.

A verbatim copy of a letter from a chief magistrate of a certain corporation:

DEAR SUR—On Monday next, I am to be made a Mare, and shull be much obliged to you if so be, as you will send me down by the Coatch, some provisions, fetting for the occation, and I am to ax my brother, the old Mare, and the rest of the Bench. I am, sur, etc.

The above was answered by a wag, into whose hands it fell, as follows:

SIR—In obedience to your orders, have sent per coach, two bushels of the best oats; and, as you are to treat the *Old Mare*, have added some bran to make a mash. Yours, &c.

'My son,' said an old turbaned Turk, one day, taking his child by the hand, and pointing out to him, on the opposite side, a Frenchman, just imported, in all the elegance of Parisian costume; 'my son, if ever you come to forget God and his Prophet, you may come to look like *that*.'

BRAGG'S LINIMENT.

A person in St. Louis, by the name of McLean, affecting to be acquainted with the ingredients of this celebrated medicine, and well knowing its great virtues, has attempted something like a counterfeit. He adopts a specious name, and sells an article possessing none of the properties of the original. In an advertisement in to-day's paper will be found the expose of Dr. Bragg on this subject. Every one will agree with us, that the Doctor pours the "grape" into this fellow's pretensions with very signal effect. We learn from the St. Louis Signal, that Bragg's Liniment still retains its deserved popularity. The entire sales during the last year amount to about one million bottles. All of the best houses in the city, certify to its great excellence.—Salem Weekly Advocate, May 20, 1852.

See advertisement in another column.

N. B.—Since the above was sent to us for publication, we find that McLEAN that is there spoken of is the discoverer of McLEAN'S CELEBRATED VOLCANIC OIL LINIMENT. No wonder the MUSTANG men are trying to run his liniment down—they fear its increasing popularity. It is certainly a better Liniment, because it has performed remarkable cures, after Mustang Liniment had failed. See the advertisement in another column, and judge for yourselves. aug

"I DIGEST!" Such is the true meaning of the word "PEPSIN," or of the two Greek words from which it is derived. This is the significant and appropriate title of the true Digestive Fluid, or Gastric Juice, prepared by Dr. J. S. Hoffman, of Philadelphia, from the fourth stomach of the Ox, for the cure of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It is Nature's own remedy for an unhealthy stomach. No art of man can equal its curative powers. It renders good eating perfectly consistent with health. See the figure of the Ox, in another part of this paper

Book and Job Prining,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
PLAIN, FANCY AND ORNAMENTAL,
Neatly executed, at the office of the
HANNIBAL JOURNAL AND UNION.

PAMPHLETS,
CIRCULARS,
HAND BILLS,
BILLS LADING,
PROGRAMMS,
BLANKS,
CARDS, &c,

Printed in good style, and upon reasonable terms.
ORION CLEMENS, Pro.

CIGAR AND TOBACCO STORE!

Wholesale and Retail, Southeast Corner of Main and Hill Streets

H. LEER & ARBOGAST.

KEEP constantly on hand the very best MISSOURI AND VIRGINIA TOBACCO, SNUFF of all qualities; SMOKING TOBACCO, (coarse and fine); REGALIA, PRINCIPE, MELEE and COMMON CIGARS—and every article usually kept in their line. Apply at the sign of the

Big Indian.

AT

TURNER'S EMPIRE CIGAR STORE

May be bought every variety of

TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUFF,

Cheaper than at any other house in the city!
TOBACCO AT THE MANUFACTURER'S PRICES!
And it will be to the advantage of purchasers to remember that he has

No Cigars made by apprentices!

Remember the place—one door below the corner of Hill, on Main street, Hannibal, Mo.
sep9-6m

Notice to Country Merchants.

WOODMAN'S CELEBRATED SOAP.

THE subscribers are now prepared to execute orders for this celebrated article of domestic economy in any quantities, and at the shortest notice

To those who are unacquainted with its properties, we will merely say that by giving it a preference over ordinary soaps, clothes can be washed with half the usual labor, and at less expense.

Printed directions for use accompanying each package.

Address WOODMAN & FULLER,
No. 8 St. Charles street, near Third,
sep9 6m St. Louis, Mo.

WHISKY.

WE CONTINUE to manufacture, and keep constantly on hand, a large supply of our celebrated "Black Horse" brand of Whisky—as pure an article, and always at as low a price as can be had in the market. [je24-tf] J. A. INSLEE & Co.

MERCHANTS, DRUGGISTS AND PHYSICIANS.

Z. F. WETZELL & CO.,
Importers of, and dealers in, Foreign and Domestic Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.,
No. 39, Main st.,
ST. LOUIS.

WOULD respectfully invite a call from purchasers before buying in their supplies elsewhere. They have at all times a large assortment of goods, adapted to this section of the country and they will sell at a very small advance on Eastern importers' prices—paying at all times particular attention to the quality of goods, packing, and promptness in filling and forwarding orders. Price Currents forwarded when requested.

Z. F. WETZELL & CO.
sep23-4t. 39, Main st., St. Louis.

Look out for the Old Lumber Yard.

WELL seasoned Pine Lumber suitable for all building purposes, can all times be had at the Old Hannibal Lumber Yard, which has been established 8 years. The proprietor deems it unnecessary to puff his Lumber to make it sell, or to say any thing about experience in the business except to those who never purchased from him. He would remark that an experience of eight years in the business gives the decided advantage over any other who never had experience—his Lumber has been purchased for cash and selected with great care, from the best mills in the Pinery. Mechanics and others wishing to purchase Lumber would find it to their advantage to call and examine the stock of Lumber and Shingles at the Old Lumber Yard before purchasing elsewhere. If you cannot get it for a less price, I will guarantee you can get it as low and a better article for the same money. Also, Lumber, Shingles and window sash.

☞ Don't forget the Big Sign on the west side of Third, between bird and Hill streets. Look out for the Sign of THOS. S. MILLER'S
feb26tf LUMBER YARD.

McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

AMONG the many discoveries that have recently been made in the medical science, none claims the attention of the public more than McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

The "Volcanic Oil," which is the basis of this valuable Liniment, is a production from Nature's own laboratory, and when chemically combined, as in McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment, with other powerful, yet soothing and healing remedial agents, produces the most perfect and efficacious remedy that has ever been offered to the afflicted.

It has been tested by thousands, and in not one instance has it failed in giving speedy and permanent relief.

It has cured Paralysis, Rheumatism, Weakness in the muscles, Cramps, Numbness, Stiff Joints, Sprains, bruises, Pains in the Back, Loins and Sides, Ague Cake, Soreness of Female's Breasts, Scalds, burns, Spinal Affections, Neuralgia, Sore throat, Swellings, and Inflammations, and various other external diseases and pains.

When applied, its soothing influence is almost immediately felt, relieving the most severe pains. It will cleanse and purify the foulest ulcer, and it will remove any unnatural lumps, node or tumor—no difference how long it may have existed. It penetrates the flesh to the seat of disease, dissolving and removing the cause, thereby producing a speedy and permanent cure.

Here is the Proof.

MR. J. H. MCLEAN, Proprietor of McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment—Sir: I do not know a better way of expressing my gratitude for the benefit I have received from the use of your Liniment, than by having it published.

I have been grievously afflicted for eighteen years, with ulcerous sores on both my limbs. At the time I commenced using your Liniment, from my knees down to my toes was literally covered with sores. I have tried many of the most eminent physicians in Europe and the United States—they could heal up the sores, but in a few days they would break out worse than ever. I have tried many remedies; I used six bottles of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, but it did me no good. My husband and friends advised me to use McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment; I told them nothing would relieve me but my grave.

But one of my neighbors, whose fingers were drawn crooked by rheumatism, used your Liniment, and it relaxed the muscles, and straightened his fingers in a short time. This induced me to get one bottle. I applied it, and it removed the pains. Two bottles more healed up the sores and cured me entirely.

No pen can describe the joy I feel, now I can walk without being tortured to death by such piercing pains; or the gratitude I feel towards the discoverer of such an invaluable Liniment.

MRS. MARY MACKENHAUD,
Residence in rear of Phenix Engine House.

Messrs. Gemp and Fasold, druggists, 127 Carondelet avenue, will, at any time, certify to the above statements. The above miraculous cure should prove to every well governed mind that McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment is far superior to any other Liniment, and more efficacious than any other remedy that has ever been discovered. In fact it speaks to every man and woman, saying, "suffer no longer from local pains or diseases—McLEAN'S VOLCANIC OIL LINIMENT WILL RELIEVE YOU."

It will also cure horses that have the scratches, fistula, poll evil, sweeney, wind galls, sore shoulders or saddle galls, bruises, strains, old sores, or any swelling. Read the following

From a Practising Physician.

MR. J. H. McLEAN—SIR: I wish to add my testimony to the great virtues of McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment. I have used your Liniment on sores, bruises, &c., and it always cured them sooner than any other remedy I ever saw. I am using it now in a case of erysipelas and the patient is doing well. I have used it on a horse that had the sweeney and it cured him in a short time; also my saddle horse got lame from a lump below the hock joint—he had also the scratches very bad. I used the Mexican Mustang Liniment and several preparations of my own, but could do him no good. I rubbed McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment on him twice, and it killed the scratches and reduced the swelling. A few more applications cured him entirely. I advise every FARMER to keep a supply always on hand, for it is a VALUABLE LINIMENT.

S. J. GILLIAM, M. D.,
Mascoutah, Ills.

We say to the public, beware of liniments that are separated. Ask only for the true and genuine Volcanic Oil Liniment. It is in square bottles, with the name McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment, blown in the glass. Take no other, and you will get a true remedy, and one which can always be relied on.

☞ The above Liniment is for sale in Hannibal, by
aug12 J. L. MATHEWS, Agent.

Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested in the estate of JOHN M CRAWFORD, deceased, late of county of Ralls, that the undersigned, administrator, will make application at the November term of the County Court for said county, for a final settlement of his administration of said estate.

sep23 4t WILKINSON CRAWFORD, Adm'r.

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