

THE DAUGHTER OF THE DARK.

On the twenty-first of February, 1857, Michael Grame, being then twenty-eight years of age, married, and an engine driver by trade, met with an accident whereby he was permanently disabled. As he was taking his engine out of the shed in the morning a pipe burst, a fragment of the pipe struck his left knee with such violence that when discharged from the hospital, he limped out with a stiff leg, and carried the assurance that his knee would be stiff all his life. The steam had so scalded the right side of his face, that cheek, forehead and chin were deeply scorched, and, worst of all, the right eye was so injured that the orb had to be removed. After the accident a flaw was discovered in the pipe which had burst. Several complaints had been made of the engine before; the locomotive superintendent was to blame, and through him the company. So, upon Michael Grame signing a document discharging the company from all further responsibility with regard to himself and the accident, they handed his solicitor a cheque for four hundred and fifty pounds as compensation for the injury sustained by him.

The accident was a very sad one, and awoke a good deal of pity for Michael Grame. He had been married just a year to the daughter of a small shop-keeper in a little Devonshire town. She was still short of twenty. They were both young, and by and by there would, the neighbors said sympathetically, be still younger beings looking to them for bread, and here were his trade and his strength taken from him in one moment, and at such an important period of his life. If the accident had occurred before his marriage, or when his future family were grown up and in the way of doing for themselves, it would be so much easier to bear. Death would have been preferable. That would have left his wife free, with four hundred and fifty pounds, if not more, in hand, and no dread of future responsibilities. What good was four hundred and fifty pounds to them as they were? Neither had the least faculty for business, or knowledge of it. Supposing no children came, the money might last them seven years; but in seven years he would be no more than in his prime, and she still young, and then what should they do?

Much talk took place among the neighbors and friends. In the end, a further sum of seventy pounds reached them; fifty from a friendly society, and twenty the result of a subscription among the engine drivers and stokers of the company.

Michael Grame took advice of the secretary of the Independent Metropolitan Engine Drivers' Association, and invested five hundred pounds in an annuity for his wife's life. Thus he was sure they would have forty pounds a year during their joint lives and she the same during her life should he die first. He could get no more than thirty pounds a year on the two lives, and, as he put it:

"Thirty pounds is neither here nor there for two people, but forty is something. It's queer if after a bit I can't make a few shillings to keep myself and any little ones God may send us, and she'll have all the more for herself and them if I go first."

When 1877 came round it found Michael Grame's worldly affairs much improved. He was now forty-eight years of age, still childless, and paid secretary of the Independent Metropolitan Engine Drivers' Association. Before the accident which made him blind in one eye and lame he had been clever and popular among his fellows. As the years went on he had developed mentally, and had gathered to himself the admiration and confidence of the men around him. So that in 1878, the secretary dying, he got the secretaryship with a weekly salary of three pounds.

In 1877 there was no secretary of any branch of a trade's union in London more respected than Michael Grame. He was low-sized, keen, energetic, pale, slight, light-bearded and bent. Over the cavity beneath the right eyebrow he wore a black glass to conceal the unpleasant void. Over the other eye he wore an ordinary convex clear glass, for already he was growing long-sighted in the remaining eye. The dark patch made by the one black glass lent his countenance a grotesque and whimsical appearance. Even those who knew him best and were in the habit of meeting him daily could never fully divest their minds of the idea that the spectacles with the odd glasses were assumed for a joke, and that sooner or later Michael Grame would indicate the way in which the joke lay. When strangers met him they were always inclined to laugh, and generally did smile, at the deliberate comeliness of his face.

But Michael Grame's joke never came, his face never relaxed. In all London it would be hard to find one whose views of life and things were so sincerely grave. In his youth he had been ardent and melancholic. His dreadful accident and years had tended to discipline his enthusiasm. He was religious without using any special forms of religion, puritanical without a code, sincere out of his natural temperament, and grave out of an unformulated theory that men who are not grave must be rascals.

For a man of his position and opportunities he was well informed. In speech and manner he was thoughtful and prudent. Now and then the fiery ardor of a reformer would break out in him, and for a few moments he would fill his listening fellows with wonder and send them away mentally reeling under the weight of some startling novelty in thought. He would sit still and talk most cautiously for an hour, then all at once, and just before departing, fling out some tremendous principle, or suggestion, or doubt, and then retire, leaving his astonished fellows gasping in the presence of some revolutionary principle which seemed to threaten all order that is, and to leave society once more in the chaos of barbarism.

From the day of his appointment as secretary to the Independent Metropolitan Engine Drivers' Association the influence of this man spread and grew.

Incappeditated himself from labor, and yet closely allied to his old companions, his whole soul went into the work at his feet.

The duties of his office absorbed only a drop in the ocean of his activity. Hither and thither he wandered, among others of his kind, and those who, though not of his kind, were still allied to the branch of labor he represented. He was an apostle of progress and preached the nobility of the future.

During the years intervening between 1857 and 1878 he had led a restless and unsettled life, now trying one thing, now another; succeeded in picking up a few shillings a week, and giving all his spare time to reading in the line of his favorite study. All the sincerity of his nature had been wrapped up in the circle of his reading. No natural outlet presented itself to the enthusiasm of his nature. Like an internal fire of earth, he was always wandering about in search of some vent for his pent-up activity, and never finding any more capacious crater than a fierce shout of approval at democratic sentiments uttered in speeches by popular leaders, or his own furious and somewhat incoherent attacks upon the system then governing the regulations of labor. He did not exactly side with the republican element of the country. He did not care in the least what the form of government, so long as the hard-working honest man got his rights. He was anti-employer and not anti-king; he had the most complete belief in his own theory, the most sincere conviction that he was right and all opposed to him not only wrong, but wickedly and stubbornly wrong—wrong to the ruin of the individual, the country, the vital principle of the Christian creed.

Once invested with influence and power, as secretary to the Independent Metropolitan Engine Drivers' Association, he found it necessary to curb the violence of his feelings for fear of causing mischief to others, and out of a belief that his words would largely and perhaps injuriously affect the acts and fortunes of those around him, since to his words would be fixed a semi-official value, and he would seem to speak with the authority of the Society.

Early in October, 1877, Michael Grame became gradually busier and busier day by day, until his home saw little or nothing of him from early morning till late at night. He lived in one of the houses in that long road on the west side of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, between Herne Hill and Coldharbour lane.

His absence from home at this time was particularly trying to his wife, for, although still childless, there was at last, to the great joy of himself and his wife, Helen, the prospect of a change in this state of things.

Mrs. Grame was very far from strong, and those around her felt most anxious about her. Her married sister had promised to come a little later on, but up to the early part of October the household of the Grames consisted of Grame, his wife, and a young servant girl not more than seventeen years of age, named Emily.

It was very hard upon Mrs. Grame to sit up, often until after midnight, for him; nothing could persuade her to go to bed before he had shut up the house for the night. To sit up for him had been a habit of twenty years, and she could not put it away now, although it sorely taxed her strength. What added to the difficulties of her position, and gave her anxiety of mind to increase her distress of body, was that for the first time in all their married life he had placed a limit to his confidences.

When he came back late he made vague replies. When he went out early he made vague excuses. Of nights he said merely he "could not get back earlier," or "business kept him." Of mornings he "wanted to be off early," he "had a day full of work" before him.

Once when he came home later than usual, she, being weak and full of disquietude on account of him, reproached him with growing weary of an ailing wife.

He went to her and sat down beside her and took her hand and stroked it softly. He pushed back the thin black hair from the faded, weak face, and taking the face softly between his hands, kissed it, saying very gently but very firmly:

"To-night I was at the London Gas Stokers' Society, and they kept me very late, for the thing is of importance, and I am doing most of the work."

"What thing? What is of importance?"

"It is a secret. I must not tell even you. I am arranging it all with them—committees and secretaries. We are all bound to keep the matter private even from our wives."

"Then it must be a thing of no good—no good for the wives, any way."

"Yes, it will be good for all working men and their wives and families and fortunes, and," he rose and drew himself up to the full height of his stunted figure, "it was I first thought of it; I, I tell you, I, Michael Grame, your husband, am organizing it. Do you hear that, Helen?"

"The what?" she asked quickly, trying to take him off his guard.

"The—," he paused in time, and looked at her half angrily, half reproachfully. The enthusiasm of the man had been kindled as he spoke, and his imagination had almost betrayed him into forgetting his pledge. He turned to her sharply and said:

"Go to bed. You must not wait up again. I shall be busier and busier and busier as the time for the Grand Strike comes on. You must sit up no more."

In a fever, and quite ignoring her presence, he continued—his one eye burning and fixed into space, the gas-light shining on the black glass over the vacant socket, and through the darkened glass a pool of livid shadow striking on his hollow cheek amid the scanty growth of grizzled hairs:

"We have them all now, all we want—the Gas Stokers, the Horse Drivers, the Postal Telegraph, the River Craft, the Wapping Seafarers. All all!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the world's great remedy for colds, cough, consumption, and all affections of the lungs and throat.

WHY SHE WANTED TO MARRY.

A Woman Amuses a Doctor and Disgusts a Preacher.
(Baltimore News.)

A few evenings ago the landlady of a tavern in East Baltimore, a widow, sent for a physician to attend a man who was seriously ill. The doctor came and found the patient, an old soldier, rapidly sinking. A prescription was given and the doctor was leaving the widow said:

"How sick is he, doctor?"

"Very sick, indeed," said the physician.

"Will he die?"

"I think he will."

"When?"

"To-night."

"Will you call again?"

"Yes, I'll look in again in an hour or two."

About two hours afterwards the doctor again called, and perceived the veteran past the power of his skill, in fact at the point of death.

"Well," asked the woman with nervous anxiety, "is there any hope?"

"None whatever," said Esculapius.

The widow appeared relieved.

"Send for a clergyman and doctor, dear, you'll be a witness."

"To what?" inquired the latter puzzled at the widow's conduct.

"Oh, I want to marry him."

"Marry him!"

"Yes; you see if I marry him and he dies I shall be entitled to \$300, as his widow, from a society to which I belong. Then you know he gets a pension from the government, and I, as his widow, will continue to draw it."

The doctor was amazed. The clergyman came, but being acquainted with the circumstances indignantly declined to perform the ceremony, and the bereaved woman lives on a "lone widdy."

A Tennessee Heroine.
(Knoxville Republican.)

Among the many notable events which transpired in the early settling of Gravelton, there is none so brave and dauntless as the one performed by the noble heroine, Mrs. Mann.

On the night of the 25th of May, 1795, Mr. George Mann, who lived in one mile of this place, heard a noise at his stable, and leaving his house to discover the cause, his approach was intercepted by Indians, who fired upon and dangerously wounded him. He fled, for concealment, to a cave a short distance, but was followed by the savages, dragged from his hiding place and slain.

His wife had heard the retreating footsteps of the Indians as they pursued her husband, and, having locked the door, sat in silent expectation, with her sleeping children around her. Soon she heard the tramp of approaching feet. Perhaps it is the neighbors, alarmed at the firing, and coming to the rescue. She is about to rush out and meet them; but she hears their voices in a strange tongue. The horrible conviction seizes her that the savages are returning to the slaughter. The rifle is instantly in her hands.

That morning she had learned the use of its triggers, and leveling it carefully at the crevice of the door, near the lock, she waits the result. Stealthy steps are moving along the wall; the door is pressed against; it yields; is partly open; a savage is on his hands and knees at the entrance, another behind, and still another. Her fingers are upon the trigger; she thinks of her children and fires! The first Indian falls heavily to the ground, the second screams with pain, the others gather up the wounded and fly.

That lone woman, by her courage and presence of mind, had repulsed twenty-five savage warriors. The Indians afterwards said had a word escaped her lips after the explosion of the rifle, they would have slain her and her children also. The perfect silence impressed the Indians, and believing armed men to be in the house they fled.

This cave, upon a direct line, is said to be twelve miles northeast of Knoxville, and is now owned by J. C. Campbell, Esq., but still bears the name of Mann's Cave.

The Nerves as a Source of Trial.

Instead of being a vehicle for agreeable sensations, some people's nerves are a most distressing endowment. Such sufferers, it will usually be found, are dyspeptic, lack vitality and flesh. What they need is more vigor. There is a means of obtaining it, if they will but avail themselves of that means. It is Hostetter's Bitters, a tonic which experience has shown to be of the utmost service to the debilitated, nervous and dyspeptic. Digestion restored upon a permanent basis by the Bitters ministers as it should to the wants of the system, and its integral parts, of which the nerves are one of the most important, are properly nourished and invigorated. The various functions are thus more actively discharged, and obstacles to a return to health removed by increasing vitality. Instead of nervous prostration, new strength and vitality will be infused into the whole motive machinery.

Hon. John Cessna.

Under date March 3d, '75, writes:

"In the space of twelve hours my rheumatism was gone, having taken three doses of Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. My brother, J. B. Cessna, of Bedford, Pennsylvania, was cured by a similar amount."

"JOHN CESSNA."

"Member of Congress from Pennsylvania." It cures the worst case in the shortest time. Sold by all retail and wholesale druggists in Cincinnati. Write to R. K. Hephernstine, Washington, D. C., for his 40-page pamphlet.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

A Democrat Cured.

A leading democrat of Burlington, Mr. E. M. Sutton, speaks in the highest terms of the curative power of the celebrated Kidney-Wort. It first cured him of a distressing kidney disease, and he now uses it whenever he has any symptoms of biliousness or needs toning up. It acts efficiently on the bowels, and cures the worst cases of piles.

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CHILL CURE

Fever & Ague, Chills & Fever,

NEURALGIA, DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, as well as all forms of MALARIAL FEVERS and DISEASES are permanently cured by

Magill's Chill Cure, Tonic and Appetizer.

It does not contain Aconite, Calomel, Mercury, Quinine, or Injurious Drugs. Don't forget this it you value health. Many medicines now on the market rely on one or more of these poisons or strong drugs, or upon others equally as bad for what little claim they have to merit. At best they only give temporary relief and are liable to permanently injure the system. Magill's Chill Cure, Tonic and Appetizer is positively free from these and every other harmful ingredient and may be given to young children or persons in feeble health without possibility of a shadow of injury being produced. The proprietor holds himself responsible for this statement, and pledges himself to the public to guard and protect the absolute purity and great merit of this medicine by personal attention to its manufacture. He receives many letters from persons saying they have been humbugged by worthless medicines. This naturally makes them skeptical and is likely to destroy confidence even in articles of real merit. Hundreds of statements similar to the one given in review could be published if our space allowed of it. The proprietor relies to those who have used this medicine and are advising others to use it as evidences of its merit. From J. Singleton, No. 271 Jefferson Street, Louisville, Ky., March 10, 1879: "I suffered for many years almost constantly with Fever and Ague or Chills, had several doctors, used Quinine and other medicines freely, all failed to cure me, was completely unfit for work, Magill's Chill Cure, Tonic and Appetizer cured me last August and have enjoyed a perfect health ever since. I gained rapidly in flesh and strength. I believe this medicine possesses most remarkable merit, and in my case it was apparent from the very first dose I used." Price \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by druggists and general dealers.

HENRY A. MAGILL, Prop'r, Louisville, Ky.

Wholesale by Allen & Co., Fifth and Main. Retail by M. F. Keenan & Bro., Third and Broadway.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Golden Medical Discovery

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all Humors, from the worst Scrofula to a common Eczema, Pimples, or Eruptions. Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Herpetic Sores, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, White Swellings, Glands or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallor color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flashes, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from Impure Liver, or "Biliousness." As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures. In the cure of Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Weak Lungs, and early stages of Consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by druggists.

No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pills (Little Pills) are scarcely larger than mustard seeds. Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. For Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Impure Blood, Pain in the Shoulders, Tightness of Chest, Disinfect, Sour Eructations from Stomach, Bad Taste in Mouth, Bilious attacks, Pain in Region of Kidneys, Internal Fever, Blunted Feeling about Stomach, Rash of Head, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Urgeative Pills. Sold by druggists.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Prop'r, Buffalo, N. Y.

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A BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

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This differs from all other tonics because it is composed of the vital or nerve giving principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. Physicians have found it so necessary that they alone have prescribed 100,000 packages. It restores lost energy in all weakness of mind or body; relieves debility and nervousness; gives vitality to the insufficient growth of children; strengthens the digestion; cures neuralgia; and prevents consumption. It restores to the brain and nerves the elements that have been carried off by disease or overwork. For sale by Druggists or by mail. F. O. CARNAHAN, 446 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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Is an absolute and irrefragable cure for

Intemperance and the use of Opium, Tobacco, Narcotics, and Stimulants, as well as all the evils and habits of using any of them. It cures the taste and desire for any of them, and cures the habit of using any of them. It is perfectly harmless and never-failing. Temperance societies should recommend it. It is perfectly harmless and never-failing. Hop Bitters Wm. Co., Rochester, N. Y. Sole Agents.

Hop Cough Cure destroys all pain. It cures the cough, quiets the nerves, produces rest, and never fails to cure.

The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Bile. It is superior to all others. Causes by absorption. It is perfectly safe and never-failing.

The Hop Bitters Wm. Co., of Rochester, N. Y., only. These remedies, also the H. B. Bitters, which are in use by the army and navy, and by the medical profession, are made, making more cures than all other remedies.

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VENETIAN LINIMENT.

Warranted for 32 Years and Never Failed

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT

Has given universal satisfaction since it has been introduced into the United States. After being tried by millions it has been proclaimed

The Pain Destroyer of the World

Thousands of Physicians Recommend it as an External Remedy in Cases of

Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Mosquito Bites, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Old Sores, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, Pimples, Blisters, Freckles, Stiffness in the Joints and Contractions of the Muscles.

ITS WONDERFUL CURATIVE POWERS ARE TAKEN INTERNALLY.

In cases of dysentery, Diarrhea, Sea Sickness, Cholera, Croup, Colic, Cramps and Sick Headache, its soothing and penetrating qualities are immediately felt.

It is perfectly innocent to take internally.

READ THE CERTIFICATES.

One Thousand Dollars will be paid if they are not genuine.

SEVERE RHEUMATISM.

State of New Jersey, Bergen County, Township of Hackensack, ss.

Thomas Johnson, of said township, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he has been severely afflicted with rheumatism for above a year, and was so bad that he could scarcely walk, being bent almost double, and was utterly unable to do any work. Having heard of this wonderful cure made by Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, he was induced to try it, and after using it a short time, was able to go to work again, after being unable to do anything for nearly a year.

T. JOHNSON.

Sworn to before me.

J. H. BRUNCKHOFF, Justice of the Peace.

CROUP.

Dr. Tobias—I write to inform you that the child of a friend of mine was cured of croup, after being given up to die by three physicians. One hour after your Venetian Liniment was used it was out of danger. I hope you will publish this, so that mothers may know they have a remedy for this terrible complaint. I lost a child by croup previous to hearing of your Liniment, but now never feel alarmed, as I have your medicine always in the house. I have also used it for pains, sore throat, etc., and always found it to cure.

JEREMIAH CASEY.

17 North Moore Street, New York.

GREAT CURE OF RHEUMATISM.

This is to certify that I had the rheumatism in my hip so I could not walk without my crutch, and after using Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment a short time, I was entirely relieved, and cordially believe it a most certain cure for rheumatism, as I have tried many things without any good, and after using this Venetian Liniment for only a few days I was well.

HUGH PAUL.

301 Avenue B, New York.

From Dr. Sweet, the Famous and World-renowned Bone-setter.

Dr. Tobias—Dear Sir: I have used your valuable Venetian Liniment in my practice as bone-setter, for the past few years, and consider it the best article I ever tried for bathing broken bones, wounds, lame backs, sprains, etc. I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who are afflicted with the best article for all pains flesh is heir to.

Yours truly,

JAMES SWEET.

ASTHMA.

This is to certify that I have had the Asthma since 1841, and have been treated by all the physicians without relief. Your Venetian Liniment has made a perfect cure.

WM. Y. TOWNSEND.

Port Richmond, Staten Island.

TO THE LADIES.

Certificate of the Surgeon of the Royal Mail Steamer America.

This is to certify that I have used and recommended Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, and have found it useful in a variety of cases. It also gives unalloyed relief from the annoyance and irritation consequent on mosquito bites, and prevents a mark being left.

J. A. GRAHAM, M. R. C. S., of London.

Royal Mail Steamship America, Jersey City, July 28th.

Thousands of other certificates can be seen at the depot.

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A Good Reliable Horse Liniment and Condition Powder.

Such are to be found in DR. TOBIAS' HORSE LINIMENT in pint bottles, and Derby Condition Powder.

NO PAY

If not superior to any other, The Horse Liniment is only half as strong as the Family Liniment, and will not take the hair off if used as directed. The public appreciate it, as during the epidemic 3,141 bottles were sold in one day, as the following oath will show.

OATH.

This is to certify that I sold, on the 28th inst., three thousand one hundred and forty-one (3,141) bottles of my Venetian Liniment.

K. L. TOBIAS.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 28th day of October, 1872.

D. S. HART.

Commissioner of Deeds.

FROM COL. D. McDANIEL.

Owner of Some of the Fastest Running Horses in the World.

JEROME PARK, June 21, 1877.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment and Derby Condition Powder, on my race-horses, and found them give perfect satisfaction. I have had many actors failed to cure any ailment for which they were used; the Liniment, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off; it has more penetrating qualities than any other I have tried, which I suppose is the secret of its wonderful success in curing sores. The ingredients from which the Derby Powder are made have been made known to me by Dr. Tobias; they are perfectly harmless.

D. McDANIEL.

From Col. C. H. Delevan.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1877.

After years of use, it gives me pleasure to certify to the virtues of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment. It has saved the life of one of my four-year-old black team. This recommendation I give without solicitation, as I think owners of horses should know its value.

CHARLES H. DELEVAN.

No. 12 West 25th Street, New York.

The Family Liniment is 25 and 50 cents; the Horse, 50 cents, in pint bottles; the Derby Powder, 25 cents a box. Sold by the druggists. Depot, No. 42 Murray Street, New York.

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