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Maxham & Wing

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THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY W. G. S.

A SHIP was on the ocean tossed,
The storm was raging wild,
On board, all faith and hope were lost
To all, except a child.

His face and air inspiring grew,
As stout men wept for fear,
And no one on that vessel knew
Why the boy heart filled with cheer.

Through day and night the waves beat high
The storm king's threat increased,
The billows washed the deck, the sky
Still darkened in the East.

But hark! in midst of noise and wails,
A voice is heard on deck,
The child stands calmly 'neath the sails,
And shouts, "we're free from wreck!"

I know whence comes my power to speak,
And I feel that we shall ride
The storm out safely; though we're weak
With human hands to guide.

For just above me lingers now,
A song of joy and peace,
I catch these words: "All creatures bow,"
"The storm will shortly cease."

Just then the threatening clouds did break,
The morning sun o'er the scene,
And o'er this fearful lashing lake,
All raised a thankful shout.

The ship at anchor lies at last,
Her homeward voyage is done,
Yet none on board knew who had cast
The saving lead, but one—

'Twas him who young in years had stood,
Triumphant o'er the scene,
Who passed from Heaven the news of good,
When storms had come between.

That boy in after years then told
What kindness saved him,
Where storms beat high, and ocean rolled—
And thunder filled the air.

From shores beyond this earthly gale
A voice said, "don't despair,"
"Stand firm beneath the flapping sail,
And trust in mother's prayer."

Oh, on the breast of life's rough sea
We're floating here and wild,
Let all who live, Lord, trust in thee,
As did the little child—

When voice above all voices was heard,
When, just above the singing birds,
He heard his mother's prayer.

BUTTERED BREAD.

Aunt Avery was always quoting Scripture to us girls. If she called us more than once in the morning, we were sure to hear about the ant of King Solomon's time to whom the slug-gard is advised to go. If the cake got singed on the bottom, before we could scrape the crust, she would have a word to say about being "not slothful in business."

I haven't arithmetic enough to compute the number of times a day we were reminded of the account we are to give for every idle word. There was always enough to do in our great family, and Sue and I always attended to the chamber work; but I don't think it improved the cheerfulness of our spirits to be told that we should one day make our bed in the grave.

But washing day was the worst of all. Even Sunday failed to furnish the inspiration which came from the foaming suds. Probably she thought we could not very well avoid good teaching on the Sabbath, and were most in need of them when our spirits were likely to be ruffled and our tempers soured by the stains on the table cloths which wouldn't be scrubbed away, and the leak in the boiler which wouldn't put the fire out.

But she meant well, dear soul! She felt the responsibility of her position to an uncomfortable extent. Never for an hour did she forget the promise made to our dying mother, that she would take her place to "the children," and it was not an easy one to fill. You know there were five of us then, and the wildest girls in Herkimer county, cousin Frank used to say, but his saying so did not make it true.

We were lively enough, to be sure, and had merry times, though we hadn't much else. Fan had to make up for fiery, as we could have an unlimited quantity of the former, and were cramped in the latter both as regarded ourselves and our surroundings.

Aunt Avery was called in the village "the salt of the earth" with a good deal of truth, though the words were suggestive of a "poetical license." You know it was the rock upon which my bark of knowledge always made shipwreck in our rhetoric lessons, for I used the phrase at every convenient opportunity. It was such an easy way of getting out of difficulties.

Auntie imagined we needed more moral training than most girls, and I don't suppose it hurt us any, though we used sometimes to think that the supply exceeded the demand.

She never ceased telling us to cast our bread upon the waters, till one afternoon when an immense basket of work was sent us from the sewing society. Fan went down on her knees to unpack it, growing good-naturedly:

"If this had come at a more convenient season it would have been more welcome. Why we of all persons should be selected to finish this work, just as the spring cleaning and planting is coming on, I can't see." And she unrolled a bundle of checked aprons with a jerk that scattered them in every direction.

"Auntie, do you think the rising generation of Heathendom is suffering for the need of these gingham garments?" asked Alice, in her slow way. "Where ignorance is bliss—you know the rest."

"Well, girls," spoke Aunt Avery's cheery voice, "it doesn't show a Christian spirit to complain because you are called upon to do a little extra work for the Lord." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt receive it after many days."

"Buttered?" asked Sue.

It is impossible to give you any idea of the way in which those two syllables were spoken. Alice shrieked with laughter while I nearly choked in the effort to smother mine, for Aunt Avery was too surprised and shocked to see anything funny in Sue's adjective. But she took it in the next moment, and a little ripple came gradually around her mouth, though she walked into the kitchen before the smile grew broad enough for us to be sure of it.

You see, it would not have been so ludicrous except for the fact that for the first time in our lives we had been obliged to go without that almost indispensable article of food at the preceding meal. Farmer Holt had engaged sixteen pounds, and paid for it in advance, sending one of his hired men for it just before dinner. As the churning turned out poorly that day, we could make up the weight only by going without ourselves. Of course that was but a temporary destination; but we had a good deal of sport over the fact that we were obliged to sell the food from our table in order to have a table at all. We were dreadfully hard-pushed that year.

Aunt Avery made no particular haste to quote that particular sentence afterward, but Sue had occasion to think of it, and what I have been telling you forms a very respectable introduction to the "principal movement of the drama," as the newspapers say, though some times it has no movement at all, stopping dead short, to the great loss of the managers. Sue's was a stirring one and is not ended yet.

The curtain rose on the first act very early afternoon, at five o'clock precisely. We had

sewed busily for two hours, and it was time to set the table for tea. Sue sprang up as the clock struck, scissors, spoons and thimble all clattering to the floor.

"Some one's coming, girls!" she cried merrily. "The point of the shears is in the floor several inches deep, and almost before the sentence was finished there came a knock at the kitchen-door."

Sue opened it to find the Widow Frost's youngest boy, looking timid and distressed.

"Well, Sonny, what is it?" she asked in a voice that would have reassured any child.

Sue makes short speeches, and used frequently to be told that her tongue was like a two edged sword; but she can be tender enough when there is any need of it.

"Please mother wants you to say will Miss Avery send her some niggerwork, and, please, she's very sick."

Sue went in search of the desired liverwort, while I talked to Tommy, and found that his mother was really very ill, with no one to render her any assistance.

"I'll go and see her after tea," I said; and the boy departed happier than he had come.

But Sue expressed a desire to go herself.

"I would rather do anything than this horrid sewing. If you'll attend to the sinners, I'll see to the saints, or one of them, at least, I'm terribly restless to-night."

Do you believe in impressions? If there is any truth in the theory of them Sue certainly had a chance to test it. She laughed and cried together while she put on her hat and gloves.

"I don't see what makes me so nervous. Probably the green tea. A walk will do me good. I shall be home by eight o'clock."

But eight, and nine, and ten passed, and we saw nothing of her.

"She probably decided to stay all night," Aunt Avery said at last. "I hope Mrs. Frost isn't very sick. I ought to have gone myself. And no doubt the good woman's sleep was disturbed by the thoughts of neglected duty."

Early next morning Tommy appeared with a note written on brown wrapping paper, in Sue's characteristic style.

"DEAR GIRLS—Don't worry. Mrs. Frost wants me to stay with her, and I have accepted the invitation, so as to get rid of the sewing! I may not be home for a week. Send me a change of clothes by Tommy, and do me the favor not to come to see me, for I want to resign undisturbed over the house of Frost."

Shortly after Dr. Raymond drove up to the door. He looked anxious and tender, too, as he always did when any trouble was near.

"You must not be frightened," he said; "but it is best that you should know that Mrs. Frost is down with the small-pox. It will not be necessary for you to go to the house. Sue is a brave girl. She knew all last night, for I was there when she came; but she refused to go back an inch. I shall take care of them both, and you shall hear from them every day."

How we missed Sue! Aunt Avery would have gone to her anyway, only the doctor forbade it with so much earnestness in his voice that we gave up all idea of rebellion, and were forced to content ourselves with his reports. At the end of a week, Mrs. Frost died, and we expected Sue home at once, totally unprepared for the news that she, too, was attacked by the same disease.

"It seems cruel, I know, to hinder you from going to her," said the doctor, who for the first time we were tempted to hate; "but it is my duty to prevent the spread of this malady. Mrs. Frost caught the infection from carpet-rags, which were sent to her for weaving. There is no other case in the village, and care will prevent the disease from gaining ground."

We tried to be reasonable, but made poor work of it. She was in charge of an experienced nurse, for whom the doctor had telegraphed to Albany; but we could not feel that she was as tenderly cared for as if we had been with her. Alice cried herself to sleep every night, and it seemed as if all the life and fun had gone out of our house for ever.

"I could have hugged the dear old man when he came at last with the news that Sue was well enough to come home; but it there had not been tears in my eyes I should have seen how sad he looked. Aunt Avery read what was in his mind and spoke right out."

"If Sue is changed, tell the girls, doctor. We must not show her that we are unprepared or shocked."

He bent his head slightly, but I did not wait to hear what he had to say. I was in the buggy, crying ready to break my heart when he came out, for he promised to take me to her, and bring us back together. I swallowed my tears as we drove up to the door, sprang out before the horse fairly stopped, and took Sue in my arms without looking at her. I don't think I cared at that moment whether the bright face was scarred or not, as long as she was alive, and we could have her back once more. But she burst out crying in a moment, and pushed me away.

"Look at me," she said, in a choked voice. "Am I your Sue still?"

I knew that her pain was not a selfish one. She only thought of us!

Doctor Raymond waited for us to take a few minutes, and then proposed our return. She gave a last look at the poor little cottage in which she had done and suffered so much, catching sight of her small face, in the small looking glass.

"You haven't any Sue to take home, doctor," she said with a short nervous laugh; "this is another woman."

"Yes," he said tenderly, "a noble one. You are ten times the woman you were, Susan, and he bent reverently and kissed the poor, scarred forehead."

How I blessed him! There never was a happier family than ours that night. We talked and laughed, and cried together, till Aunt Avery carried Sue off to her own room, lest the excitement should prove too much for her.

The next day she had plenty of callers you may be sure. Everybody in the village seemed to feel a personal obligation to her Sue, expressing great praise and gratitude; but it was a great trial to meet each new comer with the consciousness of her altered face.

Our Sue never was particularly handsome, but she had the loveliest complexion in the world, and a skin as delicate as a baby's before her sickness.

Toward night John Foster came. He had been to New York on business, and could not call earlier. Every day during Sue's illness he had been to Dr. Raymond or to us for news of her. We never thought him selfish or heartless, but that was because he had never been

tested. Some persons are good only because they have no chance to be anything else. We said nothing about the change in her—how the beauty he had loved had faded forever—for we supposed he cared most for something deeper and more valuable—that which could never be taken away. I think he suspected it, however, judging from his manner when she came.

She stood on the threshold one minute, and looked at him with such an expression—it made me catch my breath! Then she went up to him and put out her hand.

"Good-bye, John," she said simply, but there was release for him, though heart-break for her, in the words. In an instant she was gone.

I could not look up, but I heard his angry muttered words as he strode out of the room; then the gate banged to with a sharp click, and I knew he would not come again.

Those were dark days for Sue. Of course we tried to convince her that she lost nothing in John Foster, but grieved everything in a knowledge of his true character.

Her reason admitted it, but it took her affection a long time to die.

Our life never seemed to get quite settled again. Fan and Em were both married that summer, and I was looking forward to a home of my own at Thanksgiving. Alice was making a long visit to a boarding-school friend, and the only ripples on the surface of our quiet life were the occasional visits of Fan and Em to the old farmhouse.

As the time approached for my marriage, I was not so absorbed in my own happiness as to forget the loneliness to which Sue was looking forward.

But a new idea entered her mind one day, and she lost no time in telling me of a scheme which she proposed to carry out.

Doctor Raymond had provided a home for Mrs. Frost's children in his own house, but the doctor's wife, who had never known anything of the care of such young folks, found the charge heavier than she anticipated. Sue resolved to adopt them herself; and no one had the heart to discourage her project, for with it some of her old life and cheerfulness came back.

The little orphans were installed in the house where there was now so much room for them.

So the winter passed away, while I made daily calls on Sue, as my new home was only a short distance off, wondering occasionally at the resignation with which she accepted her prosaic life.

Spring came, bringing the anniversary of the day which had proved so momentous a one to Sue; but no one mentioned it, and she did not give the least sign to show that she ever remembered it.

One hot summer afternoon, while Aunt Avery placidly dozed over her knitting, Sue and I carried on a sort of philosophical discussion.

"I have learned to live one day at a time," she was saying. "I have no past or future tense in the grammar of my life. I always used to hurry over the present in anticipation of what was to come."

A little sigh crept into the words, checked by a knock at the front door which startled us, for the only sounds we had heard for an hour were our own voices, and the singing of the locusts in the hot sunshine.

Our neighbors generally found the kitchen entrance most convenient, and anticipating a call of ceremony, Sue answered the knock.

"I heard a rich, heavy voice ask: 'Is Miss Susan Thayer at home?'"

And a man's firm step entered our little parlor.

It seemed to me a great while that I sat alone, listening to the murmur of voices grave and earnest, and at last Sue came to me with traces of tears on her face.

"Only think!" she said, excitedly, "Mrs. Frost's son—that she thought was lost at sea a year ago—has come home again. I want you to see him."

I followed her without a word, and was introduced to the splendid looking man that you know Robert is.

His great black eyes seemed to look into my soul, and his grasp of my hand was almost painful.

We said but little. I understood that from Sue he had learned the particulars of his mother's death, and expressed his grief at the loss, while his heart went out to her in a great surge of gratitude, that could find no outward manifestation.

We told us very briefly of his past life. For the first time we learned that his father's ill-treatment had driven him to sea when in his seventeenth year. He lost trace of the family when they moved to our village, and knew nothing of his mother's widowhood and poverty. Returning from a long residence in India, he had found a clue at last, only to learn that his mother had gone to sleep in the little cemetery on the hill, after a brave struggle with the hardships of her lot. He left us, saying that he should be back at night to see the little brothers, to whom he was known only by name.

Yes, you know of course that they were married. I am only telling you how it came about. I used to go less and less frequently to the farmhouse, for I found that Sue did not miss me much when Robert Frost was there—which was at least two-thirds of the time. Sue's face grew brighter every day and Aunt Avery's eyes beamed infinite satisfaction through her spectacles.

I walked into the house one day, and found it apparently deserted, but a sound of voices in the parlor led me to the door. I paused on the threshold, however. Robert Frost held my own precious sister close to his heart, telling her, in words to which I did not stop to listen, how infinitely dear she was to him. She smiled up at him from her resting-place. The face, on which he could not see a single blemish, was transfigured in its perfect joy.

I crept away softly, and after a while Sue found me sitting on the door step and waiting for some signal of life. I jumped up and hugged her.

"Oh, Sue!" I cried, "what a tell-tale face! I know all about it!" and I could have shouted for joy.

Sue was herself again—our old Sue, with the old fun, and sparkle, and ready wit. She took me into her confidence, and ended by parodying her favorite poet, Tennyson:

He does not love me for my face,
For that is neither sweet nor fair;
He loves me for my own true thought,
And that is well, says Susie Thayer.

How I wished Robert could see her then! As you know all about her beautiful place at Riverside, I need not tell you what a home hers is.

Robert was mysterious for a long time, and Sue thought that they were to live on just the same in the old house. You can guess what a surprise it was to her to be taken to that lovely place, and installed as its mistress. The boys nearly went crazy with delight, and, strangely enough, most of the villagers came to the conclusion that Robert Frost was somebody, after all, when they discovered that he was the possessor of a large fortune made abroad.

"It's just like a fairy story," said Alice, wondering about half-dazed with the beauty on every side.

I couldn't help quoting one little text: "You cast your bread on the waters, Sue." "Yes; and after many days—"

She uttered the words slowly, and I then stopped, as if thinking how many; and how full of pain they had been.

"It did come back buttered," said our precious aunt, to the surprise of everybody.

"I am sure, if I were in your place," remarked Alice, in her deliberate fashion, "I should think my bread was cake."

"Frosted cake," said a man's voice; and there stood Robert in the doorway smiling at us.

There was a great laugh, for he had heard every word.

A NEW WAY TO COOK MEAT.—A good way to cook meat is to seal it hermetically tight in a vessel. Cooked thus a long time in its own juices, it is rendered very tender, and has a peculiar, appetizing flavor. Take an earthen jar that will stand the heat, with a tight fitting cover. If beef is to be the dish for dinner, cut it in convenient pieces, lay them in the jar, rub each piece with salt and pepper and a little lump of sugar, and put in a little water; then lay on a piece of thick buttered paper, and press down the cover. If you think that it will allow any steam to escape, mix shorts or rye meal with water to a paste; press strips of this all round the edge of the cover. Bake all in a moderate oven four or five hours, according to tenderness of meat. Chickens and turkeys are excellent cooked in this way. The toughest meat will be rendered tender by this process; and none of the nutritious matter is wasted, as in many of the forms of cooking.

We deprecate the liquor-drinking at the banquet given to the Duke Alexis; its influence can be only bad, especially when some of the distinguished speakers took pains to urge drinking and to praise the quality of the wines. These gentlemen have an undoubted personal right to drink, but have they the right to do that in public which may lead others to intemperance? It has been found easy, even in our "best society," to give entertainments without liquor; is there moral courage enough in this city, or sufficient regard for the welfare of the easily tempted, to make the experiment of a temperance banquet?—[Watchman and Recorder.]

A MIXED HAT.—Our Orono correspondent sends us the following good story which is told of one of our merchants of long time ago, who had agreed with an Indian of the Penobscot tribe to make for him a nice beaver hat, "all beaver." On taking it home the Indian examined it closely, shook his head, turned up the lining and discovered that the body of the hat was wool, though the outside seemed to be beaver. Indignant, he took it back to the merchant. "Sartin," said he, "I 'greed you to make'em me beaver hat, all beaver?" "Yes," said the merchant, "that is a beaver hat." "No!" retorted the angry Indian in a tone of great contempt, "Sometime beaver, then sheep!"—[Bangor Whig.]

AN ingenue's office-holder in Chicago, Mr. Fred Metzke, city boiler inspector, on being asked to tell what he knew about boilers, promptly answered:—"Nothing at all." He explained that he had not, from his observation of previous office holders under the city government, been led to suspect that a boiler inspector was required to know anything about boilers. He knew that the chief requirement of a successful candidate for office was to be a good fellow, to have a snug phalanx of voters whom he could handle on election days, and to be ready always to stand by the aldermen or others to whom he should be indebted for his office.

SOME people are fond of puzzling over curious items, and for the benefit of all such persons, the following conundrum or riddle or puzzle is inserted. In the first place, an impossibility must be supposed possible, namely, that a man thirty-five years old marries a girl of five, which makes the groom seven times as old as the bride. When the girl is ten years old the man is forty, and four times as old as his wife; when she is fifteen the man is forty-five, that is three times as old. When she is thirty, the man is sixty, that is twice as old as his wife, and now will somebody be good enough to ascertain how long they will have to live together to make the girl as old as the man!

HARD WORK TO SIN.—Henry Ward Beecher says: "There was a man in the town where I was born who used to steal all his firewood. He would get up on cold nights and go and take it from his neighbors' wood-piles. A computation was made, and it was ascertained that he spent more time and worked harder to get his fuel, than he would have been obliged to if he had earned it in an honest way, and at ordinary wages. And this is a type of thousands of men who work a great deal harder to please the devil than they would to please God."

Although, almost ever since agriculture has been practiced, soot has been known to be a valuable manure, in the nineteenth century there are hundreds of farmers who can not be persuaded to believe it. It is really as valuable as guano. Take a hoghead of water, and dissolve in it twelve quarts of soot, and you will have a splendid liquid manure for plants. Apply it to the roots, and then watch the result.

A couple recently married in Boston were serenaded by twelve hand organs, each playing a different tune at the same time.

An exchange, having received poems entitled the "Throbbing Brain" and the "Bleeding Heart," concludes to wait for the "Aching Stomach" before publishing either.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January, a rich number, comes to us late, our first copy having been lost by the way. Of this number the *Traveler* says:—"The combination of the choice literary offerings combined in the *Atlantic* for January, by probably the most noted group of eminent authors who have contributed to an American magazine, has secured for this number of the veteran monthly an unprecedented sale; it having already passed through five editions."

WE have received the first number of the *New York Weekly Witness*. It is a healthy-looking eight-page sheet, well filled with new articles and genuine family reading—all directly moral in tone.

GEN. GRANT'S ABILITY.—Take the opinion of men who are about him. George S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, says that Gen. Grant is a man greatly underestimated by many. He has stated several times that in the Cabinet the President almost always leads, that he has distinct ideas and valuable ones, on all the multifarious topics of importance which come under consideration, and that, instead of being a silent or in any way stupid man, he is ready, quick, and almost always well and even minutely informed. Gov. Boutwell is not regarded as at all enthusiastic, yet even he warms when speaking of the President. Secretary Robeson, a very shrewd and keen-sighted man of affairs, declares that Grant is the leader of his Cabinet on all important topics. In the main, he has taken the initiative in all the principal features of his administration. Mr. Robeson's praise is reaffirmed by others. Geo. William Curtis has several times expressed his surprise at not only the comprehension of the civil service question shown by the President, but his very complete mastery of its details. When Mr. Curtis came, he doubtless expected he would have both to convert and instruct the Executive. Of course that gentleman never has said this, but he stated he was very much gratified as well as astonished, to find Grant very well posted not only on our own, but the civil service system of other countries. Other gentlemen whom I know, well informed upon distinct topics, have at times expressed in my hearing surprise to find the President so well informed upon their peculiar specialty. The matter of Ku Klux outrages and the legislation thereon is another of these examples. Senator Scott and Representative Stevenson, the two members of the investigating committee who may be deemed the most thoroughly informed thereon, have said, over and over again, that the President understands the subject better than they do. Senator Scott stated last fall that he was the best informed man in the country on the matter. "I could go on," and spin this letter out with concurring testimony, but will forbear. I know what will be said—that there must be something lacking, when the President requires to be systematically shown to be a man of large intellectual ability. I admit the force of the suggestion, but demur to a natural deduction, on the ground that it has been made necessary by a systematic underestimating of him, which has been so marked a feature in politics for the past two years. No man has been set upon more thoroughly, or overshadowed by the weight of prominent personalities, than has the President.—[Washington letter to Worcester Spy.]

Mrs. Wirt Sykes, or—as she still chooses to be known in professional life—Olive Logan, is out with a card, disclaiming all sympathy with the ultra progressivism of the age in regard to marriage. The somewhat impolite hints that have been thrown out in certain quarters regarding her recent marriage are repelled with no little vigor by the lady. The ceremony was not a concession, as some said; it was a free offering of love and confidence in each other, and a practical protest against a growing license of opinion regarding the institution of wedlock. As for the monstrous doctrines that are now held and promulgated by some of her former friends and coadjutors, she is utterly opposed to them. When she made her speech at Steinway Hall at the Women's Convention in 1869, she did not dream that she spoke in behalf of a cause, which would be scandalized by heresies of later days. At that time she urged her hearers to wage no war on household gods, and this is her position still. She still thinks a happy home the best thing there is on earth, and believes that marriage is the only proper basis of it.

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.—One of the last places to begin a system of retrenchment is with your family paper. No family can really afford to do without one; it is in all right senses an economical feature in family expenses; it meets the wants of old and young; it gives instruction and entertainment; it is rarely that there is a single issue that does not contain some fact, some information, some house, or farm, or business suggestions, that are not worth many times the subscription price for a year. And further, what intelligent citizen, in these days of great things, can keep informed as to what is transpiring in the world around him, unless he has his newspaper, which for a few cents a week brings him tidings from all parts of the world? And the question has well been put, can a man be an intelligent citizen without his paper? We say, hold on to your family paper. It is one of the important members of a family circle, doing its duty faithfully, and exercising a salutary and an elevating influence in all the departments of family life.

A PRE-ADAMITE CANNON BALL.—It appears now that the pre-Adamite man—at least the American branch of him—knew all about what we have been deluding ourselves was the modern art of war, for, according to the *Halifax (Nova Scotia) Express* of the 20th ult., a four-pound cannon ball was found in a lump of coal taken from a depth of 150 feet below the surface of the earth, at the Acadia Coal Mine, Maccan, Nova Scotia.—[New York Observer.]

A GENTLEMAN from New Sweden informs the *Swampscott* that the colonists are all doing first rate, all as busy as men and women can be. They own 22 horses, about 20 cows, have threshed out 2000 bushels of grain and have another 1000 to thresh; have bought all the boards and brick they can get at Caribou and are hauling them in. Some of them are building a saw mill and have it nearly ready to run. Caribou is having a large trade from the Swedes.

VICTOR HUGO was defeated as a candidate for the French Assembly.

ABOUT TOYS.—A well-known student of human nature once said that a simple ball of twine would afford a boy more pleasure than an elaborate toy which could be made to do only one thing. There is no doubt of the truth of this statement. A child wants something to do his "own self." The toy that supplants the spontaneous planning and activity of a wide-awake boy is a poor one. We question whether the old-fashioned bric-a-brac was not a more enjoyable steed for a smart little fellow than the elegantly caparisoned hobby-horse of today. We do not mean to intimate that pretty toys are not desirable for children. It is one of the pleasantest features of the holidays that so large a proportion of the sales go to brighten the lives of children. But let the selection of toys be wise and judicious. Give your boys and girls as much as possible to do for themselves in their play. Let invention and imagination have ample scope, these faculties will work last enough if only they are not hindered. One almost fears, while examining the comprehensive catalogues of toys which wholesale dealers issue, that the wonderful inventions will all start off and play among themselves, and leave the children nothing to do but to stand and look on. When you choose your Christmas gifts bear in mind the universal desire of childhood to bring into active exercise all the unfolding faculties, to do something.—[Harper's Weekly.]

THE death of James Fisk, Jr., was as dramatic as his life had been. The public was often startled by his speculations, and his death was but little more a surprise than many of his business operations. His love of notoriety gave direction to his life, and the manner of his death crowns a career more wonderful than a romance.

That he was a man of marked ability, of great energy, and fertile in resources, after his career during the past ten years, no one can doubt. That he was a man of generous impulses, many who have been recipients of his bounty will gladly testify, while hundreds will mourn him as a tried and trusted friend. He was a man outspoken in his language, and bold in his life, and if he had faults they were so little concealed from the public that it is not necessary that they should be repeated, now that he has gone, where he will be judged by one that knoweth all things. That he should die a violent death may not be thought strange by those who have known his life, but we will just now leave such discussions to the moralists, and theologians, and other question which is uppermost in the minds of all, of a special providence, in his death at the hands of such a man, and under such circumstances. But we should come short of our duty, in speaking of those things in his character which are worthy of praise, if we did not add, that his tragical death, whether we regard it as a special manifestation of God's wrath, or as a natural result of the life he had led, should be a warning to the young, who, charmed by his success and notoriety, and not looking beyond immediate results, may be inclined to take him as a pattern in business, in morals, and in personal habits.—[Boston Traveller.]

Hops, says the *Cooperstown Journal*, really prime hops are a very scarce article in the country; indeed it is impossible to find them except in small lots, and they are worth from fifty-eight to sixty cents a pound; fair to good hops command forty-eight to fifty five cents, according to quality, and are hard to get even at those figures.

THE *Maine Farmer* estimates that the yield of hay in that State is about one-half the yield of favorable seasons, the total amount of the crop being 487,000 tons. Comparing this with the yield of former years the depreciation is somewhat startling, as the comparison with former years will at once show, as follows: In 1868 the yield was 1,000,000 tons; 1869, 800,000 tons; 1870, 750,000 tons; 1871, 487,000.

NAPOLEON predicts that Thiers will see the end of the republic in six months, and that change will be favorable to the Empire.

The publishing house of Hurd and Houghton receives a substantial reinforcement of talent and enterprise at the beginning of the new year; Messrs. Geo. H. Mifflin and Horace E. Scudder joining the firm as partners. Mr. Mifflin has been connected with the business for several years, having been specially concerned with its manufacturing department. Mr. Scudder has long been the literary man of the firm, and will continue to discharge the duties of that position, which he has filled creditably to himself and advantageously to the house. We are glad to learn that in caring for the interests of other authors, he will not abandon his own honorable station in the class, but will demonstrate that book-making and book-writing are not incompatible vocations. Mr. M. M. Hurd, of the firm, is about to make a tour in Europe.

A New York temperance society has issued a memorial, which is recommended for general circulation and for a presentation to Congress, and which asks for the initiation and adoption of an amendment to the Constitution, declaring ineligible to all places of official trust all who are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

Howard, the negro who outraged the girl Ochs at Rochester, and about whom such an excitement was caused, was secretly conveyed to the court room in the night, was arraigned on the indictment, and pleading guilty was by Judge Smith sentenced to twenty years hard labor in the Auburn State Prison. The negro was immediately removed, and quietly taken to Auburn.

There is a curious case at the Military Asylum, which excites considerable interest among members of the medical profession. One of the inmates there had some disease of the scalp, which resulted in necrosis of the bone, so that quite a large piece of the plate of the skull dropped out, taking away with it both the dura and pia mater, leaving the delicate arachnoid membrane as the only covering of the substance of the brain. The man seems quite cheerful, and other than this he is enjoying quite good health.

Superintendent Johnson is making up some of the last figures of his report, and these are certainly gratifying. The cost of the County Supervision, including salaries and every other item for the year, is \$15,649.96. The sum appropriated was \$16,000. The whole expense of the institutions will not exceed \$3,500. The amount appropriated was \$8,000. Forty institutes were held during the year, attended by 4,600 teachers. This year every institute was conducted by residents of the State.

The Lewiston Journal says that Wayne last week, a girl aged about fourteen years entered the living room of Mr. Luther Sampson on an adjoining tenement. A dog with which the girl had been on friendly terms, attacked her in a quite ferocious manner, inflicting severe lacerations on the leg. The girl has been in a very feeble and low condition since, and her case is considered critical.

Waterville Mail.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday by
MAXHAM & WING,
Editors and Proprietors.

At Phenix Block . . . Main-Street, Waterville.
REB. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

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PRICES OF ADVERTISING IN THE MAIL.
For one square, (one inch on the column) 3 weeks, \$1.50
one square, six months, 2.50
one square, one year, 4.00
For one-fourth column, three months, 1.00
one-fourth column, six months, 1.50
one-fourth column, one year, 2.00
For one-half column, three months, 1.50
one-half column, six months, 2.00
one-half column, one year, 2.50
For one column, three months, 2.00
one column, six months, 3.00
one column, one year, 4.00
Special notices, 25 percent higher; Reading matter not included in these rates.

POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10:45 A. M. Closes at 10:45 A. M.
Augusta, 11.00
Eastern, 11.15
Northern, 11.30
Southwestern, 11.45
Scitowick, 12.00
Office hours—From 7 A. M. to 8 P. M.

Having just added to our JOB PRINTING department a first class fast press, with choice selections of fashionable type, we are now prepared to execute all orders for JOB PRINTING at short notice, in the very best style, and on the most reasonable terms. Specimens will be taken to give satisfaction in Circulars, Bill-Heads, Business Cards, Town Orders, Bank Checks, Blanks of all kinds, large and small Posters and Dog-Labels, Tickets, Programmes, Price Lists, &c.

Dr. A. K. Wing, of Auburn, is a keen observer, and of untiring industry, and his honest integrity is proved by the standard value of his preparation. It is no mystery that medicines which are advertised and placed all over the world should be used in remote places, but that anything with so little heraldy as has been accorded to Wing's Medicine should be so extensively used, and be the standard medicine in so many families, has long been a mystery to druggists and a thorn to doctors. It seems as if they had taken the wings of the morning and flown to the remotest parts of the earth. Wherever the starry flag went, Wing's Pills were sure to go.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. The perceptive faculty of women is usually keener than the same philosophical organ in men. Women know that beauty rather than genius is worshipped by the sterner sex. A man may talk of the latter to his lady-love, but the keenest of the woman knows that he is thinking of the former. Women are fond of admiration; hence one of the longings is to be beautiful. The grand secret of female beauty is health, the power to eat, digest and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food. Take VINEGAR BITTERS. It will cleanse the stomach, tone the vital organs, give a perfect digestion, purify the blood, clear up the complexion and produce a state of mental and physical electricity, which gives symmetry of form, bright eyes, white skin, glossy hair and a genuine type of female loveliness, which no cosmetic can produce. 4c 25.

Paul has sent \$10,000 in gold to help the Chicagoans out of their fiery trials.

The danger arising from the neglect of colds and coughs, is a matter which need not receive due consideration. Reader, if you have any trouble of the kind about you, procure a reliable remedy at once, and as such none is used with more gratifying results than Week's Magic Compound.

Every bottle of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is tested before leaving the laboratory, hence its uniform quality and never failing results.

APHONIA CURED.—FOLLOWING COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.—Aphonia, or Loss of Voice, is remedied in a short time, no matter whether the cause be from inflammation of the lining membrane, from cold, or from nervous derangement.

A young lady sends us this: How to prevent chafy cheeks—Have nothing to do with cheery cheeks.

In Philadelphia last week, there were 230 deaths from small-pox.

Alexis is going to "perforate the bounding buffalo" in company with Gen. Sheridan.

Three hundred and five murders in New York city last year, and nobody whinged.

The question is asked whether Theodore Charles Busch who killed Nilsson, contrary to law, really was mad. He was half mad as he was.

"Figures won't lie," is not supposed to apply to a fashionable woman's figure, says the Mobile Register.

It is now considered certain that the mysterious poisoning affair at Washington, when Buchanan was inaugurated, was due solely to imperfect sewerage.

Italy has had a genuine snow storm at last, and is lost in wonder thereto.

Mrs. Dr. Walker has allowed her hair to gather into clustering ringlets, and is suspected of a relapse into femininity.

The father of James Fisk has gone crazy from the assassination of his son. He did not attend the funeral Tuesday.

OUR BANKS have held their annual meetings without making any change in their officers which remain the same, as follows:—

Waterville.—Directors—D. L. Milliken, Waterville; Jas. Stackpole, Waterville; Frances Low, Clinton; T. G. Kimball, Waterville; Elias Milliken, Augusta; E. F. Webb, Waterville; Wm. H. Cates, Vassalboro'.

D. L. Milliken, President; E. L. Getchell, Clerk.

Ticonic.—Directors—S. Heath, Sam'l Appleton, Sam'l Doolittle, E. G. Meader, D. W. Moor, all of Waterville.

S. Heath, President; A. A. Plaisted, Cashier.

People's.—Directors—John Webster, Waterville; Wm. Conner, Kendall's Mills; T. W. Herick, Luke Brown, L. E. Thayer, N. G. H. Pulsifer, J. W. Philbrick, Waterville.

John Webster, President; Homer Percival, Cashier.

Each of these Banks made a semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent.

BISMARCK does not like to give his autograph but recently obliged an autograph hunter. The Prince inscribed his name on the page graced already by the autographs of M. Guizot and Thiers. M. Guizot had written, "I have learned to forget much and to have much forgiven me."

Luther Smith, on trial at Biddeford for shooting his two sons in a quarrel about two quarts of rum, has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment at hard labor in State Prison.

A young son of B. N. Thoms, of Bangor, one of the carriers of the Daily Commercial, was killed on Friday, by running under a team while sliding down hill. His head was crushed.

Dr. ELMER SMALL, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and of the Maine Medical School, has recently located in this city. He is a native of Kennebec County, and has been in practice in the West.—[Republican Journal.]

State Legislature.

Monday Jan. 8. The committee of the House and the Joint Standing Committees were announced. Webb, of Waterville, is chairman of the com. on elections, and he is on the joint standing com. on Federal Relations and on Legal Reform. May of Kennebec, is chairman of com. on Division of Towns, and he is also on Com. on Legal Reform, and on State Prison. Webber, of Somerset, is chairman of com. on Federal Relations, and he is on com. on Railroads, Ways and Bridges, and on Claims. Philbrick, of Somerset, is chairman of com. on Library, and he is on com. on Banks and Banking. Cornish, of Winslow, is on com. on Division of Towns; Jepson, of China, on com. on Interior waters; Butterfield, of Sidney, on com. on Agriculture; Foss, of Fairfield, on com. on Division of Towns; Pierce, of Vassalboro', on com. on State Lands and State Roads, and Getchell of Canaan, is on the same committee.

In the House, the petition of Daniel, Banker of Benton, to be set off to Fairfield was presented; also the petition of Geo. W. Ayer of Waterville for bounty.

Tuesday, Jan. 9th, in the Senate the com. on Senatorial votes made a report so far as they could but asked further time on Waldo and Hancock counties. In the House, the com. on Legal Reform were directed to inquire into the expediency of establishing by law a lien upon the franchises and other property of railroad companies, whereby compensation shall be secured to persons doing work and service in the construction of the roads of such companies. The subject of ventilating the House was further ventilated, and an amendment to the order, providing for an experiment of "window ventilators" was passed. Petition of the President of the Pittsfield, Hartland and St. Albans Railroad Co. for decrease of capital and stock, was presented and referred. Petition for incorporation of Sandy River Railroad Co. was presented and referred. In convention, Ichabod Cole, simon pure democrat, was chosen Senator in the York district, he being preferred to Mr. Thompson the other constitutional candidate, who was reported to be a renegade republican.

Wednesday, Jan. 10. In the Senate a committee was chosen on the part of the Senate for redistricting the State for five members of Congress. In the House a petition was presented for aid to Oak Grove Seminary. An act authorizing the Maine Central Railroad Co. to issue consolidated bonds for raising money to pay its debts and to put the road in efficient condition was presented.

Thursday Jan. 11. In the Senate an order was passed directing the Committee on Education to inquire into the expediency of repealing the laws relating to County Supervisors of Schools. The following petitions were presented:—for charter of Railroad from Bath to Portland; for aid to build a bridge in Dead River settlement; of members of bar of Somerset county, and five other petitions severally for removal of County seat of Somerset from Norridgewock to Skowhegan.

NOTICE.—Rev. C. R. Moor, of Augusta, will preach in the Universalist Church, in this village, next Sunday, at 10:30 A. M.; and at Kendall's Mills at 2 P. M.

BILL TWEED has concluded not to claim his seat in the New York Senate.

ANOTHER COLLIERY HORROR is reported in Wales, with a large loss of life.

JAMES FISK, JR., was born in the historic town of Bennington, Vt., about the year 1831. His father was a country pedlar. In his early days he attended the district school, but a greater part of his youth was spent upon his father's cart. When quite a young man he adopted the vocation of jobber in cloths, jewelry and Yankee notions, and branched out in the business quite extensively. About twelve years ago Mr. Fisk was induced to give up this itinerant life to enter the establishment of Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, as a clerk. He did not distinguish himself as a city salesman, but when the war broke out he first made his mark by securing large government contracts for his employers, and finally became a member of the firm. As a member of this house he indulged in several "corners," by which a large amount was made: he then turned his attention to shipping cotton from the South, notwithstanding the difficulty of getting it through the lines of the opposing armies.

On retiring from the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Fisk opened business for himself in Boston, but was at first so unsuccessful as to be nearly ruined. We next find him in New York, operating in Wall street, where he drifted into railroads, became a director of the Erie and in time had managed his cards with such craft that he might have been said to own the road; and it was under his direction that ten millions of extra stock were secretly issued. In spite of suits and injunctions he managed, backed by Gould and the ring, to retain his hold on this road. Fisk's connection with the Grand Opera House, the "Black Friday" operations, his French opera companies, his dramatic ventures, his steamboat enterprises and his military record are well known and of too recent date to need repeating.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—"I remember on one occasion," says Mr. Hay, "travelling in the country with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine. We arrived at a door, near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the rebels against God. My friend, who spoke a little Arabic to an elderly person whose garb bespoke him a priest; said,

"Who taught you that we were unbelievers? Hear my daily prayer and judge for yourselves."

He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent till the priest exclaimed, "May God curse me if ever I again cure those who hold such a belief; may more, the prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat that prayer that it may be remembered among us in letters of gold!"

CEMENT MORTAR FOR BRICK HOUSES.

After nearly every shower of rain, neat housekeepers, who are so fortunate as to dwell in houses of brick, have an unpleasant job of washing their windows on the outside, as the descending rain will wash out and carry down more or less of the mortar between the outer courses of the brick wall. This is particularly the case when the bricks have been laid in mortar made of loam and lime, instead of clean and sharp sand and lime. Every driving storm against one side of a brick house will dislodge earthy matter from the joints; and in its descent it appears to have an unusual attraction for the windows. We have observed soaps of windows in Brooklyn and New York City after a shower, the glass of which appeared as if they had been sprinkled with turbid water.

The remedy is a feasible and cheap one; which is simply to lay the outer courses of bricks in cement mortar made of clean sand, good lime, and Rosendale cement. Where it has been the practice to use one bushel of good lime, let half that quantity be employed with a half bushel of cement. For example, let three bushels of clean sand, not loam, be mingled with half a bushel of good lime and half a bushel of cement. Such a proportion of materials will make a mortar for laying bricks, that will endure for more than fifty years. If such mortar is prepared as it should be, only as fast as the masons use it, the material between the bricks will soon become about as hard as limestone; and driving storms will wash out no more sand and lime than can be dislodged from good bricks.

The extra expense of employing cement for a portion of the mortar will be extremely small, when compared with the monthly cost of washing the windows year after year. Besides this, when hard bricks are laid in cement-mortar, a wall will not absorb one tenth part as much rain-water, as if a mortar made of loam and lime was employed. If brick chimneys were made with such mortar as we have indicated, instead of loam-mortar, the joints between the bricks would remain well filled with mortar for an age.—[Manufacturer and Builder.]

Captain William Redington, late a resident of Vassalboro', and widely known as one of the old line shipmasters, died at Pittsford Sunday, at the age of 72 years.

Jay Cooke and Company have confirmed the statement that an offer to take \$600,000,000 of the new United States loan has been made to Secretary Boutwell by the London house of that firm, in conjunction with the Rothschilds.

The new census returns show that the total number of persons in the United States who can neither read nor write is 5,660,074, of whom 2,763,991 are colored, and 777,861 of foreign birth.

On Sunday night last the house, ell, and sheels of Mr. Snow Saulsbury of Canaan were burned. The furniture was saved. By throwing snow into the cellar, most of the potatoes and other vegetables were saved. Loss \$2,000.—[Kennebec Journal.]

We understand that Rev. B. F. Shaw, the pastor of the Baptist church in this place, does not intend to accept the call extended to him from the society in Augusta, and will continue his ministrations in this place. This is a cause of much satisfaction to his extended circle of friends here.—[Dexter Gazette.]

The number of deaths in Maine by suicide, drowning, and other accidents during the past year is stated by the Portland Advertiser to be as follows:—Suicides 52, drowned 77, other accidents 113—total 242. Amount of losses by fire \$824,500, only about half the amount in 1870, which is put down at \$1,121,950.

The Journal says that as the Normal School will soon have no legal abiding place in Castine, and the State authorities will be casting about for a new location, the people of B-Last have resolved to present the advantages which that city offers as a permanent abiding place for that institution.

COMMENDABLE.—One good thing has resulted from the Chicago fire. Mr. Lill, the greatest of Chicago brewers, refuses to rebuild his brewery, declaring that the business made his employees drunkards. He had the largest brewery in the city, and it was an elegant building, but he says he will do some other business, if he don't get half as much profit, rather than continue in such a branch of trade.

The St. Louis Democrat is a little severe on Tennyson's effusion in the New York Ledger, and says that if it had been sent anonymously to a country editor, unaccompanied by a piece of cake or a cord of wood, it would have been unceremoniously consigned to the waste-paper basket.—Which statement contains more truth than poetry?

The Danbury News tells of a demure chap, who hailed a charcoal peddler with the query, "Have you charcoal in your wagon?" "Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. "That's right," observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth, and people will respect you." And he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

NOTICES.

HALL'S
VEGETABLE SICILIAN
HAIR
RENEWER.

IT WILL POSITIVELY RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

It keeps the hair from falling out. It is the best dressing in the world making it soft, stiff, brassy hair, healthy, soft and glossy.

For sale by all druggists.

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H. Proprietors.

Twenty-eight Years' Practice
the Treatment of Diseases Incident to Females, practiced by DR. DOW at the head of all physicians in this great practice, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements, and whatever cause all these disorders contain \$1. Office, No. 9 East cottetree Boston.

N. B.—Board furnished to those desiring to remain in treatment.
Boston, July, 1871.

In Kendall's Mills, 2d inst, Horace Getchell, of Augusta, to Miss Helen M. Furber, of Benton.

In North Vassalboro', at the residence of Joseph Wyman, Esq., 17th inst, Henry A. Ewar, to Miss Emma J. Wyman, both of Vassalboro'.

In Augusta, Jan. 4, Chas. F. Moore, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Marion E. daughter of the late John McArthur, of Augusta.

In Medford, Mass., 1st inst, Geo. W. Plaisted, of Medford, to Miss Lottie L. Dodge, of Benton, Me.

In Clinton, 29th ult, Ansel P. Nye, aged 54 years, in Boston, Jan. 3, Mr. Geo. E. Robinson, formerly of Vassalboro', aged 40 years 4 months.

In Augusta, 4th inst, Mrs. Abigail Lord, aged 92 yrs. In Augusta, 4th inst, Mrs. Laura A. Mather, wife of Mr. Solomon Mather, and youngest daughter of the late Isaiah Haves, of Vassalboro', aged 41.

In West Waterville, 11th inst, at the residence of L. D. Emerson, Esq., Emma Frances, only child of Mrs. Annie J. Carleton, and the late Rev. C. H. Carleton, of Foxboro', Mass., aged 3 yrs and 6 mo this. (Funeral from the residence of Mr. Emerson, on Sunday next at 12 o'clock.)

Emma, where art thou, my dear?
I thy form no longer see;
Now thy voice I cannot hear;
Say, my child, where hast thou been?
"Mother! see, on Jesus' breast!
In my Saviour's arms, who died;
Nothing now can me molest.
For he keeps me near his side.
"Mother! can you come to me?
Better place than earth is this;
O what beauties here you'll see
Dwell in everlasting bliss."
Emma, wait till Jesus speaks,
Saying to your mother,
Then with you I'll walk the streets
Of the New Jerusalem.

MRS. S. E. PERCIVAL

Will offer to the public

A FULL LINE OF
Felt and Velvet Hats.

Also

Bonnet and Hat Frames,

Warranted to give satisfaction; which are selling at

Prices that CAN'T BE BEAT.

F. A. WALDRON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

OF IN PHENIX BLOCK,

WATERVILLE,.....MAINE.

Special attention given to collecting and

Demorest's Patterns.

Mrs. S. W. WILLIAMS

Inform the Ladies of Waterville and vicinity that she has the

Agency of Madame Demorest's

"Patterns for the Million,"

comprising all the latest and most desirable styles for

Ladies' and Children's DRESSES.

These patterns are reliable, cut with precision in the best

styles, and adapted to the season. Ladies are invited to call

and examine the styles and descriptions.

Mrs. Williams is Agent for the

New Wilson Sewing Machine,

the first and only First Class Low Priced Sewing Machine yet

offered having the "Drop Feed"

"Rooms on Main St., one door below People's Bank."

MISS SAWYER'S SALVE.

HERE is a salve containing soothing and

healing properties, with no dangerous ingredi-

ents. A remedy at hand for the many pains and

aches, wounds and bruises to which flesh is liable.

It is more easily applied than many other remedies,

and produces a bad effect, but always relieving

pain, however severe.

It is prepared by Miss Sawyer, who has used it

in her own extensive treatment of the sick, for

nearly twenty years, with great success.

The principal diseases to which this salve is recom-

mended are:—Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhea, Stomach

and Bowel Complaints, Spasms, Burns, Scalds,

Frost Bites, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, Sore

Eyes, Barbers' Itch, Headaches, Rashes, Ringworms,

Corns, Blisters of the Face, Cancers, Toothaches, Rube-

ja, Sore Throat, Stomach, Scalds, Burns, Itch,

Scalds, Boils, Tettering, Chapped Hands,

Sore Feet, Cuts, Bruises, Croup, Chapped Lips, and

Sore Throat.

It never fails to cure Rheumatism if properly

applied. Rub it on with the hand three times

a day. In several cases it has cured painful limbs.

For Piles it has been discovered to be a sure reme-

dy. Persons that have been afflicted for years

have been relieved by a few applications. For Erys-

ipelas it works wonders, allaying the inflammation

and curing the patient. For Chapped Hands it

produces a cure immediately. Let those with Salt

Rheum obtain this Salve, and apply it freely, and

they will find it a valuable remedy. It is good in cases of

Scalds and Tumors. Cancers have been cured with

it. The best horse ever invented for Scalds

and Sore Throat. No way fails, but

sure to afford relief. Sore or Itch Eyes—Rub it on

the eyes three or four times a day. Curefulness

by putting it in the ears on a piece of cotton.

For Pains this is superior to anything known.

For aches in the chest, For Sprains

and Swells, apply the Salve at once and it gives

immediate relief. For Old Sores, apply once a

day.

For Hoarseness and Croup.—For Sores or

Ulcers on the Throat or Gums this Salve is invaluable,

and has astonishing effect in curing sore throats

and ulcers. This Salve has worked its own way into

the hearts of the people, and is a safe and sure remedy for all the

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By taking an agency for THE HOME OF GOD'S PEOPLE. The most successful book out of print! 800 N. E. Kingsbury, N. Y. One agent took 140 orders in ten days, others are doing equally as well. 2,500 dollars per annum can be made by any male or female agent taking orders for this popular work. The best chance to make money offered. Send for circulars with terms, etc. Extra large inducements offered.

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Catalogue of Flower and Vegetable

