[Dedicated to the National Union Convention.]

"CLING TO THE UNION."

TUNE—"WAIT FOR THE WAGON."

There is a right and wrong in parties,
And the right is on our side,
So let us mount the Wagon,
And let the Union ride.
The Nation is the Wagon,
And the people are the spokes,
Every lover of his Country,
For the Union sings—

CHORUS: Cling to the Union,
Cling to the Union—
Cling to the Union.
And let the Faction slide.

The Wagon is a noble one,
'Twas built in Seventy Six
'Twas driven by George Washington,
Through stormy politics.
With Eastern oak, and Western pine,
And Northern hickory bound,
Palmetto, cypress, cotton wood,
In spokes and wheels are found.

Cling to the Union, &c.

When Webster shook the friendly hand
Of noble-soul Calhoun,
'Twas here, upon this wagon box,
They set in sweet communion.
Henry Clay he drove the wagon then,
And Cass was by his side.
And never did the Union take
A safer Union ride.

Cling to the Union, &c.

We tell the Northern fanatics
To let our slaves alone—
The Southern fire-eaters
Shall lie unto their homes.
We are all true conservatives,
Whatever may betide,
God bless our glorious Union,
And let it safely ride.

Cling to the Union, &c.

DEACON SMITH'S BULL,

OR,

MIKE FINK IN A TIGHT PLACE

Mike Fink, a notorious Buckeye hunter was a contemporary with the celebrated Davy Crocket, and his equal in all things appertaining to human powers. It was even said that the animals of his neighborhood knew the crack of his rifle, and would take to their secret hiding places at the mere mention that Mike was about. Though rue, he was but little beyond his immediate settlement. Those knew him he was an old man past of seventy winters had silvered his head and taken the elasticity from his limbs, yet in the whole of his life never worsted, except upon one occasion. To use his own language, he was gin in, used up, to anything that had on two legs or four but once.

'Once, we want,' said Bill Slasher, one dozen of us sat in the bar-room of lonely tavern in the settlement.

'Cin it to us now, Mike—you've promised long enough, and you're old now, and don't care,' continued Bill.

'Right, right! Bill' said Mike, but we'll have with a *licker* all round fus', i'll kind o' ease my feelin's, I reckon—'

'Thar, that's good. Better that t'other barrel, if anything!.

'Well, boys, continued Mike, 'you may talk o'your scoimages, tight places and such like, and subtract 'em altogether in one almighty big 'us, and they haint no more to compare to the one I war in, than a dead kitten to a wolf she bar! I've fout all kinds o'varmints, from and In-in down to a rattle snake! and never was will'in to quit fust, but this once—and 'twas with a ball!

'You see boys it was an awful hot day in August, and I war nigh runnin' off into pure *ile* when I were 'tl kin' that a dip in the creek must save me. Well, thar was a mighty nice place in Deacon Smith's cedder for that particular bizziness. So I went down amongst the bushes to unharness. I jist hanled the old red shirt over my head, and war thinkin' how a rumpious a fellow of my size would feel wallerin' round in that ar water, and was jest 'bout goin' in, when I seed the Deacon's bull a makin a Bee line to whar I stood.

'I knew'd the old cuss, for he'd skar'd more people than all the parsons o' the settlement, and cum mighty near killin a few. Thinks I Mike you're in rather a tight place—go your fix'n's on, for he'll be a drivin' them big horns o'his in yer bowels afore long! Well you'll hev to try the old varmint naked, I reckon.

'The Bull war on one side o'the creek and I on t'other and the way he made the silt fly for a while, as if he war a digging my grave war dismessin!

'Come on ye indirect, old hen hawk, said I, and don't be standin' thar, for as the old preacher says o' the devil 'yer not comely to look on.

'This kind o' reasonin' madden'd and make him more wicious, for he hooted a little like, and make a drive. And as I don't like to fight anybody's way, I gin him plenty sea room! So he kind o' passed by me and came on on t'other side and, as the Captain o' the Mud-swamp Rangers would say, about face for 'nother charge.'

'Though I war ready for him this time he come mighty nigh runnin' foul o' me! So I made up my mind the next time he went out he wouldn't be alone. So when he passed I grabbed his tail, and he pull'd me out on the 'bile,' and as soon as we war both at top of the bank, old brindle stopped and I war about co'in round again when I began pull in t'other way.

'Well, I reckon this kind o' riled him—for he just stood stock still and looked at me for a spell, and then commenced pawin' and bellerin and to why he made his tail gyrate play in the air, was beautiful! But it warn't no use, he could'nt get—' 'Dad-o' stopped to get wind f— as I judged by the—

stuck to his back-bone! I didn't like to holler for help, murther, kase it war agin my principles, and then the deacon had preached at his house, and it warn't far off nuther.

'I known if he *hern* the noise, the whole congregation would cum down, and as I warn't a married man, and had a kind o' a hankerin arter a gal but I didn't feel as if I would like to be seed in that perdicament.

'So, says I, you old sarpent, do yer curse dest! And so he did, for he drug me over every bar and stump in the field, until I war sweatin and I codin like a fat bear with a pack o' hounds at his heels. And my name aint Mike Fink, if the old critter's tail end I didn't hit out sometimes at a dead level with the varmint's back!

'So you may kalkelate we made good time. Time'y he slacked a little and then I jist drapped behind a stump and and then stubbed the critter! Now, says I you'll pull up this ere white oak—break yer tail? or jist hold on a bit till I blow.

'Well, while I war settin thar, an idea struck me that I had better be a gettin out o' this in some way. But how, adzactly, was the pint! If I let go and he'd be afool o' me sure.

'So lookidg at the matter in all its bearings, I cum to the conclusion that I'd better let somebody know wear I was. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it warnt long afore I seed the Deacon's two dogs a comin down as if they war seein which could git thar fust.

'I know'd who they war arter—they'd jine the bull agin me, I war sertain, for they war orful wenemous and had a spite agin me.

'So, says I, old brindle, as tidin is as cheap as walkin, on this rout, if you've no objections, I'll jist take a deck passage on that ar back o' yourn. So I wasn't long gettin astride o' him, and then if you'd bin thar, you d'av sworn thar war'ne no thin human in that ar mix'd the six flew so orfully as that critter and I rolled round the field—one dog on one side and one on t'other, tryin to clinch my feet.

'I pray'd and cuss'd and cuss'd and pray'd until I cou'd'nt tell which I did last—and neither warnt of any use, they war so badly mixed up.

'Well, I reckon I rid about an hour this way, when old brindle thought it war time to stop to take in a supply o' wind and cool off a little. So when we got ar und to a tree that stood thar, he naturally halted.

'Now, says I old boy, you'll lose one passsenger sertain. So I jist clum up a branch kalkelatin to roost thar till I starved, afore I'd be rid round in that ar war any longer.

'I war a makin tracks for the top o' the tree, when I he rd sumthin a makin an orful buzzin over head. I kinder looked up and if warn'nt—well ther's no use a swearin now, but it war the biggest hornet's nest ever built.

'You'll 'gin in' now, I reckon, Mike, case thar's no help for you. But an idea struck me then, that I'd stand a heap better chance a ridin the old bull than wrar I war. Says I, 'old fe'ler, if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the next station, let that be whar it will!'

'So I just drapped aboard him, again, and looked aloft to see what I gained in changin quarters; and gentlemen, I m a liar if thar war'nt nigh a half bushel of the singin varmints ready to pitch into me when the word 'go' was gin.

'Well, reckon they got it, for 'all hand' started for our *company*. Some on 'em hit the dogs—about a *quart* struck me, and the rest charged on old brindle

'This time, the dogs 'ed off fust, 'dead' ten for deacon's and as soon as old brindle and I could get under way, we followed. And as I war only a deck passenger, and had nothin to do with steerin the craft, I swore if I had we should'nt have run that channel any how.

'But as I said afore, the dogs took the lead—brindle and I next, and the hornets d'ckly arter. The dogs yellin—brindle bellerin, and the hornets buzzin and stinging. I didn't say nothin, for twar'nt no use.

'Well, we got about two hundred yard's from the house, and the deacon hern us and cum out. I seed him hold up his hand and turn white! I reckon he was prayin, then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon, and it war'nt long neither afore the bull————men, women and children————and then all hands went to yellin!

'No one of em had the fust notion that brindle and I belonged to this world. I just turned my head and passed the *bull* congregation!. I see'd the run wou'd be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood ahead.

'Well we reached that fence, and I went *ashore* over the old critter's head, landing on tother side, and lay thar stunned. It warn't long afore some of 'em as war not so scared, come round to see what I war! For all hands kalkelated that the bull and I belonged *together*? But when brindle walked off by himself they seed how it war 'and one of 'em said 'Mike Fink has got the *wust of the scrummage once in his life*!

'Gentlemen, from that day I drapped he *court'n buzziness*, and never spoke to a gal since! And, when my hunt is up on this year h, thar won't be any FINIS! and it's all cwin to Deacon Smith's *Brindle Bull*.'

Alex. Rives, Esq., of Albemarle, Va., has accepted the invitation to deliver the Annual Address before the Greendriar Va. Agricultural Society, at its approaching Fair, which will be held on the 25th to 27th August.

New York is charged with the condition of and editor about

From the New York Saturday Press.

ADVENT OF THE MOSQUITO.

Again the gaunt musquito comes,
That dragon of the night!
With all his starving family,
To put my dreams to flight.
And try and settle his small bill.
And take a draft at sight!

I hear again the dreadful sound
That tells me who is near.
I hear him wind his horrid horn,
And whet his poisonous spear.
He sounds the battle-blast, and ah!
I feel that he is here!

I beat the air, I seem to wage
With friends as ill-fend:
My hopes, like poor Ophelia's,
Are blasted in the bud,
I am vanquished in a single round,
And he attains 'first blood!'

In vain the rank cigar I smoke,
Quite wild and desperate grown,
I try in vain to drive him out.
And shut the window down,
For still I hear these tranquil tiques,
Monotonously drone!

Like Cook among the cannibals,
'Tis useless to appeal,
Or like a mummy wind myself,
In shroud from head to heel:
The hungry wretch has picked me out
To make himself a meal!

His sucker, like a burglar's drill,
Would pierce an iron door!
He loves as Alexander did,
To wade in human gore!
Like Beecher, he is always dry,
Like Cobb, a perfect bore.

But ye', his faults may not suffice
All merit to efface:
For sinner never yet was born
Without some spark of grace,
His failing is philanthrophy,
He loves the human race!

He comes by night, as angels do,
To chant his soothing hymn.
He hovereth o'er the lady's couch
Just like the cherubim,
By day, he wadeth in the swamp,
His legs are long and slim.

Oh! bear me to some frozen waste,
Where polar tempests blow!
On train oil I will graze unmoved,
Or Greenland's cliffs of snow.
And be content to pass my days
Among the Esquimaux!

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, a humble, conscientious boy was to be seen; and it was evident to all that his soul was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him put forth on foot to settle in a remote town in that State and pursue his fortunes there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time, he is busi d in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the State. Before he is twenty-five years old, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac, published in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self fitted lawyer.—Now he is found on the bench of the Supreme Court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. Then he is a member of the committee of six to frame the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest councillors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored in his station the name of a Christian, he dies regretted and loved by the State and nation. This man was Roger Sherman.—We take peculiar satisfaction, now and then, in circulating the career of these self-made men, and holding them up as bright examples for the youth of our own time to follow. It is the best service a Journalist can perform for the good of the rising generation.

NEAT WIVES AND "TOUCHY" HUSBANDS.—Women have their faults, 'tis true, and very provoking ones they sometimes are, but if we would all learn, men and women, that with certain virtues which we admire, are always coupled certain disagreeableness, we might make up our minds more easily to accept the bitter with the sweet. For instance, every husband, we believe, delights in a cleanly, well-ordered house, free from dust spots and uncomely stains, the pains-taking machinery necessary to keep it so he wishes never to see, or seeing, too often forgets to praise. If, then, his wife, true to her feminine instincts toward cleanliness, gently reminds him, when he comes home, that he has forgotten to use the door-mat before entering the parlor on a muddy day, let him reflect before he gives her a loudly, impatient, ungracious 'pshaw!' how the reverse of the picture would suit him—viz., a slatternly, 'easy' woman, whose parlor and other apartments are a constant mortification to him in the presence of visitors. It is a poor return, when a wife has made everything fresh & bright, to be unwilling to take a little pains to keep it so, or to be properly reminded, if forgetful on these points, upon which many husbands are unreasonably touchy., even while secretly admiring the pleasant results of the vigilant eye of the good house-mother. Gentlemen, look to it.

Useful Receipts.

[*We would be pleased to receive from our lady friends any useful receipts, original or selected, for this department.*]

The following hints by Dr. W. W. Hall, of New York, are worth preserving:

ERYSIPELAS a disease often coming without premonition, and ending fatally within three or four days, is sometimes promptly cured by applying a poultice of raw cranberries, pounded and placed on the part over night. Costive bowels have an agreeable remedy in the free use of tomatoes at meals—their seed acting the way of seeds of white mustard or figs, by stemulating the coats of the bowels over which they pass in their whole state, to increased action. A remedy of equal efficiency in the same direction is cracked wheat—that is, common white wheat grains, broken in two or three pieces, and then boiled until it is as soft as rice, and eaten mainly at two meals of the day, with butter or molasses.

Common sweet cider, boiled down to one-half, makes a most excellent syrup for coughs and colds for children—it pleasant to the taste, and will keep throughout the year in a cold cellar.

In recovering from an illness, the system has a craving for some pleasant acid drink. This is found in cider, which is placed on the fire as made, and allowed to come to a boil, then cooled, put in casks, and kept in a cool cellar. Treated thus, it remains for many months as good as the day it was made.

We once saved the life of an infant which had been inadvertently drugged with laudanum, and was fast sinking into the sleep from which was no wakening, by giving it strong coffee cleared with the white of an egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes, until it ceased to seem drowsy.

CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—The following simple remedy for the cure of Ague and Fever was brought from the Spanish Main, and has been found very effective locality. Just before the chill comes on have a pot of very strong coffee made and keep it hot, and when the first chill is felt pour out about a pint and squeeze the juice of a couple of lemons into it, and a little sugar to make it palatable, drink it off go to bed and cover up warm. One trial of this often cures, whilst two or three trials never fail.

CURE FOR SPRAINS.—In the Paris hospitals a treatment is practiced that is found most successful for a frequent accident, and which can be applied by the most inexperienced. If the ankle is sprained, for instance, let the operator hold the foot in his hands, with the thumbs meeting on the swollen part. These having been previously greased, and pressed successively with increasing force on the injured and painful spot for about a quarter of an hour. This application being repeated several times will, in the course of the day enable a patient to walk, when other means would have failed to relieve him.

INDIAN PUDDING.—The Florida Sentinel tells how to make this dish—Add to one pint of cold milk, one pint of meal, one teaspoonful of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful of essence of lemon, one teacup full of sugar or syrup; and stir all to a batter, then add two quarts of boiling milk stirring until well mixed, and baked three hours in an oven heat do as to boil. Serve hot with butter. The above is cheap healthful, and one of the best puddings. The essence or oil may vary according to taste.

TURNIP PIE.—Take a turnip and pare and boil it; add a tea-spoonful of tartaric acid and a cup of sugar; season and bake as an apple pie.

TO DYE A VERY DARK BLUE.—Add to a common indigo dye, one tablespoonful of madder to one ounce of indigo.

LITTLE HUNGRY MINDS.

If there is one lesson we would impress upon parents, it is this: don't stifle your children's desire at *proper times* to ask questions. This involuntary self educating process of the child's is of more importance to its future than many parents are aware of. It sometimes may often costs an effort to break up a train of thought in which you may be interestedly occupied, *but it will pay*. Like the sticks and straws which the winged bird bears long distances in its bill to construct its nest, these slender twigs of information may be worked into a structure which will afford comfort and protection from many a life storm, a safe retreat for quiet reflection, when the night-hawk of evil is prowling about for careless stragglers, who are beating the air because there is nothing else left for them to do. Don't turn your child off with a lazy fibbing, abstracted, "I don't know." Rouse yourself, and give him food for thought in your answer, or the devil will take posession of the apartment which you are too indolent, or penurious, to furnish.

A GOOD ONE.—Pat was helping Mr. Blank of this place to get a safe in his office one day and, not acquainted with the article, enquired what it was for.

'To prevent papers and other articles which are placed in it from being burnt in case of fire,' said Mr. B.

'An' sure will nothing iver burn that is put in that thing!'

'No.'

'Well, thin, yer honor, ye'd better be after getting into that safe whin ye die!'

Mr. Blank 'wilted.'

PLEASANT DREAMS.—A French writer has said that to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake, and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day.

Work in the Garden.

That season of the year having arrived, when action is indispensible to success we shall proceed at once to state such things as should be immediately attended to.

Cleaning Compartments.—See that all the beds where your early vegetables grew are cleared off, give the refuse to the pigs, or cover it up in a compost heap, in order that such compartments may be manured and placed in a condition to receive other crops for fall and winter use.

Melons for Mangoes.—During the first week or ten days of this month, you should manure and prepare a bed, and plant melon seed for mangoes.

Cucumbers for pickles.—Prepare a bed and plant seed to raise cucumbers for pickles.

Planting out Cabagge and other plants.—Prepare a bed, by manuring, digging and raking, so that you may be in a position to set out cabbage plants upon the occurrence of the first rain.

Endives.—Set out your endive plants that may now be ready: and sow seed at intervals of ten days throughout the month.

Dwarf Beans.—Prepare a bed and drill in some rows of dwarf beans. Before drilling in the seed soak them five or six hours. After planting them water the drills, and continue to do so every day until the beans come up.

Cauliflower Plants.—Avail yourself of the first rain to set out your cauliflower plants, and when set out see to it, that, in times of drought, they do not suffer for water.

Small Sallading.—Every week in this month sow seeds of several kinds of small salading.

Celery.—Plant out celery plants for a main crop.

Turnips.—Any time between the 20th of this month and the 10th of the next sow turnip seed.

Lettuce for heading.—At the occurrence of the first rain set out your lettuce plants to head; water them at the time, and continue to do so every afternoon until they take root and grow finely; not forgetting that, in all times of drought, they must be freely watered.

Spinach.—Towards the last of the month, drill in some rows of Spinach for autumn use.

Radishes.—Sow beds of these intervals of a week throughout the month.

Gathering seed plants.—As your various seed plants mature their seed pull them up, and spread them out on some airy room to dry, taking care to turn them daily, so that the drying may be equally done on all sides, and when dry, hang the seeds up in paper bags, or cotton ones, taking care also to mark each.

Leeks.—Set out your leek plants.

Herbs.—Gather your herbs and dry them in an airy, shady room.

Sage, Thyme, Lavender Hyssop, &c.—All these culinary herbs may still be propagated from slips or roots, attention being paid to watering them. Give the slips and roots a free watering at the time of setting them out, and continue to water every afternoon, until they take root and grow and until rain occurs.

Peas.—Towards the last of the month prepare a bed and drill in a few rows of the earlier kind of peas. Soak the seed the over night, previous to planting them; give the drills at the time of drilling in the peas a watering, keep the ground moist until they come up, and afterwards until rain occurs, keep the bed clean, and in September you may expect a tolerable crop of green peas, provided you do not let them suffer for water in times of drought.

Egg Plants, Tomattoes and Red Pepper—Plants of these may still be set out.

Savoy Cabbage.—Seed of this delicious vegetable—the best of the cabbage tribe—may be sown the first week of this month, to raise plants for a winter crop.

Attention in the Garden. Let it be your daily habit to visit your garden, examine every part of it and have every weed and grass pulled up, and see also that no part of the garden in drought suffers for the want of water.

DON'T FRET.

This is a world of ups and downs, of crosses and contradictions. Every day turns up something to disturb the equanimity of one's temper. But it is worse than useless to fret. Fretting is like a caustic applied to a sore. It inflames but never cures. A fretful spirit is never happy, and it drives happiness from all other spirits with which it comes in contact. We say, then, if the world goes wrong, and it does that pretty often, do not fret. If a man cheats, and then laughs at you for a *verdant* one, make the best of it and keep cool. Fretting will only make a bad thing worse. If you break your leg, or find your favorite seat at the Lyceum occupied, if the stage upsets, or the cars leave you behind, if the cook spoils your dinner, or the thick-headed servant mis-delivers an important message, if 'the dear image of its fair and faithful mother' repays your caresses by thrusting its tiny fingers into a plate of soup and wiping them on your "snow-white" shirt bosom, if banks fail and States repudiate, keep your temper. Repeat the alphabet, read the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, do and say anything, 'lovely and of good report,' but as you value quietness of mind and the good temper of others, don't fret. It is marvelous how much good nature and patience will do towards curing the ills to which flesh and spirit are heirs.

THE PAPER FOR THE TIMES

THE

Genesee Farmer.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1831.]

THE TWENTY-NINTH Volume of this popular monthly Agricultural Journal commenced with the January number which was issued on the 18th of December. Every one interested in the culture of the soil, is invited to

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July 18th-tf

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.



BRIMFIELD, Mass., 20th Dec., 1856.

DR. J. C. AYER—I do not hesitate to say that the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your CHERRY PECTORAL. Its constant use in my practice and my family for the last four years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints. ERBEN KNIGHT, M. D.

A. B. MORTLEY, Esq., of Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used your *Pectoral* myself and in my family ever since you invented it, and believe it the best medicine for its purpose ever put out. Were a bad cold I should consider pay twenty five dollars for a bottle than do without it, or take any other remedy."

Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 7, 1852.

DR. AYER: I will cheerfully certify that your *Pectoral* is the best remedy we possess for the cure of whooping cough, croup, and the chief diseases of children. We of your fraternity in the South appreciate your skill, and commend your medicine to our people.

HIRAM CONKLIN, M. D.

AMOS LEE, Esq., Montezuma, Ia., writes 3d Jan., 1856: "I had a bad cold settled on my lungs, which confined me to bed six weeks; took many medicines with no relief; finally tried your *Cherry Pectoral* by the advice of our clergyman. The first dose relieved the soreness in my throat and lungs; less than one half the bottle made me completely well. Your medicines are the cheapest as well as the best we can buy, and we esteem you, Doctor, and your remedies, as the poor man's friend."

Asthma or Phthisic, and Bronchitis.

WEST MACEDONIA, Pa., Feb. 4, 1856.

SIR: Your *Cherry Pectoral* is performing marvellous cures in this section. It has relieved several from alarming symptoms of consumption, and is now curing a man who has labored under an affection of the lungs for the last forty years. BENJAMIN PARKS, Merchant.

A. A. RAMSEY, M. D., Atalon, Monroe Co., Iowa, writes, Sept. 6, 1855: "During my practice of many years I have found nothing equal to your *Cherry Pectoral* for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable."

We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing proof of the virtues of this remedy is found in its effects upon trial.

Consumption.

Probably no one remedy has ever been known which cured so many and such dangerous cases as this. Some no human skill can reach; but even to these the *Cherry Pectoral* affords relief and comfort.

ASTOR HOUSE, New York City, March 8, 1856.

DOCTOR AYER, LOWELL: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your *Cherry Pectoral* has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption, from which no aid we could procure gave her much relief. She was steadily failing, until Dr. Strong, of this city, where we have come for advice, recommended a trial of your medicine. We bless his kindness, as we do your skill, for she has recovered from that day. She is not yet as strong as she used to be, but is free from her cough, and calls herself well.

Yours with gratitude and regard,
ORLANDO SHELBY, of SHELBYVILLE.

Consumptives, do not despair till you have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is made by one of the best medical chemists in the world, and its cures all around us bespeak the high merits of its virtues.—*Philadelphian Ledger*.

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