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THE NEW BLOOD PURIFIER

Resolvent

I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known The patient is a man forty years old; had suffered fifteen years. His eyes, scalp and nearly his whole body presented a frightful appearance. Had had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession, such as iodide potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc.—Had paid $500 for medical treatment with but little relief. I prevailed upon him to use the *Cuticura Resolvent* internally, and the *Cuticura* and *Cuticura Soap* externally. He did so, and was *completely cured.* The skin on his head, face, any many other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no scar or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months. Reported by

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Rev. Dr. ——, in detailing his experience with the Cuticura Remedies, said that through Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore, which was slowly draining away his life, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.—The poison that had fed the disease was completely driven out.

ECZEMA.

Sixteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be Eczema, and caused me great pain and annoyance. I tried various remedies with no good results, until I used the Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally, which entirely cured me so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever.

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The Cuticura treatment, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Disease, consists in the internal use of Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the Great Skin Cures. Price of Cuticura, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1.00. Cuticura Resolvent, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Soap, 25c.; Cuticura Shaving Soap, 15c.

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Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Chills and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking, putrid mucus is dislodged, membrane cleansed, disinfected and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, &c., cured.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure.

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Is not quicker than COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS in relieving Pain and Weakness of the Kidneys, Liver and Lungs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague.—Price 25 cts. Sold everywhere.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

TO AN OLD OAK.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

Round thee, alas, no shadows move!
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe!
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-toss'd;
And, as the death-bell smote the wind,
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero cross'd!

Then Culture came, and days serene;
And village-sports, and garlands gay.
Full many a pathway cross'd the green;
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen
To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy thunder-fraught!
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,
Opening new spheres of thought!

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druid saw thee rise;
And, planting there the guardian spell
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
Of human sacrifice!

Thy singed top and branches bare
Now straggle in the evening-sky;
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the long corse that shivers there
Of him who came to die!

HOW IT WAS CLEARED UP.

It was nearly three o'clock when Mr. Gwinnet, who was hardly ever known to be in a hurry, bustled into the front office with a check in his hand.

"Here, Kendal," calling me from my desk, "I must have the money on this before the bank closes, and and there isn't a moment to lose."

I clapped on my hat, took the check and was off. The paying teller, as I entered the bank, already had his thumb on the spring which held up the small sash with its pane of ground glass which was accustomed to drop every day so exactly at the instant the hand of the bank clock pointed to three, that one might have supposed the same machinery governed both.

"You're just in time," said the punctual official.

"And that only after a sharp run on you," I answered,

The bad joke was either unnoticed or treated with contempt. The money was counted out in silence, the spring touched and the sash fell.

Within half a block I encountered Elnathan Ganche, a fellow clerk, hastening to meet me.

"Mr. Gwinnet was obliged to take the first train to B——," said Elnathan, "and couldn't wait your return. Another train leaves half an hour later, and he wishes you to follow on that with the money."

"Where will he stop in B——?"

"Oh, I had nearly forgotten to tell you that. At the —— House."

A glance at my watch showed that I had no time to spare. A smart walk brought me to the depot, whence the train started soon after I had taken my seat.

It was night when I stepped from the train at ——. A touch on the shoulder made me turn quickly.

"Your name is Kendal?" said a sharp-visaged, keen-eyed man, in a mixed tone of question and assertion.

"It is," I answered.

"George Kendal?"

I bowed stiffly, thinking the stranger a little inquisitive.

He held up his finger and a couple of policemen approached.

"You must accompany these gentlemen said the sharp-visaged man.

"May I ask why?" I returned.

"You shall learn in good time," replied the other. "You might find it embarrassing to receive the explanation here."

A hack was called, which all four of us entered without further parley, which I saw was useless. After a rapid drive of several minutes we alighted before a building with a bright light over the door. The sharp-featured man immediately entered, followed by the two policemen and myself.

A man in uniform took down my name, age and such other particulars as I suppose it is usual to note on such occasions. Next I was put through a rigid search. Among other effects found upon me was, of course, the roll of bills I had drawn from the bank.

"Perhaps you can explain how you came by these," remarked the sharp-featured man dryly.

"Certainly," I answered; "I drew them at the —— bank to-day on my employer's, Mr. Gwinnet's check with which he sent me to the bank for that purpose."

"Isn't it a little singular," continued my questioner, "that after getting the money, instead of carrying it back to Mr. Gwinnet you took the next train for B ——?"

"Not at all," I replied quickly. "I came with the money here at Mr. Gwinnet's request."

"How do you account, then, for his telegraphing a description of you far and wide and offering a reward for your arrest?"

I was thunderstruck at this announcement, and my manifest confusion was interpreted as an additional evidence of guilt. I was locked up over night at the station house and next day was taken back as a prisoner to confront my employer, and answer to a charge of embezzlement.

I had as yet entertained no suspicion of Elnathan Ganche. I felt sure he had fallen into some mistake, not yet cleared up, in communicating Mr. Gwinnet's message, and was confident that Ganche's testimony would put everything to rights.

Judge my surprise and indignation when on the witness stand the villain denied having given me any instructions from Mr. Gwinnet or even having seen me after I left the counting-house with the check.

I told my story, but it was heard with incredulity. The evidence of the pay-teller, Mr. Gwinnet and Elnathan Ganche—every word of it true except the infamous suppression of a single fact by the latter—left the examining magistrate no room for doubt, and I was fully committed for trial.

I was not long in divining Elnathan Ganche's motive. We had been rival suitors of Martha Hale and my love had been preferred to his. Elnathan yielded with good grace, seemingly, and even professed to be a friend—a profession accepted the more readily because I felt a secret pity for his disappointment. His perfidy was now apparent. His purpose was to fix upon me the brand of a felon, thus rendering my union with Martha impossible, and opening a way to the renewal of his own hopes. The nefarious plot was contrived with such infernal skill that success seemed well nigh certain.

One evening, not long before the day fixed for the trial, when the garrulous old jailer brought in my supper, he seemed more talkative than usual. Instead of thrusting the dishes through the cell door, as formerly, he entered and sat down for a chat.

"I wonder at your staying here so patiently," said the jailer.

"It's hardly a matter of choice," I answered.

"Well, a strong, active young fellow like you might find his way out, one would think."

There was a curious twinkle in the cunning old eyes which attracted my attention.

"I'm but old and feeble," he continued; "what's to hinder you, now, for instance, changing clothes with me, taking these keys and departing at leisure?"

"I'll do it!" I cried, springing to my feet; "an innocent man owes no submission to the law's injustice!"

"Come, don't get excited," whined the jailer, in a tone of mock alarm. "I'll not drive you to the use of force, which it would be useless to resist."

And to see the cheerfulness with which he submitted to the substitution of his garments for mine, one would have supposed it but a friendly exchange. With strips torn from my sheet I bound the docile keeper hand and foot, placed him in an easy posture on the bed, gagged his mouth comfortably, took his bunch of keys, locked him in, pulled his hat over my eyes, and soon was a free man.

Before morning I was miles away, and at the next seaport town shipped as a common sailor. In a foreign land I began life anew, and in a few years gained a competency.—But of what value was it, or even life itself, when not shared by her whose absence made all else worthless? At times I was tempted to write to Martha.

"But no," I said, "doubtless she, too, believes me guilty. How can she do otherwise in the face of the evidence and my own flight?"

One day I was met and recognized by an old friend traveling abroad. In stead of shunning, he met me cordially.

"Why have you never returned to visit your old home?" he asked; "or at least communicated with your friends?"

"A strange question," I replied. "You have not forgotten the cruel suspicion—"

"Surely you have heard how all that was cleared up—"

"Cleared up!" I exclaimed, with the tremor of the heart one experiences at a sudden gleam of hope which he dreads to see extinguished the next moment.

"Quite cleared up," replied my friend. "Elnathan Ganche fell a victim to the epidemic last summer, and on his deathbed he acknowledged all,"

"And Martha Hale?"

"Is still single and as beautiful as ever, though a trifle melancholy at times. Her friends say there is a certain person whose presence, they think, would cheer her up mightily."

The next steamer carried me home, where everybody bade me welcome, and Martha not the least warmly. She has explained the mystery of the jailer's conduct.—He had lived as a domestic in the family of Martha's father when she was a child, and was devotedly attached to her. How they plotted together anent my escape it would be a breach of confidence to tell.

MAD-STONES.

The superstition in regard to mad-stones is well rooted in the popular imagination, and has the right to be. It is very ancient. Pliny gives its history, for it was old even in his day, and it has hardly shown any diminution since. Now, it is as capable of demonstration as anything can be that no stone, "mad" or otherwise, can have power to heal in a genuine case of rabies. Poison cannot be extracted from the system by such simple means. But it may well be that belief in the efficacy of the remedy accomplished the cure. The imagination often plays an important part in causing or preventing disease, as Dr. William Hammond has lately shown; and there is no reason in the nature of things why an imaginary case of hydrophobia should not be relieved by the application of imaginary remedies. It is an odd fact that stones taken from the stomachs of deer are supposed to be especially powerful in extracting poisons, and were so in ancient times, though it is difficult to conceive why this beast, in preference to any other, should be opposed to poison.

WHAT HE WOULD HAVE DONE.

An Eninburgh solicitor was once visited by an elderly, respectable-looking man who stated he had come to have his will drawn up.—Seeing the prospect of a good client, the solicitor devoted much time in drawing up the instrument, in which property, shares and funds to a considerable amount were assigned to certain relatives. When the client had paid many visits, and was at length pleased with the wording of the will, the solicitor asked where the property, etc., was invested.—The client replied, "Oh, I haven't any! I only want my relatives to see after I'm dead what I would have done for them had I been able."

SITTING BULL.

His Speech Before the Sioux Common Council.

Bill Nye, the Indian editor of the Laramie City *Daily Boomerang*, gives the following translation of Sitting Bull's speech to his followers:

"Warriors, I am the last of a mighty race. We were a race of chieftains. Alas! we will soon be gone. The Bull family will soon pass from the face of the earth. Ole is gone, and John is failing, and I don't feel very well myself. We are the victims of the pale-face and our lands are taken away.

"Look at the sad remnant of the family of Sitting Bull, your chief. One sore eyed squaw is left alone. Her face is furrowed o'er with the famine of many winters, and her nose is only the ruin of former greatness. Her moccasins are worn out, and the soldiers' pants she wears are too long for her. She is also drunk. She is not as drunk as she can get, but she is hopeful and persevering. She has also learned to lie like the white man. She is now an easy, extemporaneous liar. When we gather around the camp fire and enact our untutored lies in the gloaming, Lucretia Borgia Sitting Bull, with the inspiration of six fingers of agency coffin varnish, proceeds to tell the prize prevarication, and then the house adjourns, and nothing can be heard but the muffled tread of the agency corn beef, going out to get some fresh air. Lucretia Borgia is also becoming slovenly. It is evening, and yet she has not donned her evening dress. As she leans against the trunk of a mighty oak and scratches her back, you can see that her thoughts are far away. She is thinking of her childhood days by the banks of Minnehaha.

"Warriors, farewell. Think of what I have said to you about the council fire, and govern yourselves accordingly. We will not murmur at the celluloid cracker and cast-iron codfish ball, but in the spring we will have veal cutlets for breakfast, and peace commissioner on toast for dinner. The squaw of Sitting Bull shall have a new plug hat, and if the weather is severe she shall have two of them.

"Warriors, farewell. I am done. I have spoken. I have nothing more to say. Sic semper domino. Plumbago erysipelas in hock eureka, sciatica, usufruct, limburger, gobraugh.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A picturesque story of the Franco-Prussian war is told in Paris. M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer, was forced before the siege to abandon his beautiful villa at Argenteuil, which was full of artistic treasures. When the Prussians entered the place one of their officers inquired for Thomas's house, and writing a few lines on a card slipped it under the door. On the garden gate he wrote a few words in German. Many German regiments passed through Argenteuil, and were quartered in its houses, but the composer's remained untouched. When the war was over Thomas returned to his villa to find everything as he left it; and on the card which had been slipped under the door he read a German name, and written beneath it, "The nephew of Meyerbeer."

ELECTRIC JEWELRY.

One of the applications of electricity which has not as yet attracted general attention is the magnificent effect which it can produce when employed as a means of personal decoration. A necklace or a bracelet of diamonds of the first water could not compare for brilliancy with the effect of a string of crystals, each containing a tiny filament of carbon heated to incandescence by an electric current supplied from a small Faure battery, which might easily be concealed on the person. At the Crystal Palace in London there is a diminutive breast pin which can be illuminated by a two inch Faure battery carried in the pocket of the wearer.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—Goods marked down—Feathers.

—Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

—A man has four quarts of sweet 'lasses on his lap, when he has a gal-on.

—To a traducer's lips mendacity is as natural as mendicity to his brains.

—A man cannot give a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

—He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought.

—Deference is the most honest, and at the same time the most flattering, of all compliments.

—Ha! we have it. It's when the poor brave asks for the rich chif's daughter that the Indian pa poohs.

—A glimpse of the future—Looking down the barrel of a shotgun with a crazy man at the other end.

—"Well, wife you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir; you generally expanded them."

—The good die young. The bad live to lie about the weather, and are spoken of as the oldest inhabitants.

—When you marry you fondly expect to see the end of all your troubles, but you can't tell which end.

—A paper advertises a church pew for sale "commanding a beautiful view of nearly the whole congregation."

—A Chicago dealer advertises corsets for ten cents. It's wonderful how cheap squeezing has become in this country.

—Sober sense, self-possession, intelligent self-control, are the safeguards of head and heart, and make a beautiful temple for the soul.

—The fashion editor of the New York *Commercial* says if a man's house is his castle, a woman's head must be her shebang.

—A newspaper reporter who died recently left a large sum of money behind him. In fact, he left all the money there was in the world.

—"Wanted—a girl," implored an exchange, some time back; but the blind forces of nature moved pitilessly on, and it was a boy.

—Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.

—A Yankee editor wishes no bodily harm to his subscribers, but he hopes that some of them in arrears will be seized with a remittent fever.

—The legislature of Mississippi has imposed a tax of three dollars upon bachelors over twenty-five years of age, and the brutes pay it cheerfully.

—It is hard to personate and act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray itself one time or another.

—Some abandoned paper whose editor has cunningly concealed himsef says that with the exception of Beecher, Commodore Nutt has kissed more women than any other man in America.

CLEAR HEAD and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress. These are conditions brought about in catarrh by the use of Sanford's Radical Cure. Complete treatment for $1.

—A Cincinnati man found a rough-looking individual in his cellar. "Who are you?" he demanded. "The gas man, come to take the meter," was the reply. "Great heavens!" cried the householder, "I hoped you were only a burglar."

CONSUMPTION.—To prevent night sweats, to ease the cough and arrest emaciation and decline, no other form of malt or medicine can possibly equal MALT BITTERS. This original Nutrient and Tonic is rich in nourishment and strength. It tides the patient over the most critical stages of the disease, digests and assimilates food, enriches and purifies the blood. It builds up the system by stimulating into new life the entire process of digestion.

—"Do you know, my dear," said a housband to his wife, "that there is never a divorce case without a woman in it?" Her reponse was, "Do you know, my love, that there is never a breach of promise case without a very mean man in it?"

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, smarting, irritation of the urinary passages, diseased discharges, cured by Buchupaiba $1. at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S WELLS, Jersey City N. J.

—If we do not govern our pasions, we may be sure they will govern us; they are the gales of life, and it is our duty to take care that they do not rise into a tempest.

PROOF EVERYWHERE.—If any invalid or sick person has the least doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them, they can find cases exactly like their own, in their own neighborhood with proof positive that they can be easily and permanently cured, at a trifling cost—or ask your druggist or physician.

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1880.

Hop Bitters Co.—SIRS—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me.

LEROY BREWER.