The Albany Register.

The Boy Who Won Himself.

I was going up the Mississippi in 1848, Judge Underwood of Kentucky and Henry Clay being on board.

"That's a tough crew, from Natchez," remarked the clerk who came upon the deck as we were going below "They play hard and high."

"Let's go down and look on for awhile," said the Judge.

We went down into the saloon, where we found two parties at play. At one of the tables sat four men, about whom were gathered a large number of lookers-on; and, as these proved to be the heavy players, we joined the group of spectators. The game was twenty-deck poker, and the money was changing hands with sparkling rapidity. One of the players, a middle-aged man, whose face showed but too plainly the ravages of an excess that was sapping his life, and, I afterward learned, was a cotton planter, had staked his last dollar and "called" his opponent's hand. He held four queens, against which were laid down—four kings. And he was "broke." He started to his feet as though he would leave the table.

"Are ye dead broke, Colonel?" asked he of the four kings.

"Yes, to the last picayune."

"No," replied the planter with an oath. "I can do better than that. Where's Wackman?"

"Here," answered a dark-visaged man.

"Bring the girl and boy here that I bought at Natchez. Hold on the game just one minute, gentlemen, and I'll make a raise."

The man went away, and shortly returned accompanied by the "girl and boy." Said "girl" proved to be a bright mulatto woman of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts; and the "boy" was her son.

The boy was not far from ten years of age, with a face brighter in color than was his mother's; his features really handsome.

"Look here, gentlemen," spoke the planter, rising, "here's as likely a pair for a girl and her brat, as you can scare up. I paid eight hundred dollars for 'em. Who'll give six?"

"Why not put 'em up separate" asked one.

"'Twon't do to sell 'em separate. The gal has sworn that she will kill herself if her boy is sold away from her; and her old master says she'll keep her word. But don't you see the woman is worth more'n I ask for the pair? Now, what d'ye say—who'll take 'em at six hundred?"

The owner then waited a few seconds without receiving an answer, and then said:

"I must have the money; so here goes for a raffle. Twenty dollars a throw, and thirty chances for the pair. Come, gentlemen, let us see the color of your coin. Them that buys first will throw first.

Here was excitement as well as a chance for profit. The three players at the table took two chances each. Then the spectators surged up, and twenty chances were sold as fast as the planter could take the money and write down the names. Then came a lull. The planter himself took two chances whereupon his three companions took each one more. Then three men in the crowd "doubled up."

"Two more chances, gentlemen."

Clay whispered apart to the Judge and then made his way to the table, and threw down two gold eagles.

"What name?"

"Give it to the woman."

"Eh!—the gal herself?"

"Yes. Give her a chance."

"All right. One chance for Ninette."

Before the the planter could call again, Judge Underwood had placed twenty dollars upon the table, saying as he did so:

"This is for the boy."

"Good!" cried the owner of the property. "Here's a chance for Tommy. And that takes the lot. Where's the clerk?"

"Here."

"Have you got blanks for this sort of business?"

"Yes."

"Then won't ye fill up a bill of sale of these two—Ninette and Tommy—and leave a place to put in the name of the winner? Now for the dice, gentlemen."

The dice were brought on and the shaking commenced. There were three dice, and each player was entitled to three throws. Of the first ten throws, thirty-six was the highest number cast. The eleventh throw turned up forty-two. Then the scores fell again till the twenty-first throw, when one of the gamesters threw out forty-nine.

The crowd were now all excitement. Forty-nine was a hard point to beat. The lowest number that could be thrown was nine; and the highest (nine sixes) was fifty-four; making what is called an average throw, about thirty one and one-half. Of a hundred throws, the majority will fall below thirty-two.

Again the dice rattled in the box, as the second gamester took his turn but his throw was a low one. The twenty-eighth throw belonged to the clerk of the boat, who had now returned with the bill of sale. He threw forty-nine—tying the gamester.

"Come, Ninette! It's your turn."

The woman started and quivered, and pressed her hand over her heart. Only the groaning and puffing of the engine broke the stillness of the place.

"Will the gentleman who paid for the chance throw for me?" she said, in a low musical tone, earnest and imploring, and of purest accent.

"Let your boy throw for you, returned Mr. Clay, who shrank from the ordeal. "His luck should be better than mine."

Tommy came forward and took the box. His mother's hands were clasped, and her lips moved in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspen. What a world of weal or woe hung upon the fickle chance! He held in his hand the sealed book in which was written the fate of his mother and himself, and it was to be opened upon the hazard of a die!

He shook the box, and turned the dice on the table. Three aces! A moment he gazed upon the three single spots, and then, dropping the box, he sank back, pale and frightened.

"Shake again, Tommy," said the planter.

"It's of no use, master, I can't get forty-nine."

"But you've got your own chance, my boy."

"Aye," cried the Judge. "That was your mother's chance. Now throw for yourself—throw for the chances I gave you—brace up, and take heart—and may heaven help you!"

That was not an assembly of religiously inclined persons, by any means; but the fervent petition of the Judge met with a warm and implusive response of "Amen" from nearly all present.

Again the boy came forward and lifted the box. His lips were slightly shut; and the old quivering of the limbs was hushed. The only sound in that saloon, above the deep breathing of the spectators, was the clicking of the ivory cubes. Presently the first throw was made.

"Five—five—six, are sixteen!" announced the Planter, setting down the figures.

The dice were gathered up and thrown again.

"Six—six—and a five. Good! That's seventeen.

The boy was pale as death as he took the box for the last throw, and his mother leaned against a stanchion for support. At length—and the book was opened!

"Three sixes!—eighteen—and that's fifty one! Tommy, my boy you're a trump! Now, Mr. Clerk, fill up the bill of sale, and I'll sign it before these witnesses."

The scene that followed can be better imagined than described. The last time I heard from Judge Underwood he was alive and well, though long retired from active life. Ninette was his housekeeper, and Tommy his trusted and truthful henchman.

In a Strassburg hotel some Algerian trailleurs officers, sous officers and privates were all at breakfast, the first they had taken in peace for a week. An intruder came in with many bows and begged permission to place himself at a table, offering to pay his share. "You don't know me, but I am not quite a stranger to the great army family. Capt. Brunet, twenty-one of the line, he is known to some of you, I dare say. He is my very dearest friend; almost my brother." Nobody knew Capt. Brunet, but his name was a passport among the soldiers. The stranger took his cotelette, and was chattering easily with his companions when an officer of the twenty-first came in. "Parbleu! here is the very man to tell you all about your friend. Lieutenant, allow us to present a friend of one of yours; you know Capt. Brunet;" "What Brunet?" "Brunet of the 21st." "No such a man in our regiment since I joined it ten years ago." The stranger was confused. His lively tone changed. Some Turcos asked the lieutenant: "Are you sure there is no such man as Capt. Brunet?" "Just as sure as that you are standing there." "Why, then, he must be——," and they began to close round the stranger. "Monsieur is in my company," said the captain of tirailleurs, a solid man. "Go on with your breakfast, sir; shall I hand you the cheese? Take some of this conserve." Coffee and *chasse*—breakfast was over. The big tirailleur called for the bill and paid it. Taking the stranger's arm, he walked outside on to the sidewalk, drew his revolver, and blew out the spy's brains.

DESPERATE FIGHT WITH WILDCATS.—In the beginning of the present month Messrs. J. B. Talbot, Horace Jones and Alexander Smith visited Elk county, Pennsylvania, purposely to examine a piece of land therein situated, which had been purchased by Mr. Talbot. A terrific thunder-storm cane up, and they were compelled to seek shelter under the branches of a venerable hemlock, whose moss-covered and thick foliage gave evidence of great age. The storm soon burst upon them with fearful fury. The very air grew thick, and darkness set in. All went well till about 11 o'clock, when they heard a slight sound in the brush, and peering out in the darkness they discovered two fiery eyes glaring upon them. They knew that a wild cat was approaching and they grasped their rifles more firmly. The fierce animal quietly walked around the tree three times, as if meditating how to attack them gradually drawing nearer each time. At this critical juncture Talbot discharged his rifle directly at the animal. With a fearful screech that filled them with fear, it bounded into the brush, and when the echoes of the rifle had died away all was still, and a deeper and more impenetrable gloom settled down upon them.

An hour had probably elapsed when, to their horror, the fiery eyeballs of two more wildcats suddenly peered upon them out of the thick, murky darkness. They stood erect and grasped their arms in the attitude of charge bayonets. The animals slowly approached and seemed intent on mischief. As they could not see to reload their arms, and as Talbot's gun was discharged, they were compelled to exercise the greatest caution in order to make their fire effective in the event of a spring from the animals. The wild cats walked around several times, then suddenly stopped an instant, when, quick as thought, one of them, giving a low growl, sprang at them.

As luck would have it, Smith caught it on the end of his rifle, and pulling the trigger at that moment, sent the ball through his heart. It rolled off uttering a frightful yell, and by the kicking and scratching in the bushes they knew it was wounded. At the same moment they all yelled as loud as they could, which seemed to frighten the other, and it bounded into the bushes and disappeared. They were not disturbed again during the night. In the morning they found two dead wildcats lying within thirty feet of the tree under which they had taken shelter. Fortunately they took a course which brought them to a settlement, and after recuperating they returned to the city.

At the Gubernatorial election, the people of Nevada will likewise vote on the proposed amendments to the State Constitution, striking the words "male" and "white" therefrom. A hegira of female orators may at any moment be confidently expected to the Sage Brush State.

Captain Kidd.

Among the self-made men of olden times few were more conspicuous than Captain William Kidd, who was born in this country about the middle of the seventeenth century, though he went to England to die, the climate here not agreeing with him.

Of William's early life but little is known. He is believed to have followed the sea from his youth, and the pertenacity with which he followed a merchant vessel in his subsequent career serves to strengthen that belief. From a simple sailor he arose to be a ship master, and was known as one of the boldest and most successful that sailed out of the harbor of New York. He finally obtainid a commission as captain of a privateer to cruise against the pirates that were preying on British commerce. His vessel was the "Adventure Galley," of thirty guns, in which he sailed from Plymouth, England, in April, 1696.

He cruised off the American coast, frequently entering New York for the purpose of procuring enlistments. That he even then contemplated turning pirate has been urged by some of his biographers because he became intimate with New York City officials, closely studying their mode of operations, and was on familiar terms with Democratic ward politicians. At the City Hall, on Wall street, in the Custom House, and wherever else stealing was going on, there might Captain Kidd be found, considering their ways that he might become wise.

With his crew increased to one hundred and fifty men through the enlistment of New York "repeaters," Captain Kidd set sail for the East Indies and the east coast of Africa.

He didn't have any particular luck in hunting pirates. It was too much like "set a thief to catch a thief." He began to think it was much more profitable to be a pirate than to chase one. He envied them their free and easy life, dreamed of amassing great wealth as they did, and at last spending the decline of life in some luxurious but sequestered isle of the sea, unmolested by the tax-gatherer. He only read such books as "Lafitte, the Pirate." "The Buccaneers of the Gulf," and "The Red Avenger of the Spanish Main," while his favorite song was "The Pirate's Bride."

At length he proposed to his crew that the skull and cross-bones be run up to the peak, and he found them nothing averse to the proposition. In fact, their education in New York city politics had rendered them eager for any enterprise that promised plunder. So Kidd and his fellow kidds became pirates, and the privateer "Adventure Galley," became a pirate ship. They had a little celebration over the event, the Captain reading a farewell address on resigning his position as Captain of His Majesty's privateer, and then delivering an inaugural speech on his accession to his new command. The men wept bitterly over his farewell, but cheered his inaugural most lustily.

They carried on both a wholesale and retail business in piracy for some time, frequently introducing among captured passengers and crews that neat thing in equilibrium entitled "walking the plank." Captain Kidd, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, used to stand at the gangway and hand each person a Boston cracker as he was about to walk off, with the facetious remark, "now go and drink." The humor of the proceeding consisted in the disparity between what they were offered to eat and what they got to drink.

Captain Kidd buried a large portion of his treasure at the east end of Long Island, where it can be found now; up to this day very little of it having been discovered. He did this because he finally had to retire to New Jersey, and he wanted his deposits convenient.

After pursuing his piracies for some time he boldly appeared in Boston, alleging that he could clear himself of any charges of piracy under the provisions of the new license law. But the Governor of Massachusetts, who appears to have had no sympathy with a young man struggling to make his way in the world, had him arrested and sent to England for trial. Unable to convict him of piracy, they convicted him of killing one of his crew with a bucket—the iron bound bucket—and was hanged.

Thus we have in Captain Kidd an instance of a young man beginning life as a common sailor, and by his own genius and his own efforts rising to a higher position, his gallows being about twenty-five feet in hight.

Captain Kidd was noted for his attention to dress, and never wearing anything but Kidd-gloves. It has been claimed that Kidd was not always his name on account of the song:

"My name is Captain Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed."

that being an intimation that his name was something else when he wasn't sailing. The "repeaters" of New York regreted greatly that Kidd wasn't hung in that city so they might give him a big funeral.

A bank check just received at the New York Sub-Treasury has a strange history. It was originally issued to one Quartermaster, and made payable to another serving among the Indians. The latter paid it away to a contractor, who in turn passed it to certain cattle drovers from Texas. Many months afterward, among the enclosures to a report received at military headquarters from an officer who had been on a peace mission to certain "friendly Indians," was a dirty piece of paper, unmistakably the half of a bank check, but not the half which bore the date and signature. The report showed it to have been found in the camp of these Indians. A subsequent report from another officer, engaged on another friendly mission to another band of Indians in a differnt section of the country, enclosed with other vouchers of the satisfactory result of the conference, the missing half of this very check. The mystery of the first half was solved. The unfortunate drovers had been attacked and killed by Indians belonging to two different bands, and, in accordance with custom, the spoils had been equally divided between the two bands down to the minutest articles.

When lovers quarrel, do they return the kisses?

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A high destiny—hanging.

Duplicate bird—the do-do.

For a wedding Song—Love knot.

Popular diet in Utah—Spare rib.

Pressed for time—Egyptian mummies.

An unfortunate being—cutting down a beetree and finding no honey.

A Western merchant advertises "lobsters and war maps."

A Missouri minister will marry a man "cheaper than any opposition firm in the State."

Every girl attending some of the high schools of New England has a middle name.

The most exclusive circle—the Arctic circle, which no one has succeeded in getting into.

A young lady in the rural districts likes Mr. Chromo's pictures about as well as anybody's.

There would have been a serious disagreement between two Washington bars keepers a day or two ago, but for one shooting the other dead.

A man named Bradley went out gunning in Vermont the other day, with his powder loose in his coat pocket. His widow is now getting up a raffle for his gun.

A young man charged with being lazy was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," was the reply; "father's got all the laziness he ever had."

There is one State in the Union which nobody can even name without expressing a sense of personal indebtedness—and that State of course is Iowa.

How to learn singing: Go into some store and lift a few "notes," this being the first lesson you may subsequently learn what is meant by "bars."

A Western writer says the initials S. C. in S. C. Abbott's name are presumed to stand for Sold Completely, so far as his views respecting the French Empire are concerned.

Anna Dickinson now begins her lectures by firing off the conundrum, "Why was I born?" We give it up, sorrowfully it is true; but we never were much at conundrums.

A lady in Sacramento killed her husband, lately, just because she found him riding out with another woman. Are we men to have no protection in our harmless recreation?

Two Kentucky church-members had an argument as whether it was orthodox for one to turn his cattle into the other's cornfield. Before the argument closed there was a double-barreled shot gun and funeral.

A Davenport, Iowa, paper tells of a colored man who was caught in the gearing of a brick machine, and crushed to a jelly. The negroes are trying to sell the remains of the deceased as blackberry jam.

A dramatic version of "Shoo Fly" was given in Philadelphia, lately. Two women got into a fight and one of them kicked the other into funeral anticipations. It is supposed that there were hard feelings between them.

Leo Hudson is out West with her horse playing "Lady Godiva," who, it will be remembered, took equestrian exercise with nothing but her ear-rings on. Leo is doing one better than the "Lady" by leaving off the ear rings.

A contempory says that a New York man, who had not been out of the city for many years, fainted away at the pure air of the country. He was only resuscitated by putting a dead fish to his nose when he slowly revived, exclaiming, "That's good, it smells like home?"

A little four-year-old boy sat on the piazza, when a new physician came to see his sick mother. The doctor naturally wished to make acquaintances, and said, "How old are you my son?" "I'm not old, I'm new," said the boy.

A recent sermon of Spurgeon's contains a sentence which will be as much appreciated here as in England; "Brethren," said Spurgeon, "if God had referred the ark to a Committee on Naval Affairs, in my opinion it would not have been built yet.

Olive Logan, speaking of the Fifteenth Amendment, says it is time we "lifted the white woman to our lips." We have felt that way a long time, but we like those the best who are tall enough to undergo the operation without "lifting."

Henry Dart, a negro brother of somebody, thought he was a pile driver, and dropped from a four-story window in Boston, head-first to the sidewalk. The stone stood it, and Dart's rooms are to let.

A Western editor accuses another of having stolen his report of a meeting, which was recognized by certain ear-marks. The retort courteous is that the first editor "should tie his ears over the top of his head while writing, to keep them out of the ink-bottle.

A Boston paper says that the St. Louis law licensing prostitution is to be changed so that men visiting such places must take out a license to continue their infamous practices. It wickedly adds: This will be a death-blow to the prospects of getting the National Capital there.

The medicos of California, in solemn council assembled, have refused to permit females become members of their society, which proves how ungallant and unprogressive are the disciples of ESCULAPIUS.

A correspondent writing from China, says: "This country is rapidly undergoing the process of civilization. Beer is made at Shanghai, a whisky distillery is going up at Canton, and the first hanging came off in that city, with great *eclat*.

"So there's another rupture at Mount Vociferous," said Mrs Partington, as she put down the paper, and put up her specs; "the paper tells us about the burning lather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got fire."

A shocking tragedy was recently perpetrated at Rushville, Indiana, by a young man, who, in a fit of rage at a young woman who had selected another man for a husband instead of him, shot the latter and three of his friends. He then escaped to the house of his father and ended the bloody work by blowing out his own brains.

NEW TO-DAY.

1870. 1870.

FALL TRADE.

L. GOLDSMITH & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS

—OF—

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS!

NOTIFY THE TRADE THAT THEY will open, on the

30th day of August, 1870,

the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of

Domestic & Foreign Dry Goods

to be found in this market, comprising every brand and make of Cotton Goods known to the Trade, at

REDUCED RATES!

We also invite special attention to our Large and Well Selected Stock of

FANCY GOODS, CLOTHING,

—AND—

MENS' FURNISHING GOODS!

which we offer at UNSURPASSED PRICES, on the most favorable terms.

OUR STOCK OF

BOOTS & SHOES!

Is worthy the attention of every Buyer, having been expressly Manufactured for the Oregon Trade, and will offer great inducements to purchasers.

L. GOLDSMITH & CO.,

75 Front and 76 First-St., Portland, Oregon,
132 Church street, New York.

L. GOLDSMITH & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS OF WILLAMETTE WOOLEN Manufactory, have a Large Stock of the Goods manufactured by the above mentioned Co. now in store, consisting of

Flannels,

Tweeds,

Cassimeres,

and Blankets.

Our NEW STYLE CASSIMERES Excel in Style and Finith any Goods manufactured on this coast. 52m3

September 3d, 1870.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEO. F. SETTLEMIER,

DRUGGIST.

(Successor to D. W. Wakefield,)

Parrish's New Building, First Street,

ALBANY, OREGON,

—DEALER IN—

Drugs and Medicines,

CHEMICALS,

PAINTS. OILS, GLASS, ETC.

All articles warranted pure and of the best quality.

Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.

Albany, Oct. 17, 1868-6tf

$2,000

BET ON THE ELECTION!

Any one who wants to win can do so by calling on

R. C. HILL & SON,

WHO, thankful for past patronage, still invite the attention of Linn county *et al.*, to their unequalled stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
PAINT & VARNISH BRUSHES,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
ALCOHOL, KEROSENE,
WINDOW GLASS,
TRUSSES,
FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

Agents for Dr. D. Jayne & Son's preparations, H. H. H. Horse Medicines, etc.

Do you like medicine for its bitter or nauseating taste? We have that description. Do you want the effect with an aromatic taste? After taking a few doses of our Elixir, 'twill be so very pleasant that your prejudices

Must surely turn awry,
and the preparation
Will lose the name of physic.
(but not the effect.)

Physicians and customers from the country may rest assured that their orders will be promptly attended to. Prescriptions carefully and correctly compounded.

Have you the impolite guest called a corn? We sell "Corn Slayer," which surely does the work, without pain. Do you desire a book of any kind, a Gold Pen, an Album, Stationery, or such? W. S. Driggs is with us, for the accommodation of all favoring him with a call.

Do you want a fine Watch, a set of Jewelry, cheap or dear? J. D. Titus sells the same, under the same roof.

Come and see us. Buy a Book. Buy a Watch. Buy a Pill. Buy something or nothing, but come and see us, anyway. A well sprinkled floor and a cool drink of water in the summer, and a warm stove surrounded by comfortable chairs in winter constantly kept for the accommodation of all.

Albany, May 14, '70-36

RATES OF TOLL

OVER THE

Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road.

To Deschuttes River:

Four Horse or Mule team	$4 50
Two " " "	3 00
One " " "	2 00
Ox teams, three yoke	4 50
For every additional yoke	50
Loose horses, per head	25
" cattle, per head	15
" sheep or hogs	3
Teams returning empty, half price.	
Pack animals, loaded	50
" " unloaded	25
Horse and rider	1 00

To Fish Lake:

Four horse or mule team, each way	2
Two " " " "	1
One " " " "	1
Pack animals, loaded.	
" " unloaded.	
Horse and rider.	
Ox team, three yoke.	2

To Upper Soda Spring:

Four horse or mule team, out and back	2 50
Two " " " "	2 00
One " " " "	1 00
Horse and rider, "	50
Loose animals. "	25

Ox teams the same as horse teams.

W. W. PARRISH, Sec. A. HACKLEMAN, Pres.

March 9, 1869- 8

"GAY" NEWS.

Farmers Can Ride and Plow,

BY SECURING ONE OF THE

"GAY" PLOWS,

Manufactured and sold for the very low price of

$65 and $75.

THE simplicity and practicability of this new Plow commends it favorably to the special notice of every farmer. It possesses a decided superiority over all other plows now in use. The wheels are four feet in diameter, and run on the unplowed land. Its entire construction is in no way complicated. The plow is managed in every manner with ease, and requires only two levers to be used in making any alteration. The superiority of the "Gay" Plow will be clearly shown by the following certificate:

We, the undersigned, citizens of Linn county, Oregon, having purchased and used upon our farms the "Gay" Plow, hereby certify that the same has given us entire satisfaction. Its facility for adjusting to suit the depth of furrow without moving from the seat, is simple and easy. We like the plow for its draught, because the same is brought to bear directly upon the plow-beam instead of the carriage; also, because it is strong and durable, all except the wood-work being constructed of wrought iron—no castings are used. The wheels running upon the solid land is an advantage over other gang-plows, in striking off land and in plowing, not having to make the necessary changes in the machinery, and the seat is always level, not throwing the driver forward or sideways as in other plows. Better work and more of it can be accomplished by the use of this Plow than by hand.

We take pleasure in recommending the "GAY" PLOW to our brother farmers, as one having no superior in Oregon.

J. G. REED, W. P. ESHOM,
A. S. LOONEY, E. W. PIKE,
W. H. GOLTTREE. H. DAVIDSON.

May 20th, 1869.

The "GAY" PLOW is manufactured by H. Goulding, Portland Machine Shop.

All orders will be promptly attended to by addressing,

C. F. GAY,
Portland, Oregon.

Albany Agents.
J. BARROWS & CO., Agents for Linn & Benton counties.
JOHN BRIGGS, Agent for Linn & Benton counties.

May , '69-37

S. H. Claughton,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE AGENT. Office in the Post Office building, *Lebanon, Oregon.*

Will attend to making Deeds and other conveyances, also to the prompt collection of debts entrusted to my care. 1

OF ALL KINDS, printed at the very lowest rates, as ordered, at this office.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1868.

Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The component parts are, BUCHU, Long Leaf CUBEBS, JUNIPER BEERIES.

Mode of Preparation:—Buchu, in vacuo. Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle) leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added to prevent fermentation; upon inspection it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœa, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exists. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation, with a feeling of profound confidence,

I am very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist of 19 Years' Experience.

(From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.)

November 4, 1854.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupied the drug store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Cemists, Ninth and Brown-sts., Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU,

For weakness arising from indiscretion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms, among which will be found, Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Wakefulness, Horror of Disease, or Forebodings of Evil; in fact, Universal Lassitude Prostration, and inability to enter into the enjoyments of society.

The Constitution

once effected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity ensues.

Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu

in affections peculiar to Females, is unequalled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary evacuations, Ulcerated or Scirrus state of the Uterus, and all complaints incidental to the sex, or the decline or change of life.

HELMBOLD'S

Fluid Extract of Buchu,

—AND—

Improved Rose Wash,

will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury, in all these diseases.

USE

Helmbold's

Fluid Extract

Buchu

in all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, "immediate" in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to effect the bodily health and mental powers.

All the above diseases require the aid of a Diuretic. Helmbold's Extract of Buchu is the great Diuretic.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price $1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address,

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, New York.

☞ None are genuine unless done up in steel engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed 8v3y

H. T. HELMBOLD.