The Albany Register.

A Laurel Blossom.

"A charming face, indeed! so bright and so happy. Who is she Mrs Rutherford?"

"Mary Morrison—one of our village belles."

"And like most belles, somewhat of a coquette," said the gentleman somewhat interrogatively.

"Indeed I never thought so until lately," answered the lady, rather gravely. "It is a pity."

"Yes," said a young lady standing by. "It is a shame. I'm sure we have all considered her engaged, or as good as engaged, to Hugh Shirley—and now, only look at her! A gentleman, too, whom she has not known but a few days!"

"But rich, and so handsome," said another young lady. "A city beau, too. Quite a distinction in our rustic community," she added laughing.

"Not worth Hugh Shirley, by half. A mere fashionable coxcomb, I dare say. I am surprised that a girl so good and sensible as Mary Morrison would act so."

"Poor Mr. Shirley! One may see how cut he is by it."

Hugh Shirley seated a little apart from this group of pic-nickers, and concealed by the intervening shrubs, had heard every word of this conversation. He now rose and moved slowly away, but first looked back to where Mary Morrison was seated on a mossy hill, smiling and chatting with her new admirer—a Mr. Weston, "from the city."

How pretty and graceful she was, as with a flush on her face, and an unwonted light in her eyes, she glanced uparchly from beneath the brim of the jaunty little gipsy hat which she wore. But the flush seemed feverish, and the bright eyes restless and uneasy. Was she as happy and satisfied as she appeared? Had she really turned away from him to whom she had almost plighted her love and bestowed it upon this comparative stranger; this acquaintance of a few days?

Hugh Shirley turned away with a sharp bitter pang in his heart. And then he compressed his lips and walked on with a firm, determined step.

"I will know at once," he muttered to himself, resolutely.

When out of sight of the rest of the party, he seated himself on a fallen tree tore a slip from a leaf of his pocket-book and wrote in a style perfectly characteristic of himself:

"MARY—You know how I love you. I must now know, once for all, whether you love me, or prefer another. Whether you will, in a word, promise to be mine —*my wife*. HUGH.

How to get this scrap of paper to her? There was no one by whom he could send it; and now, whenever he approached her, she was not only shy and restrained towards him, but their every look and motion became so conspicuously the mark for a dozen pairs of eyes, that it would be impossible to convey the paper, howsoever small, into her hand, without it being perceived by others. And yet he could not wait; he must have her answer this very evening, for he had a plan in view depending upon it. His friend Wortham would leave to-morrow for New York, and thence to California. He had endeavored to persuade Shirley to accompany him, and it had been alone his love for Mary which had held him.

Hugh, holding in his hand the slip of paper upon which so much depended, was startled by the sound of approaching gay voices, and his heart thrilled as the next moment Mary Morrison stood before him, accompanied by Mr. Weston and a young lady.

"Oh, Mr. Shirley!" exclaimed the latter, "hope we don't intrude or interrupt any poetic frenzy. We are hunting for flowers to wear in our hair at the dance to-night. Of course you'll be there? I really think they must have appropriated all the wood flowers to decorate the 'festive hall,' for we can scarcely find one —won't you help us?"

Miss Morrison had colored at the sight of Hugh, and had then turned abruptly toward her escort.

"Oh!" Hugh heard her exclaim suddenly, "there is a laurel—the first I have seen, and my favorite flower. See! high up on the summit of that tree. If I could only get it!"

"It is quite out of reach, unfortunately," observed Mr. Weston, glancing up wistfully, "and the ground below so wet and marshy. And yet I would give anything to obtain it, since you wish it."

"Oh, never mind; I dare say it is out of reach. Yet it seems so pure and lovely, and would be so pretty to wear in one's hair. Don't you think so?"

"In hair such as yours," he replied in a low voice, and with an admiring glance at the rich clusters of wavy brown hair, which she wore swept carelessly from her forehead. "But any flower would appear well there; and most fortunately here are some wild roses—quite as pretty as the laurel. Will these do?"

"I suppose so, for want of something better," she answered, laughing coquettishly. "Come we will not intrude longer upon Mr. Shirley, since he appears inclined for solitude."

She happened to be standing closer to him at that moment than the others.

"Is that my fault, Mary?" he replied in a low voice, to her remark.

She turned upon him, her face flushed her eyes flashing, through half-tears.

"I at least, sir, do not seek for other's society," she said, warmly. "Perhaps it's your opinion that I should?"

Despite the indignation, there was something of reproach in her tone, which sent a thrill of hope to Hugh's heart.

"Stay a moment," he said quietly, perceiving the attention of the others directed toward them, "and you shall have your laurel."

"I don't care for it. I won't inconvenience you——"

But Hugh was already threading his way over the marshy ground, and the next moment was half-way up the tall and slender laurel tree, which bent beneath his weight. Reaching up to the topmost branch he drew it downward, broke off the coveted laurel-blossom, and with it descended. As his foot touched the ground an idea occurred to him. He took from his vest-pocket the slip of paper on which he had written a few moments previously, seized his pencil, and added these words—"If you will answer 'yes,' Mary, give me this token: wear the laurel, and don't wear the roses."

Then he carefully, though with trembling fingers, separated the pure white, half-unfolded petals of the laurel-blossoms, deposited the folded paper within, closed over it the petals, and placed it in Mary's hand.

"Look within," he said, "It bears a secret at it's heart."

When Mary reached the old farmhouse close by, at which the picnic supper and dancing were to be held, she went up directly into a little dressing-room. She was excited, angry.

"To neglect me so," she said to herself. "To become jealous and doubt me as he has done ever since Mr. Weston has thought proper to pay me some attention. What could I do but pretend not to care? And the impudence of this insult? '*Look within. It bears a secret of its heart!*'"

She threw the laurel blossom from her and burst into tears. These apparently calmed her.

"Yet he loves me after all. It will, it *must* come right in the end. I will let him see this evening that I don't care for Mr. Weston."

"I wish I had not broken the flower, so that he might have seen me wear it this evening. But I will tell him, and sometime when we are happier I will show him how carefully I kept it."

Hugh Shirly was standing at the door of the dancing-room as she entered. She wore in her hair the cluster of wild roses that had been given her by Mr. Weston but there was no laurel there. As she passed him their eyes for an instant met. He was pale, and his face wore a still stern expression such as she had never before seen there. Conscious of her own changed feelings towards him in the past hour, and unwilling that he should read it in her face, she turned away her head as she passed. And when she again glanced in that direction, he was gone.

On the following day she learned that Mr. Shirley had left Riverside—had started for California—and this without a word, a message, a token of farewell to herself

So years passed by—two, five, ten years. Mary Morrison was a tall, elegant, dignified woman of twenty-seven—verging upon old maidenhood the young girls said, though the older people insisted that she was "handsomer than ever," and they were right.

In this time Hugh Shirley had often been heard from. He was prospering becoming wealthy and influential—but was still unmarried. And when ten years had passed since he had left Riverside, he wrote to his friends there that business would soon require his presence in New York, and that he would visit them before returning to California.

Mary Morrison knew when he came, and it was noticed that she stayed away from church the next Sunday. Yet, avoid him as she would, they could not help meeting. Very quiet was the interview—very cold even those present thought it. A few polite inquiries, a few commonplace remarks, and a perfectly composed demeanor on both sides—this was all. It was plain to be seen that each was perfectly indifferent to the other.

Several times again they met, with even less interchange of remark than on the first interview. Some people thought that there must even exist a feeling of dislike between them.

One evening when it would have been twilight but for the full moon, Mary Morrison stood resting upon the little gate of her front garden, enjoying the beauty of the hour, and the sweet breath of the flowers around her.

Suddenly, as she leaned pensively on the gate the sound of an approaching step caused her to start. The thick laurel hedge concealed the person, but she knew by some rare instinct that the step was that of Hugh Shirley; and the next moment he stood before her.

On seeing her lifted his hat and seemed inclined to pass on, as Mary hoped he would; but this under the circumstances would have seemed almost rude—so he hesitated, and finally stopped, with a commonplace remark upon the beauty of the evening. He looked very handsome as he stood there—a tall, dark man, bearded and moustached, with his broad brow bared to the evening breeze. So Mary thought. What other thoughts she had or what were his thoughts of her we cannot tell, but after a while almost a silence fell upon the two, though Hugh still lingered.

He made an effort to break the constraint.

"The laurel is still your favorite I perceive," he observed, glancing at the shrubs whose glossy green leaves and pure white blossoms gleamed brightly in the moonlight.

"Yes," she answered, simply and coldly. For this allusion brought back the recollection of that evening, ten years ago, when she had last seen him; and of the gift of a laurel blossom; the cold cruel parting.

"And I," he answered, "of all the flowers and trees on earth most dislike the laurel."

She made no answer, but lifted her eyes as if expecting him to give a reason.

"Because," he continued, in a lower voice, "because I cannot forget how the fortune of my whole life depended upon a laurel blossom—and how I lost it."

There was just the faintest tinge of bitterness in his tone; yet he looked down with calm cold eyes into her own as he spoke.

"How was it?" she asked.

"Have you then forgotten? Has it all —had even I, so entirely passed away from your memory?"

"If it is this to which you allude," said Mary, slightly coloring in the moonlight, and speaking yet more coldly, "I remember your giving me a laurel blossom on the evening when I last saw you—at a picnic."

"Yes—a laurel blossom. A slight thing to be the harbinger of a man's fate. A laurel blossom which you refused to wear."

"I did not refuse. I—I—I did not think that you wished me to wear it," she replied, in embarrassment.

"But the paper—the note?"

"What note—what paper?"

His eyes grew suddenly larger and brighter as he looked down into hers in the darkness.

"Mary," he said, quickly and hoarsely, "there was a note concealed within that flower. Did you know it? I requested you to look."

She stood breathless and very pale. At length there dawned upon his consciousness the shadow of a great calamity —a great mistake which had hung like a cloud over their two lives.

"I did not know it," she murmured falteringly.

"Oh, Mary!" What a bitter pain, what an eager trembling joy was there in those two spoken words.

"Come with me," she said. And he followed her into the house.

A little rosewood cabinet which stood in the parlor, she unlocked, and opened a small drawer within. From this she took a little box, containing some tissue paper, which she unfolded, and in it lay the blackened and dried leaves of a laurel blossom.

"This is what you gave me," she said. "I put it away, as you see it, on that night, and have never since touched it."

"Look within," he said.

Tremblingly she parted the withered petals. Yes, there was something within—a narrow slip of paper, closely folded, stained and old, yet on which she could still trace the words written ten years before.

"Oh!" she cried, passionately, "if I had but known this!"

"Would you have worn the flower, Mary?" he asked as anxiously as though his fate depended upon it.

She only bowed her face upon her hands; but he could see the flush upon her forehead and temples.

He took one of the hands and gently removed it.

"Look at me, Mary—look up and answer me."

She raised her eyes, lustrous with tears. Never in her early youth had she appeared so beautiful as now.

"We have suffered for ten years through a mistake—a misunderstanding. Is it too late to make the rest of our lives happy?"

We need not record her answer.

Something Scandalous about Birds.

We clip the following from the New Orleans *Picayune*:

Some families are such good actors, and so stimulated by pride, that they are generally looked upon as patterns of domestic propriety, even felicity. They are slick, genteel, self complacent, soft-voiced and smooth-tongued; they hold, in fact that place in the human kind that birds do in the brute kingdom.

Those who know them best can tell some very different things about them—how they wrangle in private, have their own genteel way of fighting, are fierce and tricky, in a word, imperfect, like every thing on earth, and not the same their friends would make them.

The most universally ill-tempered things in the world that make any show of decency are the birds. With all the talk about their pretty manners, they are ruder than dogs; and as for their hymns of thanksgiving and woodland notes of praise, they never fail to quarrel at a feast like pirates. Their gentlemen can fight harder for the fun of the thing, and their ladies scream and scratch worse about the possession of an empty knot hole, than is by any means respectable; while, as for connubial bliss, the bridegroom beats and knocks his wife about in a manner that is a disgrace to his fine clothes.

About half their pretty songs are given in angry defiance of each other. The jealousy of musicians is proverbial, and nowhere stronger than among the "songsters of the grove"

An out-sung bird is apt to die of the most unworthy chargin, and when a presumptuous warbler "puts in" with another song, he is notified, in a burst of melody, that "if he don't shut up he'll get his nose pecked off."

We have seen the supposed-to-be-merry little singer of our suburban gardens —the pap—with scarce a feather on him and his head "bunged up" like a prize fighter's.

We do not think one person in fifty appreciates the fitness of the slang phrase so often applied to wild and unprincipled young men. "He is a bird." It is meant generally as a pet name; but really, it's a hard name to give to any man.

AN UNBECOMING BUSTLE.—An exchange says: "Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull has been visiting all the principal cities of the North, and making a great bustle among the newspapers, in preparation for her elevation to the Presidency of 1872. We have constantly supported the claims of Mrs. Woodhull for that position, and to a certain extent we have been in her confidence, but we are grieved to say that she never informed us of her intention to decorate herself with one of those things when she began her duties at the White House. And why, indeed, should she consider such an article necessary for a President. Washington never wore a great bustle made of newspapers; nor did John Adams, nor James Buchanan, nor Andrew Jackson, nor any of them. Mr. Buchanan, indeed, in his inaugural address, distinctly repudiated the suggestion that it was incumbent upon the President to wear such an article, and we need hardly tell the student of history that his position was precisely similar to that taken by Washington in that immortal paragraph upon bustles contained in his farewell address. We ask Mrs. Woodhull, then, to abandon her design. It is unconstitutional, it is incendiary, it is revolutionary, it is suicidal. She must either retract from her position upon the subject, or suffer defeat; for we will withdraw our support if she persists in her wicked project. Let her undertake to base her claims upon this peculiarity, and in less than a week we shall have George Francis Train, and all other idiots who are running for the White House, prancing around the country with exactly the same kind of things on."

A student at Yale startled the class at recitation the other day. "What stars never set?" asked the Professor. "Roosters," was the prompt reply, some one.

One Rail Railways.

A TRAIN RUNNING EASILY AND SAFELY ON A SINGLE RAIL.

Much has been said and written about the respective merits and demerits of broad guage and narrow guage railways, but a railway with no guage at all, and only a single rail, is a new feature in modern enterprise, and, therefore, possesses considerable interest to the public generally. We will endeavor to give our readers some idea of this rather curious invention, which owes its origin to the busy brain of Monsieur Larmanjat, a French civil engineer, who has not only suggested the idea, but put it into practical operation in France and other portions of Europe.

THE LARMANJAT THEORY

is this, that railways as they are now constructed with two rails and the wheels of the locomotives and cars solidly fastened to the shafts, are on a wrong principle, and create resistence in the curves which might be avoided by establishing the road with but a single rail put in the plane with the longitudinal axis of the locomotive and cars. Forty per cent. of the weight of the engine and tender goes on the driving wheels, and as the adhesion or friction produced by that weight between the line of the wheels and the rails is smaller than it would be on a macadamized road, it is claimed that the adhesive power of the engines necessary to draw the train is only obtained by materially increasing their weight, especially when the road has heavy grades, and that sixty per cent. of that weight is born by the locomotive, and does not increase the tractive power due to the adhesion on the rail. In building railways with to rails, and fastening the locomotive and car wheels to the shafts, Larmanjat says the same mistake has been made as if wheel-barrows were constructed with two parallel wheels pinned to a single shaft. His invention works the driving wheels of the locomotive on a macadamized road, or oak planks laid alongside the rail, which gives him a tractive power of six or seven times greater than iron can furnish, and causes the whole train to run easily and safely on a single rail. This rail is of American pattern, and is spiked in the usual manner, but in the middle of the ties, while the planks alluded to are bolted fast to either end of the ties. For a turnpike railroad having a grade of five hundred feet, and where the train is to weigh fifty tons and the locomotive ten, the ties require to be five feet seven inches long, and a three inches thick. If on a turnpike with the above mentioned grade the same weight is to be drawn, and the driving wheels to run on the macadam instead of plank, the rail, instead of resting on ties would rest on oak planks, one foot wide and three inches thick laid in the same direction as the rail. The planks and part of the rail would be buried in the ground; the rails weigh about 8½ pounds to the square foot, and the macadam on either side, would be one foot wide.

THE LOCOMOTIVE

for our one rail railway has four wheels; being placed, the one at the front and the other at the rear of the engine, bearing on the rail. These give the direction, and are double flanged. The other pair of wheels are placed in a traverse plane, passing on a line in front of the firebox. They run on the oak planks or macadam, as the case may be, and are the driving wheels. By the aid of a screw ingeniously contrived, the engineer can incline his machine more or less, and thus the wheel can be put on or taken from the driving wheels. The wheels are not wedged to the shaft, but turn loosely; they have coiled springs, one end of which is fixed to the shaft, and the other to the hub of the wheel, so that the engine moves only after so many revolutions, the spring coiling itself till the tension is equal to the power necessary to start the train. By this arrangement, when the engine is going around a curve, one of the springs discharges itself of all the difference which its wheel has to run greater than the other—so that the strain on the shaft and wheel, so troublesome in the two rail system, is avoided entirely. The directing wheels being on a pivot, can be turned in any direction. The cars have only four wheels, two to run on the rail, and two on the plank or macadam; and all the weight bears on the rail and side wheels, the latter being smaller than the directing wheels, and intended only to maintain the equilibrium

But after all theorizing and speculation, the proof of the soundness of pudding is in the eating of it—and Monsieur Larmanjat has a one rail railway running between Raney and Montfermeil near Paris, which

HAS BEEN IN SUCCESSFUL OPERATION

two years. On this railway a locomotive weighing three tons draws two cars with twenty passengers in each, up grades equal to 370 feet in a mile and through curves of 16 feet radius. This sort of a railway can be built in France for about $1,600 per mile. The locomotives weigh six and ten tons; the former runs fourteen miles an hour, drawing besides its own weight thirty-five tons up a grade of two feet in a hundred, and costs $5,000. On a level it would draw 180 tons. The cars are correspondingly cheap.

Many practical men believe that the Larmanjat system is the true solution of the problem of putting railways on turnpikes with the grades and curves which the common highway usually has, and it is not impossible that the experiment will soon be tried in this country. Should it be as successful here as in Europe, it would be of immense benefit, especially in mountainous regions, or even in such hilly localities as New England.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A late press dispatch from La Salle, Ill., says: The recent rain, with intervals of intensely hot weather, has pushed forward all kinds of crops with unusual rapidity. Farmers in this vicinity report the best stand of corn obtained for many years. The seventeen year locusts have appeared quite numerously south of the Illinois river, and seem to be moving in a westerly direction. The weather is much cooler to-day.

HIGH WATER.—The Columbia river at latest dates was on the rampage.

Puzzled Chinamen at Versailles.

About two hundred years ago a Japanese ambassador came on a mission to Louis XIV. When asked by the courtiers what astonished him most in the city, he replied: "To see myself in it." If M. Thiers were to ask the same question of the Chinese ambassadors who are now here, it is probable they would answer, "To see you in it;" for having been sent by his Celestial Majesty on a mission to that particular Son of Heaven who was supposed to be reigning in Paris when they left Pekin, they are greatly perplexed to know to whom they should offer the magnificent presents they have brought with them. Instead of a son of Heaven in the Tuileries they find an assembly of mandarins in Versailles, and instead of one government, they have to choose between two for the transaction of their business. According to Chinese notions France is a dragon with two heads attempting to devour itself. The youngest of the ambassadors is a very gentlemanly man, as far as Chinese gentility goes, well up in his Confucius, and of an observant turn of mind, and is writing an account of the events taking place under his eyes. His notions of French politics are somewhat obscure and it has been impossible to make him understand the difference between the social and non-social republic. Having been favored with a reading of the original manuscript, I give a translation of one of the most striking passages: "Human sacrifices," says the writer, "have not been abolished by these barbarians. At certain epochs they slay each other, that none of them may be massacred by a tyrant. These occidental customs recall the customs of our Western savages who put their parents on the spit to spare them the inconvenience of old age. Individually, these barbarians are mild in their manners and of agreeable intercourse. United in assembly, they can never agree. There is one word that makes them frantic. That is the word 'Liberty.' We cannot give the exact meaning of it, because the learned men to whom we applied for illustration do not themselves understand it perfectly, and we have not found two who interpreted it in the same way. The commonest interpretation of the word 'Liberty' is, that it expresses the right to free one's self and enslave others. This people treats us as barbarians because our lamas rip up their bellies in honor of Buddha. With them the whole nations tears itself with its own hands in the belief that it is serving the idol 'Liberty.' They call that civilization."—*World.*

The Chicago *Times* of June 1st says: "McFarland is determined to make himself obnoxious to his and the late Mr. Richardson's wife. He has had the Indiana divorce suit re opened, and is in a fair way, it is said, to have the verdict set aside. If this should be the result, his criminal affairs will be in a sad state of confusion. His killing of Richardson has been decided in Court not to have been murder, but, in this case would it not be suicide? He killed Mrs. McFarland's husband; that is a well known fact. Now if another Court decides that McFarland is that husband, it will be clearly demonstrated in law that Mr McFarland is dead. This would be a pleasant way of disposing of the whole matter, though the lady in the case, like most ladies in most cases, is enjoying herself just now in California, in sweet oblivion of any ex-husband."

AGRICULTURAL.—That great and good man, Horace Greeley, is constantly working for the benefit of the agricultural community, and it has become a common thing for farmers all over the country to consult Horace the same as they would an almanac for information. Here is the latest effort ascribed to him: An Elmira farmer wrote to Mr. Greeley for his experience in raising geese for market. Horace said there was no trouble at all about it if the goslins were not weaned too young. He says they should be allowed to run with the old cow and suck until their horns got out an inch or two, when they will be hardy enough to pack and salt down for market.

Persons who have not been in the habit of drinking buttermilk consider it disagreeable, because slightly acid in consequence of the presence of the lactic acid. There is not much nourishment in buttermilk, but the presence of the lactic acid assists the digestion of any food taken with it. The Welsh peasants almost live upon oat cake and buttermilk. Invalids suffering from indigestion will do well to drink buttermilk at meal times.

A LANDLORD'S EXPERIENCE.—A Virginia landlord, in commenting on the statement that tight lacing saves the country $2,000,000 annually in board alone, says it is a villainous and habitual lie. He knows a girl who laces so tight that his arm will go around her twice and lap over clear to the elbow, and one wouldn't think, to look at her, that she could eat anything except soup; but she's got an appetite like a cross-cut saw, and she mows a swath at a table like a self-raking reaper.

LITERARY FOOD.—Poetry is the flower of literature; prose the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love letters are the honey and sugar, and letters, containing remittances are the plums.

Gentleman about to pay his doctor's bill—"Well, Doctor, as my little boy gave the measels to all the neighbor's children, and as they were attended by you, I think you can afford to deduct ten per cent from the amount of my bill for the increase of the business we gave you."

A gentleman traveling on a steamer, one day at dinner, was making away with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was a desert, "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it was a wilderness."

When our cup runs over, we let others drink the drops that fall, but not a drop from within the rim; and we complacently call this charity.

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CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

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For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

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THE ARION PIANO-FORTE has Greater Power than any other other Piano-Forte manufactured.

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Throughout the entire scale, the excellent singing Quality, the

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It affords me much pleasure to give you, in these few lines, a very sincere testimonial for the Piano Fortes of your manufacture. We have now used the "Patent Arion Pianos" in our Conservatories for a year, and have had a fair opportunity of testing their durability during that time. The Pianos have been played upon almost constantly, from morning till night, and a Piano must indeed be a good one when it will bear such constant use without showing signs of defection. As for remaining in tune, it out rivals any Piano known to me.

Their peculiar sweetness of tone in the treble (as compared to other Pianos with the ordinary metal agraffe arrangement) is so striking that I have had pupils remark, while taking their lessons, that although they had at home what they supposed to be one of the best makes of Pianos, still the treble was very wiry toned compared with the "ARION."

What makes them still more desirable is their uniform volume of tone, which enables an Artist to perform a composition in its true character.

In total, I can conscientiously endorse all that is claimed by the Arion Piano-Forte Company for their superb instruments, as I consider them superior to any other make.

Congratulating you upon the great success you have obtained in the manufacture of so perfect an instrument, I remain yours,

Very truly,
HENRY SCHROEDER,
Director.

New York, September 3, 1870.

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