THE SHADOW-DANCE SONG.

I dance in the pleasant meadow,
In the fresh and waving grass,
And the arms of my own Shadow
Clasp me tightly as I pass.

They tell me I am so ugly
No peasant will dance with me
That I'm too bold and naughty,
I know not if it be.

But my Shadow's not so haughty;
The moor is a ball-room free
All day, all night, my heart is light,
For the good God loveth me.

We trip it so well together,
My still brown Shadow and I,
That up from the sweet wild heather
The bees and the birdlings fly.

Oh, nearer and nearer coming,
They hum and twitter and wheel;
"Zit-see!" laugh the bees, low humming;
"Twit-tee! what a jolly reel!"

Skip, skip! comes Monsieur Grasshopper;
Hop! comes dear little Cricket;
Only drowsy Will-o'-the-wisp
Drones in the dusky thicket.

Ever my Shadow awakes me,
When the day is scarce begun;
Close, close, round my waist he takes me;
"Come out to our dance in the sun—

"Come out to our dance in the sun,
The dew is lingering yet;
Are you ugly or fair, all's one
To me, my Fanchon Fadet."

So my Shadow and I we kiss,
In our veil of flying hair,
Or we dance or we float like this—
He follows me everywhere.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

RENSIE'S REVENGE.

It was only a common little country cottage, with nothing attractive or picturesque about it. No flowering shrubs, or climbing roses, or scented geraniums, only a plain grass plat in front, covered with golden buttercups and clustering, white daisies, fluttering and dancing in the summer breeze, and lifting up their heads lovingly to the bright sunshine of heaven. The house was old and weatherbeaten, poor enough inside and out; nothing of art enriched the scene, but nature had been most prodigal in the magnificent scenery around, glorious and God-given.

A rich, golden sunset was lighting up the verdant sides of "Old Kirby" Mountain, gilding the surrounding landscape, brightening the yellow of the corn-fields, and the amber hue of the wheat and oats, now fast ripening. Masses of gorgeous clouds lay piled up in grand, fantastic beauty, and now, as the sun was slowly sinking low, and still lower, throwing into dim, uncertain indistinctness the encircling hills, a changed color comes over all, and mountains, hills, and distant woods take on the deep, purple glow, thrilling all with its charm, so indescribably tender and beautiful! 'Tis the soul of the landscape exhaling.

Widow Tutes stood at her garden gate watching anxiously the distant road from town.

"Poor boy! I fear he will be sadly tired to-night, for the day has been hot and sultry, and the roads dusty and hard." She turned away and slowly walked back to the cottage door, and into the little room where the evening meal was laid, awaiting the absent son. The tea-table, covered with snowy linen, stood invitingly arrayed, directly under the vine-covered window, whose branches shaded the room, and cast a refreshing coolness, while the fragrance of the honeysuckle stole in the room with every passing breeze. The supper, simple as it was, might tempt the appetite of an epicure. Fresh, delicious cakes of Indian corn, luscious, ripe blackberries, rich, golden cream, and new butter, while two large pitchers were placed at the head of the table, the one filled with fresh milk, the other with pure, sparkling spring water. A better meal no one could desire, and all the product of the little farm, tilled in the leisure hours of the widow's son.

The mother glanced complacently at the tea-table, then going to the cupboard, took down her little black earthen tea-pot. Now if the widow had a weakness, it was for a good cup of tea. A nice cup of "Young Hyson" was her daily solace. This night her tea canister was empty! But then, Renssalear was coming home, and he would be sure to bring her some. She was sure of this, for he never neglected anything that would contribute to her comfort.

She glanced wishfully down the road. Sure enough there he was just coming round the hill. Her eye brightened and she looked lovingly at him, and well she might, for he was a son of whom any mother might well be proud, —a noble specimen of a brave New England boy. Tall, well-formed, with a bright, manly look, and frank, open brow. Now, he drives up the cottage-lane as rapidly as his horse can go, for it is no blooded nag, and the vehicle from which he dismounts is—a peddler's cart!

"Home again, dear mother!"

"Yes my son. I have been waiting a long time for you, and I most feared you was not coming to-night."

"I was detained at the village, mother. I stopped at the store to get you some tea—"

Renssalear stopped suddenly, and his mother perceived, for the first time, that her boy looked pale and care-worn.

"What is the matter—what ails you, my son?" said she.

"Nothing, nothing, mother dear," said he, evasively. "We will sup, now."

"Look at that sunset, mother dear," said the youth. "Look at the changing, glowing hues!"

After a pause, he continued:

"Nature is grand and lovely beyond expression. She is prodigal in her good gifts, while man alone, is niggard!"

The dying rays of the sun lit up the couple with a blaze of light and radiance, and gleamed as a glory round the head of the aged dame as she looked admiringly on her stalwart son.

Carl, the noble Newfoundland, wagged his tail approvingly, and glanced from one to the other, as much as to say:

"Change the subject; I'm ready for supper!"

They entered the humble abode, and silently seated themselves at the table, and Renssalear reverently invoked a blessing on the evening repast.

"Mother," said the youth, after a short silence, "mother, I have not been very successful this trip, and as I was coming home, I called into Squire Nuhil's store, and asked him to trust me for a little tea and sugar for you; and," continued Renssalear, his fine face flushing, "he refused to trust me, and not only that, but he drove me from the store, with harsh, contemptuous epithets. All this, too, in the presence of his daughter, Miss Clara, and I do assure you, mother, her proud lip curled with intense scorn as she looked at me, while her father called me a poor, low peddler. Mother, his gray hairs only prevented me from telling him just what I thought of him; but I resisted the temptation, and left the store in silence, vowing some time to be even with Squire Nuhil! So, mother, you must do without your tea for a while longer."

Renssalear rose, and strode nervously to the door, and stood gazing out on the few sterile acres of land—his scanty patrimony—and sighed bitterly as he thought of his past life and future prospect.

Hard fate and iron fortune—stern poverty's lot—had always kept him down. For years he had labored hard to provide for the wants of an aged mother, and do what he could he never could get fore-handed as many other boys of his age had. So, people, disregarding his stern honesty, his industrious habits, his loving devotion to his mother, had begun to say, "Well, Renssalear is a very fine young man, but he will never be very well off; he is only a peddler!" Only a peddler! They forgot that one—the merchant prince of America—was only a peddler!

Constable & Arnold, one of the largest firms in New York city, were once poor peddlers who came into that city years ago, with packs on their backs; but ah! the pack has grown and expanded into the richer, fuller proportions of a splendid marble palace, filled with rare laces and rustling silks.

So, in their early youth came the famous and honored Lawrence Brothers and commenced business with a stock in trade no larger than many a peddler—a little thread-and-needle store, in an obscure portion of the city.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise."

The widow had cleared away the tea-table and was seated in her rocking-chair quietly knitting.

"Never mind, Renssalear; never mind for the tea," said she, looking up affectionately to her son. "God has sent us a better beverage; clear, healthy, pure water, gushing from the hill-side spring. He will provide for us, if we trust him."

"You are right, dear mother; and I freely confess to you that I have had bitter, revengeful feelings, for the hasty words of Squire Nuhil angered and annoyed me. But mother, God is over all. I have youth, am rich in health and hopes, and I shall succeed and yet triumph over all my enemies!"

His noble form dilated, his dark eyes flashed as he emphatically uttered his heart feelings, and, turning with his mother, passed into the cottage, where they engaged in their evening devotions, as was their nightly custom ere they retired to rest; and as they sang, in conclusion, time-honored "Old Dundee," the sweet, tremulous tones of the widow blended with the rich, manly voice of the son, and every word of the good old psalm sank deep into Renssalear's heart.

"Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known;
O give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own!"

* * * * * * * *

Ten years had passed away, and the little weather-stained cottage in the shadow of Kirby Mountain was silent and deserted. The good widow slept her long sleep in a corner of the village church-yard, and her boy had left his native town and sought the city, the distant city of Boston, where, carrying with him the same frugal habits, the same integrity and honesty, he entered into business and succeeded. Succeeded even beyond his most ardent, youthful expectations. In an elegant mansion in the lovely suburbs of B——, he lived, surrounded by an interesting and happy family, and honored and esteemed by all around him.

In his splendid and capacious abode, all was beauty and refinement. No touch of grim poverty lingered there; no signs of the hardships which clouded the early life of Renssalear. His young wife, quiet, refined and beautiful, and two children—a boy and a girl—made this life and his home a paradise!

His daughter—called after her grandma, the sweet name of Mary—was a fair, winning child, with curly, golden locks, a bright smile and rejoicing laugh.

Evidence of the taste of the owner was manifested in the adornments of the house; the paintings, the observatory, and the well-stocked library, while many a dainty article, fashioned by the snowy fingers of his wife, adorned and beautified the home.

One pleasant morning in early June, as he was driving into the city with his young son, he observed at a little distance down the street, a lady and gentleman walking toward him, and whose appearance he thought was familiar.

They were both clad poorly and seemed to be in deep trouble, and the lady, who was some years younger, was crying most bitterly.

On nearer approaching he recognized them as Squire Nuhil and his daughter Clara! His old enemy stood before him, and in distress!

The old Squire, once pompous and portly, was sadly withered, and meager, and wrinkled; and his daughter, the haughty Clara, was sad, and downhearted, and poorly attired.

Renssalear gazed at them in silence, as his life rose up before him. He saw a slight youth, clad in home-spun garments, journeying along over those rugged and rocky hill-sides with his poor peddler's cart and broken-down horse, striving to earn an honest livelihood, an humble support for the old age of a beloved mother. Again he saw the pompous form, and heard the hard, insulting voice of the Squire, and the mocking, derisive laugh of the proud daughter, as he was driven, a poor peddler, from the door!

His resolution was soon formed.

Instantly checking his horse he saluted the astonished couple.

A few words explained their trouble.

The Squire had lost all in a foolish speculation, and thinking he and his daughter might open a little millinery store, they had come to Boston to get the goods, the Squire thinking he could obtain credit from his old business friends in the city. So they had selected and ordered eight hundred dollars' worth of goods; but the firm had refused to give the goods without the ready cash. Leaving the store in despair, they were about to depart for their distant home, when they met Mr. Tutes.

"Please step into my carriage!" cried the cheery tones of Renssalear.

They obeyed silently, and he drove to the store where the goods had been ordered.

"Squire Nuhil," said Renssalear, "some years ago a little scene occurred at your old store which caused me many unpleasant feelings. I said then I would be revenged on you, and I shall," he added firmly.

Entering the warerooms, he called for their bill of goods, quietly paid the amount and presented the paper to the astonished pair, entered the carriage and drove away before they could recover from the shame and confusion his noble act occasioned!

And thus Rensie Tutes had his revenge; a revenge worthy of a great and good heart, worthy of a Christian and a gentleman!

And, I would add, this is no fanciful sketch, every word being strictly true, and every incident occurring exactly as narrated.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Old Home.

An out-door quiet held the earth
Beneath the winter moon,
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,
And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth,
A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy race,
With the clicking of the cricket,
And red coals in the chimney-place
Peeped out with many a rose face,
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,
And tinware on the shelves
Twinkled and winked at every gliff,
In the flickering fire-light, as if
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,
Counted her stitches slowly,
And the old man, with full many a gap,
Read from the Big Book on his lap
The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock clicked; the old man read,
His deep voice pausing, lowering;
The good wife nodded, dropped her head—
The lids of both were heavy as lead—
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,
While—all the milk pans tilting—
Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,
Till John and the belated team
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May Time, I pray, when failing years
Make thin my voice and thrapple,
Find my last days of life like theirs,
As sweet with children's love and prayers,
And like a winter apple.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

CARE OF IMPLEMENTS.—Every farmer should keep a good wrench which can be adjusted to fit a nut of any size, that may be employed on wagons or farm implements. The wood-work of implements and carriages frequently shrinks so that clips, bolts and braces have an opportunity to work; if the nuts are not tightened, the parts commence wearing or the nuts soon work off the bolts. The same is true of rivets, when they pass through wood-work. They often need to be drawn up tight with a riveting hammer.

TESTING SEEDS.—In a portion of Denmark, where one-fifth of the land is cultivated to clover the vitality of the seed is tested by placing a quantity on a knife blade, and heating it over a lighted candle. The good seed will pop open and pop off, while the worthless remains and carbonizes on the blade. Mr. Christian Bagge, of Oakland, reminds us of this fact in response to an inquiry for practical tests for seeds.—*Indiana Farmer.*

WINTER TREATMENT OF STOCK.—Liberal feeding is now needed. No stock should be allowed to lose now what they have made in the summer. On the contrary, they should be kept growing. And they may be, by proper feeding. "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand," is very true in this respect. There must be close attention to this matter, or money is lost in feed and in weight of stock. Don't trust too much to hired men or boys. Have exact measurements for the feed. A box to hold three quarts should be in every feed bin. This makes a fair allowance for one ox or horse, or for two cows, or four calves at each feed. A bushel basket of fine cut hay is an average for one horse or cow or two calves at each feed. There should be no waste, but as much feed given as will be eaten up clean. Give salt regularly, in small quantities, or have it accessible to the animals.—*American Agriculturist.*

NONSENSE ABOUT FARMING.—The Germantown *Telegraph* remarks thus sharply about errors that creep into agricultural literature: We find more errors and nonsense about farming, etc., in the public prints, even in those devoted to agriculture and its kindred branches, than would take all the time of one well-informed person to correct from week to week. But we are glad to know that the reading farmer has one sure protection against the injury that would be inflicted upon him in this way, and that is his own good common sense. In connection with this, our eyes have just lit upon a statement given in a leading agricultural journal in the Southwest, as to the proper allowance of hay for one horse. This is set down at 3.08 pounds per day for every hundred pounds weight of the animal. Now, if we estimate the average weight at 850 pounds, and the quantity fed at three pounds, it would make the animal's allowance 25½ pounds per day, 178 pounds per week, or about 10,300 pounds per year! This would be over five tons per horse, just twice the quantity fed in these parts!

FAT CATTLE.—As the question of pure blood, good handling, and the points of a good animal, all finally culminate in the *fat steer*, from which a large part of the real wealth of Iowa is derived, why does not this animal take a more prominent position at our fairs, in our periodicals, and on our fancy farms. Fat cows and noble bulls have their places and rightly, but while there are hundreds of the latter on exhibition the fat steer is seldom seen. There were two at our late State Fair. They were noble specimens, but why so few, and why do they occupy so diminutive a position on our list of prizes? The cows and the bulls are only the means by which the *animal of utility* is produced. Why is the animal neglected which fills our pockets, and whose jucy steaks maketh richer than the wine of the valleys of Burgundy? If they cannot have a more prominent place at our county fairs, there should be a fat cattle show of itself. It would tend greatly to induce our people to put their corn and grass in a shape which will command a better price than in any other form. Fat cattle are not the farmer's character for a bank, but they are the cash in the vaults. They are not what the agriculturist expects at some future day, but they are the present realization of his hopes and labor. They are not what visionary men dream about, but the practical man's present joy. Let us, therefore, have more specimens of the real fruits of the improvement of the stock of the country at the places where we exhibit our idols.—*Des Moines Register.*

Recipes, etc.

ROUGE FOR CLEANING SILVER PLATE.—Take equal parts of precipitated subcarbonate of iron and prepared chalk, powdered. Mix well.

LAMB CHOPS.—Fry them a light brown in butter; then add a little water, flour, salt, and a dust of pepper to the gravy. Let it brown, and pour over the chops.

WHITE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the whites of five eggs, one cup of water, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This is an excellent cake.

DEATH TO EARTH WORMS.—To keep earth worms from flower pots, a correspondent gives the following remedy: "I put ten drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water, and poured that on the earth in the pots, and it acted like a charm, killed all the worms, and the plants improved at once. It has been three weeks since it was applied, and they are all in a nice growing condition, and I think it is time enough to show what it will do." Will our lady readers bear this in mind, and when earth worms become troublesome in their flower pots, procure at a drug-store some carbolic acid and test the remedy?

When Is a Man Old!

When may we be said to have made or to be making "old bones?" On this point Dr. Gardner is a most exhilarating informant. He allows, indeed, that the period cannot "be strictly defined by years." Some human beings, like some race horses which are "run off their legs" at two years of age, are too early exposed to the effects of wear and tear, and necessarily, instead of being strengthened by what might otherwise have been a severe, perhaps, but an invigorating and a hardening discipline, break down and fall into premature decay. Then the phrase "fast living" is full of meaning. It implies a crowding of pleasures or sufferings into a shorter compass than natural; and, if we burn a candle at both ends, we cannot take the time in which it is consumed as a fair criterion of the lasting powers of candles in general, reasonably treated. Let us, however, put our human candle in a proper candle-stick, and burn it moderately and snuff it and trim it carefully, and it will last so long that, as Dr. Gardner says, "observation has convinced me that 63 is an age at which the majority of persons may be termed old; and, as a rule, we may adopt it as the epoch of the commencing decline of life." This is calculated to cheer the spirits of those who have been told that "man is old at 45;" but it will, on the other hand, prove a "damper" to those who "have considered 70 the normal standard." Let not the latter, however, be unduly discouraged, for the Doctor, adopting, with certain modifications, the views of M. Flourens, would bring the natural life of a man to be from 90 to 105 years, and would, therefore, draw the satisfactory, or, from another point of view, unsatisfactory, inference, "that all persons who die under 80 years of age, many who die under 90, some who die under 100, or even 105, die prematurely." And that more persons live to the age of 100 than were dreamed of in the philosophy of the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis is conclusively proved, contrary, one would say, to the very candid author's own bias and expectations in that most laborious, sagacious, instructive and entertaining work called "Human Longevity, its Facts and its Fictions," by W. J. Thomas, the learned and honored late editor of *Notes and Queries*. It may be advisable to remark in passing for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the views aliuded to above of M. Flourens, that he, "taking his observations from the group Mammalia, of the class Vertebrata, as having the closest resemblance to man, * * * found that their natural life extends exactly to five times the period of their growth; and, "applying the rule thus obtained to human life, and taking the age when the body is fully matured to be 20 years, he concludes the natural duration of the life of man to be 100 years." It does not appear, unfortunately, that M. Flourens made an allowance for the fuss, worry, nagging and aggravation from which all mammals except man appear to be tolerably exempt, which every human being has to endure more or less, and which is as fatal to sensitive natures as disease or privation tend to materially shorten existence.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Tilton-Beecher Trial.

The opening speech of Judge Morris, counsel for Tilton in the great scandal suit at New York, occupied three days in its delivery, and is described as a powerful forensic effort. There were, says a report of the trial, many strong passages of assault and denunciation. He spoke of Beecher as the "seducer" and "paramour" of Mrs. Tilton, turning toward the defenant while Beecher and his wife and Mrs. Tilton looked steadily into his face. He closed with a sympathetic appeal to the jury, describing on the one hand, Beecher's lofty genius, eminent position, great power and boundless resources, and on the other hand Tilton's poverty and comparative helplessness, but demanding that they should, nevertheless, vindicate eternal justice in the case. When Morris described Tilton's domestic virtues Mrs. Beecher smiled, as she also did when he launched his objurgations against her husband; but during the closing passages of his speech it was evident that only her self-command enabled her to suppress her feelings. At the damnatory passages, Mrs. Tilton fanned herself vigorously with a large fan, and it was interesting at such times to notice her retiring figure, shrinking almost within itself under his vociferous vehemence. When he read a highly colored and Becheresque extract from one of Beecher's old sermons, giving a lurid picture of the seducer and a harrowing sketch of the wretched victim of seduction, Beecher smiled all over, perhaps at the roaring way it was delivered, so different from Beecher's own method of delivery. When near the close Morris roared out, "Death and destruction to the seducer," Beecher's massive face confronted him, Tilton looked excited, but Mrs. Tilton seemed unperturbed. The flourishes of Morris at the close were tumultuous.

A Wonderful Flower.

One of the most exquisite wonders of the sea is the opelet, a flower resembling very much the German Chinaaster. It has the appearance of a large double aster, with a quantity of petals of a light green color, glossy as silk, each petal tipped with rose-color. These lovely petals are never still, but wave about in the water, while the flower clings to the rock. So innocent and lovely-looking, no one could suspect it of eating anything; certainly if it did, only a bit of rainbow or a drop of dew. But those beautiful waving petals have other and more material work to do—to provide food for a large mouth, which is cunningly hid deep down among them. They do their duty famously; for, as soon as a silly little fish comes in contact with those rosy tips, he is struck with a poison fatal and quick as lightning. He dies instantly, and the beautiful arms wrap themselves about him and drag him into the greedy mouth. Then those lovely petals unclose and float innocently on the water, just like our water-lily. This flower was long ago talked of, but its existence doubted until the last century. Now the opelet is known to be a thing that really exists.

THE Senate of Virginia has pased a law so sweeping in its operations in prohibition of lottery enterprises that even ladies' fairs for the benefit of church and other organizations are prohibited and punished.

JOSEPH HARPER, a centenarian, died at Georgetown, D. C., at the age of 106 years, on the 5th inst. Deceased had been blind for nearly eighty years.

STOP at the Sherman House when in Chicago. With its superior advantages and recent reduction of rates, its claims for public favor are unequaled.

A LEAVENWORTH man told a lie, and then said: "I hope to be struck dead if I have not told the truth!" He had scarcely ceased speaking when he fell to the floor—a man having knocked him down.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—The perceptive faculty of women is usually keener than the same phrenological organ in men. Woman knows that beauty rather than genius is worshiped by the sterner sex. A man may talk with his lips of the latter to his lady-love, but the keenness of the woman knows that he is thinking of the former in his heart. All women have an innate desire to please their *beaux*. They are fond of admiration, hence one of their longings is to be beautiful. The grand secret of female beauty is health—the secret of health is the power to eat, digest and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food. Take VINEGAR BITTERS. It will cleanse the stomach, tone the vital organs, give a perfect digestion, purify the blood, clear up the complexion and produce a state of mental and physical electricity which gives symmetry of form, bright eyes, white skin, glossy hair and a genuine type of female loveliness which no cosmetic can compare with. 19.

Modern Women.

It is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that the women of our times have degenerated in health and physique until they are literally a race of invalids—pale, nervous, feeble and back-achy, with only here and there a few noble exceptions in the persons of the robust, buxom ladies characteristic of the sex in days gone by. By a very large experience, covering a period of years, and embracing the treatment of many thousands of cases of those ailments peculiar to women, Dr. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., has perfected, by the combination of certain vegetable extracts, a natural specific, which he does not extol as a cure-all, but one which admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most positive and reliable remedy for those weaknesses and complaints that afflict the women of the present day. This natural specific compound is called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The following are among those diseases in which this wonderful medicine has worked cures as if by magic and with a certainty never before attained by any medicines: Weak back, nervous and general debility, falling and other displacements of internal organs, resulting from debility and lack of strength in natural supports, internal fever, congestion, inflammation and ulceration and very many other chronic diseases incident to women, not proper to mention here, in which, as well as in the cases that have been enumerated, the Favorite Prescription effects cures—the marvel of the world. It will not do harm in any state or condition of the system, and by adopting its use the invalid lady may avoid that severest of ordeals—the consulting of a family physician. Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—This medicine is used by construction companies for the benefit of their employes, when engaged in malarial districts. The highest testimonials have been given by contractors and by the Presidents of some of the leading railroads in the South and West. When men are congregated in large numbers in the neighborhood of swamps and rivers, Wilhoft's Tonic will prove a valuable addition to the stock of medicines, and will amply reward the company in the saving of time, labor and money. We recommend it to all. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans. For sale by all druggists.

ON the death of one of England's most eminent physicians, all his effects were sold by auction, and among other things was a sealed packed, marked "Advice to Physicians," which brought a great price. The purchaser on opening the packet, read as follows: "Keep the head cool, the bowels open and the feet warm." If physic is necessary, use *Parsons' Purgative Pills*; they are the most scientifically prepared pill that has appeared in the last hundred years.

THE most stylish collar that is worn now is the Improved Warwick. It fits better than any other on a low-cut shirt. All the edges being folded, and the surface looking so much like linen, we recommend all to try it. Ask your gents' furnisher for the Improved Warwick.

WE received a very pleasant letter of thanks from our old friend Kendall, since his return home, for a bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* which we gave him, and which he says has entirely cured him of the troublesome and dangerous cough he had when here.

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