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FRIDAY.....DECEMBER 22, 1876.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

POLITICAL—THANKSGIVING—WHAT WE HAVE TO BE THANKFUL FOR—BUSINESS—PRICES OF LIVING.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1876.

POLITICAL.

If anybody supposes that the desperate gang of Democratic politicians who, with Sammy Tilden at their head, have any idea of giving up the contest for the possession of the federal spoils, they are mistaken. This vetern schemer began this campaign in iniquity, he conducted it with fraud, and he intends to reap its fruits by the same means. He intends to contest it peaceably, provided he can win in that way, but rather than lose it, will resort to force. Rather than not have the control of the Government, these desperadoes would inaugurate a new rebellion. The lie factory, known as Tilden's editorial bureau, is as hard at work now as before the election. Its business now is to fill the press with stories of Republican frauds, the object being to so impress the public mind with the idea that Hayes is not fairly elected, as to justify the Democratic House in refusing to recognize him, and to give color to the rebellion they intend to inaugurate. The headquarters of the concern are here, under Tilden's personal control, but they have branches in Charleston, Columbia, Tallahassee and New Orleans. The zeal and ingenuity manifested would be admirable were they employed in a better cause. For instance one day they telegraph North from New Orleans, that Senator Sherman has telegraphed to Hayes that the frauds are so apparent that he had better at once withdraw, and before this infamous lie is contradicted they will telegraph that Ex-Governor Dennison, of Ohio, has telegraphed the same thing to Hayes, and all the Republicans present, have acknowledged that Louisiana voted for Tilden and that they are about to return. From Florida they telegraph similar statements, and the way they praise Wade Hampton, and the South Carolina rebels for moderation and high-toned patriotism is astonishing. Now be it known that these telegrams and statements are concocted here in New York, that there isn't a word of truth in them; that S. J. Tilden revises every one of them, and that they all pass under his hand before they are retelegraphed South to be scattered broadcast over the country. Of course he knows that they will be contradicted, but he knows also that many will never see the contradiction, and that a nasty impression will be left on the minds of those who do. It will have the effect to justify him in what he intends to do, to some extent; at least, it furnishes catchwords to put into the mouths of his followers. A very smart man is Samuel J. Tilden—were he as honest as he is smart he would be a very useful man instead of the curse to the world he is. The Republicans of New York, notwithstanding they are in a hopeless minority, are not at all frightened at the struggle thus forced upon them. They know that Hayes was fairly elected, and they pay no attention whatever to the bluster that is showered upon them. And the monied portion of the Democracy are not as anxious for trouble as the place hunters are. In the event of trouble their business would suffer, first of all and the Democratic merchant has just as sensitive a pocket-nerve as the Republican. When the crisis comes you will see these gentlemen weaken, and possibly they may wish that all along they had been with the part of law and order.

THANKSGIVING

Is hardly the festival in New York that it is in New England. Of course the religious people observe it in the regular way—Church in the morning and a Feast in the afternoon, but for many years it has been the favorite day for target excursions for the military companies, and there are hundreds of them. The boys of the west side wards in the city can hardly be supposed to know that in their masked and grotesque processions which it is their fun to get up at this time of the year, they follow an old and excellent custom. Christmas and all holidays in merrie England used to be ushered in with processions of masks and motley costumes, just such for their day as the ward school boys threatened us to at Thanksgiving. The quiet cross-town neighbors were roused by the music of a limited to see companies of harlequins and dominoes go by followed up with troops of Centennial soldiers in calico uniforms, plantation negroes, and bodies of noble red men, got up in the most savage manner with vast expense of madder red and brick-dust, and flowing scalp-locks—the whole procession so masked or whitened and painted that their own mothers could not know them. It was a bit of fun that suited well the temper of the day, and was certainly better for the boys than screeching on horns, pelting cats or touching off toy cannon and air-guns of a holiday. An hour after, they emerged in ordinary dress, with faces scrubbed wonderfully clean, yet not so as to hide suspicious traces of red and black about the roots of the hair.

WHAT WE HAVE TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

Nobody means to suspend feeling or giving thanks till next year, and it isn't out of place to remind ourselves of some special occasions of feeling good the present year. There has been talk of war, which has been well checked by the strong hand on the reigns of power, ten years ago or more, this talk would have been followed by dangerous action, and every woman who reads this may feel glad that her sons or brothers are spared to pursue peaceful courses, and the sword which has pierced many women's hearts within the last decade is turned away from hers also; and, war or no war, we are not, it is likely, to feel the oppression and degradation which *must* have followed the election of Tilden, the tool of all the ignorance and crime of the country. New York knows too well what Democratic rule means, and the hearty thank God, and the thrill of relief all over the city when the news of Hayes' majority was received, after the gloom of the Tilden accounts, effaced even the depression caused by the heavy state of business for the time. It is true, business has been bad in the city, and thousands of people are in distress, but business men have worried through some how, and there has been no more suffering than is usual. At least we have had no epidemics, the health of the city has been good, and, altogether, if we can't be thankful that we have had a prosperous year we can be that it has been no worse. It was good to see the crowds at the depots of roads leading into New England. Every train was packed with people going home for their annual dinner, and many a large merchant left his gorgeous home on the Avenue to sit down to the fat turkey and luscious pumpkin pie in the humble farm-house, from whence, years ago, he came to the great city, a poor boy. Every New-Englander goes home for his Thanksgiving, if he never does at any other time. Business on that day is suspended, except the rum-mills, and they are in full blast, the day being favorable to them, as the people, released from labor, have nothing to do but to spend the money they have earned. Every doggery has its raffle for turkeys the night before, at which thirty men pay ten cents each for the chance of winning a dollar turkey, the winner being required to spend at least the value of the turkey in treating the disappointed ones, and the losers spending quite as much to drown their disappointment. The devil is ingenious, but it does seem as though his tricks were too thin to deceive anybody, who did not want to be deceived. It is a very grave question whether holidays are beneficial. Day of rest! The merchant, man of affairs, chates under his enforced quietude, and the laborer unfits himself by dissipation for a weeks work. Frequent holidays may all be well enough for the French and Spanish, but it don't for the American.

BUSINESS.

Of course there is no business now, but it is reasonable to expect a revival between this and the holidays. And then for a month or two, we expect lively times. Just as soon as it is settled that Hayes is elected there will be a revival in earnest, and the good times we have been looking for so long will be upon us. Louisiana will fix the matter, before this reaches you.

PRICES OF LIVING.

In the present state of business it is fortunate that living is very cheap. Coal is only half of last year's prices, and meats are way down. Thanksgiving turkeys sold for 12 cents per pound, chickens for 8 and 9, and fruits and vegetables are as cheap as could be wished. Good beef can be had for 12 and 15 cents a pound, and everything else in proportion. Still beef at a cent a pound is dear to the man that has not got the cent. The man who has work at no matter what wages is comfortable, but there are so many out of work. An advertisement for a bookkeeper in a morning paper, recently, brought over a thousand applicants before ten o'clock. I have within a week seen men of thirty, competent bookkeepers, applying for positions as errand boys at $4 a week! Heaven send the revival of business that these hungry men may find something to do.

PIETRO.

The report that was started on Monday that smallpox had broken out in the Nanaimo camp of Indians turned out to be false. Dr. Cluness visited the camp and made a complete inspection, but could find no trace of this disease.

UNSATISFIED.

"Only a housemaid!"
She looked from the kitchen—
Neat was the kitchen,
And tidy was she;
There at the window
A seamstress sat stitching:
"Were I a seamstress,
How happy I'd be!"

"Only a Queen!"
She looked over the water—
Fair was her kingdom,
And mighty was she:
There sat an Empress,
With Queens for her daughters:
"Were I an Empress,
How happy I'd be!"

Still the old frailty,
They all of them trip in!
Eve in her daughters
Is ever the same;
Give her an Eden,
She sighs for a pippin;
Give her an Empire,
She sighs for a name!

Mrs. Pope and the Bear.

"You must look out for the sheep, wife. These warm days will bring the bears out of their dens. They will be ravenous, and like as not they will break into the yard and carry off some of the sheep. I saw bear tracts up the mountain this morning."

"Well" said Mrs. Pope, "they needn't expect to get any of our sheep. If they come prowling round here, I'll drive them off in some way. We need the sheep too much to have them carried off by bears."

"I wish you understood using the gun, wife. When I am gone, I worry about leaving you and the baby all day alone. The woods are so near, I can't help thinking some wild animal may come down from the mountains and attack you."

"You needn't fear about that," answered Mrs. Pope. "To be sure it is lonesome with neither man nor dog about. I presume I should feel safer if I understood handling a gun, but I don't believe anything will come near in the day-time. So don't worry about us, only be sure to get home before dark."

"Don't expose yourself or the baby to any danger, and I'll be back before night."

So saying, Mr. Pope, with a bag of grain on his horse, started off to mill, leaving his wife and baby alone in their solitary log cabin in the wilderness.

This conversation occurred in the town of Kirby, Vermont, in the spring of the year 1811, when that region was but little settled, and when even women understood that they were in constant peril from wild beasts. Jesse Pope's cabin stood close to the front of Kirby mountains, in whose rocky fastnesses bears, catamounts and wolves had their inaccessible dens. Bears, especially, were so thick as to be a source of constant dread to those who had flocks, or were compelled to leave their homes unprotected, while they went to the larger settlements on necessary business.

Mrs. Pope fully understood the peril that surrounded her during her husband's absence. Her cheerful talk with her husband was not mere bravado. She said what she did, as much to keep her own spirits up as to dispel her husband's anxiety. She knew that he must go to the mill, and there was no way for her but to stay at home and be as brave as possible. She was a brave woman. Nature had endowed her with courage, and the surroundings of her early life had all tendered to foster and strengthen it. She fully understood her situation, and when her husband passed out of sight she knew that she and her baby were alone in the great wilderness, beyond the reach of help, should anything serious occur. But she had always lived in the wilderness. The bowl of the wolf and the growl of the bear were familiar sounds to her, and she had become accustomed to a lonely life in the woods. So, instead of shutting herself in the house, she went on with her work as usual.

After the breakfast dishes were washed and put away, she brought out her "linen wheel" and went to spinning flax. They must have clothes for summer wear, and that was the season to spin and weave, before the summer had fully set in. I can remember my mother and her spinning-wheel, and I can imagine just how Mrs. Pope looked, sitting with one foot on the treadle. I can see just how often she dipped her fingers in the little cup of water, as she drew out the fibres of flax, and dexterously shaped the strong, symmetrical thread, in a manner that would astonish modern house-wives.

All the long forenoon her musical wheel kept humming its pleasant tune, stopping only now and then as its mistress either crowed to the baby in the cradle, or looked out to see that no wild animals were prowling about. Noon came and went, and nothing disturbed them. The baby in the cradle went off to sleep, and she kept on with her work. After a time she arose and looked out again. This time she saw an astonishing sight! Coming down the mountain side from the woods, she beheld a full-grown bear, not a hundred yards distant. He was on his way to the yard where the sheep were in fold, and she knew he was after them. She had a gun, but that would not avail anything for she had never learned to use it. She had an axe, but she knew an axe to be a poor weapon to fight a bear with. The next thing she thought of was the pitchfork. Their few sheep were a treasure to the family. All their winter clothing was to come from the sheep, and now they were in peril; she was aroused to instant action. The one absorbing thought of saving the sheep banished all thought of personal danger. Instead of shutting herself up in the house she darted out and closed the door after her, lest anything should molest the baby. Then running into the log barn, she snatched up the pitchfork, ran around the barn, and planted herself directly in the bear's path. Brandishing her pitchfork and screaming at him, she attempted to scare him back to the woods. But the bear was ravenous with hunger, and he came straight down the hill at her, showing his teeth and growling fiercely. As he approached and sprang toward her, Mrs. Pope dodged and dealt him a blow, the iron rung of the fork striking him exactly on the end of the nose. The shock stunned the bear for an instant, and during that instant, with almost superhuman strength, Mrs. Pope plunged both tines of the fork into the bear's side where she supposed the heart to be. Either good fortune, or the hand of Providence, directed the weapon, for one of the tines passed clear through the bear's heart, and he fell over dead, leaving her not only victorious, but unharmed. After the excitement of the contest was over, Mrs. Pope went back to the house, shuddering at the extremity of peril she had been in. But after a time her nervousness passed off, and she went on with her work again, and so the afternoon wore away.

At length, when the sun was about an hour high, she saw her husband emerge from the woods near the house. She left her spinning-wheel, and, with her baby in her arms, met him at the door as though nothing unusual had occurred.

"Well, wife, I am thankful nothing has happened to you while I was gone. I suppose I was foolish, but I couldn't help worrying all the time."

"I don't know as it was foolish, husband. But hitch the horse, and bring the bag in. I want to talk with you."

When the bag was deposited in the house, Mrs. Pope said: "So you were nervous about us, then?"

"Yes, I don't remember ever being so nervous before in my life."

"Well, husband, I was nervous too, I couldn't help thinking what could I do, if a bear should come down from the mountain after the sheep."

"Why, common sense would tell you what to do; shut the door, take care of yourself and the baby, and let the sheep go."

"Do you think so, husband?"

"Of course I do. What else could you have done."

"You will see if you go out benind the barn and look."

"Behind the barn? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Go and look behind the barn."

Mr. Pope started out in the greatest wonder, while his wife buried her face in the baby's apron, to hide the womanly tears she could no longer restrain.

To his utter astonishment Mr. Pope found the dead bear behind the barn, with the pitchfork sticking in its side.

When he went in and heard the story from his wife, he fully realized that something *had* happened during his absence, and that he had more reason than ever to be thankful.

I am indebted to the wife of James Harris, Esq., of St. Johnsbury, Vt., for this history of Mrs. Pope's encounter with the bear. Mrs. Harris' father—Rev. Timothy Locke—lived not far from Mr. Pope's house at the time. Mrs. Harris still distinctly remembers seeing the bear skin nailed on the outside of the barn, where it remained all summer, while Mrs. Pope became famous throughout the region for her heroism.

The other day when a New Yorker took a coat around to a dealer in second-hand clothing the man looked it over in a contemptuous manner, elevated his nose, flung the garment aside and said:

"Do you know how much I wouldn't gif for dot goat? I gif you twelve shillings, only."

"It's worth five dollars," replied the owner.

"Fife tollar! Shust wait till I gall my wife and dell dot we haf a lunatic in der store. Why, mine goot frent, you must have been sunstroke by the heat last summer."

He finally got the coat for two dollars. Passing the same store in the evening, and seeing his coat hanging at the door the man halted and asked:

"How much for this old coat?"

"Old goat;" exclaimed the dealer, "why, dot goat was made only last week, worn to one party, and can't be had any more for only seven tollars!"

"I'll give you two."

"Two! Here, wife, hurry up! Put up der plinds, lock der doors, and let us say our prayers, for we must go into bankruptcy to-morrow! Shust tink of dot man offering me two tollars for dot goat what you bought of a great alderman yesterday for fife tollars!

Extract from a new novel now in press at Milwaukee: "Presently the fair Adelgitha started up and turned her ears tremulously southwest-by-south, true as the conscious needle to the pole. 'Methinks I hear a sound,' she said. 'Nay foolish child,' replied her companion, Rosamond, "tis but the far-off murmur of the rolling mills.' 'Not so, not so, Rosamond,' answered our heroine, 'hearest thou not the regular cadence of that sweet sound?' 'So I do; now you're talking,' said Rosamond; 'it sounds to my ear like a pile driver.' 'Pile-driver be jiggered!' archly said Adelgitha. "'Tis the light footstep of my lover. He comes! Alonzo comes?'" Mr. Bentinel, of the *Sotkin*, is believed to be the author, but this is merely conjecture based upon internal evidence.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Lewiston, Idaho, *Teller* says: On the 24th ult., Hiram Young, a prominent and worthy citizen of Pine Creek, was found dead in his house. No one was present at the time of his death. He had complained of being ill on several occasions, and it is supposed he suffered from heart disease. He was 61 years of age.

The down train from Roseburg threw two horses from the track at Deer Creek, and injured both so badly that they had to be killed. They belonged to a Mr. Lockwood.

A STRANGE EXECUTION.—A murderer on one of the South Sea Islands was executed not long since by being blown to pieces at the mouth of a cannon. This is the capital mode of punishment there. The following discription is from The *Friend*: "About half past eight one morning two boats came ashore from the man-of-war bringing the Captain and Lieutenant and a number of marines, together with the prisoner to be executed. A cannon was placed close to the sea shore and loaded with powder, and the prisoner was lashed with his back against the muzzle of the gun. The Captain then made a few remarks on the subject of murder, at the conclusion of which the piece was discharged, and the poor wretch was blown to atoms."

A beer brewer has patented a new beverage called "Jewish beer. Hebrews it himself, you know.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* Don't Jewish you had some?—*Boston Globe.* Shame! this Israelly too bad.—*Worcester Press.* But Judear people, the beer Israelite and pleasant.—*Providence Journal.* Scribes, cease this Babylon. You deserve Canaan for your Levite-y.—*Boston Adv.* Jerusalem! what awful *jeux d' esprit.* Moses bad as if we had perpetrated them ourselves.—*Norristown Herald.*—Isaacing for some.—*Healdsburg Flag.* This is not Phar-i-see; it's not Gentile; besides, it's Aaron the beer too much.

The Benton (Montana) *Record* says: When Capt. Buck left Fort Peck, Major Mitchell was expecting a visit from Sitting Bull and his band. A few of the latter were then crossing the river in view of the fort Agent Mitchell appears to have no fear of hostilities, but means to rigidly enforce the orders he has received in regard to disarming the Sioux and holding the chiefs and holding the chiefs as prisoners of war. The Indians are evidently not afraid of the soldiers, but they dread the severity of the coming winter, and through their fears of frost and privation a bloodless victory may be obtained over them if the military act promptly.

They attempted to take one of Barnum's new giraffes across Rhode Island last week, but just as it was on the Massachusetts line it reached over and ate up half of a hay-stack in a farmyard in Connecticut, and when the farmer came out with a club and attacked the Connecticut end, the Massachusetts end got mad and kicked a man in Boston and nearly killed him. It created a good deal of excitement at the time in Rhode Island, and most of the people stepped out of the State till it was over.

Grand Secretary Bacon, of Oregon City, is recipient of two sacks of oysters and clams, from the members of Western Lodge, I.O.O.F., of Olympia. The following explains itself: "We hope you will be so well posted in the art of eating clams and oysters that when you again visit this land of clams, you can pass for a clam-eater as well as the donors.

A correspondent of the *Farmer*, writing from Washington county, says: I am sorry to say that most of the Granges are in a bad working order in this county; some have failed to meet for two or three months. Butte Grange has built a new hall this summer, 50 x 25 feet. This Grange is in a flourishing condition, and is perhaps one of the strongest in the county. The farmers are reaping some of the advantages of the want of united action.

The Corvallis *Gazette* has taken a new departure—having been merged into corporation. The articles of incorporation are signed by Dr. J. B. Lee, James A. Yantis, and W. B. Carter, and have been duly filed according to law. The capital stock of the company is fixed at $2,000, in shares of $50 each. The new company will take full control on the 1st of January, 1877.

In a time of great political excitement when Johnnie's Republican father often spoke against the politics of his little cousin Bennie's Democratic father, the former was in doubt about the propriety of praying for the latter, but at last he determined to keep his friend in the prayer, and closed by saying, "and bless Cousin Bennie, if his father is a Democrat."

The survey of the Umatilla reservation line has been completed by Deputy U. S. Surveyor Simmons. The line was incorrect, and has been so changed by the new survey that the houses in Pendleton supposed to be on the reservation have been thrown outside the line.

Wm. Eaton was robbed at Rock Point, Jackson county, one night last week, after he had retired. The thief cut off the pocket containing expense money for three teams to Roseburg and back, amounting to about $100, in the most scientific manner and without awakening him.

Something over 70,000 people who hold policies in the Centennial Life insurance Company of New York, will be unpleasantly affected by the announcement of the suspension of that Company and the appointment of a receiver to wind up its affairs.

The owners of the Caledonian mine, Coos county, will have their bunkers completed ready to load by the 15th of January, when they will send their first cargo to San Francisco.

The coal from Columbia City, which has lately been tried at Kinney's cannery, stood the test very well, and is thought to be as good as Coos Bay or Seattle for steam purposes.

The agent of the Farmers' warehouse at Salem sold 40,000 bushels of wheat last week at $1 per bushel. This closes out all in that warehouse except about 50,000 bushels.

Ben Hill says the South is afraid of Tilden, but have confidence and respect for Hayes. The "rump sneaks" of the Northern Democracy get smaller and meaner, in the eyes of the Southern Democracy every day.

The smallpox still rages in Victoria and vicinity, principally among the Indians. An effort has been made to remove all unemployed Indians from the city, but they won't go unless transport is provided, and no one is willing to put up the coin for the business.

Gov. Grover has officially proclaimed the election of Richard Williams to Congress.

The case of smallpox reported at Salem last week is convalescent, and the physician recommends that the quarrentine be raised.

From present appearances there will be five coal mines in operation on Coos Bay next summer, and the same number of saw-mills.

An exchange says: "Baker City is said to be putting in its claim as the capital of the new State of Eastern Oregon." Rather fast.

Last week Mr. Pres Rice, of Oakland, had the misfortune to be thrown from a wagon, sustaining the dislocation of his right arm at the wrist joint.

Mr. Hull Johnson, of Lafayette, lost one of his best buggy horses at that place from colic, on his return from Hillsboro last Saturday.

A complication of diptheria and scarlet fever is proving fatal to many children in the vicinity of Seattle.

Parties are stealing timber from Wasco county school lands.

A post office is asked for at Redville, Washington county.

A Remarkable Cure.

WEST TOWNSEND, Vt., May 14, 1860.

MESSRS. S. W. FOWLE & SONS:

Gentlemen—Several years since I took a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, where it remained without relaxation. I was then in Massachusetts, and growing worse and becoming unable to attend to my business I returned home and commenced searching in earnest for some medicine which would restore my lost health. I consulted physicians, I tried many remedies, but obtained no help, but daily grew worse. I had a terrible cough, and raised a good deal of blood. I had profuse night sweats, and severe pain in my side. I continued in this state for months, and became so weak that it was with great difficulty I could walk, when I was advised to try Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and to my great joy I soon found that this remedy had arrested the disease. I continued to use the Balsam to the extent of five bottles, and have since then experienced no difficulty of the lungs. I believe the Balsam saved my life, and I shall ever hold it in high estimation. dep

Yours truly LEWIS PHELPS.

From a Distinguished Jurist.

"I have tried the Peruvian Syrup and the result fully sustains your prediction. It has made a new man of me, infused into my system new vigor and energy. I am no longer tremulous and debilitated as when you last saw me, but stronger, heartier, and with larger capacity for labor, mental and physical, than at any time during the last five years." Sold by all druggists.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House, New York.*—n8w9.

New To-Day.

POND'S EXTRACT

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT.—The great Vegetable Pain Reliever. Has been in use over thirty years, and for casualties and prompt cure, its virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN.—No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains, are relieved almost instantly by external application. Toothpick Injuries or Burns, Scalds, Scalds, Felons, Corns, Old Sores, Excoriations, Chilblains, Old Sores, Bunions, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, relieves pain, and heals rapidly.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.—It always relieves pain in the head, bowels, weakness, and prevents miscarriage and female complaints.

IN LEUCORRHŒA it has no equal. All kinds of inflammation, weakness, and pain in the back, loins, and kidneys, are promptly cured. Fuller details in book accompanying each bottle.

PILES—Blind or Bleeding—most prompt relief and permanent cure. No case, however chronic or of long standing, can long resist the regular use. Hemorrhoids, Itching, and eczemas, are all alike relieved, and often permanently cured.

PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order it for sprains, bruises, contusions, sunburn, stings of insects, sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Tetter, Tic Douloureux, Piles, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Fever, Ague, Chills and Chills, Diarrhœa, Cholera, Dysentery, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils, Sore Nipples, Sore Feet, Sore Heels, Sore Shoulders, Sore Breast, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Piles, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Chapped Hands, Face, and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE.—Improves Sermons, Lectures, and Speeches. It relieves Singers and Preachers. It relieves suffering and restores the voice, which wonderfully improves the Preacher, Singer, Speaker, and Reader.

TO FARMERS.—Pond's Extract. No stock should be without it. Every farm can afford to be without it. It is used by all the leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and first Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for Sprains, Harness or Saddle Galls, Sidlesness, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleeding, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds, etc. Its range of action is wide, and its relief is sure. It should be tried once, and its invaluable in every Farm-yard as well as every Farm-house. Let it be tried once, and you will never be without it.

CAUTION.—Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine article has the words Pond's Extract blown in each bottle. It is prepared by the only persons living who know how to prepare it properly. Believe all other pretendings of Witch Hazel. This is the only article used by Physicians and Invalids in the land of this country and Europe.

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