Farm, Garden and Household.

COLD WATER SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, beat ten minutes: one and one-half cups of sugar, beat five minutes; one cup of flour, one spoonful of cream of tarter, beat one minute: one-half cup of water, one half spoonful of saleratus, one cup of flour, a little salt; beat one minute.

GRAHAM BREAD.—To make Graham bread, to each quart of flour take a heaped teaspoonful of saleratus, adding salt and a little molasses or sugar, with a sufficient quantity of sour milk to make the dough. We consider it very much better to steam an hour or two, and then put it in the oven to brown over.

A HINT FOR THE COMING WINTER.—The London *Spectator* is responsible for the following suggestion. The experiment can be easily and economically tried by any one using a grate: "The most practical suggestion yet made to wards economy of coal seems to be the use of solid bottoms in ordinary fire grates. It is asserted, and indeed proved, that in any fire place not excessively small, a plate of iron placed upon the grate, will halve the consumption of coal, reduce the smoke, and leave a cheerful, free burning fire. Quite sufficient air enters through the bars, no poking is necessary and the fire never goes out till the coals are consumed. There is no ash and no dust, every particle of fuel being consumed. Any householder can try this experiment, and reduce his coal bills say thirty per cent., at the cost of a shilling."

HOW EASILY BUTTER IS SPOILED.—A farmer's wife writing to the Ohio *Farmer* says:—"Of all the products of the farm, butter is most liable to be tainted by noxious odors floating in the atmosphere. Our people laid some veal in the cellar, from which a little blood flowed out, and was neglected until it commenced to smell. The result was, that a jar of butter which I was then packing smelled and tasted like spoiled beef." Another lady reader observes that there is a pond of filthy, stagnant water a few hundred feet from her house, from which an offensive effluvium would be borne on the breeze directly to the milk room, when the wind was in a certain direction, the result of which was that cream and butter would taste like the disagreeable odor coming from the pond. As soon as the pond was drained we had no more damaged butter.

BUTTER SPOILED.—A lady writing in *The Ohio Farmer*, relates this incident illustrating the propensity of butter to spoil itself by absorbing noxious odors: "Our people laid some veal in the cellar, from which a little blood flowed, which presently commenced to be offensive. The result was that a jar of butter that I was packing smelled and tasted like spoiled meat." Another lady, at another time, observes that when the wind is in the right quarter, a nose-elevating effluvium is borne from a stagnant pool—distant several hundred feet—directly to her milk-room, and that this odor fastens itself in cream and casine. She induced the men folks to drain the pool, and thenceforth there is no further trouble. No, sisters, however it may be in morals in butter-making you cannot give cleanliness any second place.

THE AMERICAN FARMER'S CLUB.—It was said by Mr. Fuller, in reply to a question, that chestnut is not the best tree for "hard-pan land." It naturally grows in loamy soils, and dislikes lime. Better in the hard-pan plant white ash and hickory—two of the best of timber trees. Mr. Geddes said, that clover is, of course, the best crop to plow in, and that the farmer whose land is too poor to grow clover might wisely consider the propriety of "moving West."

An inquiry with regard to the best green crop for milch cows, drew from Mr. Geddes a remark concerning certain careful experiments made by Harris Lewis, and which resulted in proving that orchard grass is much superior to corn. This grass, with sufficient manuring, will give in one season three cuttings, or six feet of growth, and is more easily wilted and handled than corn.

A South Carolina correspondent wrote that he once had an old cow, blind and likely to give up the ghost, at the approach of winter. He penned her, fed her on clay peas as much as she could eat, and after awhile, though still seeming poor and bony, she was slaughtered, and to his agreeable surprise her meat proved unexceptionably sweet and tender. Since that experience he never allows an old ox or cow to die without extra food and the assistance of the butcher.

The same writer told how he utilized a defunct, water foundered plow-horse; I had killed and put up fatted beef with the following preparation, viz.: one ounce salpetre, one pound brown sugar, one quart salt, rubbed on the meat, and packed and weighed down. I directed the horse to be skinned, cut up and packed in a barrel, and the pickle made with the above beef poured over it for my hounds, of which I kept a pack, and to my surprise the meat, although very offensive, immediately became inodorous, which gave me great faith in my recipe for curing beef.

NOVEMBER.—Now it is November. Now the leaves have fallen, or are falling, one by one—"the last hold upon the tree." Now the fruits are all gathered in. The apples are in the bin. The golden-yellow pumpkins, that have been for two months "turning up their fair round bellies to the sun," are safely housed, awaiting resurrection in pies of matchless flavor. Now the white frosts crisp the pale-green grass blades, what time "the boys" drive up the cows in the morning for early milking, in the blessed and quiet country. Now do boys, with bare feet, much desiderate the warm spot on which the milch-kine have slept over night, on which to kneel and "press the yielding udder." Now in the metropolis do citizens meet who have been sojourning at watering-places, in various haunts afar. "Tom, how well you look! You are positively fat!" "Jim, you are raising whiskers, I see. They become you now—but you were very thin in July!" Now is the step rapid, and the eye bright, and the voice clear and sonorous.

DISCONTENT.—Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, like, whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident or a calamity. Even when they have their own way they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. We saw a striking illustration the other day of the infirmity we speak of, in the conduct of a child about three years old. He was crying because his mother always shut the parlor door. "Poor thing," said a neighbor compassionately: "you have shut the child out." "It's all the same to him," said the mother; 'she would cry if I called him in and shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of a door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are older children [illegible] same view of things.

The Country Post-Office.

The country post-office is seldom, perhaps never, a building dedicated to letters, with Uncle Sam's initials on the outward wall.

The postmaster usually keeps "the store" as well, and regards the other little affair as a means of increasing his business—nothing more. When any one comes for a letter he will be apt to go away with sugar also. The salary of the position is not worth an office-seeker's struggles, as it is sometimes two dollars per annum, sometimes four. The letters are put away in a desk or box, if the postmaster is a very careful man; if not, he hunts them up when inquired for.

The official at my post-office—Frogland Station—is currently reported to have replied to Miss Sabina Smith's inquiry for a letter, by shouting into the back room:

"I say, wife, warn't that ere letter Baby was chawin' directed to Miss Sabina Smith?"

To which wife replied:

"Yes; I'll fetch it. I allow you'll have to dry it, Miss Smith, 'fore you kin read it. He's chawed the onvolop clar through."

This, however, is a strong case. Generally, by going for a letter to the Frogland Station, one would be apt to get it with the envelope unbroken.

What a gathering place that post-office is? Perched upon the barrels, or leaning on the counters, one may find all the idlers of the neighborhood; and here, too, about post-hours, young farmers make their appearance, and, while talking of crops, anxiously watch the road down which some young female figure is pretty soon to come. No doubt many a proposal has been made on the way home from the post-office. If not, young, farmers have no idea of what a good chance means. A long quiet road, no mortal in sight; trees waving overhead; a little brook rippling on one hand, on the other side the woods; the summer afternoon drawing to a close: all sweet things influencing her budding heart; and he "in his store clothes" and a "boughten hat," looking so well.

The question, practically interpreted, would be:

"After a few months of courting and kissing, will you wash, and scrub, and milk, and cook for me until you die of it?"

But why should the country girl do more than her city sisters? They see a bright picture, often quite unreal, through the magic circle of the marriage ring, and so does she of course.

Perhaps Frogland Station is not the place, but it might have been, where a letter directed to "Mother," and nothing more, lay so long, mystifying the postmaster, until an old woman hobbled in one morning and asked for "a letter from my son, what's at sea," when the epistle being handed over, was found to have reached its destination.

Squire Schenck claims the big envelope with "Square skunk" upon it, as a matter of course; and Miss Anna Maria Morton does not feel surprised when an epistle is handed to her with this remarkable word upon it:

"AnnermariahMurrian."

A letter is a letter when it comes to a country post-office, and it is not expected to be clean, or to be directed in any orthodox manner.

Letters addressed, "Poly Jenkins, or any of 'em if she's away," and "Helen Dibbons, forgetting, her married name," were received without surprise.

One which bore the superscription, "Mr. Peter Parkins," remained for a long time unclaimed, until the postmaster remembered that that was *his own name*. He had been called "Uncle Pete" so long, that he had forgotten the fact entirely.

Yes, this is a queer little post-office—quaint and strange, and simple, and without rules or order; but through it many a message of joy and sadness had passed—many a story of marriage and death. Hearts have beaten wildly on their way to that frame building perched, treeless, on a hill; and many a poor, quivering lip had been hardly able to form the words, "None for me yet?"

There come the cars, sweeping along the road with a great train of coal wagons, and one little passenger car for Frogland Station. There will be two or three letters handed over to the postmaster at most; but these may break hearts, or fill them with untold joy.—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*

Location of Houses.

Science of Health has some sensible suggestions on this topic, which are appropriate here:

Houses should be built on upland ground, with exposure to sunlight on every side. During epidemics, it has been noted by physicians that deaths occur more frequently on the shaded side of the street, than on the sunny side; and in hospitals physicians have testified to the readiness with which diseases have yielded to treatment in sunny rooms, while in shaded rooms they have proved intractable.

Let there be no bogs, no marshes, no stagnant water in the neighborhood. Then let the cellars be thoroughly drained. Inattention to this subject has caused the death of many a person. No father or mother should rest one moment in peace while their innocent babes are sleeping in rooms over damp and moldy cellars. Cellars should not only be drained, but thoroughly ventilated, otherwise the house must be unwholesome.

Let the drains also be constructed for the conduction of slops and sewage of all kinds to a common reservoir, at a distance from the dwelling, to be used for fertilizing purposes.

Door yards should be kept clean and dry, composed largely of green sward, on which children may romp and play. This should be their play ground rather than the carpeted room. They are entitled to it, that the breath of Nature, and of Nature's God, as it filters down through the blue sky, may fan their rosy cheeks, and fill their souls with joy and bodies with health.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING EVERY DAY HAPPY.—When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done: a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result; you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty five in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events, for a time.

THE POWER OF WILL.—Rev. George H. Hepworth says: "Young men, an earnest will can accomplish anything that is good and anything that is bad. It is the master element in man's nature; it is very like omnipotence. It can fix your purpose and keep it fixed until the end is reached no matter how difficult the path may be. He who has a strong will has half won the victory. He who has a strong will, and a consecrated one, already feels the laurel on his brow."

Gentle Women on the Cars.

Two women uncertain as to years, seedy and unsatisfactory as to physical appearance and very much "fixed up," with a young shoot of the same stock, and plenty of all sorts of loose property, had turned over the back of the seat next them, and comfortably bestowed themselves and the belongings of three in the space intended for four persons. In the middle of the car stood a disconsolate but gentlemanly man, who could not find a seat. All the others in the car were filled, and I suppose all the others on the other cars. He went and stood by these women, mutely appealing to their courtesy. They remained stonily unobservant. He stood a long time, and then wearily asked if that seat—indicating the vacent one, upon which a traveling bag was bestowed—was engaged. Of course the answer didn't reach me, but I saw by the expression of the face of the woman he had addressed that it wasn't engaged, except to hold her traveling bag. The gentlemen stood waiting a little while longer, until desperation gave him courage to pick up the bag, brush aside the outpressed skirts and drop with a deprecating expression into the seat that was rightfully his. But if you'd seen the expression of those women's faces you would not have supposed it was. On the contrary, with nothing else to guide you, you would have supposed this tired, well dressed comely and courteous man was an unscrupulous ruffian who was trampling upon, and disregarding the rights of these innocent, helpless creatures! The woman next to whom he sat behaved with special meanness. He offered to hold her bag in his lap, but she gave him a look signifying that she considered him as the dust beneath her feet, and stretched out her hand for it grimly and drew away everything belonging to her from contact with him as if he'd been a leper; and whenever she looked at him she did it as if he was a loathsome and offensive object instead of being a much more agreeable thing to look at than she could be at the best. In a word, she did everything during the hour's ride to show that she considered herself mortally insulted by the simple act on his part of taking in a conciliating manner what was rightfully his, after she had refused to give it up. If the common feminine mind is as narrow as this indicates, reform ought to begin a little nearer at home. It seems to me that often the very class who are clamoring the loudest for their own rights have the least conception of the rights of others, even in the simplest matters, as this every day occurrence illustrates. The whole thing showed such want of judgement, of discrimination, of self control and such childish pettishness in a middle aged woman, that I was really ashamed for her and for us all, seeing that she was one of us *N. Y. Mail.*

Now.

If I were to give you a motto to go through life with, one that would stand you for warning and counsel in any strait in which you might find yourselves, I would give it in this word, (Now).

Don't waste your time and your strength, and your opportunities, by always (meaning) to do something—(do it). Only weakness comes of indecision. Why, some people have so accustomed themselves to this way of dawdling along from one thing to another, that it really seems impossible for them to squarely make up their minds to any thing, They never quite know what they mean to do next, and their only pleasure seems to consist in putting things off as long as possible, and then dragging slowly through them, rather than begin any thing else. Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between.

It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it's as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. If you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life? "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, (to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word (Now).

SADLY FRIGHTENED.—We had an acquaintance, some years ago, says an exchange, who, upon a business trip, left the crowded streets of New York, and threaded the then half-wild wastes of Northern Mississippi. While riding along, he heard in the road what he supposed to be a stray kitten, and upon examination discovered, among some dried leaves, a juvenile wild cat, that could scarcely walk. Without reflection, he transferred the little creature to his coat pocket, where it kept up its cries. Suddenly the gentleman was startled by a growl in his rear, and to his horror he discovered the infuriated mother, fierce with rage, and ardently bent upon avenging the attempted abduction of her young. Striking spurs to his already jaded horse, he dashed along the road as best he could, the while finding it perfectly impossible to pull the kitten out of his pocket, so firmly did the young imp fasten its claws to the lining. Each moment seemed more imminent with peril; twice did the "varmint" nearly succeed in fastening upon the haunches of the horse, but, as good fortune would have it, the appearance of a plantation, and the sound of dogs, alarmed the cat, and she beat a retreat. It was many months before our friend got entirely over his "scare," and was relieved of dreams that he was pursued by a dread phantom that resembled that terrible cat.

SATISFIED.—One's heart must needs melt over this feeling, appealing colloquy between a store-keeper and his customer: Store-keeper. "That's a bad fifty cent piece. 'I can't take it. It's only lead silvered over." "Well," replies the customer, "admitting such to be the fact, I should say that the ingenuity displayed in the deception might induce you to accept it. Admire, Sir, the devotion of the artist to the divine idea of Liberty, the idol of us all! He, having wrought her effigy in humble lead, in order to make it worthier of that glorious impression, resorts to the harmless expedient of silvering it over! And shall *we* harshly repudiate his work? Oh, *no*, sir! you'll *take* it; I know you will!" "Enough said," he *did* take it!

The emigration from Germany to the United States increases daily. Thousands of emigrants, including not only farm hands, skilled laborers, and tradesmen, but people of the wealthier class, are constantly arriving at Hamburg to take the steamers for New York.

A Desperate Beast.

Mrs. Jane Swisshelm, furnishes the world with a description of the cougar, or American tiger, that is thrillingly interesting. She says that at a certain time past, her husband bought in Arkansas a cougar, six months old, which had been caught while a kitten in the woods. The creature was brought home, and remained a prisoner four years, at the end of which time he died. Tom, such was his name, was nine feet in length, of a gray color on his back and sides, and nearly white on the belly and throat. His back was generally perfectly straight, his form symmetrical, and his movements lithe and graceful. If in exceedingly good humor he would purr; but if he wished to intimidate he would raise his back, erect his hair, and spit like a cat. In the twilight of the evening the animal was accustomed to pace back and forth to the full extent of his limits, ever and anon uttering a short, piercing shriek, which made the valley reverberate for half a mile or more in every direction. Mrs. Swisshelm says these sounds were the shrillest, and at the same time the most mournful she ever heard. They might, perhaps, be likened to the scream of a woman in an agony of terror.

The natural ferocity of the panther was at length so far subdued, that his fair mistress sometimes ventured, when he was in good-humor, to stroke his head and feel his paw. On one occasion, indeed, when he had broken his chain, and all the men in the house, with the exception of Mr. Swisshelm, had fled to the barn for safety, she seized him by the colar as he took refuge in the dining-room, and held him until her husband took effectual measures to secure him. At length, however, the lady was thrown from a carriage, and so severely injured that she was confined to her bed several weeks. She says:

"When we appeared on crutches we inadvertently went quite near the cougar, and were warned by a low growl that he was regarding us as his prey. We turned and found him crouched within five or six feet of us, ready to spring—his eyes green and blazing, and the tip of his tail moving from side to side. We kept our eyes fastened on his; there was no one within call, and we tried to make him remember us by talking to and naming him.

"'Tom—poor Tom!' but Tom's eyes lost none of their fire, and the tail kept up its regular motion.

"Then we tried to intimidate him, as we had often done before, by assuming a voice of command. 'Tom! Tom! Down Tom!' but Tom kept his hostile attitude, and we—in doubt as to whether his chain was long enough to reach us, or strong enough to resist the spring we saw he intended making—kept our place and tried to stare him out of countenance.

"After what appeared to us a long time, trusting to the power of the eye to keep him still, we set our crutches, and still speaking to him, threw ourself backward a step. The instant we moved he sprang, but the chain held him, and being too short, he rebounded against a post, and fell to the floor some eighteen inches from where we stood."

The Dikes of Holland.

The dikes of Holland are the most wonderful of the national characteristics, and show Dutch determination to good advantage. The most stupendous embankments in the whole country are the dikes of Helder and West Cappel. Watchmen of the special engineer corps, known as the Waterstaat, are continually on the lookout in winter to meet any exigencies that may suddenly arise, and are armed with every requisite to meet the emergency of prevailing southwest winds acting on the surface of the Atlantic, or the Northwest tempests propelling the sea through the narrow straits of Dover, which, thus augmented, falls back with double force on the shores of Holland, and causes the tide to rise above the high-water mark. When such a calamity is anticipated, the alarm-bells are rung, and every available man hastens to his assigned post of duty. From 533 to 1825, Holland has been subjected to terrible inundations. In 1289 eighty thousand people lost their lives The improved system of dikes, introduced by the Spanish Governor Robles, were the means of much good, as of late years the disastrous consequences of an inundation have been somewhat mitigated. What constitutes a dike is unknown to many. A solid foundation is necessary first, which is accomplished by either driving down piles, ramming the soil, or laying a substratum of clay. The depth of foundation for a sea dike averages from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet. The face is of clay, and the inner of sand or earth, the whole sloped from one to thirteen feet. A description of wicker-work filled with puddled clay, to close the interstices and render them compact, is placed as a kind of thatch to protect the dike. This wicker-work is renewed every three or four years, and its construction gives employment to many people. The upper part of the dike rises from twenty-five to forty feet; and when covered with turf, forms a very good road.

A SURPRISED HUNTER.—A hunter on the Rio Grande, who was invariably unsuccessful, became so much annoyed by the taunts of his companions, that he determined to adopt the Comanche Indian fashion of hunting, and accordingly dressed himself in a deer-skin, and ornamented his head with huge antlers. Thus equipped he sallied out, and took his place at a favorite "stand." A few moments only elapsed before a cougar, perching in the limbs of the tree above, thinking that he saw "a sure enough buck," leaped from his airy abode plump on the hunter's back, at the same time burying his claws and teeth deeply into the dried skin. A yell of fright and as onishment greeted the cougar, such as never before was heard from the throat of living venison, and dropping his game, the animal and the hunter took different directions, it being a matter of uncertainty, even to this day, which of the two was most alarmed.

LEGISLATIVE STORIES.—One of our legislatures has won a distinction during the last winter sessions for an average of intellectual weakness which will render it memorable for many years to come. "I rise for information," said one of the dullest of the members. "I am very glad to hear it," said one, who was leaning over the bar; "no man wants it more than yourself." Another member rose to speak on the bill to abolish capital punishments, and commenced by saying: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general." "You had better stop," said one, who was sitting near enough to pull him by the coat tail; "you had better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at."

PROTECTING TREES.—The easiest, cheapest, and surest way to protect a tree from rabbits during winter is to wash the lower part of the stem with a thick mixture of cow dung and water or to smear them over with blood or butcher's offal. Either application will turn the stomach of the most shiftless rabbit and do no injury to the tree. Of course renewal will be necessary if the poultice gets washed away. An effectual though more expensive plan would be to fix a collar of wire ganze.

Fox Legends in Japan.

The fox plays a considerable part in Japanese mythology. Kitsne, for such is Reynard's name there, is by turns sacred, witty, perfidious and diabolical. they render him homage and again ridicule him, but are seldom without some dread of his malice. One of the favorite pilgrimages near Yeddo, are the gardens and orchards of Odji Inari, which have from time immemorial been under the invocation of Kitsne, who honors them with his special protection.

His little temple, perfectly covered within with votive offerings, is reached by an avenue lined with red banners. The path is mountainous, winding, full of roots, and can be ascended only by stooping. In this posture, you reach the lawn before the holy place, and pass between two malicious granite foxes. The votaries bow respectfully, perform their ablutions, drop some money into a box and kneel to pray on the temple-steps.

On the 17th day of the first month, the place is crowded. Afar off, in the marshes, can be seen the great tree, around which, the preceding night, the foxes held their annual Sabbath. Persons who profess to have seen them are eagerly questioned. According to the reports of those who have witnessed the gathering—each fox preceded by a will-of-the-wisp, a courteous volunteer from the rice swamps—prognostics are formed as to the coming year, its crops, its lucky or unlucky character for war, love or commerce. Then, in the tea houses, they discuss the mysterious influence of the fox in human affairs. What is chance? What is good fortune? Whence does it come? If you cannot explain, Kitsne is as good a solution as any other, at least to a Japanese mind.

JOHN'S COMPLAINT.—"What's the matter, John?" "I ain't done nothing, father." "Well, what are you crying for, you lubber?" "I was afraid you would whip me." "What! whip you when you don't do anything?" "Yes, sir." "Go in the house, you booby." John felt quite relieved, and went into the house, and his father went down to the farm. Very soon his father came back in a rage, and laying a cowhide over the urchin's back, said: "Did I not tell you when I went away to hoe that corn?" "Yes, sir, but you told me just now you wouldn't whip me if I hadn't done nothing." Fortunately John's wit didn't save him the whipping.

You should write to Mr. Charles W. Hassler, No. 7 Wall St., N. Y., if you wish to buy or sell any *Railroad Bonds.**

TRAINING BEARS.—Many years ago Zebulon Stanhope, a farmer residing near New London, Conn., trained a couple of bears to plow and do other labors of the field and road. On one occasion he started to town with a sleigh load of wheat, but some of the harness breaking, the farmer set about repairing the damage, when one of the bears seized him by the leg and sorely wounded it. The bears then simultaneously ran off, leaving the farmer to reach his house alone, which he did with difficulty after four hour's labor. Two or three days were spent in useless search, and bears and sled were given up as lost; when, upon the third day at noon, a noise was heard in the road, and, to the astonishment of the Stanhopes, they beheld the two bears drawing the sled into the barn, and instead of the wheat, four large bears and three cubs. The door was suddenly closed, and the strangers were shot with a long gun thrust through the crevices of the building.

THE SKEPTICAL CONVINCED.—Every advance in Medicine, every new remedy has encountered an opposition, which is the test of truth. Galen and Jenner only were believed when they proved their discoveries against opposition. But men are observing, and benefits always make believers. No incredulity can stand the silent arguments of good results. When Dr. Walker proclaimed that he had produced from the medical herbs of California an Elixir that would regenerate the sinking system and cure disease not organic, the incredulous shook their heads, Yet his VINEGAR BITTERS is now the Standard Restorative of the Western World. The truth could not be resisted. Under the operation of the new remedy, Dyspeptics regain their health, appetite and strength the Billous and Constipated were relieved of every distressing symptom; the Consumptive and Rheumatic rapidly recovered; Intermittent and Remittent Fevers were broken up; the taint of Scrofula was eradicated. Who could gainsay facts like these? Not even the Faculty. Skepticism was routed. All doubts as to the claims of the Bitters to the first place in the first rank of modern medicines were silenced, and this wonderful preparation is to-day the most popular Tonic, Alterative, and Blood Depurent ever advertised in America. In common with other journalists, we are free to add our testimony to this remedy. It is a domestic medicine, and no household should be without it. —*Com.*

For Dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms; also, as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic, and as a tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.—*Com.*

We often see a large stock of cattle which do not seem to thrive, and come out "spring poor," all for want of something to start them in the right direction. One dollar's worth of SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CONDITION POWDERS, given to such stock occasionally during the winter, would be worth more than an extra half ton of hay.—*Com.*

Have you a severe wrench or sprain? Have you rheumatism in any form? Have you stiff neck, or bunches caused by rheumatic pains? If so, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT is a specific remedy, and is also the best pain killer in the world.—*Com.*

Elegant, sweet, light and wholesome Bread, Rolls, Biscuits, Corn Bread, Muffins, Buckwheat and other Griddle Cakes, and Pastry and Cakes with Dooky's Feast Powder. Sold by grocers. —*Com.*

Use "The Queen's Toilet," for improving and beautifying the Complexion.—*Com.*

Twenty Years Younger.—To say that hundreds of maids, wives and widows look twenty years younger than they are in consequence of the complexional freshness derived from the use of HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM, is simply to state an absolute fact, which might be promptly verified by direct testimony if ladies were as willing to tell their ages as to use the best means of making themselves lovely. Nature sometimes but very rarely, crowns the charm of perfect features with a complexion of exquisite clearness; but even then time soon begins to make inroads upon the velvet cheek, the fair white brow, the ivory bust, the rounded arm To preserve the "glory of woman" unblemished, even after the meridian of life has been passed, it is only necessary to use daily this cooling, healthful vegetable preparation.—[Com.]

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