WHITE WHALES AT HOME.

Where and How They are Captured---A Lively Tussle with the Creatures in the Water--Boxing a Whale for an Aquarium.

In a letter to the New York *Sun* a writer describes how white whales are captured on a large island in the river St. Lawrence, seventy-two miles below Quebec, known as Isle aux Condres. He says:

A toilsome climb up a rugged path on the very steep face of the bluff brings us to the fishers' cottages, which stand in line near the edge of the elevated table land. There is an excess of women and children. Nobody speaks any other language than a queer French *patois*, excepting one very old man—ninety-one years of age, he says he is—who professes a knowledge of English.

We get to the foot of the hill, riding down on a rickety little cart, without going over the edge of the precipice, without sticking fast in the ruts, and without being tipped over headforemost on the little horse. Then a rattling drive of about a mile and a half over the lowland, and half a mile more out on the beach, brings us to the fishery and in sight of seven fine, big white whales, stranded in shallow pools, where they flounder and puff hopelessly.

These white whales are very stupid and cowardly creatures. It is supposed that they come up at this season on family errands, as unborn young, four or five feet long, are frequently found. They also come up to this point to feed on the little fish, locally known as the *caplan*, *lache* and *eplain*, which swarm here, in May and June, in vast numbers. In pursuit of their prey, the white whales run close up to the shore. The fishers plant slender stakes, not more than an inch and a half in diameter and five or six feet long, at distances nearly two feet apart, in a line inclosing a parallelogram a mile in width, and extending three-quarters of a mile from shore seaward. As the tide recedes, the whales find themselves within this inclosure. One of the big whales could sweep down a score of the stakes by a single dash at them, and there is even room for him to dart between without touching them; yet so cowardly is he that these slender obstructions suffice to turn him. He will rush seaward to within a yard of the fence, then wheel in wild affright and dart back toward shore, and so aimlessly exhaust himself, while the water is constantly growing more and more shallow. At last he lies helplessly stranded. None has ever been known to break through the barrier and escape.

Down from the houses on the hill several fishers come, carrying weapons like huge chisels, or the blubber-spades employed by whalers. These they drive into the captives, piercing their lungs and killing them. This "lancing" is practically the same as that by which the right whale is killed. The creatures die hard, often with a sweep of their great tails knocking their slayers heels over head in the mud and water, five or six yards away. When one has got into a rather deeper pool than his fellows, where the water is four or five feet deep, if there is space enough for him to turn, he will make a desperate struggle for his life, dodging, doubling and evading the deadly blows with wonderful celerity. In the end, however, he is inevitably conquered, but not until he swims in a pool reddened by his blood. Before the tide rises again, the carcasses must be dragged up, by horses, to the higher ground, where the trying out kettles are placed. There they are skinned, the blubber cut off, and the remnants burned or tossed into the sea.

Not all the white whales so caught are killed. The finest ones are taken alive and put into a reservoir in the small creek before mentioned, where a long fence of stakes keeps them secure until until they are wanted for the New York Aquarium or its branches. This, although apparently a job of some difficulty, is easily accomplished. A big batteau, or a deep, flat-bottomed boat, is dragged into the pool beside the selected white whale, half sunk on its side and then, by the combined strength of twenty or thirty men, the lubberly animal is fairly boosted into it. When the tide rises the batteau is towed around to the reservoir and its freight tipped out.

A much more serious task is that of getting the white whale into a box for transportation. When this has to be done, the entire available strength of the fishing company—thirty-four men—is called into requisition. As has been said, this whale is very timid; to prevent his being made so wild and desperate as to defy handling when the time comes, the priest has to issue an edict that no one shall throw anything into the water of the reservoir, or do anything to entice a dog to go in there, or in any way frighten the creature. This order is scrupulously respected.

By good luck, I happened to arrive just in time to see the company, under the supervision of Zach Coup and Luke Tilden—who had come on from the aquarium for the purpose—capture and box up for transportation three fine specimens. A strong wooden box, thirteen feet long, three feet wide and something over four feet deep, its bottom a bed of seaweed one foot in depth, is sunk half on its side in a convenient spot. Then the men form a line in the water, surround the whale, and drive him up slowly toward the box, gradually closing in upon him. Their aim is to get close enough to him to seize his tail and hoist it out of the water. That will render him powerless; for as soon as his tail is in the air he has no way of getting a purchase for a struggle or a rush. Suddenly Francis Dufour, the strong man of the island, and two others make a simultaneous grab at his tail, but quick as they are, he is quicker yet; in a second the three men go sprawling in different directions heels over head, while the frightened animal, in dashing away, knocks down two others. The water is four feet deep. Twenty-nine excited men shout, jabber and gesticulate at once. Five more, when they get their heads out of the water, join the clamor. A score of dogs bark furiously, and some of them plunge into the *melee* in the water, while others relieve their excited feelings by a fight on shore. There are five whales in the reservoir, and they are now coursing to and fro, almost with the swiftness of brook trout, all wild with terror.

Soon one is singled out, edged up toward the box, and another futile attempt made upon him; result: four more men sent to the bottom of the reservoir, more excitement, more jabber and another dog fight. After half an hour of this sort of struggle, the men run out to warm their hands at a big fire on the beach.

At the next attack, Joe Dufour grasps the whale's tail; but not being strong enough to lift it alone, is dragged down, still holding on, and shoots through the water like a sort of aquatic rocket, two feet beneath the surface, half way up the reservoir. There he lets go and comes to the surface to blow and say things to his patron saint. By this time the entire population of the island, except the priest, are gathered upon the bank and the little bridge at the upper end of the reservoir. Everybody has suggestions to offer, and everybody has brought along a dog.

At length, after two hours of violent effort, one whale is captured, his tail held up long enough for thirty pairs of strong hands to grasp him, and in a moment more he is landed safely in the box, which is straightened up and dragged to higher ground. The fight with the second whale is yet more protracted, lasting over three hours, and there is not one of his would-be captors to whom he does not give a plunge bath. It takes eight hours of almost ceaseless combat to secure three of the monsters in the boxes.

Didn't Want to be "Gouged."

A tall man, with cowhide boots up to his knees, a red beard down to his waist, and a white slouched hat on the back of his head, stepped into a Bleecker street car the other afternoon. The car was one of those poke-your-money-through-a-hole-in-the-door-and-drop-your-fare-in-the-box arrangements which so delight the way-faring man, though a fool. The tall stranger glanced nervously around, and seeing the sign, "Pay Here," chucked a ten-cent piece down the hole, to show that he knew all about the matter. Then to his horror he discovered that the fare was only five cents. He saw the hole in the door and the cheering inscription, "Change," upon the trap.

"High, cap!" said he to the driver, thrusting an immense paw through the hole, "rustle out that change."

The driver looked down Centre street, gazed abstractly at the new court-house on Chambers street, took several turns on the brake, glanced at his watch to see if he was on time, took a fresh chew of tobacco, and then turned around to make the change. He saw only an empty palm.

"What are ye givin' us?" said he.

"Nuthin'," said the red headed man, sententiously. "I want you to give me five cents change."

"Where's yer fare?" asked the driver, leering affectionately at the ten-cent piece in the box.

"Why, thar's ten cents in that contraption thar, an' I want you just to hump out my change."

"Can't do it; against orders. Should 'a got change first," said the driver, with a fiendish grin, turning his attention from the red headed man to the navigation of Leonard street.

"By jimmani!" shouted the red headed man; "can't I git my five cents? I'll take it out o' that feller's hide, an' then I'll see the president of the company an' make him refund the money."

"Don't do that," said a mild looking man with a white tie; "I know a better way—don't pay next time."

"But, Je-rusalem! Sir, I'm goin' to the Black Hills, an' I hope I may die ef I ever come back to New York."

"I'll settle it for you," said a gentleman who had just stepped in; "here's my five cents; you take it, and I won't pay anything."

"That's the ticket," said the red headed man. "I don't care a cuss for the five cents, but it does grovel me like thunder to be gouged. Come gents," said he to the passengers, "let's all get off and take a drink."

The driver glowering through the window saw the transaction, and knew that Nemesis had overtaken him. However, he rang the bell, which announces a defaulter on the ear, but the passengers only laughed at the tintinnabulation of the bell, bell, bell, at the moaning and the groaning of the bell.

Slight Hope for Turkey.

A special correspondent in Constantinople sent the following dispatch to a New York paper: During the past few days I have had interviews with a number of officials of the Turkish government, and also with prominent men of all classes well acquainted with the situation of affairs here. The information received from these sources, and my own intimate knowledge of Turkey and the government of the sultan, enable me to say that the corruption and bribery which are rife everywhere destroy all chances of Turkish success. There are no horses, no money, and no order in the management of affairs. All the carriage horses in the country have been seized by the government for war purposes. Another body of the softas were exiled to-day. They were accompanied to the vessel in which they took their departure by a large number of sympathizers. The sultan is a nonentity. With 300 women and 5,000 persons of all classes in the palace to feed daily, the strain on the treasury is intense.

There is not a particle of patriotism among the officials to give ground for the slightest hope. Contracts for army stores and equipments are awarded by means of bribery of the officials having the matter in charge. The advertisements in the newspapers of contracts open to general competition are mere shams and, are connived at by the minister of war and those who surround him. The Constitution of the country is also a sham, and is disregarded in every possible manner. The Parliamentary deputies are returning to their homes in disgust, and the laws which have been passed will never be put in force. The minister of war, however, informed me that Turkey would fight to the last. The sultan has given up all hopes of aid from the English government.

The Bootblack's Benefactor.

A man on coming down town discovered that his boots needed polishing, and called a bootblack, to whom, the operation being concluded, he tendered the customary fee. "Keep your nickles, mister," urbanely replied the artist, drawing the cuff of his jacket across his nose; "we don't charge nothing to friends of the profession." "Friends of the profession? How? What? I don't understand you," said the westsider. "Well, I'll explain," said the boy. "Maybe you don't live on West Van Buren, up near Ashland avenue, beyond where the boys used to play base ball, and near them big houses with marble bodices in the gardens, and maybe you haven't a garden plot and a hose?" The man said his informant's information, whatever its source, was indubitably correct. "Well, mister," continued the boy, "I see you the other evening slinging water out of the hose all over creation, like as if you was Noah and the Twelfth ward was Sodom and Gomorrah, and I see you sprinkle the boots of two dollars' worth of young swells as was going down to get their girls to go to the theater, and of course they had to have them shined up again. You was making business for us, and we allow you the regular commission. Your hat's chalked—your boots I mean—at every box in town. You can't drop a cent, not if your feet was twice as big as they are. And, mister, if our society ever stikes it rich they're going to have a statue of you, life size, in plaster, with a hose in your hand squirting round like Casabianca or Ben Bullwinkle, or any of them pillars of fire, and we'll put it up in Union Park, bet you we do," and the enthusiastic boy, bowing humbly to his benefactor, departed.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Turkey's Gift From Mecca.

One of the Turkish religious traditions relates that Mohammed when traveling once in the desert heard a devout Bedouin say on retiring to his tent for the night: "I will loose my camel and trust to Providence." "Nay," said Mohammed, "tie thy camel and trust to Providence." The guardians of the shrine at Mecca have caught the spirit of the prophet's advice so far as to conclude that Providence works through material agencies, and have sent to Turkey what remains of the accumulated gifts that generations of pilgrims have heaped upon the prophet's altar, and which amount to the goodly sum of 200,000,000 piasters, or about $8,600,000 in the money of the United States.

This gift to Turkey in her present financial emergency will be of more substantial value than thousands of the irregular and undisciplined troops that the appeal to fanaticism has been expected to draw to her standards from Arabia and Palestine. It will enable her to complete the equipment of her armies with modern firearms and artillery which she has thus far lacked the means, and with it the credit, to obtain. Moreover the gift shows how profoundly the Mohammedan heirarchy appreciate the fact that Turkey's struggle for existence is also their own, and that the eastern extension of the Russian empire means the certain suppression of the Mohammedan faith, if not by force, by the equally effective process of a better civilization and a more exalted creed.—*New York Evening Post.*

Miss Harper.

Miss Harper, the vice-regent from Maryland of the Mount Vernon Association, is a strikingly handsome woman. She is a granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and a niece of three famous American beauties who went abroad and married English noblemen—one the Duke of Leeds, another the Marquis of Wellesley, and a third Lord Stafford. Miss Harper lives in Baltimore, opposite the cathedral, and her house is crowded with everything rare and beautiful; adorned with bric-a-brac of the choicest kind, and furnished by articles valuable on account of their associations—associations so full of memories that you can sit and listen by the hour in any room in her house to the most delightful histories of this chair, that bed, of a table, a picture, or a dressing-table.

Nerves that Quiver.

Heads that ache, stomachs that inflict dyspeptic torments, muscles and joints racked with the rheumatism, are infallibly restored to health by the celebrated elixir, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine prescribed by physicians; possessing infinite purity, and which no one takes in vain who is afflicted with any of the numerous complaints to which it is adapted. It frequently happens that so-called remedies fail to produce a permanent effect. This is because they are merely palliatives, and therefore do not remove the cause of the maladies, whose systems they after a time cease to ameliorate. This is notably the case with opiates and sedative drugs. It is not so, however, with Hostetter's Bitters, which are a searching specific that conquers the disease as well as banishes its *indicia*.

After an experience of over twenty-five years, many leading physicians acknowledge that the *Graefenberg Marshall's* Uterine *Catholicon* is the only known certain remedy for diseases to which women are subject. The *Graefenberg Vegetable Pills*, the most popular remedy of the day for biliousness, headache, liver complaint and diseases of digestion. Sold by all druggists. Send for almanacs. Graefenberg Co., New York.

Light, Well-Raised Biscuits, Bread,

Cakes and pastry digest easily and conduce to good health. Good health makes labor of all kinds easier, and prolongs life. Dooley's Yeast Powder will always make all these productions light and wholesome. It is warranted to make better, lighter, sweeter, more toothsome and nutritious biscuits, cake, bread, etc., than any other baking powder.

From Hon. David Spraker, of Canajoharie, N.Y.

"I have used Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry myself and, in my family for several years, and take great pleasure in recommending it in preference to anything of the kind for the purposes for which it is intended. In cases of asthma, phthisic or affection of the throat, I have never met with anything equal to it." 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Brimstone and treacle, and milk and sulphur are administered on every change of season in families in the old countries to fortify children against attacks of eruptive fevers. Ablutions with Glenn's Sulphur Soap supply an armor no disease can penetrate. Sold everywhere. Depot, Crittenton's, No. 7 Sixth avenue, New York. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Information worth thousands to those out of health. Self-help for weak and nervous sufferers. Facts for those who have been dosed, drugged and quacked. The new Health Journal teaches all. Copies free. Address, Electric Quarterly, New York.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—A perfect dressing for the hair. The Cocoaine holds in a liquid form a large portion of deodorized cocoanut oil, prepared for this purpose.

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The Household Remedy for Pain, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, etc. Always reliable. It never fails. Give it a trial.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.	
Beef Cattle—Native	10¾@ 11¼
Texas and Cherokee	10 @ 10¾
Milch Cows	55 00 @55 00
Hogs—Live	05⅝@ 05⅞
Dressed	06¾@ 06⅞
	05¾@ 05⅞
Sheep	07 @ 10⅞
Lambs	12½@ 12¾
Cotton—Middling	7 55 @ 9 25
Flour—Western—Good to Choice	7 05 @ 7 15
State—Good to Choice	1 50 @ 1 65
Wheat—Red Western	1 77 @ 1 77
No. 2 Milwaukee	97 @ 98
Rye—State	61 @ 63
Barley—State	1 30 @ 1 30
Barley Malt	35 @ 49
Oats—Mixed Western	55 @ 60
Corn—Mixed Western	70 @ 75
Hay, per cwt	65 @ 80
Straw, per cwt	75's 06 @ 10
Hops 76's—10 @17	50 @14 55
Pork—Mess	11¼@ 11¾
Lard—City Steam	18 00 @20 00
Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new	8 50 @ 9 50
" No. 2, new	4 75 @ 5 00
Dry Cod, per cwt	15 @ 15
Herring, Scaled, per box	08¼@08¾ Refined 14½
Petroleum—Crude	23 @ 28
Wool—California Fleece	22 @ 26
Texas "	43 @ 45
Australian "	20 @ 22
Butter—State	17 @ 18
Western—Choice	11 @ 17
Western—Good to Prime	13 @ 16
Western—Firkins	09 @ 12
Cheese—State Factory	05 @ 07
State Skimmed	10¼@ 10½
Western	16 @ 16½
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania	
BUFFALO.	
Flour	7 50 @ 9 00
Wheat—No. 1 Milwaukee	1 90 @ 1 90
Corn—Mixed	52 @ 54
Oats	51 @ 51
Rye	98 @ 93
Barley	81 @ 83
Barley Malt	1 00 @ 1 10
PHILADELPHIA.	
Beef Cattle—Extra	06½@ 07
Sheep	04¾@ 06¾
Hogs—Dressed	08¾@ 09¼
Flour—Pennsylvania Extra	6 75 @ 7 25
Wheat—Red Western	1 65 @ 1 75
Rye	84 @ 85
Corn—Yellow	61 @ 62
Mixed	59 @ 60
Oats—Mixed	44 @ 46
Petroleum—Crude	10¼@10¾ Refined 14½
Wool—Colorado	18 @ 22
Texas	16 @ 25
California	20 @ 25
BOSTON.	
Beef Cattle	05¾@ 03¾
Sheep	05¾@ 06½
Hogs	06 @ 09
Four—Wisconsin and Minnesota	8 75 @ 9 50
Corn—Mixed	61 @ 63
Oats— "	54 @ 54
Wool—Ohio and Pennsylvania XX	46 @ 48
California Fall	16¾@ 25
BRIGHTON MASS.	
Beef Cattle	05 @ 06¼
Sheep	04 @ 03¾
Lambs	11¼@ 12½
Hogs	06¾@ 06¾
WATERTOWN, MASS.	
Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice	6 75 @ 8 75
Sheep	5 00 @ 8 50
Lambs	8 78 @ 6 75

Titans and Men.

"Blessed are the meek," exclaims the voice of inspiration, but can a man be meek with the consciousness that a dreaded monster is consuming his vitals. We are not a race of Titans. A Prometheus might stand chained to the torturing rock with a vulture perpetually gnawing his liver, and his face ever wear an expression of heroic and even meek endurance. But Prometheus has left no descendants. With vultures (disease) consuming his liver, the modern man makes himself and every one around him miserable. Fretful, gloomy, hypochondrical, he sees the world and life all on the wrong side—the dark side—and whoever dares to assert that there is a sunny side, he regards as an enemy, or at the best a mocker of his imaginary woes. Unlike the mythical Titan, the victim of disease is not succorless. There is an arm to rescue—a balm to cleanse and heal. As remedies for this most depressing of all diseases—"Liver Complaint"—none are more efficient or popular than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets. The Pellets effectually remove the effete and poisonous matter while the Medical Discovery imparts strength and health to the entire system. They are sold by druggists.

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From the N. Y. World, May 30.

Our readers are referred to an announcement of the London Fine Art Association, of England, in this week's number by which a capital engraving can be procured by forwarding the coupon and $1 to their offices, 793 Broadway. We have received the picture, which certainly is a marvel of cheapness, and an opportunity is presented which does not often occur.

SPECIAL AND

Important Notice

TO EVERY READER OF THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

GRAND Premium Gift.

THE

London Fine Art Association

OF ENGLAND,

United States Offices, 793 Broadway,

NEW YORK,

have concluded arrangements by which each subscriber to this week's paper will be entitled to receive One Copy of a

Magnificent Engraving by Zobell

OF THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY

MELVILLE,

ENTITLED

"THE TRUE VINE."

(COPYRIGHT. 18 in. by 30 in.)

Of all the efforts that have previously been made for portraying portraits of our Savior, none have ever received such universal approbation as that which the above beautiful picture commands. "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman," are the words upon which the sublime subject is allegorically approached. Our blessed Lord is represented in the engraving demonstrating the truth of this Holy Word, and seeking for examples to illustrate His parables from the bountiful gifts of beauteous nature which surround Him. Encircled by a vine, His right hand grasps a tendril of the plant, while the left is outstretched in the act of illustration.

The artist has depicted with a master hand the overflowing look of ineffable and yearning love upon the Divine countenance, surrounded by the Heavenly halo. The vine on the left of our Lord, has an ax cleft in the root thereof, symbolical of the words of John the Baptist in Matt. iii, ver. 10: "And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the tree, therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Thus the anthesis of the picture is given. Our Lord holding in His right hand "the growing, or *true* vine, unto which He likens Himself, while on the other hand is shadowed forth the destruction of the "tree which beareth not good fruit." In the background the short twilight of an Eastern evening is descending upon the mountains, at the foot of which grow spreading palms and other Oriental trees.

None can look upon this picture without taking to heart the lesson inculcated by the Divine Teacher, which is illustrated in so soft and beautiful a manner by the present subject.

The above beautiful engraving may be seen, free of charge, at the offices of the London Fine Art Associaton, 793 Broadway, New York, between the hours of ten and five o'clock.

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ONE COPY.

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Name and Address of Applicant to be written here.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Applications for copies of "The True Vine" must be made at the office of the London Fine Art Association, 793 Broadway, New York; and with each application the above Voucher, which will not be available after the 12th June, 1877, must be inclosed; and as applications for the above Engraving will be attended to in rotation as received, early advantage should be taken of the present occasion.

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Secures HEALTH and COMFORT of Body, with GRACE and BEAUTY of Form. Three Garments in one. Approved by all physicians. AGENTS WANTED. Samples by mail, in Contil, $2; Satteen, $1 75. To Agents at 25 cents less. Order size two inches smaller than waist measure over the dress. Warner Bros. 351 Broadway, N.Y.

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Reliable Evidence.

178 Baltic Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1874.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:

Dear Sir—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cure thereby has seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints for which it is claimed to cure.

JAMES P. LUDLOW, Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, Sacramento, Cal.

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The Agonies of a Bilious Colic, the indescribable pangs of Chronic Indigestion, the debility and mental stupor resulting from a costive habit, may be certainly avoided by regulating the system with that agreeable and refreshing Standard Preparation, TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Procurable at all druggists.

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What are your Symptoms, Sufferer? Are they a furred tongue, dizziness, headache, an uneasy stomach, oppression after eating, pain between the shoulders, constipation? If so you are *dyspeptic* and *bilious*, and nothing will meet your case so efficiently as TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. For sale by the entire drug trade.

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Is an invaluable remedy for

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BOSTON, Oct. 30.

I have used less than a bottle. The dandruff and the irritation which caused it, have entirely disappeared, and my hair was never before in so good condition. A. A. FULLER.

BALDNESS.

CHICAGO, May 12, 1875.

Since the recent use of your "Cocoaine," my previously bald head has been covered by a luxuriant growth of hair. I had always esteemed your preparation as a dressing, knowing many persons who regarded it very highly as such, but never before knew how valuable it was as a restorative. J. G. LEWIS.

LOSS OF HAIR.

BANGOR, March 3, 1868.

Your "Cocoaine" is the only dressing for the hair used in my family for the last eight years. It not only stopped my wife's hair from coming out, but increased its growth. I am also under obligations to this same "Cocoaine" for saving my own hair, which was very fast coming out previous to using this valuable preparation. J. C. MITCHELL.

IRRITATION OF THE SCALP.

WATERVILLE, ME., Sept. 15.

I purchased a bottle only, for the purpose of a hair dressing; but, to my surprise, it has entirely removed the irritation of so long standing. I have recommended it to several of my friends, who were afflicted in the same way, and it has wholly irradicated the disease. JOSEPH HILL, JR.

HAIR-DRESSING.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

For some time past I have been using your Cocoaine, and think it far preferable to anything I have ever used for the hair. FRANK LESLIE.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston,

Manufacturers and Proprietors.

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