The Fairfield Herald.

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True Friendship.

BY FANNIE.

Bright as the beautiful starlight of Heaven,
Are the pure links of friendship in kindness unriven.
They are woven by angels a garland so fair,
A chaplet unfading for pure hearts to wear.
'Tis wreathed in its beauty by seraphs alone,
When two hearts together by magic are thrown.
When interests united in friendship exist,
There's a charm in their union that none can resist.
Friendship first blooms in the warm heart of youth,
Where it grows in its purity, brightness and truth.
And when age with his grandeur shall furrow the brow,
Friendship is bright as the first uttered vow.
E'en thro' the dark shadows of sorrow and woe,
Undimmed by the ordeal its sunlight will flow.
'Twill pierce the rude mantle misfortune hath cast,
More dear in the future from the woes of the past.

Georgia Scenes.

Old Stanwix tells the following Georgia story, and vouches for its truthfulness:

About thirty-three and a third years ago, there dwelt in one of the rural districts of Georgia, an old codger by the name of Butt Cut Taylor, who had formerly enjoyed the honors and emoluments pertaining to the office of Justice of Peace, the duties of which office he discharged with acknowledged "ability" and dignity; and so far as his neighbors were capable of judging, he appeared to be a very honest man. He had however acquired the habit of "trumping up" accounts against the estates of those of his neighbors who were so unfortunate as to "shuffle off their mortal coils" within the bounds of his bailiwick. He had carried the practice to such an extent as to arouse a suspicion in the minds of some of his meddlesome neighbors, that there might be something dead" somewhere in the "neat of his"—financial operations. Bob Crogan, who lived in the neighborhood, and "run" the post office at the cross roads, being something of a wag, and having an idea that the 'Squire's honesty should be quoted below par, concluded, with the connivance and assistance of a few comrades, to "unearth the sly old fox," and expose his rascalities. Accordingly Bob pretended to die, was regularly shrouded and laid out on the cooling board in the most-approved fashion, and sorrowing friends proceeded to spread the news of his demise, which soon reached the ears of old Butt Cut. He lost no time in repairing to the house of mourning, carrying with him a "full and complete assortment" of first class condolence and sympathy, for gratuitous distribution among the members of the bereaved family, and the many sorrowing friends of the supposed deceased, who were present when he arrived. After he had relieved his heart of his burden of healing words, and had succeeded in a tolerable effort at crying, and was about to leave the scene, he tenderly spoke as follows:

"Ah, poor Bob; I'm sorry he died, he was a good feller, and I allus liked him. When me and him went to the race at Augusta—now nigh unto two years ago—I loaned him a hundred dollars to bet onto a bay mare, and he lost and never paid me a cent of that money from that day to this. Poor fellow, he forgot it I reckon, but its an honest debt; of course I can get it out of his estate, and—"

Butt-Cut didn't finish the sentence for just at this point Bob, the corpse, slowly raised up in his shroud, and stretched out his arms toward the old rogue, as if to clutch him, yelled:

"You are an infernal old liar, and if—"

The din and roar drowned the rest, and old Butt Cut didn't wait to see or hear anything more, but with the hurried exclamation, "goddlemity," he shot through the door, hurried to his home, "packed his traps," and not only left the neighborhood but the State of Georgia, forever.

"Tea punch" is said to be a favorite with Bostonians. The ingredients are one bottle of champagne, one of whiskey, one of rum, two of claret, a lemon, and a tablespoonful of black tea.

Wilmer McLean, a real estate dealer at Manassas, Virginia, owned the farm on which the first battle of the late war was fought at Bull Run, and that upon which the last was contested at Appomattox.

Row in Yorkville.

On Saturday night last, the colored brass band of this town assembled before Rawlinson's Hotel, to serenade the Republican members of the Congressional Ku Klux Committee, who had arrived here that afternoon. An immense crowd of persons filled the sidewalk above and below the hotel, collected partly by the music of the band, and partly, perhaps, to create a demonstration in honor of the members of the committee. The marshals of the town, under an ordinance of the council, occupied themselves in an effort to keep the sidewalks clear of the crowd, so as not to obstruct the usual passage of persons engaged on other business. Toward the close of the demonstration, Wm. H. Snyder—one of the marshals—while discharging this duty, met one Tom Johnson, colored, who refused to give way to the command of the officer of the law. Snyder then attempted to arrest him; but Tom, refusing to acknowledge the supremacy of the law, jerked loose several times and attempted to force his way at the head of the crowd, whether or no. Upon a third attempt to arrest him he jerked Snyder's baton from his hand and knocked him down. Snyder then drew a pistol and fired five shots at the belligerent darkey wounding him in the face, shoulder, hand arm and back—each shot taking effect but not inflicting dangerous wounds. The balls have been extracted, and Tom is in a fair way to recover. After a special investigation of the facts before the town council, Mr. Snyder was exonerated of all blame in the matter, the shooting having occurred in the discharge of his duty as an officer of the town.—*Yorkville Enquirer.*

We are informed by persons from Yorkville that, on last Saturday evening, at the table of the King's Mountain Hotel, in that town, Major Jas. Barry, incensed at finding himself in close proximity to A. S. Wallace, seized a pitcher of buttermilk and dashed it into the face of that distinguished Congressman. Wallace at once retired and procured a warrant for the Majors arrest. If it wouldn't be doing injustice to a good beverage by associating it with the name of so miserable a creature, we would suggest that hereafter he be known as Buttermilk Wallace.—*Chester Reporter.*

Remarkable Incident—A Whole Family Buried Within a Week.

A remarkable series of deaths by which a mother and three children were buried, occurred on Plum street, last week. The mother, a widow lady, named Williams, was buried in the same grave with two of the children, while the third and last buried yesterday was laid by her side. What is chiefly remarkable in this instance is that they are carried off under no epidemic, but died under ordinary circumstances.—*Petersburg Courier.*

Too Much Social Equality.

A few days since, a funny scene occurred in front of this office. A United States soldier and a negro who had both evidently been imbibing something stronger than the cool water from the town pump, were in friendly converse. Before parting they hugged each other in a warm embrace. In the ecstasy of his delight the negro gave the soldier a hearty kiss; whereupon the latter, exclaiming, "No d—d nager shall kiss me—that's too much social equality," gave the former a hearty punch in the face with his fist, and so they parted.—*Sumter News.*

The Port Royal Rail Road.

We understand that Appleton & Co., the New York publishers, have negotiated for the purchase of a leading interest in this road, and that the necessary papers were to have been duly signed las week. Mr. Millet will be placed in charge of the enterprise as President and the road pushed forward to an early completion. We are glad that the matter has been at last earnestly taken in hand by competent parties. The name of the firm is a sufficient guarantee that the work will be carried on with energy.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

Murder at Leesville.

John Singletary, the postmaster at Leesville, on the North-eastern Railroad, was killed in that village, on Monday night, by some unknown parties. He took the passenger train at Gourdin's Station, and on arriving at Leesville got out to go home. Between the depot and his residence he was fired upon, and when assistance reached him, he was found lying on the ground quite dead. The assailants succeeded in making their escape and nothing has been found out so far which would lead to their detection.

A Fort Wayne, Indiana, club has purchased a shell boat so light and evenly balanced that "the rowers are compelled to part their hair in the middle" to avoid upsetting.

A Georgia Tragedy.

From the Albany News we learn that on Tuesday last a most horrible tragedy and murder occurred on Mr. B. H. Hill's "Mud Creek" plantation in that county, in which Mr. Rush the manager, and Paul Butler, a freedman, working on the place, were the parties, and both killed. On last Monday there was a difficulty between the parties, in which the negro cursed the white man, and the latter struck him. On Tuesday morning, when the negroes were on their way to the field, some of them came up with Paul Butler, who had his gun on his shoulder. He informed them that it was his intention to kill Mr. Rush as soon as he came out to the field. His friends argued the matter with him, and begged him to put his gun away and go to work. He refused to be governed by their advice, and persisted in his murderous purpose, swore he would kill Mr. R. at first sight. All hands then went to work except Paul, his brother Ben, his relative, Ben Wade and his friend, Moses Holt—the latter three being accounted for at that time. Paul stationed himself a short distance from the laborers.—Mr. Rush rode up, and Paul advanced towards him, and addressed him with: "G—d d—n you, you shot at me yesterday for nothing, and I'm ready to shoot with you," whereupon, Mr. Rush replied: "Don't come any nearer me, stand back." Paul then said, "You stand back." Mr. R. then attempted to draw his pistol, and while in the act, Paul levelled his gun and fired, placing forty-eight deadly missiles in the breast, abdomen, neck and head of his victim—killing him instantly. Paul then ran to his mule, tied in the woods hard by, mounted it, with gun in hand, and made off towards the "Hobbs Place," another one of Mr. Hill's plantations, followed by the three missing negroes, Ben Butler, Ben Wade and Moses Holt, and perhaps some others.

At a gate opening into the Hobbs plantation they found the dead body of Paul lying on one side of the gate and the gun on the other. The top of his head was blown off and his face burned with powder—showing unmistakably that he had come to his death by the accidental discharge of the remaining barrel while going through the gate on the mule.

The testimony satisfied the jury that Ben Butler, Ben Wade and Moses Holt were accessories, and Deputy Sheriff Brown being present with a posse, proceeded at once to arrest all three of them, and they are now in jail awaiting examination.

Driven Insane by Dreams.

It has been found necessary to take to an asylum a Detroit lady, who has been made insane by a dream. Her husband and one of her sons sometime since were drowned at sea, and recently she dreamed that her son, who is a sailor, had been drowned. In her dream she saw him fall from the mast in a gale in the sea, and awoke with such a shriek of terror as to arouse the inmates of the house. She slept no more that night, but rocked to and fro, moaning that "William was surely drowned, she knew he was." The next day her relatives endeavored to banish her impression, and almost succeeded in convincing her that her boy was not only safe, but would soon be home, but that night the dream was repeated, and this time the mother seemed to follow her boy aloft, and to fall with him from the yard, again giving a shriek that brought the house-hold into the bedroom, they finding her on the floor in a fit. Since then she has been like one stunned by news of some awful calamity. She spends her time rocking to and fro in a chair, saying only when forced, and constantly muttering the words, "My poor Willie is gone, too." Every effort to cheer her up has been futile and able physicians have attended her without accomplishing a cure.

A Devil Fish Run Off with a Citizen of Savannah.

The pranks of the devil fish are becoming frequent of late. The Savannah Advertiser, of Saturday, says: "One of those, horrible looking creatures of the deep, better known as the devil fish, whose appearance in the waters of the coast are somewhat unfrequent, has been distinguishing himself lately by endeavoring to spirit away one of our old residents. Day before yesterday Major Bonaud, who has many friends in this city was fishing in Warsaw Sound, near Cabbage Island, his boat being anchored. By some means or other, a devil fish became entangled in the anchor rope and started off at a rapid rate of speed towing the boat after him, with the occupants to no very pleasant frame of mind. The situation became so decidedly unpleasant, that it was thought best to cut the rope and let the fish go fancy free. This was accordingly done, much to the relief of the fishermen, and the creature took its way in peace."

No man is always wrong. A clock that does not go at all is right every twelve hours.

The Boy of the Period.

Everybody has seen the Boy of the Period. His face hangs on the show board in front of the photographer's. He is on exhibition for awhile every fair evening on the corners of conspicuous streets. He is carefully and exquisitely dressed, wears delicate kids, twirls a light stick, puffs a fragrant cigar; eyes every young lady that may chance to pass, and gives his opinion of her at once while her ears are in reach. Having finished his street performance, he lounges into a billiard saloon, flourishes his cue, drinks his drinks, pays for them with ostentatious parade of his indifference to money and then sallies out in search of home or of some other place.

The Boy of the Period is a great reader. He is familiar with "Our best Society," "The Days Doings," and all the pictorial literature which draws its embellishment from a lewd imagination. He detests reading of a solid kind as being unworthy the attention of a modern young gentleman. His taste is too fine and fanciful to be regarded with the vulgar food of useful knowledge. He glances his eye now and then over the leading daily prints, but if he fails to find in them some rousing sensational record of crime, he tosses them away in disdain. He has heard of the Library, but deems it of no use to him—it may serve plodding blockheads very well.

The Boy of the Period is a genius. He is above work and has a clerkship; but he has no intention of passing his years in the dull routine of a profession, trade or craft. He is too smart for all that. He needs money, for he has the habit of spendthrift.

Chance is Proteus. Honesty is straight-forward, and has a single eye. The Boy of the Period worships chance, and waits daily at her shrine. At length he sails in; makes a venture, in some form, and luck, the deceiver, at first is on one side. Suddenly luck has turned against him.—He fights against his luck desperately; flounders into a crime; is detected, arrested, imprisoned and punished.—Then the Boy of the Period gets his face into the rogue's gallery, and himself among the criminal classes.

Such is a brief outline of the biography which very nearly describes the line of life along which a good many young men are traveling. A little reflection on their part, might induce them to choose a better and safer path.

A Financiering Darkey.

Recently an express car was robbed by a party of negroes in Alabama, and the manner in which the spoils were divided by the robbers shows in the case of one of them a sad instance of the depravity of the times, as well as misdirected intelligence.—None of the gang could read; but after the safe was broken open, Alfred Crosby tore off the ends of some of the packages, and soon discovered that the largest contained the smallest bills, and consequently the least money. Therefore, in making the division, Alfred proposed that two small packages should count as one large one, to which the others readily assented; and he then took care to take his part in the small packages, thus getting a double share of the booty. Alfred's friends insist that he has eminent qualifications for an office-holder.

The New Blue Law.

The Connecticut Senate has passed a bill which renders null and void all business dealings for liquors—enables the purchaser even of a glass of whisky to recover back the ten cents he pays for it!—declares null and void all sales, transfers, contracts, quit claims, mortgages, attachments, and liens, made in consideration (part or whole) of the sale of any spirituous liquor; makes null and void all leases of premises if liquor is sold on them; punishes by a fine of one hundred dollars or a month in jail, or both, the sale of liquor to any minor under eighteen years of age; makes the person who sells responsible for all damages done by drunken men, and permits any tax payer to sue such seller whenever the drinker abuses his family. Other stringent provisions follow.

Le Cecilia, one the of Generals of the Paris Commune, died by his own hand. His manner of committing suicide was highly dramatic. When, on the 24th of May, he saw that the cause of the Commune was lost, he took refuge, with a large number of his soldiers, in Fort Vincennes. On the 29th of May he was walking up and down one of the court-yards of the fort. One of his aide-de-camp went up to him and asked if there was anything new. Le Cecilia drew out a pistol, putting it to his temple, and saying, "Aye—this!" blew out his brains. He was only thirty-seven years old. His wife was killed at a barricade.

A Dutch Judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He has punishment plenty; I life mit one!"

Internal Revenue Tax on Cotton.

The Internal Revenue tax on cotton, it is stated, was formerly levied upon the gross weight, although in many of the Southern Districts a liberal discount was often made of tare. This practice, however, was resisted by the cotton merchants, who claimed that the act of Congress imposed a tax upon cotton and not upon the burlap covers, cotton bagging, iron ties, and ropes, used to protect the bales. Suit was therefore brought against the Government Collector to recover the excess of the tax, and a decision, it is stated, has been made by the Courts that the tax can only be collected on the net weight of the cotton. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has therefore recently written a letter, stating that the act of June 30, 1864, as amended by the act of March 3, 1865, does not include tare and bagging in the weight of the unmanufactured cotton, and that where taxes have been assessed and paid on the gross weight of cotton without any allowance for tare, an amount equal to four per cent. of the gross weight of each bale will be allowed and paid to claimants on full proof that no such allowance was made for tare at the time of the assessment and payment of the tax. All claims for refunding must be presented before August 4, 1871, or within two years after the date of the payment of the tax complained of.

Pic Nics.

A miss of seventeen summers sums up her experience of pic-nics in the language given below. She is right. If to broil, and to bake, and to batter; to bottle, to slice, and to pack; to get off before you are ready, and before you are ready come back; if taking a seat on a pie dish, and losing your meat in the grass, and having bugs drop in the pudding, and snails take a bath in your glass; if toads and bees hop on your sandwich, and beetles inspecting your bread, when brambles and thorns catch your feet, and worms pelt down on your head; if scattering in every direction to seek for foliage and cover, and find you have been outstripped by some Sarah Jane and her lover; if, in gathering up all the fragments of such an Arcadian feast, you can't tell whether 'twas most like entertainment for man or beast; if that kind of thing is enjoyment, in longer or shorter measure, and you're simple enough to believe it so, why then help yourself to the pleasure; but for me (I speak from experience) the subject I have pursued. The only reply will be found in the Scriptures, "I pray you to hold me excused."

Oakey Hall in Effigy.

Oakey Hall was hung in effigy in Brooklyn Friday morning. The fingers of the man of straw clenched the following letter:

To the coroner of Kings county: I am Oakey Hall of New York city, squelched by Jack (Hoffman) the giant killer. These are my last remains, and this is my last literary effort. I go to join Arnold and Burr, although it is the middle of July. I have betrayed the liberties of a free people in trying to be a Protestant-Catholic; and have gone back on my dad in trying to be an American-Irishman. I have had too much Oakey Hall-ucination; I ain't O. K any more, I feel like some banquet Hall deserted, or, as that blarsted Times man would say, it's H'all up with me on the limb of a tree. I am the first American to violate the constitution of my country by religious persecution, and a bright specimen of demagogues who pander to the worst population in this world.

A Word to Naturalized Citizens.

All citizens of Charleston who have taken out naturalization papers in the City Court, (now presided over by Judge Pringle,) since December, 1856, are earnestly advised to take out new certificates at once, in the United States Court. The naturalization papers granted by the City Court, dated after December, 1856, will not be accepted by the managers of elections; and any persons now holding such papers, who do not take out new certificates in the United States Court, will not be allowed to vote.—*Char. News.*

We clip the following reference to the burglary gun, invented by John Wilson, of Anderson, from the Knoxville Chronicle of the 21st instant: "Yesterday we saw an ingeniously contrived shooting iron, which is death on burglars. It revolves on a pivot, and by a simple arrangement of wires, the [illegible] toward an intruder, and puts a ball through him before he can get out of the way. It is the invention of a South Carolina."

On the 8th, near Van Buren, Georgia, a man named Scott was shot and killed by a man named Brown. Scott had been married about fifteen minutes. An old grudge caused the shooting.

The Bank of Newberry is said to be in successful working order.

South Carolina College.

Professor M. LaBorde, for many years a member of the Faculty of the South Carolina College, and now one of the professors in the University of South Carolina, proposes to publish a second edition of his book, the "History of the South Carolina College." The first edition closed with the year 1857; the second will embrace the whole period of its existence, commencing with the original act of incorporation in December, 1801, and concluding with the act establishing the university in December, 1865. It will have increased interest imparted to it, by containing several new sketches and additions to the sketches of those presidents and professors who have died since the appearance of the work. Among the new sketches will be those of Judge Longstreet, Rev. Robert W. Barnwell, and Professor Venable, of the University of Virginia. It will be embellished by potraits of the presidents of the college.

"Republicans of the South! you have a desperate struggle just ahead, and you cannot win unless you send these villians to the rear. You cannot rely on their modesty or their sense of decency; they will push themselves forward into the most conspicuous posts, no matter at what peril and mischief to your cause, unless you sternly say, 'Go back, thieves!' You cannot afford to be delicate with men who do not know what delicacy means. Unless you show by your acts that you detest peculators and scorn to be led by them, you will be beaten, and will deserve to be. You can put these fellows where they belong if you try; and you must try.—Their effrontery will desert them whenever they see that you not only loathe rascality, but do not hesitate to show your loathing. As you hope to be respected, confided in, triumphant, vindicate your own integrity by branding the thieves who would make merchandise of your party's good name!"

Commenting on the above words of the New York Tribune, the Richmond Enquirer says;

"That's what we call backing one's friends with a vengeance. Force the thieving 'carpet-baggers' and the 'mean scalawags' out, and the Republican party in the South will not have white men enough to fill even half the post office positions. The only way to make Republicanism respectable in this section is by giving it up to the negroes altogether. Then, at least, there will be self-respect on both sides. The white men will respect themselves, and be respected for showing a decent respect to public sentiment; and the negroes will be respected as negroes; and as occupying positions necessary to the public service, but which no white man can accept from that party without dishonor to himself and treachery to his people."

Indian War.

Another Indian war seems imminent in the Northwest. The last steamer from the Upper Missouri reports that Fort Berthold was attacked by the Sioux on the 12th. Spotted Tail pretends to have untold grievances to redress, and is out on the war-path with a large band of braves. The mail station between Fort Stevenson and Fort Totten was attacked a few days since, and, despite the presence of a military escort, the house and mail bags were burned. This outrage was committed by a party of Sioux who had received rations at Fort Thompson a few days before. Evidently our Indian matters are sadly mismanaged, or it would be hardly possible for tribes to be fed at government stations at the very time they are preparing to make war upon the whites.—*N. Y. Herald.*

How Sambo is Fading Out.

We have the remarkable official statement from Columbus, Ga., bearing a recent date, that out of a population of six thousand whites and three thousand blacks the burials for three months were—White adults, thirteen; black adults, eighteen; white children, twelve; black children, thirty-six. The proportion of deaths, taking into consideration the number of white non-residents buried, is nine whites and forty-eight blacks. The proportion of deaths to respective numbers, it will be seen, is one white in ten and two thirds blacks. At this rate, in thirty-three years from the promulgation of the emancipation proclamation Mr. Sambo will have followed Mr. Lo!—*N. Y. Herald.*

A man stopped at a hotel at Pike's Peak, and on settling his bill the landlord charged him $7 a day for five days. "Didn't you make a mistake?" asked the guest. "No," said the landlord. "You did," retorted the wiry-looking fellow, "you thought you got all the money I had, but you're mistaken. I've got a whole purse full in another pocket!"

Although one swallow will not make a Summer, still a pin maliciously inserted in a chair will make one Spring.

Blue Ridge Rail Road Transferred to Northern Capitalists.

Railroad circles have been busy and somewhat lively for a week past, and several important meetings of railroad men have been held. We learn that the upshot of the matter is that there has been effected a sale of the State's stock in the Blue Ridge Railroad, and that the same has been transferred to an association composed of influential citizens and Northern capitalists, and that there now is a prospect of something being done to complete this important enterprise, which will do so much towards developing the resources of the State, and which will open a way to the rich country beyond the mountains.

We learn that a re survey of the road has already been ordered, with a view of adopting the narrow guage system, now being so generally discussed throughout the country, and already commenced upon the Tennessee; and which has also been demonstrated beyond a doubt, in Europe, to effect a great saving in expenses, with equal facilities for all demands of trade and commerce.—*Col. Union.*

An exchange states that careful experiments on over a hundred subjects have shown that persons cannot be chloroformed when asleep. They will awaken and resist, as in the usual application, and it cannot be administered without the aid of one or two persons. The supposition so prevalent that persons can be chloroformed without knowing it, whether asleep or awake, is the sheerest nonsense. There have been reports of persons chloroformed and robbed while in the cars. Such reports are wholly absurd.

It is estimated that about six miles of railroad will be built in New England each day for the next two months.

New Advertisements.

How, When and Where to

ADVERTISE.

See the Advertiser's Gazette,

Book of 100 pages; issued Quarterly (new edition just out); contains Lists of all the best Newspapers, Daily, Weekly, Religious, Agricultural, Political, Social; also Magazines and all Periodicals devoted to class interests; also estimates showing cost of advertising, and hints, incidents and instructions gathered from the

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We will pay Agents a Salary of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

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Profitable employment furnished every man willing to work in his own neighborhood; (no lazy persons wanted) Profits over 200 per cent. Enclose $1 for samples and particulars. Sales rapid. JONES & METZGAR, Pittsburgh, Pa. jly 26

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Sir James Clark's Female Pills.

These invaluable Pills are unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. They moderate all excesses and remove all obstructions, from whatever cause.

To Married Ladies

they are particularly suited. They will in a short time bring on monthly period with regularity; and although very powerful, contain nothing hurtful to the constitution. In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics and Whites, they will effect a cure when all other means have failed. The pamphlet around each package has full directions and advice, or will be sent free to all writing for it, sealed from observation.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It is the fate of every truly valuable medicine to be counterfeited. Job Moses' Sir James Clark's Female Pills are extensively counterfeited. The genuine have the name of "Job Moses" on each package. All others are worthless. Dishonest Druggists endeavor to sell the counterfeits to make greater profits.

N. B.—In all cases where the genuine cannot be obtained, One Dollar enclosed to the Sole Proprietor, JOB MOSES, 18 Cortland street, New York, will insure a bottle of the genuine, containing Fifty Pills, by return mail, securely sealed from any knowledge of its contents. jne