GOOD RESOLUTIONS!

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

(He.)

Three months married! Am I happy?
Does she love me as she should?
Have I always done my duty
Self forgetting, for her good?
When the cloud came down this morning,
Settling over Love's fair day;
Did I do my best to lift it?
Did I prove a helpmeet?—Nay!"

(She.)

I am sitting here unhappy,
Conscience stricken, lone and sad,
He has gone from me to labor,
And his poor heart is not glad!
When he bent his head to kiss me,
Angrily I turned away;
Wishing I had ne'er been married;
Telling him the same to-day!

(He.)

Once I vowed to love and cherish
Her until death did us part
Soon, so soon, my vow is broken
To thy shame oh! faithless heart!
Three months married! By this token
I'll begin my life anew—
Fly slow hours, and bring my darling,
Who henceforth shall find me true."

(BOTH.)

(She.)

"Blame me only, oh! my husband,—"

(He.)

"No! the fault was mine dear wife"—

(She.)

"I will henceforth do *my* duty."

(He.)

"I will guard you with my life."

(Both.)

"We'll forgive and be forbearing;
Life hereafter will be bright,
Though the clouds may seem to lower,
And the sun be hid from sight!"

THE STORY OF A GENIUS.

ELINOR, you are a genius!" I said, with the air of one who is profoundly convinced of the truth of her statement. Elinor, I may as well, say, before going farther, was myself. "Yes, you are a genius without doubt, and, if I am not mistaken, geniuses have a way of making themselves famous in the world."

"How?" meekly inquired Elinor.

"Oh! by painting, music, literature, inventing locomotives, patent churns, and the like."

"I cannot paint even passably well. My cottages look like haystacks, and people always take my deer to be my cows; music! I can barely master one of Beethoven's sonatas or Chopin's nocturnes—master, why the composers would turn in their peaceful graves if they could but hear me, and even Will whistles and drums on the windows, when I play, 'to drown the noise,' he says. There is literature!—yes, I might possibly—I might write a story. I jumped from my chair at the thought, and walked hurriedly up and down the room. Why had the idea never occurred to me when I had pined vainly for new dresses and girlish finery? Here I had been wasting two whole years since leaving school; in that length of time I might have earned—I stop to calculate. No, I will not say thousand surely, and with that sum—. Here my hand came in contact with my almost empty pocket-book, which jingled in a manner suggestive of miserable nickles and penny pieces."

"...on are empty," I said dis-...lways been my brain. Locking my chamber-door to prevent interruption, I poured the contents of the drawers out upon the table and sat down to hunt up materials for my first story. As I turned over the papers, I caught sight of a slip on which was written "Leonora De Verny"—only that and nothing more. Who was she? I could not recollect; but, no matter, the ...was something pretty in her name, and I determined that she should be my heroine. I wrote busily till the supper-bell rang, and went down stairs with ink-grimed hands—half of one thumb alone keeping its natural hue, and looking like an oasis in the desert.

Aunt Lucy regarded me with severe displeasure.

"I know they are dreadful," I said, "but it is all Mr. Brown's fault; he should have punished me when I blotted, he would have done so only I was too pretty!"

"Humph! It is odd that such childish beauty is always outgrown," remarked Aunt Lucy with manifest sarcasm.

"I have never out-grown mine," I answered cheerfully, feeling piously glad of an opportunity to provoke my aunt.

There was a long silence, broken by Aunt Lucy's offer of jelly-cake.

"Not any, auntie," I said heroically, "I am in a great hurry," and hastily leaving the table without daring to glance at the coveted dainty, I ran up-stairs and commenced writing once more.

For a week I devoted all my leisure to the task, then, having laid Leonora De Verny in her lonely grave and planted violets at her head, I signed the manuscript "E. Santley," did it up and dispatched it to *The Oceanic Magazine*.

I was not in the habit of reading the *Oceanic*—it was too profound for me, but Miss Radford, the one literary star of which our village boasted, had told me that people who contributed to its pages always became famous, and famous I had determined to be.

Fearing discovery, I had requested the *Oceanic* Editor to address me at ...owville, a neighboring town, and to ...ville I pilgrimaged daily, making ...post-office clerks unspeakably ...hed by my persistent inquiries ...ters for E. Santley. At last ...hope had begun to die away in my heart, the longed-for letter came. How proudly I contemplated the cramped handwriting upon the envelope, and the ugly hieroglyphic in one corner; and how I delayed breaking the seal that I might longer play with my happiness! But at length curiosity got the better of me. I opened the envelope and out fell a letter and a bit of folded paper. The note assured E. Santley, Esq., that his article was just what was needed, and that it threw much light upon the question so often discussed in the *Oceanic*.

Flattering in the extreme; but how absurd of the editor to fancy that E. Santley was a *man*, as if any man could possibly have written "Leonora De Verny!"

"Much light upon the question so often—" I thought everybody knew that young men were heartless villains when they chose to be, and that girls were in the habit of dying of broken hearts. Truly people must be innocent and unsophisticated in that down-east village where the *Oceanic* was published!

Now for the check—fifty dollars! Why, I had not hoped to receive half that sum. They must have paid me double rates—sure token that they recognized my genius. "I shall not tell anybody," I said to myself, "I will keep the secret till my first novel is published, then, if I could make up my mind about the tulle,"—my thoughts straying to my new dress and Mrs. Wilson's party.

"Where did you get the money for buying the stuff?" queried Aunt Lucy, sternly, as I sat in the midst of a fleecy cloud, sewing busily,—auntie detested pretty things. "That is my secret," I rejoined lightly, "but will it not be lovely! Look, too, at my sash and this spray. I abhor wreaths," and I held up for her inspection the trifles which had reduced my fifty dollars to five.

"When I was a girl, young women went to parties in done-up muslin," said my aunt, frowning at the sash and spray.

"Extravagant wretches!" I cried, "Miss Nimmo charges six dollars apiece for doing up the Buell girls' muslin suits; they do not keep nice twenty-four hours. It is well that we girls are more moderate in our notions than young ladies were in your day auntie."

"The Buells will bring a stranger with them," observed my aunt, beaten but unwilling to confess it; "a Mr. Santley, from New York; why do you color so?"

"Stooping over these long seams makes me so warm," I answered. "Santley, what a pretty name! I suppose he is the property of one of the Buell girls?"

"I think not. Mrs. Buell spoke of him as a distant relative—there! Mary Anne has let a goblet fall, I must see if it is one of the best," and auntie hurried away.

How odd that this Mr. Santley should come here—when I chose the name I did not know but the whole family were extinct before the deluge. ...monstrated my aunt.

"Not muzzled, my dear, but in no way dangerous," answered our hostess, laughing, "How pretty you look, Elinor."

"I know it," I replied serenely, "but what about the lion: Mr. Santley I mean."

"He is a very learned person—belongs to a dozen different societies, each with a fearfully long name, and has written a work on Social Science—do you know what that is?—I am sure I have not the remotest idea," returned Mrs. Wilson.

"Neither have I; so we must either keep out of the lion's way, or oblige him to confine himself to words of two syllables," I answered. "Are all the disagreeable people in town here to-night?"

"Mr. Santley, Miss Huse," said Mrs. Wilson, leaving my amiable question unanswered.

While the stranger chatted with Aunt Lucy, I scanned him furtively. Thirty-five at least; splendid head, covered with dark clustering hair, which the study of social science was beginning to thin on the temples; face, not handsome, but very expressive; and lighted up by clear gray eyes—lastly a smile sweet as a woman's, sweeter by far than Miss Elinor's. I decided to like Mr. Santley.

"Would you not like to walk about for a few moments?" he said turning to me when Aunt Lucy had released him, "it is too warm for dancing—but that is a selfish excuse, I might as well confess it,—I do not dance, and so am always sure to find myself stranded on the same shore with other ineligibles, a heavy penalty to pay for one's ignorance, is it not?"

"You might still learn," I replied, "that is, unless you were afraid of being laughed at."

"No, indeed! there are too many other matters with which to busy myself," he answered.

"You—will?" I said, making the very remark which I had resolved *not* to make.

"Yes, when fate compels me to;" he replied.

"I do not know anything about social science," I said, thinking it best to admit my ignorance frankly, and not wait for him to discover it, "we had moral science, years and years ago at school when I was a girl,"—I saw him smile, and I stopped abruptly, feeling that I had blundered somewhere.

"Pardon my rudeness, Miss Huse," said he, "but you spoke as though a century had intervened between you and youth. Go on, I beg of you."

"I have nothing more to say, unless I give you biographies of the people here, or grow eloquent over the scenery of Meadow Brook—which shall it be?" I rejoined.

"The people, by all means," he answered, "I intend to do the scenery pretty thoroughly, before I return—do you know I have been living for months in the blissful anticipation of going fishing once more?"

"Well, first of all, as she is nearest to us, comes Miss Radford—the tall, auburn-haired girl in a blue dress—she is a literary person—writes for half a dozen magazines, and has a novel running through the *Tempest*."

Here my listener burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and I, jealous of Miss Radford's literary fame, looked at him indignantly. It was a long time before he grew grave again, and when he did, he proposed that we should go out on to the verandah.

"I know you think me rude, Miss Huse, but your remark about the literary person who writes for the *Tempest*, brought to mind a ludicrous incident over which I have alternately stormed and laughed for a month past—as an atonement for my ill-behavior I will tell you of it. A couple of months ago, I sent a manuscript to the *Oceanic*—it was a paper which I had prepared with a great deal of care—the greater portion of it having been read before the —— Society; imagine my astonishment at receiving, a few weeks since, a letter from the *Oceanic* editor, assuring me that my article was hopelessly bad, absurd, and improbable in the extreme—and advising me to give up all thoughts of writing anything more! I was furious at what I considered his impertinence, and I instantly dispatched him a letter demanding the return of my manuscript. It was sent—rolled up at that—think of the man's heartless malignity. I opened it and saw on the title page, 'Leonora De Verney; a Story of a Girl's Heart, by E. Santley."

What good fortune had brought us into this friendly darkness, where my scarlet cheeks could not be seen?

"I made an attempt to learn the harrowing fate of Miss Leonora, and waded through such sentences as these: 'Gerald my love, my idol! how can I tread the barren desert of life without thee?' 'Day and night was I haunted by the memory of her flowing golden hair, her shining violet eyes, and angel smile!' And then, that I should have been accused of writing the stuff—that was adding insult to injury."

"What did you do about it?" I asked, trying to speak carelessly, but hearing my voice tremble.

"I laid the manuscript away, and wrote, explaining the mistake to the *Oceanic* editor, and he attempted to set matters right with the other Santley, but failed to receive any re... ...conceited, and I began to disdain the editor of the *Oceanic*—actually going so far as to compose a letter, wherewith to annihilate him, after he should have favorably reviewed my first book. As for Mr. Santley—his opinion was of no consequence whatever, had he not acknowledged that he never read novels. What a little simpleton I had been, to feel so mortified at his criticism of my story!

"No new bonnet this winter, and why not, I should like to know?" asked Aunt Lucy.

"I want the money for other purposes," I replied..

"If you are going to give it to the Missionary Fund I shall be very glad, Elinor—there are better things than new bonnets"—

"Auntie, if I am consistent in any thing it is in my abhorrence of missionaries," I said; "besides, there is nothing better in this world than a new bonnet, and next spring I intend to have two, in order to recompense myself for this season's self-denial."

The fifty dollar bill was enclosed in a sheet of paper, upon which I had written, "To Mr. Santley, from the author of 'Leonora De Verney,'" then the whole was slipped into an envelope and taken by myself to the Post Office. After mailing it, I walked slowly homeward, stopping to flatten my nose against milliners' windows and speculate on the possibility of amending and revising my old bonnet; then, when I was thoroughly chilled, I went home and gave myself up to the pleasure of abhorring Mr. Santley—and wishing I had my fifty dollars, or rather his, back again.

A week later, I sat on the rug in front of the fire, resting myself after a desperate conflict with my obstinate old bonnet, which, in spite of all my endeavors, had defied all chance and change.

Looking into the blazing grate, I fell to thinking of Mr. Santley—it was shameful, but I could not help it, for, try all I might, my abhorrence refused to keep pace with my liking.

"Does he ever think of me?" I asked the disconsolate Elinor, but before she could reply a footstep sounded in the hall, the parlor door was thrown open, and the subject of my meditations entered.

I sprang to my feet in amazement, and stood looking at him without offering to shake hands.

"Is this your greeting, Elinor?" he asked, "upon my soul you are a cool person. Why don't you say you are glad to see me?"

"Because I am not at all glad," I replied.

"My child, you must not tell fibs," answered he, "you are very glad to see me, almost as glad as I am at the sight of you."

"What news has you brought?" I asked, ignoring his remarks.

For answer he took from his pocket a paper, which he proceeded to unfold—it was a copy of the *Tempest*. Upon the page which he held towards me was a picture of a frouzy-haired damsel—standing back on high heels and glaring wildly at a dejected looking youth in ... suit of plaid ... staring capitals, "NEVER, GERALD! CRIED LEONORA DE VERNEY, WILDLY."

"Did you write that stuff?" questioned Mr. Santley.

"I did," I replied calmly, "but may I ask how you discovered my secret?"

"Two days ago, I received a note of a single line—I was already in possession of another note, which I had stolen from Mrs. Buell, and which I had laid away, along with a glove and some pansies, once the property of Miss Huse. Comparing the handwriting, I found that both notes were written by the same person. Now, for heaven's sake, it is that I love you, Elinor, and want you for my wife—pray dont look so thankful!—you must first promise that you will never write my more stories—unless you do, I cannot take you."

"Take me, indeed!" I said indignantly, "I do not wish to be taken!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Elinor," he answered, "you have been wretched ever since I went away."

"Did I manifest any undue regret at parting with you?" I asked, disdaining to tell the truth.

"No, you did not—because you were indignant, and had resolved to return the money which you received for my manuscript; but the effort to be indifferent almost broke your heart; Elinor," growing serious, "till your note came, I thought you had only trifled with my love—you cannot guess how miserable I have been."

"I have not promised," I said, at the end of an hour, in which the scientific man had talked much nonsense; "but do you know, I flattered myself that I was a genius—Elinor Huse told me so, and I believed her implicitly."

Surgery as Applied to Squash Vines.

In August of 1872, I noticed, when walking through the field where my squash vines were growing, that some of them were withering, and others quite dead. Wishing to learn the cause of this, I examined the vines closely to detect, if possible, the insect which was doing the mischief. I found a slight ... in the vine longitudinally for a couple of inches above and below this knot, leaving nearly in... my vines, applying the lime and bandage to every vine on which the little knot appeared. A few days after I examined my squashes again, and found that many of the vines that had begun to wither were fully restored, and the wounds I made had healed. In the fall I harvested a large number of fully ripe squashes, having a larger yield from that field than usual. The past season my vines were entirely free from the ravages of this noxious insect. I find this borer described in "Harris on Insects," page 331. It seems "that after devouring the interior of the stem the worm enters the soil, forms a cocoon of a gummy substance covered with ... changes to a chrysalis, and comes forth the next summer a winged insect. This is conspicuous for its orange-colored body, spotted with black, and its hind legs fringed with long orange-colored and black hairs. The hind wings only are transparent, and the fore wings expand from one inch to one inch and a half. It deposits its eggs on the vine close to the roots, and may be seen flying about the plants from the first of July till the middle of August." The name of this insect is *Ægeria Cucurbitæ*, and it attacks other cucurbitaceous vines than the squash. In the hope that this bit of experience in rural surgery may be of profit to your readers, I have devoted a part of this rainy day in writing it out for you. —*L. E. L., Queens Co., L. I., in N. Y. Tribune.*

Woman's Rights.

The fol... the opening sentences of ... on this subject by Mrs. Sh...

Miss President, feller wimmin, and male trash generally—I am here today for the purpose of discussing woman's rights, recussing her wrongs and cussing the men.

I believe the sexes were created perfectly equal, with the women a little more so than the men.

I also believe that the world would to-day be happier if man had never existed.

As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman. [Applause.]

I not only maintain their principles but maintain a shiftless husband besides.

They say man was created first.—Well, 'spose he was. Ain't first experiments always failures.

If I was a beting man, I would bet $250 they are.

The only decent thing about him was a rib, and hat went to make something better. [Applause.]

And then the throw in our faces about taking anapple. I'll bet five dollars that Adam boosted her up the tree and only gave her the core.

And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instincts, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend and ...ail: "Twan't me; 'twas her," and woman has had to father everything and mother it too.

What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we have to let down our back hair and swim in a sea of gore. [Sensation.]

THE

TRUE SOUTHRON.

The Paper for the Times.

Independent and Fearless—Devoted to the Interests of the Good and True People of the Country, and especially the

Supremacy of the White Race.

Published without the aid of any Official Patronage whatever, and appeals alone to the FRIENDS OF HONESTY AND GOOD GOVERNMENT *for support in its fight against villainy.*

We call upon the WHITE MEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA, —those who desire to redeem our State from the abomination of thieving intruders, domestic scoundrels and mongrel leeches, who have acquired place and power through the instrumentality of negro supremacy, combined with corruption and bribery—to come forward and sustain us by a cordial and liberal support, and show to Radical corruptionists and Scalawag traitors, that they are determined, henceforth, to sustain a fearless exponent of their views and principles.

We say, candidly, we need your support. The party in power have done their utmost to crush us by endeavoring to deprive us of legitimate business, and all we ask is the subscription of every true Carolinian—which will place us beyond the reach of contingencies.

We are no adventurers, but Carolinians, to the manor born—have been engaged in the publication of this paper over eight years—and ask your patronage, believing that it will be given without hesitation.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $3 A YEAR, in advance, with reductions to clubs.

To Business Men and others, desiring to advertise, we beg to say that, our circulation is much larger than that of any other paper in this County, with large and increasing lists in all the Middle and Eastern Counties of the State.

Send one cent stamp for specimen copy.

DARR & OSTEEN, Proprietors,
SUMTER, S. C.
W. G. KENNY, Editor.
July 22, tf 31

OLD VIRGINIA!

EXEMPLIFIES the ideal and the practical. With pride and confidence, she points to her sons and her Institutions. The "Piedmont & Arlington Life Insurance Company" is one of her most beneficent and prosperous Societies, —safe, prompt, true and just.

The harder the times, the greater the necessity for an annual outlay to counterbalance the uncertainty of life. If death come early, the Life Policy, as it were, continues the care and labors of the Father, or the Husband, for a series of years after his final departure.

Special notice is called to the

Savings Fund Policy,

which is a liberal modification of the Tontine, and is particularly popular with business men of means and sagacity. For particulars, address

M. A. RANSOM,
Gen'l. Agent, Augusta, Ga.
June 16, 6m 26

TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

Nearly all diseases originate from ... gestion and Torpidity of the Liver, and relief is always anxiously sought after. If the Liver is Regulated in its action, health is almost invariably secured. ... ache, Constipation, Indigestion, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Chills, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart, depression of spirits, or the blues, and a hundred other symptoms, for which SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is a positive remedy.

It is No intoxicating beverage,
Is a faultless family medicine,
Is the cheapest medicine in the world,
Is given with safety and the happiest results to the most delicate infant,
Does not interfere with business,
Does not disarrange the system,
Takes the place of Quinine and Bitters of every kind,
Contains the simplest and best remedies.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Feb. 17, 1y 9

Iron in the Blood

PERUVIAN SYRUP — AN IRON TONIC

MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

The Peruvian Syrup, a Protected Solution of the Protoxide of Iron, is so combined as to have the character of an aliment, as easily digested and assimilated with the blood as the simplest food. It increases the quantity of Nature's Own Vitalizing Agent, Iron in the blood, and cures "a thousand ills," simply by Toning up, Invigorating and Vitalizing the System. The enriched and vitalized blood permeates every part of the body, repairing damages and waste, searching out morbid secretions, and leaving nothing for disease to feed upon.

This is the secret of the wonderful success of this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Nervous Affections, Chills and Fevers, Humors, Loss of Constitutional Vigor, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, *and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood, or accompanied by debility or a low state of the system. Being free from Alcohol, in any form, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent, infusing strength, vigor, and new life into all parts of the system and building up an Iron Constitution.*

Thousands have been cha... by the use of this remedy ... weak, sickly, suffering ... tures, to strong, health... happy men and wom... invalids cannot reason... itate to give it a trial.

See that each bottle ...

VIAN SYRUP *blown in ...*

Pamphlets F...

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS
No. 1 Milton Place ...
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS ...
Sept 2,4 eowly

Seasonable ...

A FRESH supply o... ticles just receive...
PINE APPLES ...
Assorted JELL...
Assorted PICK...
CHOW CHOW ...
Superior Wine and ...
G. L ...
June 4, tf 24

Clisby & Lynch,

Deals in

Pure Drugs,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

FANCY GOODS & TOILET ARTICLES

Wines, Brandies, Vinegar, Tobacco, &c.

We respectfully announce to our friends and patrons that we have added LARGELY to our Stock of

DRUGS AND GROCERIES,

And will be pleased to show them at all times.

Family Groceries.

Now in store a splendid stock, embracing every article usually kept in a first class Family Grocery.

FOR THE LADIES.

CLISBY & LYNCH are offering the most beautiful line of

TOILET AND FANCY GOODS

That they ever had in store, to which they earnestly invite the attention and inspection of the Ladies and Gentlemen of Edgefield and vicinity.

100 Lbs. DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO,

The best article made, just received and for sale by
CLISBY & LYNCH.

Lamps and Chimneys.

The largest and best assortment ever brought to Edgefield now on exhibition and for sale at
CLISBY & LYNCH'S.

☞TERMS CASH, or Ninety Days. On all bills remaining unpaid 15 percent. will positively be charged after the expiration of that time.

CLISBY & LYNCH.

Edgefield, S. C., Oct 21 tf 4

Pure Rye & Corn Whiskies,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

DAVIDSON & BRUMMEL — OLD RYE — OLD COGNAC BITTERS

...LECTIFIERS AND ...DISTILLERS

Repair of Watches and Jewelry.

Also, HAIR WORK in every design, made to order. All work entrusted to their care will be exated Promptly, Neatly, *and warranted for one year.*

At their Store will be found one of the largest Stocks of

Gold and Silver Watches

Of the best European and American Manufacture in the Southern States, with a select assortment of rich and New Styles of ETRUSCAN GOLD JEWELRY, set with Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, Oriental Garnets, Coral, &c.

Also, SOLID SILER WARE, consisting of Tea Sets, Waiters, Ice and Water Pitchers, Castors, Cruets, Cups, Forks, and everything in the Silverware line.

Fine Single and Double Barrelled GUNS; Colt's, Smith & Wesson's, Sharp's and Remington's PISTOLS, and many others of the latest invention.

FINE CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, WALKING CANES, and FANCY GOODS of every variety to be found in a first class Jewelry establishment. Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for goods.

A. PRONTAUT & SON,
Between the Central and Globe Hotel, Augusta, Ga.
Dec. 17, 1y 52

BOOKS & STATIONERY.

WE have always on hand the Books of American publishers as soon as they are issued, which we supply

At the Lowest Rate.

Our Stock of Books is unsurpassed—embracing

STANDARD and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, HYMNALS,
ANNUALS, ALBUMS, JUVENILES, etc., etc., in great variety.

Our Stationery Stock

Includes all the standard Articles, both domestic and foreign, sold in the trade. Including

PAPERS, PENS, INKS, PENCILS,
PEN-HOLDERS, ENVELOPES,
BLANK-BOOKS, TOY-BOOKS,
GAMES, PLAYING-CARDS,
COPPYING-BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS, WRITING DESKS,
Etc., etc.

Dealers can be supplied from Manufacturers. Orders by mail will receive the most prompt attention.

"GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAIN!"

AT G. L. PENN & SON'S ... LAND FOUNTAIN may be had ... hours of the day, delightful ... SODA WATER—frosty, ... refreshing, leaving one ... fortable as they could ... they transported to ... Mountain," on a ... The greatest va... est SYRUPS ... lic gene... are ...

VINEGAR BITTERS — FREE FROM ALCOHOL — PURELY VEGETABLE — CALIFORNIA — D. WALKER — VINEGAR BITTERS

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, in Bilious Diseases

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many other, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most inveterate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, ... you when ... healt...

Pure Blood ... Vital Heat ... Digestion ... Sound Nerves ... Refreshing Sleep ... Appetite ... Health and Happiness ... WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.

Patent Medicines.—Many of the Patent Medicines are vile compounds of Fusel Oil, Cheap Rectified Spirits, Poisonous Drugs, and Worthless Stuff, which destroy the tone of the stomach, create fever, and ruin the digestive organs. Beware of them.

Drunkenness is the greatest curse of our country. Thousands fall victims to the use of Whiskey, Rum, Brandy, and Fusel Oil Bitters. Use WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, and not be deceived.

Drunkards.—Have you any friend or relative a victim to the vice of Drunkenness? If so, he will be saved by the use of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers generally throughout the world. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, California, and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., New York.