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VOLUME 10.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1876.

NUMBER 15

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Having been appointed Sole Agent for this State for the sale of the above old and well known FERTILIZER, we shall always keep a full supply on hand. Orders entrusted to our care shall meet with prompt attention.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY.

However obscure the cause may be which contribute to render nervous debility a disease so prevalent, affecting, as it does, nearly one-half of our adult population, it is a melancholy fact that day by day, and year by year, we witness a most frightful increase of nervous affections from the slightest neuralgia to the more grave and extreme forms of

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Is characterized by a general languor or weakness of the whole organism, especially of the nervous system, obstructing and preventing the ordinary functions of nature; hence there is a disordered state of the secretions; constipation, scanty and high-colored urine, with an excess of fear or lime sediment, indicative of waste of brain and nerve substance, frequent palpitations of the heart, loss of memory and marked irresolution of purpose, and inability to carry into action any well-defined business enterprise, or to fix the mind upon any one thing at a time. There is great sensitiveness to impress, though retained but a short time, with a flickering and fluttering condition of the mental faculties, rendering an individual what is commonly called a "whiffle-minded" or "fickle-minded" man.

This condition of the individual, distressing as it is, may with a certainty be cured by THE CORDIAL BALM OF SYRICUM AND LOTHROP'S TONIC PILLS.

Medicines unrivaled for their wonderful properties and remarkable cures of all Nervous Complaints. Their efficacy is equally great in the treatment and cure of Cancer, Nodes, Ulcers, Pustules, Bumps, Tetters, Fever, Sores, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Scald-head, "Barbers' Itch," Scoury, Salt Rheum, Copper-Colored Blotches, Glandular Swellings, Worms and Black Spots in the Flesh, Discolorations, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth and Nose, Sore Legs, and Sores of every character, because these medicines are the very best.

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aug 11 1875 1y

The Dying Girl.

I am soon to leave you, mother,
Soon to pass the golden door;
Soon to view the world beyond us,
Thy to dwell forever more.

Do not look so sad, dear mother,
For it fills my heart with woe;
There will be no pain in heaven,
And I really want to go.

Angels there will bid me welcome,
And they are waiting now for me,
For they know that I am coming—
Death will set my spirit free.

You are weeping mother, dearest,
Weeping all the while in vain;
Parting is not forever,
We shall surely meet again.

Then the azure eyes grew dimmer,
Lower sank the curly head,
With a smile that was angelic,
And the bidding rose was dead.

Gossip.

One-half of the evil-speaking of the world arises, not from *malice prepense*, but from mere want of amusement. And we may even grant that in the other half, constituted small of mind or selfish in disposition, it is seldom worse than the natural falling back from large abstract interests, which they cannot understand, upon those which they can—alas! only the narrow, commonplace, and personal.

Yet they mean no harm; are often under the delusion that they both mean and do a great deal of good, take a benevolent watch over their fellow-creatures, and so forth. They would not say an untrue word, or do an unkind action—not they! The most barefaced slanderer always tells her story with a good motive, or thinks—she does; begins with a harmless "bit of gossip," just to pass the time away—the time which hangs so heavy! and ends by becoming the most arrant and mischievous tale-bearer under the sun.

Men, whose habits of thought and action are at once more selfish and less personal than women's, are very seldom given to gossiping. They will take a vast interest in the misgovernment of the country, or the ill cooking of their own dinner; but any topic between these two—such as the mismanagement of their neighbor's house, or the extravagance of their partner's wife—is a matter of very minor importance. They "cannot be fished" with trifles that don't immediately concern themselves. It is the women—always the women—who poke about with undefended farthing candles in the choke-damp passages of this dangerous world; who put their feeble, ignorant hands to the Archimedean lever that, slight as it seems, can shake society to its lowest foundations.

Men lie willfully, deliberately, on principle, as it were; but women quite involuntarily. Nay, they would start with horror from the bare thought of such a thing. They love truth in their hearts, and yet—and yet—they are constantly giving to things a slight coloring cast by their own individuality; twisting facts a little, a very little, according as their tastes, affections, or convenience indicate; never, perhaps, telling a direct lie, but merely a deformed or prevaricated truth.

And this makes the fatal danger of gossip. If all people spoke the absolute truth about their neighbors, or held their tongues, which is always a possible alternative, it would not so much matter. At the worst, there would be a few periodical social thunderstorms, and then the air would be clear. But the generality of people do not speak the truth. They speak what they see, or think, or believe, or wish. Few observant characters can have lived long in the world without learning to receive every fact communicated and hand with reservations—reservations that do not necessarily stamp the communicator as a liar, but merely make allowance for certain inevitable variations, like the variations of the compass, which every circumnavigator must calculate upon as a natural necessity.

"I like your impudence," said a pretty girl, when her sweetheart tried to kiss her.

A Fisherman's Wedding.

Along a certain portion of the coast of Scotland, when a young couple agree to get married, the nearest relations of both parties meet to ratify the contract. This is an occurrence of great rejoicing. The women appear in full toilet, and a sort of feast is prepared. The marriage ceremony is usually performed by the clergyman of the district at the residence of the bride. After the religious rites are concluded, a contract is signed by both parties amidst a cloud of witnesses. The bridegroom wears his Sunday suit, and the lady is adorned with the conventional veil.

The marriages of these people take place, almost without exception, on Friday, and the celebrations attending the event continue until the dawn of the Sabbath puts an end to further hilarity. On the first night of the dancing the women are attired in white muslin gowns, with their necks and arms exposed, the latter adorned with any quantity of glass beads and ornaments. The men are in their shirt sleeves, with gorgeous blue waists, ornamented with brass buttons, and wearing every variety of hat and cap. Their throats are muffled with enormous neck-handkerchiefs, which they persist in wearing in spite of the heat. While the entire night has been passed in dancing, and daylight appears, a rush is made through the town to the future home of the newly married couple. The musician, armed with his fiddle or bagpipe, as the case may be, leads the procession, the bride and groom come next, and the rest of the party follow on behind.

Scotland abounds in singular marriage customs. One of the most remarkable is called "erecing the bridegroom." In some counties on the day after the wedding, while the marriage feast still continues, the bridegroom had a creel, or basket, filled with stones firmly fastened upon his back. With this incumbrance he was compelled to run about the neighborhood followed by his friends, who would not allow him to remove it until his wife came after him and either kissed him or unfastened the creel. It sometimes happened that, as relief depended upon her, he had not to run very far; but if the lady was either very bashful or very sportive he had to carry his load a considerable distance. The custom was very strictly enforced, for the friends who were last erecing had charge of the ceremony, and he was naturally anxious that the new bridegroom should not escape.

It Was He.

A man forty years old, and as long as a rail, went into one of the banks of Detroit to get the cash on a thirteen-dollar check, drawn by a party living in Nankin township.

"You will have to be identified," said the cashier, as he looked at the check.

"I'm the man," was the reply.

"But I don't know who you are."

"But I do."

"You must bring some one here who knows you."

"Don't I know myself?" exclaimed the check tenderer.

"But I must know you. You may be Tom Jones for all that I know."

"You must be a consarned fool to think I'm some one else?" growled the man in response.

"You must be identified," observed the cashier.

"That's my name, I tell ye, and this is me, and if this bank gets me riled I'll lick the whole crowd of you over behind the railing!"

The cashier wouldn't pay, and the man couldn't find any one who knew him, and at noon he was waiting "for the feller who sassed him to come out."

How much better it is to always pay your bills promptly. Tradesmen do not like to call "for that little account" any more than their customers like to be dunned, and it is far better to pay them without the necessity of a hint from them.

Modest Ways.

Nothing becomes a young girl so well as modest ways. It is so mortifying to mothers to know that their daughters act rudely when away from home. They wonder at it. They are usually good enough and lady-like at home; but the moment they are out of their sight, on the street or on the way to church, and perhaps in church, even, loud laughing and talking become the rule. Does it ever occur to those mothers to give their girls a gentle warning on leaving the parental roof, as to their manners and ways?

Says one: "I do not like to be always scolding! I talk to my daughters once in a while, and I expect that to suffice." But mother, if you had a choice plant, a young tree that you wished to bring to perfection, would you expect it to become perfect with only an occasional trimming? No—you would be apt to watch it with great care, trimming it a little every week or every day, to see that no unruly branches put forth to mar its beauty. So it is with youth; little by little is the character formed that is to govern the after life.

I do not believe in a rough-and-ready scolding. Scolding, as a rule, has not much force. If one has to give a stern rebuke, let it be in as few words as possible. Yet I think, if parents take second thought, that a mild reproof in most cases would answer best. Young people just coming to maturity have naturally free and impulsive ways. One can excuse rudeness in boys, for it seems a natural prerogative of their nature, but a wild, romping or bold girl is a continual source of anxiety to a mother and generally distasteful to society; hence, mothers cannot be too careful of the manners of their daughters.

Just Wait.—"Young ladies have the privilege of saying anything they please during leap year," she said, eyeing him out of the corner of her eye with a sweet look.

His heart gave a great bound, and while he wondered if she was going to ask the question he had so long desired and feared to do, answered:

"Yes."

"And the young men must not refuse," said she.

"No, no. How could they?" sighed he.

"Well, then," said she, "will you?"

He fell on his knees, and said:

"Anything you ask, darling."

"Wait till I get through. Will you take a walk, and not come here so much?"

Illness prevented Miss Adelaide Neilson from appearing at a London theater the other evening, and with much fear and trembling the manager permitted a young American girl, just finishing her studies for the stage, to take her part. She did it so well that the Londoners like her nearly as well as Neilson.

An old lady living in Saugerties, N. Y., while suffering from a severe headache, fell asleep with a bottle of smelling salts in her hand. In the morning she awoke with a blister on her thumb, which had covered the mouth of the bottle. In a short time inflammation arose, gangrene set in, and death followed.

A safe deposit vault just completed in London is deemed invulnerable. It is sunk forty-six feet in the ground, with walls of brick and concrete six feet thick. Inside this structure is the safe, three feet thick, made of fire brick and undrillable iron. The metal doors weigh four tons each, and are swung by hydraulic power.

A Western paper announces the illness of its editor, piously adding: "All good paying subscribers are requested to mention him in their prayers. The others need not, as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing."

Good luck must be gained by hard work, like other good things.

Cash vs. Credit.

Scene—A butcher's shop. Time—Nine A. M. Enter Mr. Smith, a credit customer, in a hurry.

Butcher (coldly).—Good-morning, sir. What will you have to-day?"

Mr. Smith.—You can send me a good roasting piece and two steaks; also a supply of vegetables.

Butcher.—Anything more?

Mr. Smith.—Yes, you may send a ham. Send 'em early, and charge 'em.

Butcher enters the order in his book, the beef at twenty-eight cents and the steak at thirty cents—other things in proportion, and remarks to himself: "I wonder when I'll get pay for these? last month's bill ain't settled yet. Guess I'll put it down heavy for him, anyhow, to pay me for waiting so long."

Enter Mr. Jones, a cash customer.

Butcher (warmly).—Glad to see you, sir. How was you suited with that mutton yesterday?

Mr. Jones.—Very well, indeed. What have you got to-day that's good?

Butcher.—I've got some turkeys, sir, but they're only middling, and if you'll wait till Saturday I can get you something real nice, and at a low figure.

Mr. Jones.—What are you asking for steaks and roasts to-day?

Butcher.—Steaks, twenty-five cents; roasts, twenty-two cents.

Mr. Jones.—All right; send me the same as last Saturday—ten pounds. (Takes out his pocketbook and pays the money, having thus saved not less than one-fourth of Smith's money.)

A well known Paris dentist, residing in the fashionable quarter, has been arrested, and is in Mazas prison, accused of having for years past, while drawing and cleaning teeth, introduced slow poison into rich patients' mouths at the instigation of their heirs, and thus committed many murders. Two hundred witnesses are said to be subpoenaed.

The foreign missionary work by Protestant Christians is summarized as follows: There are 1,559 stations, 2,132 missionaries, and 1,537,074 native converts. The annual expense is over \$5,500,000. Great Britain is doing more than half the work, the United States about a quarter, Germany stands next, and other countries are accredited with very little.

In Philadelphia seven schools have enrolled nearly two thousand boys in societies for the protection of animals. They have badges and banners, are trained to march to the sound of military music, and have annual meetings at the music hall.

We've suspected for some time past that measures would have to be taken to check the alarmingly rapid growth of the Smith family. And here now, sure enough, a Pennsylvania man proposes to exhibit at the Centennial a "Smith roller and crusher."

A cow belonging to Elias Davis, of Vermont, "ate five skeins of Mr. D.'s carpet yarn, six knots in a skein, the same being hung on a clothes-line to dry," and they don't know whether it is best to keep the cow as a cow or to weave her up into carpets.

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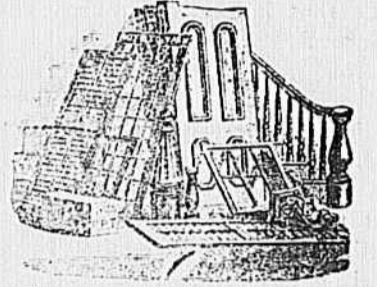
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