THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - - OCT. 2, 1880

Because!

THE SATURDAY EVENING MAIL is a good medium of communication between Terre Haute business men and the ople who buy their goods—

Because, It has the largest circulation o any paper published in this city. But not on this account alene, but—

Because, It goes into the family circle on Saturday evening, and during Saturday night and Sunday is read thoroughly, advertisements and all, by every member of the family who can read, after which it leaned to the neighbors.

Because, After having been read by the borrowers and buyers in the city, it is enveloped, stamped and sent to some friend or relative in some other town or city.

Because, It is a paper which reaches all classes, high and low, rich and poor,

Because, Of its very large circulation among farmers.

Because, It is an especial favorite with the ladies, who do a large part of the buying of household goods, in addition to the jewelry and dress goods they wear, and are critical readers of advertisements.

Because, Two editions are published, Thursday and Saturday evenings, anc all advertisements go n both editions for price of one issue.

Because, Its rates are cheaper, all things considered, than those of any other paper in the city.

STATUESQUE SYRENS.

Manifold and various, says a contributor to the New York Sunday Mercury, are the compliances by which fashion requires her votaries to testify their devotion to her cause. At one period it is "the fashion" to be short sighted, when the height of rudeness consists in acknowledging an acquaintance before you have scrutinized him through a glass. At another period a jaunty limp is the correct thing. The limp, in its turn, disappears, and the lispers become the rage, exhibiting a mortal aversion to particular letters in our language. When Alexander the Great, whose neck was a little awry, was at the pinnacle o fashion, the courtiers who crowded round him all discreetly held their heads a little on one side: A few years since our belles wore their hands and wrists in a drawling imbecile droop, dubbed by the caricaturist of the day the "kangaroo dip." Since then the two great points of the female toilet have had reference to the extremities. To be rudely precise, we may say the hair and the heels. But during all the varying phases of fashion, a discerning reticence has been maintained with respect to some portion or other of the female anatomy. Not within the memory of middle-aged people have we been favored with such effusively communicative attire as that affected by the more luxurious belles at the present day. It requires a good deal of assurance and strong eyes to complacently scan the statuesque revelations of those wonderful bodices and those sensationally accentuated hips. One wonders how the shapely wearer gets herself inside of her skin-tight enswathing. It looks as if it had been laid on with a brush while the material was in a state of solution. It is the closet approximation to the 'in puris naturalibus'—low necks alone excepted—with which Fashion has hitherto favored the optics of wondering masculinity. The ex-Empress Eugenie's figure first bloomed into prominence through an accidental immersion. She fell into the water at the Madrid garden party, a fashionable damsel, enveloped in a cloud of muslin. She was fished out a damp statue. Our houris to-day may not inapatly be termed dry statues. It is a fashion in which handsomely formed women have it all their own way. Slimness and corpulency are nowhere. When the "Dolly Varden" was the rage the youthful "chits" had the ball at their own toe. Majesty is what matrons best affect. Expansive bosoms and well managed, mighty robes make slips of womankind show to great disadvantage. But perfect beauty of form comes somewhat between the two styles, as we see it to-day. The charmingly rounded and revealed creatures who now grace our promenades need never be apprehensive that the appreciative sterner sex will tire of admiring them. They may not be conscious that they look like what they shouldn't look like, to be sure; but that is growing to be, apparently, more and more the fashion in our later civilization.

The statuesque Jersey style is noticeably much affected by blooming young widows and "privateers" affecting to be in that receptive, love lorn condition. And, shades of Sam Weller, senior! what'a fearfully seductive creature she is, with all these soft curves revealed! And doesn't she know it! Occasionally she may be met with wearing what appears to be a man's miniature shirt bosom, studs and all; her pretty neck encircled by a standing up masculine collar, white chokered in front, as if she had fallen back on the ghost of her former help mate, with whom she most probably spent the proverbial cat and dog life—giving the dog the worst of it. Probably the epicene development about the throat and bosom may be traced to the manes of the dead "dog." Be that as it may, she is dangerously fascinating. Her waist is an apotheosis to Eros! If there be anything like eternal fitness in design, surely its charming curve was rounded for a human cincture—a masculine arm! She could be married in twenty-four hours, "an she liked." Yet she appears to enjoy the chase too much to submit to the capture. The prevailing statuesque drapery was designed for her. As her slaves express it, she is "too awfully charming." She resembles a perfectly ripe peach, slightly insect-bitten, hanging on the tree in the morning sun. She is a sharp and spurring provocation to immediate matrimony. Look at that nicely assumed air of sadness—that ever so little defiance proclaimed by the ever so slight toss of the head! Ah! she knows she is something precious. She knows that to make a thing desirable, it must be proclaimed difficult of attainment. She has none of that ignorance which prompts girls to give with both hands the love of which the true value lies in the withholding, and which is frequently lost in the giving. In short, as a moving, breathing, dry statue, the symmetrical widow of to-day is a beautiful siren—a friend angelical—a temptress wholly irresistible.

RULES FOR HUSBANDS.

Those husbands who long for domestic tellicity, will find it by strictly adhering to the following rules, laid down by an aged family man:

Always complain of being tired and remember that nobody else gets tired.

Have a smile for everybody you meet, but have a frown on before you go home.

Your wife should have everything in readiness for you, but you should not do anything for her,

Have your wife get up and make fires but don't get up yourself till the rest of the family are at breakfast as you might take cold.

Go down town of an evening, stand around on the street corner and talk politics; it's more interesting than to stay at hame with your family.

Wear old clothes and make yourself as untidy as possible until your wife's health fails, then it would be best for you to fix up some, for in all probability you will not want another when she is gone.

When you do happen to spend an evening at home, take a book or paper in which you are interested, read it to yourself, and if your wife seeks to draw you to her conversation, growl at her until she remains quiet.

Make your wife think that politeness and love was made for young spoonies and that it is undignified to love after the honeymoon is passed.

If you are going away for a night, do not let your wife know anything about it; but let her sit up and wait for your coming until she grows weak and nervous. This is liable to strengthen her love and respect.

THE SOURCE OF MARITAL HAPPINESS.

Albany Press.

The secret of living together as husband and wife, is a mystery that is far from being understood by most married people. Yet it touches the deepest spring of human happiness, and is the door that opens the way to life's noblest successes. When the novel has reached its last chapter—when the wedding days crowns the happy story of love and courtship, then and there begins for husband and wife, the man and the woman, the real test of what they are—then is thrown upon their own hands the question as to what the future is to be. To those who are truly married, of which the joining of hands is the beautiful symbol of their unity, the sweet season of romance, that precedes the bridal day, is but a harbinger of better things to come. But the secret is oftener missed than secured. And we are free to confess that it is oftener missed through man's want of ability or disposition. The first and great lesson of marriage is that the thought of another is to come before the thought of self. The revelation which true love makes is this, and gives to such the golden key that opens the way to true and lasting happiness. One sees in another soul such beauty and attractiveness that its offering is preferred to the service itself. No emotion which lacks this high element is conducive to real happiness, nor does it deserve to be called low because it cannot be made equally mutual when it is made the prey of self. The desire of passion, the longing of intimate and habitual companionship,—these come in too, and make a part. But higher than these there is that complete and joyful surrender in which woman appears so lovely to man that to make her happy becomes his strongest desire; and a woman sees in a man such nobility that she can gladly devote her life to him. That is the happiness and the rapture of true love.

POLITICS IN THE BALLROOM.

Burdette.

"Well, say," said one of our best young men at a North Hill hop the other evening, "you know 'bout this fellah Hancock? Well, say, he ain't the same one that's president of an insurance company, is he? Writes awfully coarse hand, you know?"

"Naw," replied the best young man addressed, "he's man that signed constitution of United States; great politician, I reckon. Had a row with Gen. Washington at battle of Monmouth."

"Haw," no," interposed a third best man, "taint that fellah, Gad; he's dead, man; 'pon my soul he is."

"Well, say," exclaimed the first best young man, "when'd he die?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," replied the third best young man, who appeared to be a young man of broad information on general topics, "but I know he's dead. This Hancock's a military man; colonel in the army, and governor of some island near New York."

The other best young men gathered around him with a common expression of the liveliest interest. Finally one of them asked:

"Well, say! What's he want to run for president for, if he's governor of an island?"

"Don't know," said the well informed best young man, "but guess he has to. B'lieve after a fellah's been governor of an island for 'bout so long he has to retire, an' if he can't get to be president, he has to—hasn't got nothing to do, you know; I don't know just how it is."

"Well, say, who's this preacher fellow, Garfield, that's runnin' the Democrats for president?" asked the first best young man, after an intelligent pause.

"Don' know much 'bout him," said the well informed young man; "he's been president once, I know."

"Talkin' man or dancin' man?" asked the third best young man.

"Ohio man, I b'lieve they call him," said the well informed best young man.

"What's that?" asked the other best young men in intelligent chorus.

"'Pon my soul, I don't know," replied the well informed best young man, frankly. "Some kind of a—er, ah—er—kind of a man—I don't know, I'm sure."

And just then the band struck up, and the three best waltzers in the room ceased talking politics and abandoned the profound study of statecraft to join the giddy mazes of the dance. The glory of the land of freedom and the pride of society is its young men.

WE HAVE THEM HERE.

New York Herald.

Probably there is nothing more aggravating than the loud, cheeky, silly, and self-satisfied air of a boy of 14 who despises children, but is excused because he himself is a child, who tries to carry toward ladies the manners of a man, and whose mother tucks him away in his trundle bed at night. He seeks the society of old girls who pet him, says silly and smutty things that would not be tolerated if he were a man, and his eye open when women, regarding him only as a child, are free in their manners before him. He is hated by girls a year or two older than he is and is despised by men, who speak of him as "a freeby" or "a smart Aleck."

A Georgia widow, while driving a load of hay, was insulted by a tramp concerning her bonnet. She jumped from the load and gave the fellow a sound thrashing, and in less than a week had three offers of marriage.

LINCOLN'S DREAM.

It is not generally known that President Lincoln once dreamed that he would be assassinated. While he was neither a professor of religion nor even fixed in his belief in any particular creed, still he was fond of reading and discussing the Bible. On Sunday evening he invariably read a chapter or two from the scriptures, and then gave his explanation of it. One evening at the White House he read a number of passages in both the Old and New Testaments relating to dreams, to which Mrs. Lincoln and the children gave great attention. He began to chat with them on the subject of dreams, and said he had for some days been haunted by a dream he had had. Of course they all wanted him to tell it, though Mrs. Lincoln said she didn't believe in dreams in the least, and was astonished at him. So he proceeded to tell it: "About ten days ago I retired one night quite late. I had been up waiting for important dispatches from the front, and could not have been long in bed before I fell into slumber, for I was very weary. During my slumber I began to dream. I thought that there was a great stillness about me, and I heard weeping. I thought that I got up and wandered down stairs. The same stillness was there; as I went from room to room I heard moaning and weeping. At length I came to the end room, which I entered and there before me was a magnificent dais on which was a corpse. Here there were sentries and a crowd of people. I said to one of the soldiers: 'Who is dead in the White House?' He answered, 'The President.' 'How did he die?' I asked. 'By the hand of an assassin,' was the reply. Then I heard a great wailing all over the house, and it was so loud that it seemed to awake me. I awoke much depressed, and slept no more during the night. Such was my dream." From that time till his sad death, Mr. Lincoln was haunted by fear of assassination, and Mrs. Lincoln's first words after Wilkes Booth shot him on the night of April 14, 1865, were, "his dream was prophetic." The remark was not understood then, but when the story of his dream was subsequently told, it was explained.

AN ACTRESS' OPINION OF BERNHARDT.

Alice Harrison.

"I think the American public will be disappointed. They will go once to see her and that's all. I paid $10 for a seat up in the fourth tier of the Gaiety theater, London, to see the best advertised actress in the world. I call her unevenly great; that is my opinion of her as an artist. She is the female Barnum of the day. Why, she even advertises her thinness. I have seen plenty of actresses who were far thinner than she. But she uses everything as an advertising dodge. She descends to little tricks, too, which I think are out of place in a legitimate actress, and are only becoming in a soubrette like myself. She wears thin, long muscatelle gloves, and toys with them, pulling them up and down. She bangs her hair, and the frizzes reach to her eyebrows, and she does these little tricks," and Miss Harrison illustrated the feminine habit of smoothing the bang down over the forehead. "Now, those tricks are not worthy of a great actress—that is soubrette's business. She has very high cheek bones, and her face is not remarkable. Her eyes are flashing and penetrating, But their expression is peculiar. They remind me of a whipped hound."

STANDARD ADVICE.

Would you keep your rosy complexion wear thick solid shoes.

Would you enjoy quiet content, do away with airs and pretenses.

Would you have others to respect your opinions, hold and never disown them yourself.

Would you have good health, go out in the sunshine. Sickness is worse than freckles.

Would you respect yourself, keep your heart and body clean.

Would you retain the love of a friend, do not be selfishly exacting.

Would you gain the confidence of business men, do not try to support the style of your employer.

Would you never be told a lie, do not ask personal questions.

Would you sleep well and have a good appetite, attend to your business.

Would you have the respect of men, never permit yourself to indulge in vulgar conversation.

THE SQUARE MAN.

Josh Billings.

The square man muzzuros the same each way, and hain't got no wainny edges, nor shaky lumber in him.

He is free from knots and sap, and won't warp.

He is klear stuff, and I don't care what yu work him up into he won't swell, and he won't shrink.

He iz amungst men, what good kildried boards are among carpenters, he won't season krack.

It don't make enny difference which side ov him yu cum up to he iz the same biggness each way, and the only way tew get at him, ennytow, iz to face him.

He knows he iz square and never spends enny time trieing to prove it.

The square man iz one ov the best shaped men the world has ever produced, he iz one ov them kind ov chunks that yu kant alter tew fit a spot, but yu must alter the spot tew fit him.

A TOSS-UP FOR A LIFE.

There was not much doubt in the minds of the mob at Clinton, Dakota, that Ben Day ought to be hanged. He had committed the capital crime of stealing a horse; but he urged persistently that he had only meant to borrow the beast, and finally said: "If I was guilty I'd want to be hanged; and, anyhow, 'tisn't worth while to make much fuss about it. Just toss up a dime and if it goes agin me, then I won't say a word; but if I win, then you're to let me go." The proposition was accepted, and Day won.

THE RESULT OF BAD MANNERS.

A collision recently occurred while an Italian commercial traveler was eating a bologna sausage on a railway train. The shock of the collision drove the knife so violently against his mouth as to widen it. He brought suit for damages. The defence was that the injuries were caused by the knife; that the knife should never be carried into the mouth, and that the plaintiff, having injured himself by reason of his bad habits in eating, must take the consequences and pay his own doctor's bill.

SAVED BY OIL.

Washington Critic.

Mrs. Susanna Asmus, No. 11 Bartlett street, Baltimore, Md., had for twenty-two years been a cufferer from sores and pains in her limbs. She tried many remedies without any favorable result. Happening to hear of St. Jacols Oil, she concluded at last to try it. The result was wonderful. The sore healed, the pain vanished, and she is now well again.

CHINCO-QUININE cures chills and fever

From the Modern Argo.

THE FARMER TALKS.

"I've been to town, Mirandy, an' I swan to goodness sakes
The way the folks begin to talk jist beats the very snakes!
I've come to the conclusion arter what I've heard to-day,
That truth ain't counted in the game that politicians play.
I fust went inter Dodson's store—a man I've ailers found
As honest as the day is long, an' solid as the ground—
I've tuk my trade right straight to him for twenty-seven years,
An' no complainin' word o' mine has ever reached his ears.

"He weighed your butter with the smile he ailers seems to wear,
An' counted out your pile o' eggs, an' called your reck'nin' square.
Then, while a-weighin' out the stuff a-comin' fur the pay,
He axed me how was politics a-lookin' out our way.
He said the country actually war tremblin' on the brink
O' ruin an' destruction, an' axed me did I think
It safe to trust the gover'ment in snaky, traitorous hands—
The same that once endeavored fur to break the Union bands.

"He interlooced strong arguments to manifest the p'int
That Dimycratic rule'd knock the Union out o' j'int;
An' said that Gineral Hancock war a leadin' of the hordes
That once attacked the country with their 'tarnal traitor swords.
'Success,' says he, 'fur Dimycrats means that afore a year
Another war with all its scenes of sorrow will be here!
But if the 'tother party gits their candydate shoved in,
The era o' prosperity will certainly begin.'

"I tell you, wife, he clinched his views with argyments so strong,
His reas'nin' caught me like a flood, an' swep' me right along;
An' when I left his store to do some tradin' out in town,
I hated Hancock wuss'n Satan hates a priestly gown!
For Dodson's talk had made the p'int so sartin, an' so plain
That he war vile, an' black at heart, an' only jist a layin'
In kind o' sneakin' ambush fur to git the reins o' power,
I vowed I'd work like Moses right agin him from that hour.

"I started ruminatin' up along the busy street,
Revolving matters in my mind, when who d'ye think I'd meet
But Parson Payne who used to be our preacher years ago;
An' I tell you, wife, his greetin' war a perfect social show!
He grabbed my hand an' shuk it till he couldn't shake no more,
An' all the time he kep' reiterating o'er and o'er
That such a meetin' warmed his heart into a glowing flame—
Fur love like his, Mirandy, simple friendship ain't no name!

"He axed me about my politics, an' when I up and said
That I war on the Garfield side, he slowly shuk his head,
An' then remarked he couldn't see how men could be so blind
As to work agin the country—an' ses he, 'Now Barnes, you'll find
That jist as sure as you an' I are standin' on this street
Republican misrule will shortly meet with sore defeat;
The thieves an' scoundrels that so long have made tax-payers prance,
Hev got to amble back an' give some *honest* men o chance.'

"He then perduced his argyments an' showed me plain as day,
The people had bin robbed for years in a most outrageous way!
An' he pictured Gineral Hancock as a noble patriot saint,
With a reputation an' a name that stood without a taint,
His argymentive talkin' seemed to scatter Dodson's jest
As wind can h'ist a pile o' chaff when blowin' at its best;
An' when he'd said his little speech, an' covered all the grounds
I somehow thought that Dodson hadn't stayed in truthful bounds.

"Then lawyer Jones, my bosom friend, cum up and tuk a hand,
An' said the *Greenback* party now proposed to rule the land;
An' I'll be blamed, Mirandy, if he didn't prove it plain
That both the other candydates war rascals in the main!
Dodson cum up to whar we stood, an' listened fur a while,
Then opened up his batteries in patriotic style,
An' thar they had it nip an' tuck each argyfier tryin'
To make it out his candydate war toein' honor's line.

"They called each other wilful liars, an' once the parson said
If Jones repeated some remark he'd break his ornery head!
Then Dodson asservated that if both their heads war broke,
They'd grove to be but empty shells—old Dod'll have his joke.
I honestly believe them men'd had a nasty fight
If the sheriff hadn't cum along an' set the matter right.
An' when the muss war over I declare I didn't know
Which end I war a standin' on, the talk confused me so!

"But comin' home I 'gan to think, an' jist made up my mind
If all the candydates were rogues I didn't feel inclined
To help 'em into office; so when 'lection day cums 'round
I'll do my votin' with the plow—*my* candydate's the ground.
Dodson's an honest, upright man; so's Jones, an' Payne is too,
Thar'fore the horrid yarns they told must be correct an' true.
So I'll jist let 'em fight their fight, no matter who may beat—
Fur 'lections never yit were known to change the price of wheat." —SMADA.

NOT DESIRABLE IN A WIFE.

A well known Bostonian was trying a horse, one day, in company with the owner, a professional "jockey." Having driven him a mile or two, the gentleman, who noticed that he pulled pretty hard and showed a good deal of spirit, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, said,—

"Do you think that is just the horse for a woman to drive?"

"Well, sir," answered the jockey, "I must say that I shouldn't want to marry the woman that could drive that horse."

Some persons are capable of making great sacrifice, but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them; and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

No man can be convinced that he is not as smart as his fellows, but many men are willing to admit that they have missed their calling.

MR. JOS. H. DENSON, Clerk and Recorder of Sevier County, Arkansas, says in a recent letter: "I have forgotten whether I wrote you concerning the almost marvelous effect the Compound Oxygen Treatment had on me. I was suffering from Bronchitis, and had been for three months—had almost despaired of recovery—when I commencek the Treatment. I could feel a marked change on the first night I took it. I had not enjoyed a good night's rest for something over three months; but on the night I first took the treatment I slept splendidly, and afterwards continued to improve rapidly until I was cured. If you see fit you can use this for the benefit of sufferers." Full information about this new Treatment for Chronic Diseases, sent free by Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St. Phila., Pa.

LITTLE FOLKS.

"Who was it that said it is not good for man to be alone?" asked a Sunday school teacher of his class. A bright boy answered, "Daniel, sir when he was in the lion's den."

A boy of twelve years, dining at his uncle's, made such a good dinner that his aunt observed: "Johnny, you appear to eat well." "Yes," replied the urchin, "I have been practicing eating all my life."

A little girl once said she would be very glad to go to heaven because they had plenty of preserves there. On being cross examined she took down her catechism and triumphantly read: "Why ought the saints to love God?" Answer: "Because he makes preserves and keeps them."

A young mother, in despair of ever teaching her idle little girl, aged four, her letters, and thinking that perhaps the child knew more than she would admit, said: "Now, Katie, I won't try to teach you to-day; you shall be mother and teach me my letters." "May I really and truly be mother?" said Katie. "Yes, my darling." "Let's begin, then" was the response. "You have been a very good child to-day and you may have a whole holiday," and Katie shut up the book and ran off laughing.

There is no one in the world who has such a genius for telling the truth at the wrong time as a precocious child. Such a child seems to be all eyes, for nothing escapes its notice; and all tongue, for there is nothing which it is not ready and willing to tell. "Now, Nina," said a fond mother to her darling daughter, who knew altogether too much for her years and who could draw an inference as well as a philosopher; "Now, Nina, be good and give the governess a kiss before you go to bed" The enfant terrible pouted a little and then said, "What! give her a kiss and let her box my ears for it, just as she did papa's last night? No, I thank you, mamma."

"Oh mamma!" said a little girl, running into the house, "while we girls were skipping out on the pavement, a real nice man came up and gave us some candy, and told us to keep right on as hard as ever we could, and he said that if any of us would skip seven hundred and fifty times he would give her parents a nice pretty rosewood box, all lined with white satin, with a glass cover and silver handles, and the little girls name on a silver plate. So I am going to try and get it for you, mamma; and he said when any little girl had skipped seven hundred and fifty times for her papa to call around to his office and let him know. Good bye, mamma." "Mercy on me, child, come back!" The undertaker has gone to the country.

"Tune up your Voice," and stop coughing by taking Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price, 25 cents.

Some men fill the air with their strength and sweetness, as the orchards in October fill the air with the ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness.

A two story well is one of the curiosities of Erin, N. Y. The two parts are one above the other and separated by ten or twelve feet of hard-pan. Water can be pumped from either well, and the lower one pumped dry while the upper one retains an inexhaustible supply.

For diarrhœa, dysentery, bloody flux, cramps in stomach, and colic, whether affecting adults, children, or infants, Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is a sovereign remedy. It is compounded from the best brandy, Jamaica ginger, smart-weed, or water-pepper, anodyne, soothing and healing gums. For colds, rheumatism, neuralgic affection, and to break up fevers and inflammatory attacks it is invaluable and should be kept in every household. Fifty cents by druggists.

As caloric, electricity and phosphorus are induced and supplied by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypoposphites, it only requires the administration of this successful invention to fortify the feeble, give sprightliness and motion to the torpid, and bring about a condition which not only secures tenaciousness of life but makes life really enjoyable.

Ayer's Ague Cure has saved thousands of lives in the malarial districts of this and other countries. It is warranted a certain and speedy remedy, and free from all harmful ingredients.

AN EDUCATIONAL ENDORSEMENT.

The Rev. C. A. Harvey, D. D., of the Howard University, of Washington, has addressed the following letter to Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN: I take pleasure in stating that I haue for two years past been acquainted with the remedy known as Warners Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and with its remarkable curatiue efficiency in obstinate and so-called incurable cases of Bright's Diseases in this city. In some of these cases, whech seems to be in the last stages, and which has been given up by practictioners of both schools the speedy change wrought by this remedy seemed but little less miraculous. I am convinced that for Bright's Diseases, in all its stages, no remedy heretofore discovered can be neld for one moment in comparison with this.

Respectfully yours, C. A. HARVEY.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS

A Compound Tincture of the most valuable remedies known to the medical profession, prepared upon strictly pharmaceutical principles.

An experience of twenty-five years proves it to be the greatest Antidote to Malaria and all other Ague Diseases known to the world.

The only *absolute cure* for all **Affections of the Kidneys, in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, all Disorders of the Bowels,** and all **Affections of the Throat and Lungs,** it is *equally efficacious*, while as a remedy for complaints peculiar to the female sex it has no equal.

NOT A BEVERAGE

But **an old reliable Household Remedy,** thoroughly adapted to assist nature.

It supplies tone to the stomach, reinvigorates the digestive organs, stimulates the secretions, and promoting a regular action of the bowels, enables every organ of the body to perform its allotted work regularly and without interruption.

Its highest commendations come from those who have used it longest and known it best.

Nowhere so popular as in Lancaster, Pa., where it has been in use for more than a quarter of a century.

Highly commended as a General Tonic and Appetizer. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

THE MESSENGER OF HEALTH

A large sized paper descriptive of disease, its origin and cure, will be mailed free to any address on application to

THE MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO. Lancaster, Pa.

☞ We strongly recommend to mothers **Prof. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup.** It never fails, is easy to take, and no after-physic is required. Price, **25 cents.**

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

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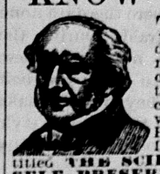

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