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Our Aim—The People's Welfare.

Always in Advance.

Selected Miscellany.

THE OLD FIRE-VAMP'S STORY.

BY PHILIP A. NEWTON.

You've got a fine machine—a beautiful machine, a handsome critter, burnished well and smart and neat and clean. I've got one with your horses and your telegraph. And fire and steam to do the work instead of hands and men. It ain't so hard on soul and blood, and like as not it will be long of lighting steam that never backs nor tires. But boys them old machines of ours—well, And tried to hear the smoke of the good old fire-bell.

You, thank you, boy, I wouldn't mind to sit and chat with you.

And have a pipe and hear you talk about the news—about us, boy, I don't care, if there be no news.

You're the same, you know, from a roasting, crackling blaze.

Like what we did to Sooty times, when through the sleepless hours we lay in the lone house. It did the bodies break.

And fetched the night-cap out of hot to see the fan, you know.

When I was chief of Neptune Five, some thirty years ago.

I feel at home amongst you, boys; it carries me away.

To come when our shirts and belts were thought to be quite gay.

And the old pipe-bone, this world around us.

For our faces brown. God bless the girls' repays.

I suppose some of you may have heard about the little girls.

That's all I can tell, I may say; for, though I didn't care to say so.

To take no notice for it then, it didn't come so soft when twenty thousand dollars, boys, was left me in a will.

It happened to a rascally wife in eighteen forty-five.

A few hours on a corner up in Second Avenue.

Two feet to the back, and before the people walk.

The stairs were rising down below the nose of the world.

Whom to put out the people who were a-dreaming, who had fear.

To the roof of the house from the wood-stove rear.

They架起, but Charlie thought to ring a bell.

From an upper window, and saw a woman there.

With a little child clasped tightly to her bosom, clad in white.

I was on the veranda in a bay at the right.

And the house that roared out thick—not a second, though long, oh.

For the fire was crackling away fast, and when it was half out, Charlie clattered in and shooed him away.

Too late, but there were three—when I saw that plain enough.

I don't know how I done it, but I got 'em to the roof.

As we appeared a sharp break out from another crackle.

But still, we might as well have been as all.

We had to dash upward through the smoke and flame toward.

The last foot took away—an awful caper.

Out it seemed, from human aid, so sense of despair.

Across between a blinding sea of black and fire.

There living and breathing death—a scene of terror and.

And a trembling woman was led out a little chid.

I never saw a sight like that—the mother kneeling there.

Her arms clutched the little boy, her face a picture in prayer.

Her voice again disturbed the roar of the flames.

Then the application of those precious, rare, fiery eyes.

Likely beaten took an interest the little ones to save.

For now there was the other roof—my boy's roof.

And he had his ladder up, and now he's a short score.

But such a bridge! You'd better believe the thing was perfect.

The mother awoke and shuddered, and cast the glance around.

She had watched the long journey with a mother's eager eye.

Until we stood in safety; then she heard a faint noise.

And then her baby's contrite voice, "Mama, look to God!"

"Yes, darling; mama's coming now," and forth the words went.

Her feet were bare, her hair was loose and unbound on the right.

The hand went up to her face with red, earnestly.

I tell you now my nerves were about performing of the feat.

That pale woman undressed through fire, heat of heat.

No doubt her feet were grinded like a spittoon.

She had the child with clasping lips and held him to her.

"Save him, save him—my precious boy! My life is in your hands."

I took the started ring by ring I passed the chain.

Through crackling grass the fire sent up wild and angry roar.

They were across, the child gave, then turned to me.

To help the master; but I saw the peril would be great.

She had watched the long journey with a mother's eager eye.

Until we stood in safety; then she heard a faint noise.

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"Good morning," answered Ruth.

"Pleasant morning, isn't it?" said the Squire, coming up to the fence. Ruth had halted in the road.

"Beautiful weather," answered she.

"Too pleasant to stay indoors."

"Are your strawberries ripe yet?" asked the Squire, wondering that he had never noticed what a pretty face Ruth had.

"We haven't got one! our old rooster got in last week and coaxed the hens in, and between them they ruined the crop."

"I wish you'd come and make

"Too bad!" said the sympathetic Squire, "you have some of these, Ruth—they're just ripe enough to be good."

He picked some cherries and handed them over the fence to Ruth.

"Thank you," said Ruth. "How nice they are! Mother was making great cal-"

culations on her strawberry jam. She was terribly vexed when she found out what the hand had done."

"I've got lots more than we shall use," said Squire Dudley. "I'll send some over to you mother."

"She'll be much obliged, I'm sure," said Ruth. "If you have more than you want—"

"Plenty of them," said the Squire, plenty of them, welcome!"

"I must be going," said Ruth. "Good morning."

"Good morning," returned the Squire, looking after her, as she went down the road.

"I declare, there isn't a prettier girl abroad than Ruth Lee!" said Charley.

"I'm fifty," he said, at last. "I'm young now—"

"A housekeeper?" asked Charley.

"We have got one. What do we want of more?"

"Yes, I know," said the Squire, turning a little red in the face; "but Mrs. Brown isn't such a woman as we need. She don't take such an interest in the work as a woman would who—who had more interest in it."

At which extremely logical argument the Squire got more edgy than ever.

"I understand that," said Charley. "It has a personal interest in the place, and in being prudent and keeping things up, she'd do better than she does now. Now she gets her pay for her work, and that's all she cares for. That's about all we can expect of her."

"Just so," said the Squire, glad to know that Charley agreed with him so far.

"I've been thinking that we ought to have some here who would take a personal interest in the matter. I don't see you but I'd get married, and I don't know but I'd better."

"Get married!" exclaimed Charley. "I didn't know as you ever thought of such a thing."

"I haven't till this morning," said the Squire. "I was thinking about it, and I think it's a good plan. You've no objections!"

"Of course not," answered Charley.

"If you get married, I only hope that she will make you happy."

"She will," said the Squire, decidedly.

"I'm sure of it."

"May I ask who she is?" asked Charley.

"I—I haven't asked her yet," said the Squire. "I rather not tell you till I find out what she thinks about it."

"Prudent Squire Dudley!" That after he picked a handful of his finest strawberries, and directly after tea started off across lots in the direction of the Widow Lee's with the berries on his arm. It was dusk before he got to the widow's, for he walked slowly. He was thinking what to do, as he reached the gate he heard voices and stopped.

"I never had any idea of it before," said a voice which he recognized as Charley's. "He said he never thought of it till this morning. I couldn't find out who it was to be. I hope it isn't Miss Sharp."

The Squire burst out into a cold perspiration at the thought of Miss Sharp for wife.

"He said he didn't see me, I never heard to get married," went on Charley.

I didn't tell him I'd got a wife already.

"Save him, save him—my precious boy! My life is in your hands."

I took the started ring by ring I passed the chain.

Through crackling grass the fire sent up wild and angry roar.

They were across, the child gave, then turned to me.

To help the master; but I saw the peril would be great.

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"I wish you'd come and make

"Too bad!" said the sympathetic Squire, "I came down to ask you to marry me, Mrs. Lee."

"I'm sure I'd be glad marry you as anybody," answered the widow, looking as prim as a rose.

"It's all settled then," cried the delighted Squire, and kissed her just as Charley and Ruth came in.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with my new housekeeper," said the Squire, bowing very low to hide his red face.

"And allow me to present my wife that is to be," said Charley. "You take mother and I'll take daughter."

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BRONSON.

Michigan towns. Their beauty never passed—a visit to Bronson—General description of the place and country about—Congregational festival—Concert at Burr Oak—The towns' looks in brief—A courteous landlord and good hotel.

Very few, probably, of our readers are aware of the numerous little towns, that are to be found throughout our State. Some of many years growth, and others that have sprung into existence within a brief time, and scarcely one but what would repay the time and expense of a visit. During the period since the commencement of our newspaper work, we have visited and written up sketches of a number of towns, for the interest of our readers, and have reason to believe that our efforts in that direction have been both pleasing and profitable to them. No news should supersede our home news—the information concerning the situation, size and general appearance of the neighboring villages of our own State. To be free to say that one has seen every town in our State and noted its general appearance, would be the indication of having achieved more than all the glories of a "European tour."

It was our pleasure to visit, within the past week, the village of

Bronson, in Branch County, a place of about 800 inhabitants, situated on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad, 12 miles west of Coldwater. The town was laid out about the year

1831, and named York in 1850 it was incorporated and changed to the present name. About it is a rich farming country, growing all manner of grain and farm produce. It might justly be termed "the richest garden in the State." Like our own section, timber abounds in great quantity and of a similar quality, while wood sells at about the same prices.

The business of the town consists in three dry goods stores, seven grocery stores, one hardware store, two millinery stores, one boot and shoe store, clothing store; one cooper shop, one barber shop, four blacksmiths shops, and two boot and shoe shops; one flooring mill, owned by Mr. J. Sheppard, and conducted by him for a number of years; one saw-mill, fork-handles and slate factory combined. Three physicians, and one lawyer, (although he may feel somewhat lonely, the fact speaks well for the morale of the place.)

represent the professions. There are three religious denominations, Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational, each having a building for worship. The educational privileges are found at a Union School under charge of L. P. Thompson, principal, and a corps of able assistants. On the average of 200 scholars are in attendance, while about 350 are in the district.

While there we attended a festival at the Congregational church, when Mr. E. H. Pennell, of our own town, makes his head-quarters near here, finding it convenient for his business when traveling in Indiana, who seems to be a general favorite there, delighted the audience in a few readings, as well as assisting Mrs. D. H. Whitaker, soprano, and Mrs. Flora Stevens, alto, in some vocal music.

Mrs. D. H. Whitaker, the young lady referred to above, is truthfully said to be one of the best soprano singers in the State, possessing a voice of unusual sweetness and power. Her profession of music teaching brings her a fair competence, and when one considers the fact that she has over 50 pupils in a class, her ability in music can be imagined.

On the evening of the 2nd, she gave a concert at the adjoining town of Burr Oak, assisted by Messrs. E. H. Pennell, basso, and B. M. Fletcher, of Coldwater, tenor, and Mrs. E. East, of Bronson, alto, a lady of much celebrity in the musical circles about Bronson and vicinity, and whose voice shows considerable culture. We had the privilege of accompanying the party. The sheriff of the latter place, Mr. S. Dennis, also loaned his presence to the crowd.

Journeying under the protection of a sheriff we had never craved, as there always seemed an air about those geese, very suggestive of shackles and prisons. However, it is not so bad after all when he happens, as in this case, to be quite a gentlemanly fellow, and having dispensed with professional cares, permits one to travel without "jewelry" attachments. Arriving at Burr Oak, we "put up" at the Frazier House, Mr. Wm. H. Frazier, proprietor, where we all found good accommodations and received every attention possible. The traveling public will find at this hotel one of the best stopping places in the country. In behalf of the company with us, we would thank Mr. Frazier and his estimable lady, for the unusual courtesy extended us.

Our brief stay in this pleasant little town prevented us from forming much of an idea concerning its general appearance; but found it very nicely laid out, having a fine school building, a splendid brick block of stores, and possessing about 500 inhabitants. The first train east carried us back to Bronson. During our stay at this place, we were hospitably entertained at the home of Mr. Horace Williams (Mrs. Whitaker's father), formerly of Gilford, to whom and lady, we feel greatly indebted, and hope to meet again under as pleasant circumstances.

STATE NEWS.

The Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad Company, which reduced the wages of its employes 10 per cent at the commencement of the panic, has raised them 5 per cent.

A State Convention of Methodist ministers and three delegates from each charge is called to meet at Jackson, May 26.

The Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad road at Kalmar was burned on the afternoon of March 27, loss \$6,000.

East Saginaw thinks there is a premeditated plot to burn that city, and the authorities have offered \$1,000 for the implication of any parties in the late fires.

The Grand Traverse Company buildings at Bronson, Bronson County, were destroyed by fire on the night of March 23.

The Pere Marquette Lumber Company's mill was burned at Ludington, April 23; loss \$40,000, insurance \$30,000.

George W. Bullock, dwelling at Alpena was burned March 27; loss \$2,500, insurance \$1,700.

The salary of the postmaster at Allenton, Keweenaw County, is \$1 per annum.

Moses Carfield, who was sent to St. Louis two years ago for trial, his wife while he was drunk, has been sentenced to a year and a day for being drunk.

Major Palmer, for years a popular conductor on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, died at Elkhorn last week, aged 66 years. About a month ago his wife died, which was a serious blow to him.

David Ward of Pocine owns 160,000 acres of pine land in Michigan and a large quantity in Wisconsin and W. W. Sage & Co. of New York own 100,000 acres in Wisconsin and a large quantity in Michigan.

Gen. Moses W. Field has introduced a bill into Congress to present to John Horn, Jr., of Detroit, a gold medal for heroically rescuing persons from drowning in the Detroit River.

Edmund Lockman, one of the first settlers of Royal Oak, Oakland County, died last week, aged 76 years.

It is said this property in Pittsburg, belonging to the Moowy Indian girl at Bay City, is worth \$2,000,000 instead of \$1,600,000, as first reported.

The wife of Hon. Alexander Robertson, a member of the present Legislature, died at her home in Pokagon, last week of heart disease.

T. W. Lovell of Kalamazoo has been reappointed State prison inspector for the coming four years.

Edwin Smith of Fairfield, Lenawee County, has a beard five feet four inches in length.

Mr. E. H. Alcerson and wife of Marshall celebrated their golden wedding March 11.

Four thousand barrels of white-wine vinegar are manufactured annually by one Detroit firm, and the Detroit papers denounce the mixture as a vile compound.

The ladies of Detroit are arranging for a systematic attack upon the liquor dealers of that city.

M. S. Smith of Detroit has a paper-cutter which once belonged to George Washington.

A lady in Bridgeport, Saginaw County, recently gave birth to a child destitute of a spine.

The number of prisoners in the Detroit House of Correction is 450.

The Wrenette rolling-mill will go into blast next week.

love.

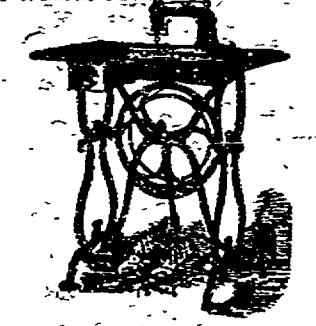
What a wonderful thing love is to a woman! How it helps her to know that some one is always fond of her, rejoices when she rejoices, and sorrows when he grieves; to be sure that her faults are loved, and that her face is fairer to one, at least than faces that are more beautiful—that one great heart holds her sacred to its innermost recesses above all other women. She can do anything, suffer anything thus upheld. She grows prettier under the sweet influences, brighter, kinder, stronger, and life seems but a foretaste of heaven, and all her dreams are golden.

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New Spring Goods arriving daily. On March 1st, we will show an elegant line of Spring Styles Childrens' Cloth'g.

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Send for the beautiful patriotic Song, "Angels Guard Your Treasures There," Price, 20 cents. Poetry by S. H. Little, Music by W. H. McCawley. While the sweetest flowers of summer, there perfume the balmy air, Verily your earings wait to be in a land divinely fair.

And the sentimental production, "I Loved Thee Once," Price, 30 Cents. Poetry by S. H. Little, Music by W. H. McCawley. When the heart with joy was filled, the smile of love and mirth was born, At a sweet rose my heart was throbbed, And beat anew at its sweet kiss. A love song sent to me, post paid, for 20 cents. Address to publisher.

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Northville, Mich.

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All to be sold at robust
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Fairy Voices,
Fairy Voices,
The New
The New

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66 Per Dozen
66 Per Dozen
66 Each
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\$0.000 Sold.
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The Northville Record.

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TRAVELER'S GUIDE

TRAINS LEAVE NORTHLVILLE
FLINT & PINE MARGUETTE R.R.
DETROIT TIME.

PORTAGE 10 A.M. 12 P.M. 1 P.M. 2 P.M.
DET. 12:30 A.M. 1 P.M. 2 P.M. 3 P.M.

TRAINS LEAVES PLYMOUTH
DET. LANSING & LACK MICH. R.R.
DETROIT TIME.

DET. 12:30 A.M. 1 P.M. 2 P.M. 3 P.M.

LEAVES WAYNE ON MICH. CENT.
DETROIT TIME.

DET. 12:30 A.M. 1 P.M. 2 P.M. 3 P.M.

ABOUT TOWN

Mild.
Cloudy.

Windy.
Roads dry.

Election over.

Swift trumpet concert.

Subscribe for the Record.

Door-yards being cleaned up.

Strangers moving into town.
Isaac Sibley returned lately from winter's visit in the State of New York.

The lumber trade in our village has greatly revived of late. We are very glad of it.

Monday morning last, snow lay on the ground to the depth of several inches. How's that for April showers?

We are very sorry to say that we have seen of late, very many men who were very much under the influence of strong drink.

Mr. L. G. N. Randolph has requested us to invite the readers of the Record, to call early and look at his stock of new Spring Plants.

The editor returns thanks to the parties who were kind enough to give a "handing" at his dinner last night. Our "dear" friends did make wood enough to last a quarter.

There are enough garden tools in Northville to supply West Virginia, and Oakland County. Look out window in the village, you will see beautiful flower and fruit gardens.

We are pleased to inform Mr. L. G. N. Randolph has just received a good pack of new Spring Worts-i-Pots from New York, as a present from a friend in Spring Skunk. Please go to look at them.

Prof. Griffith's Lecture.

On the evening of April 30 last, a vocal and instrumental concert

was given at the High School, by Prof. Griffith, and entitled "A Concert for the Poor." The money raised will be used in procuring a knowledge of popular art to the poor.

For the benefit of the poor, a

large number of people

and friends of the poor

gathered at the High School

and enjoyed the

entertainment.

School Report.

The following is the report of the Northville Union School for the term ending April 21, 1854.

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.

No. of months attended.

Average attendance per month.

This includes those coming for one-half term and two who entered only four weeks before the close of the term.

Total no. of months.

Aggregate attendance days.

Average attendance per student.

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FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

To Dye Green.—Boil the article first in alum-water for an hour, then for three hours in a preparation composed of four ounces of verdigris, two quarts of white wine vinegar, and four quarts of water.

Saltless Potatoes.—Slice raw potatoes and throw into cold water. Have ready lard, boiling hot; season the potatoes after draining with salt and pepper; fry a light brown.

A very good paste is made by taking three ounces soft water, one ounce gum arabic, and one-fourth ounce glycerine. Dissolve by heat, and bottle for use. The glycerine prevents it from spoiling.

The Country Gentleman recommends linseed oil meal for horses that are never allowed to run out to grass, being slightly aperient. A handful in each feed, morning and evening, is about the quantity usually used.

Hair Oil.—One pint of alcohol; two ounces castor oil; a few drops of perfume. Shake well to mix the oil. This is said to be a splendid and nicely perfumed hair oil; it softens the hair, promotes its growth, and prevents it from falling out.

French Mustard.—A fine French mustard called "mustard essence" is thus made. Salt, one and one-half pounds; scraped horseradish one pound; garlic, two cloves; boiling vinegar, two gallons; macerate in a covered vessel for twenty-four hours; strain and add enough of mustard to make a rich paste.

The Australian butchers have invented an improved method of slaughtering bullocks. At Sydney the animals are driven, five at a time, into the slaughterhouse, where there is no person to see them. While they are quietly staring around the strange, quiet apartment, a man silently passes above them, walking along the open beams which closely cross the house. He is armed with a lance with a point like a mortising chisel. One by one the beasts are pierced with the weapon just behind the horns. They drop instantly, and as soon as all are down, the other men, waiting in the next apartment, enter and bleed and dress the carcasses.

Curious Calculations.

There is something wonderful in figures; and numbers, when calculated, startle us by their intensity. We talk of millions and billions with little thought of the vastness of the sum we name.

The lime may utter the words glibly, but the understanding fails to grasp their real significance. Take our own national debt as an illustration. Every body knows it is large, but few have ever stopped to consider its appalling magnitude.

A few calculations will not, we trust, be anti-tenting to the readers of the *Inter Ocean*. Let us suppose that the national debt is, in round numbers, \$2,500,000,000. If an experienced cashier was to commence counting this, at the rate of three silver dollars per second, and work diligently eight hours per day, 300 days in the year, it would take him about two hundred years to complete the count.

If the silver dollars were placed side by side, touching each other, they would reach nearly three times round the world; they would pass a highway the width of our Chicago streets more than 200 miles in length.

Fused into one solid mass of pure silver they would make a column ten feet square and 2,500 feet high; or a bar fifty miles long and one foot square.

If each silver bar be estimated at one-tenth in weight, and the money loaded into carts containing one ton each, and driven one before the other, each horse and cart occupying two rods, the procession would extend over hundred miles.

Or consider that only about 1,000,000,000 minutes have elapsed since the birth of Christ, and that if one dollar had been put away each minute, day and night, since that event, the accumulation would amount to but little more than one-tenth of the debt this nation now owes. If this calculation was applied to England or France, whose national debt is nearly twice as large as ours, the result would be still more startling.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Barns.

A convenient barn is one of the most important accessories to successful farming. To render barn convenient, it must occur to every prudent man to construct so as to save all unnecessary labor. It should have a dry location. Of all the disagreeable appendages of the farm, in our opinion, a muddy barnyard is the most offensive. To wade through three or four inches of a compound of mud and animal droppings, three or more times a day, going thence into the house with boots covered with filth, is enough to disgust men and women with the farmer's life.

Since the invention of the patent hayfork or maulhook, perhaps the construction of the barn so as to drive into the upper story to unload grain, hay, stalks, etc., is of less consequence than when a very large proportion of the crops are raised above the head of the pitcher with a hand-work. Still, where the ground is sandy, or gravelly, and it is convenient to dig into a hillside so as to drive into the upper story of the barn to unload, then load the grain prepared for market from the first story. It may repay in labor-saving, and perhaps in warmth, for the extra cost of construction.

There is one very decided objection to the plans generally made for manure cellars, and that is, they are located directly under the stables. A manure cellar, containing fermenting manure, giving off ammonia and carbonic acid gas, which find their way through the cracks and crevices in the stable floor, are inhaled into the lungs, or absorbed through the skin of animals, cannot be otherwise than detrimental to their health. A manure cellar entirely back of the stable, into which the manure from the stable could be shored through narrow openings, with tight-fitting covers, might be less objectionable. Such cellars should have ventilation that would freely carry off all the gases arising from the fermenting manure.

The chief advantage of a manure cellar is that it is cool. It keeps the manure warm and in a state of decomposition, in the coldest weather. This

would be quite an important consideration where much of turf is to be composted with it, or where it is to be applied to spring crops. Manure kept in constant fermentation would neutralize the deleterious acids in twice or three times its bulk of swamp muck. Bones, decaying animal or vegetable matter could be thrown in, digested and prepared for re-feeding the soil.

We would offer one admonition to all who have manure cellars: beware of fire-fanging. If the manure is to be thrown into a pile and left undistributed, it had better be thrown into the open air, or at least under an open shed, where the low temperature will prevent that active fermentation that causes burning, or fire-fanging. Manure had far better be kept in a raw, undigested state, and so applied to the soil, to be consumed by burning. Where stored bags have free access to the sun, the heat will generally keep the manure pretty well worked over, so as to prevent burning, and where muck or other absorbents are composted with the manure they will greatly thoroughly intermix them. Farmers, give this subject of improved barns and arrangements for saving manure your earnest consideration during the leisure of winter!—*Rural Home*.

Don't Take a Cold.—Perhaps in the whole category of diseases to which humanity is susceptible, the cough is most neglected in its early stage. A simple cough is generally regarded as a temporary affection—coughing and nothing more; but to those who have paid dearly for experience, it is a signal for attack for the more fearful of all diseases—Consumption. A cough will lead to consumption if not checked—so sure is the raven to the river; yet it is an easy remedy to thwart, if met by the proper remedy. Alice's Long Balsam is the great cough remedy of the age, and it has earned its reputation by merit alone. Sold by all good druggists.

Domestic Duties, many wives think, should be written after the phonetic fashion—do tease.

COMMON SENSE REASONS why Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS should be used.

1st. They are entire Vegetable Bitters, free from all alcoholic stimulants.

2d. They are the result of careful study, experiment and labor.

3d. The greatest care is taken to secure Medicinal Virtues and exclude everything objectionable.

4th. They unite, as a life-restoring scientific tonic, the greatest strengthening and vitalizing principles.

5th. Persons of Sedentary habits and over-worked find in them a specific for tons of epilepsy, polypititis, delirium, constipation, and many other nameless ailments.

6th. The aged find in them a guarantee of prolonged Health and Life, and weak and delicate females and mothers find special benefit from their use.

7th. They are the MASTER OF DISEASES.

Diseases of the Blood.

"Blood is the Life." When this source is corrupted, the painful and sorrow producing effects are subtle in many shapes. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would suffice to appal even the stoutest heart.

1.—Perry Davis' LUNG BALSAM! AND Why They Should Be Kept Always Near at Hand.

1.—Perry Davis' is the most valuable balsam cure that medical science has ever produced.

2.—Alice's Long Balsam as a cough remedy, has no equal.

3.—Perry Davis' will cure dyspepsia and indigestion.

4.—Alice's Long Balsam as an expectorant has no equal.

5.—Perry Davis' is a sovereign remedy for fever and ague, and chilblains; it has cured the most obstinate cases.

6.—Alice's Long Balsam is a excellent remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, asthma, and all throat diseases.

7.—Perry Davis' is a sovereign remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, asthma, and all throat diseases.

8.—Alice's Long Balsam will cure the terrible disease of consumption, with all other remedies.

9.—Alice's Long Balsam, a thousand cures of rheumatism and neuralgia.

10.—Alice's Long Balsam is fully informed by physicians, druggists, the speakers, manufacturers, and the press, all of whom recommend it as the best and most efficacious remedy for consumption.

11.—Alice's Long Balsam is the best and most efficacious remedy for consumption.

The above reasons are one of three valuable and standard medicines, founded on facts, and thousands will swear what we say.

The hardy and energetic Perry Davis' is a true friend to every one.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Prop'trs., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Consider an instant Metal Weather House, and you will be surprised to learn how easily it can be made.

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