

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company—

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

—Josephus Daniels Manager

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 2, 1881.

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, FRIDAY, December, 2, 1881.

POETRY.

TO SAM.

To Sam I sing this humble lay,
Who in my boyhood's joyous day,
Was ready at my every wish,
To romp, to hunt, to swim, or fish;
Or down our deep wild stream to row
Offtimes to drift with the water's flow,
And sing the while some echoing song
Then rested pull the old boat along,
Or if I had some job to do,
He'd find the time to help me through;
Or should the "old folks" go away—
But I forbear, lest haply they
Should in my honest verses see
The germ of many a mystery,
And forsooth they might forget
That we are not *ice shavers* yet.
In driving cows, or hunting hogs,
In raking pine-straw, hauling logs,
In mending fences, feeding pigs,
In gathering peaches, apples, figs,
In anything should wrong befall,
The blame he'd put all on his side.
Of all the friends I ever had,
The warmest heart beat in this lad,
Who always would his will restrain,
To please my wild and changing brain.
In joy the days of youth were past,
But the bitter cup has come at last,
And bitter still it tastes to me
When thoughts come back of childhood's gleam.
And Sam—does cruel life to him
Hold out her cup full to the brim?
Have cares, which fall to each man's lot,
Entered his soul? disturbed his cot?
Ah! no; his is a happier sphere
Than mine. He's richer far than peer
To whom chance gave an humble birth,
Free from the strifes and aims of earth,
Why then are some born in wealth to live,
And lose the sweets which lowliness gives?
And why are we lead to strive for fame?
Which wins gains for us but its name?
This happier lot to live, if you can,
An humble, honest, peaceable man,
With faith in God and the pledge He hath given:
"Believe and ye shall be blest in Heaven."
Oh who could ask a greater reward
Than the praise of man and promise of God?
Now, Sam, I advise, make these thy aims,
And little you'll lose in earth's vain game,
But when you come to ripe old age,
Your feeble hand turns life's last, dim, page
A happy thought will steal through
Your mind
Of joys we've had in "days o' lang syne."

How They all had Their Way.

It was a daring act of the young man to dash up the blazing staircase, and make his way through fire and smoke to the fourth story of the burning hotel, where the excited host suddenly remembered one of the guests—the only one who had not effected a timely escape—was quartered.

A loud cheer greeted Austin Douglas, as with singed hair, and face and hands scorched and blistered, he reappeared bearing in his arms a closely wrapped burden. As blanket after blanket was removed, the spectators pressed forward, eager to catch a glimpse of the beautiful young lady—surely it was for nothing less—for whom the gallant stranger had risked his life.

There was a murmur of surprise, if not of disappointment, when the removal of the last wrap revealed—not a fainting beauty looking up gratefully in her deliverer's face, still handsome in spite of the traces left upon it by the recent fiery ordeal—but the form of a little, servile old man, pushing like a porpoise to regain his breath. Before he could do so sufficiently to thank his preserver, the latter had disappeared in the crowd.

It would be unfair to detract from the merit of Austin Douglas's exploit. Though it lacked the touch of romance, and considering all he had done for the young man, and the handsome fortune he would one day leave him, the old gentleman, not unnaturally, felt entitled to exercised a certain degree of authority, now for the first time disputed.

One word led to another, till at last Mr. Bourne grew angry, and to some bitter accusations of ingratitude added a very distinct threat of altering his will in case his nephew persisted in his disobedience.

At this Austin's temper rose in turn.

"I shall never forget," he replied, "my many obligations to you; but I cannot permit them to be added to

the payment exacted is the surrender of my own manhood. From this hour I leave your home never to return?"

It was on the night of the same day, while on his travels to seek his fortune, that Austin Douglas perished in his sight, not then particularly precious in his sight, to save that of an unknown stranger.

We shall not delay to speculate about the motive that led to direct his travels toward a little country town, with a visit to which, a few months before, some warmly cherished memories were associated. It was there he had first seen Constance Waring, and that first sight had settled his fate. In short, he fell desperately in love; and when he whispered the secret to Constance, and asked her to promise to be his, she had not said nay.

Constance Waring, her father having married a second time, and she and her stepmother not getting on well together, had gone to live with a maiden aunt, her deceased mother's sister, in the town where she and Austin first met.

To pay a parting visit to his sweetheart, and altered prospects, he entered a simple act of justice. When their love-making began he was acknowledged her prospective to his uncle's wealth. Now, he had nothing but his own exertions to count upon, and Constance might be of the mind that that was a circumstance which materially altered the case. At any rate, it was but fair to lay the truth before her and leave it to herself to decide.

When Austin made his call, he found Constance in even greater trouble than himself. Her father had come a few days before to apprise her of an offer of marriage made her by an old friend of his on behalf of a young kinsman of the latter—an offer which Mr. Waring had already accepted, counting his daughter's inclinations as little consequence as Ansel Bourne had those of his nephew.

When Constance tried to expostulate against this summary disposal of herself—at least to beg a brief respite—her father's imperious temper lost all bounds. He gave her five minutes to decide between his permanent displeasure and yielding to his commands.

"Surely you would not force me to marry a man I cannot love," she pleaded piteously.

"How do you know you can't tell you've seen him?—unless indeed, there's another—"

Mr. Waring did not finish. A tell-tale blush mantled Constance's cheeks, at sight of which her father's face grew purple.

"Give me your answer instantly," he demanded with vehemence—"do you accept the husband I offer you or not?"

"I cannot, father," she faltered, looking beseechingly through her tears.

"Henceforth, then you are no daughter of mine! Go starve or beg with whatever vagabond adventurer you have chosen to bestow your heart upon—if, indeed," he added tauntingly, "he care, now, to accept so profitless a gift."

With these cruel and bitter words, Stephen Waring turned his back upon his daughter, and she knew too well there was little hope of his relenting.

Such was the substance of the recital Austin heard from Constance's lips; and strange to say, instead of looking sorrowful, his face actually seemed to brighten.

"I have already had an offer of employment in the counting-house of one of my father's old friends to whom I telegraphed this morning," he said, "the salary is not large, but I think too might live on it."

Rising he took Constance's hand, and looked earnestly into the deep blue eyes in which the tears were beginning to gather.

"Shall we be married to-morrow, dearest?" he whispered; "we are left to be our own masters now."

It was like the offer of a friendly haven to the tempest-tossed mariner. Constance did not speak, but the timid pressure with which she returned the warm grasp of her lover's hand, gave back no uncertain answer.

I was on a bright spring morning that two elderly gentlemen were seen hurrying by separate paths toward a little church in the outskirts of a country village.

"Is that you, Waring?" cried Ansel Bourne, as they neared each other.

"I trust that it's a pleasant errand that has brought you to this out-of-the-way place."

"I don't know what you call a pleasant errand," growled the other; "my jade of a daughter whom I promised you as a wife for your nephew, and whom, for disobedience, I told to go her ways and wed whom she liked it seems that she has taken me at my word and is to be married to some jackanapes here this morning—unless

luckily, I'm in time to put a stop to it!"

Before Ansel Bourne had time to answer or the other pass on, a handsome young man with a beautiful young lady on his arm, followed by the clergyman and a small group of friends, came out of the church door.

Constance Waring started and shrank back at the sight of her father; before he had time to give vent to his angry speech that was rising to his lips, his eyes fell on his daughter's companion. It was his turn to start. The handsome youth was the young man to whom he owed his life—for the little old man whom Austin Douglas had carried down the burning staircase, wrapped in so many blankets, was no other than Stephen Waring.

"Why didn't you tell me, you dog," cried Ansel Bourne to his nephew, "that you had already picked out a wife for yourself, or at least wait till I told you whom I had chosen? But no—you must needs go bolting off at a few hasty words from a silly old uncle, and leave him to track you all over the country? You don't deserve to be forgiven, even if you have obeyed my wishes without intending it."

It was hard to tell which of the two old gentlemen was the merrier at the cosy little wedding breakfast to which Uncle Ansel invited the party at the village inn.

The Right Time to Kiss.

An observant and evidently discriminating young reader of the *Times* writes to say that he has read with lively satisfaction the occasional expositions of kissing in its various moods and tenses that adorn these columns. But he declares that he is in doubt as to the right time to begin kissing. He recalls at some length the embarrassments that this uncertainty has brought upon him and begs the publication of his letter in full, that others who are similarly situated may contribute to the discussion and thus make the matter clear to those who are willing but timid.

His own experience is not without certain unique interest. He has known the "sweetest girl in all the world" ever since he left school. She belongs to a family that considers it a first duty to "live up to the dining room dado and the blue china" that garnishes the sideboard and table.

The mother holds kissing in abomination and is fond of remarking that the "intellect is not fed through the lips;" that a kiss is a purely fleshly perversion of the sweet intimacy of aesthetic love. Under such frowning providence the young girl he adores displays an aversion to kissing him good-night, in welcoming him with this lover's privilege when he comes of an evening to take her to church, the theatre or what not.

This, it will be seen, is a rather trying plight for a young lover—for a kiss is the visible sign and token of an inner sentiment which no words can express. The eyes and the tongue do a good deal of appreciable work of love-making, but the meeting of the lips is the sign and seal, the charm, so to speak, which transforms the earthly into the divine. Love without a kiss would be like the harp without the hand, the rainbow without its hue; the brook without its babble; the landscape without its colors; the tea rose—sweetest flower for scent that blows—without its odor; the borealis without its variations; poetry without rhythm; spring without sunlight; a garden without foliage or marriage without love. The young woman whose ideas teach her to recoil from a kiss cheats the lover of the joys of loving and does not deserve the devotion of a manly heart. She may live up to the dining-room dado and the sideboard bric-a-brac, but she will never prove a congenial wife, and our correspondent will save his heart-strings many a future wench leaving her to her dado and bric-a-brac.—*Philadelphia Times*.

It was after a concert, and a well-known German contralto asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced, how he liked her duet. You sang charmingly, madame. But why did you select such a horrid piece of music?" "Sir, that was written by my late husband!" "Ah yes, of course, I did not mean— But, why did you select such a cow to sing with?" "Ach Himmel, that's my present husband!"

Nautical: "You are on the wrong tack," said the pilot's wife when the hardy son of the loud-sounding sea sat down on it an arose with the usual exclamations. "No," he replied, after a critical examination, "I'm on the right tack, but shoot me if I ain't on wrong end of it."

Cited by the Washington (Ind.) *Gazette* is the fact that the coffee in that locality have a sort of lameness in the joints. J. F. Myers cured his by anointing it with St. Jacobs Oil.

A Western Phenomenon.

While some drillers, near Sarnia, Ont., were boring for oil recently, they were astonished to find that a huge volume of gas was escaping from the well. The gas was accidentally ignited by the torch of a man twenty-five feet from the well, according to a local paper, and the flames, which are described as "vivid and silvery," leaped to the height of thirty feet. Every fifteen minutes "by the watch" there is a grand eruption of water, which, instead of putting out the flames, drives them in sheets above the highest tree, and falls in showers, for a considerable distance around the well. The scene at night is a brilliant one, and is thus described by the *Sarnia Observer*:

"The mixing of the water, which, by the way, is said to be strongly impregnated with sulphur, with the flames produces effects in color which are dazzling in their brilliancy and beauty, various shades of yellow and purple predominating. The spectacle, especially, if witnessed at night, is indescribably beautiful, and its effect is heightened by a slight dash of weirdness caused by the unusual color of the flames and the corresponding reflection which it throws on the foliage of the trees. The birds seem to be paralyzed by the unwonted illumination. All night long, so the drillers say, they skim around the flames, uttering shrill cries of alarm; and become either so frightened or so bold that they alight alongside the men, by whom they are frequently caught." All efforts to stop the flow or to quench the flames have thus far proved of no avail.

Baldwin's Gold.

A man who does not live in the present and who persists in doing business as it was done fifty years ago, will be pretty apt to get left. A fortnight ago Mr. Jesse Baldwin, who lived near Youngstown, Ohio, presented himself at the Treasury Department at Washington, and demanded \$17,000 in gold for some bonds. The other Ohio men in the department, where a thousand or so of them have found comfortable quarters, endeavored to persuade him not to take the gold, but to have a government check which was as good as gold. But the old man knew his business better—and insisted on tugging his gold all the way to Youngstown. To be sure, the matter got in the papers and the burglar was duly notified of Mr. Baldwin's habit of keeping a large sum of specie in his house. And they have lost but little time in relieving him of it.

The following is the account given of the robbery: Under the stairway in the hall of the house is a closet in which a small safe is kept. The burglars must have reached the premises soon after midnight, for they went first to Baldwin's stables, where they inspected the horses, and selecting a bay horse and a roan mare hitched them to a carriage. The house was entered by forcing open one of the windows. Once inside the house it is evident the burglars intended to remain. They first barred the stair door. Wherever they went they locked the doors behind them. Reaching the closet where the safe was drilled a small hole in the lock, and filled it with powder.

The explosion awakened the sleeping family overhead, but they thought it was an earthquake. Baldwin's son had been up with a sick child, and after the explosion he listened, and was soon convinced, from the noise below, that the house was full of robbers. Arming himself, he started to go down stairs, when he heard the porch door open, and hastening to an overlooking window he saw the men, four in number, moving away under the weight of heavy burdens, supposed to be the contents of the safe. He fired three times at the retreating burglars, who in return sent a volley toward the window, the only damage resulting being the wood work around the window. The cracksmen with their plunder were soon in the carriage, and went at break-neck speed on the road to Columbiana. They drove recklessly, and while passing through Woodworth, two and one-half miles south of Boardman, the carriage broke down and the rig had to be abandoned. They subsequently stole five horses from the farmers in that vicinity, and, mounting them, escaped. The amount stolen is estimated at \$40,000.

Wash a baby clean and dress him up very pretty and he will resist all advances with most superlative crossness; but let him eat bread and jam, and play with the contents of a coal scuttle for half an hour, and he will nestle his dear little dirty face close up to your clean shirt front and be just the loveliest, cunningest little rascal in all the world.

The Newspaper.

Mr. Groesbeck agrees with Dr. Talma. "The Press is a great institution," say both these gentlemen; "it is taking the place of political oratory," says the former.

Most people will endorse these expressions. How great and growing a power the newspaper press of the United States is to-day the casual reader may decide for himself. What would he do without his paper? Supposing himself cut off from "the news," and yet compelled to continue his daily avocation, how would he fill the gap? How long would it be before he would gladly offer to pay dollars for a copy of the daily journal for which he had formerly grudging a few cents? It is as easy as sleeping to skim through the paper placed by your breakfast plate, and decide that it contains "no news" for you—having the paper; but in case the reassuring conclusion could not be reached—the data, the paper not being available—how would it be then? A deal of hard work is done by the mind when the mind is in suspense.

The newspaper is ubiquitous. It appeals to all classes of society and has points of interest for all individual atoms. The statesman, the lawyer, the scholar, the clergyman, the soldier, the business man, the actor, the mechanic, the laboring man, the housewife, the society belle and the servant girl all must know what the world has done in a day touching them and their weal. They find much that does not concern the mind in the reading; but something, always, that they would have been sorry to miss.

Mr. Groesbeck touches one note in the scale. "The days of 'stump speaking' are passing away," he thinks; "the newspapers are doing the work of public orators." This is probably true. And why? The newspaper is the most effective agent. Between the few who have valuable ideas to give out and the many who have need to receive them, it is a perfect messenger. It brings more facts in a single issue than a man could narrate in a week, supposing him capable of remembering; and it never tires of telling its tale. It is faithful and punctual, unprejudiced on the whole and as accurate as may be. It instructs while it entertains, so that he who runs it through may gather knowledge unconsciously. It is truly a great thing—the newspaper; and it presents in its highest development, the greatest work of the nineteenth century. Life would be strange, indeed, without it.

Suspicious Symptoms.

A minister who was perhaps not too careful in his habits was induced by his friends to take the teetotal pledge. His health appeared to suffer, and his doctor ordered him to take one glass of punch daily.

"Oh!" said he, "I dare not. Peggy, my old housekeeper, would tell the whole parish."

"When do you shave?" the doctor asked.

"In the morning."

"Then," said the doctor, "shave at night; and when Peggy brings you up your hot water, you can take your glass of punch just before going to bed."

The minister afterward appeared to improve in health and spirits. The doctor met Peggy soon after, and said:

"I'm glad to hear Peggy, that your master is better."

"Indeed, sir, he's better, but his brain's affected; there's something wrong 'w' his mind."

"How?"

"Why, doctor, he used to shave at night before going to bed, but now he shaves in the morn, he shaves before dinner, he shaves after dinner, he shaves at night—he's eye shavin'!"

The symptoms were, indeed, very suspicious.

He was a bachelor, had traveled extensively, and could speak any language, dead or alive, but when he returned home the other day, and talked to his sister's baby and when it cried and was pacified by its mother saying: "Did this naughty, naughty uncle, wun-ee, come homey womey, and scarry warey my little putsey vappsey?" he just leaned over the back of the chair and wept.

The original manuscript of the "Book of Mormon," is in the possession of David Whitmer, of Richmond, Mo. Mr. Whitmer, now seventy-eight, was a follower of Joseph Smith, but left the Mormons when they took to polygamy. He still professes faith in Smith's claim to divine inspiration, and will on no account part with the book, which he declares was copied by Smith from the tables of stone. His son shares his views, and says it is not likely, therefore, that the volumes will soon fall into the hands of "either degenerate Mormons or irate curio-city hunters."

National Thanksgiving.

Thursday, the 24th instant, was observed as usual throughout the country as a national holiday and festival, in which devout and grateful acknowledgments were offered to an overruling Providence, mingled with charity and benevolence to mankind, and joyful reunions in the family circle. On this hallowed festive occasion, the deep sense of gratitude of the nation was expressed in fervent prayer to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for the Divine benediction. This enlightened spirit of piety, inspired by the occasion, elevates, refines, and purifies the thoughts and minds of men, and presents the sublime spectacle of a great people paying homage in grateful paeans and solemn anthems to the Divine Will. "God moves in a mysterious way." Things felt at the time to be dire calamities are found to be blessing in disguise by the great, the good, and the wise, who have recognized the hand of Divine Providence in directing the affairs of this great nation to the high destiny that awaits it in the future.

Helping the Party.

In the days gone by a Detroit sheriff, who had made a close shave of being elected, had the ill luck to lose a prisoner from the jail. The fellow made good his escape to the country, but the sheriff overtook him about eight miles out and drove him under a barn. The prisoner was captured and yet he was not. If he could not get out the sheriff could not get in, the threats had no effect on him. In this emergency the officer called out:

"Say, Jim."

"Yes."

"You know I had a mighty close shave getting this office?"

"You did that."

"Well, I'm laying my pipes for a second term. If I lose you I might as well hang up. The opposition will hold it up in letters fifteen feet high, and hundreds of men in my own party will slip my name. Do you hear me?"

"I do."

"Well, I ask you to come out, not exactly as a prisoner going back to jail, but more as a patriot bound to stand by his party. Come, Jim."

"I'll be hanged if I don't," replied the prisoner. The judge wagged his head, my sentence was unjust, and I hate your jail, but if it's going to help the party and crush the hydra-headed opposition out I come."

"Oh Am Not!"

A crusty looking old gentleman, accompanied by the regulation well-fed consort and a couple of well-favored daughters, entered the dining room of the Del Monte, and, as he tucked his napkin beneath his generous chin, turned round and fixed a fierce glance upon the waiter behind his chair.

"Look here, my man," said the old party, sharply, "before I give my order I want to ask you a question. Are you an Italian count in disguise?"

"Divil a bit," replied the surprised coffee splasher.

"Nor an English nobleman, the unaccountable delay of whose remittances has temporarily compelled" &c.

"Nor a graduate of Harvard, and estranged from your father, a rich Boston banker, whose haughty pride is as unyielding as your own," &c.

"Oh am not."

"All right. Here's a dollar, and you can bring in the grub. Now that I know you are not the regular thing in waiters now-a-days; that you are not going to run off with one of my daughters, or pick my pockets, I can eat in peace."

Strictly Temperate, Except—

On the sleeper of an L. F. and W. train recently, a traveller noticed an old, whitebearded gentleman trying to get into a linen drawer. The young and spry traveller rushed to his assistance, and in helping him with his garment noticed a good-sized whiskey flask protruding from one of the inside pockets of his coat. Being of a waggish nature, he appropriated the bottle, got the coat on the stranger, and then pulling out the flask, said:

"Will you take a drink?"

"The old man did not recognize the bottle, and drawing himself up remarked, rather severely:

"No, sir, I never drink."

"It won't hurt you," insisted the wag. "It's the best."

"Young man," said the old gentleman, intended for all the ear hear, "if you persist in drinking whiskey you will be a ruined man at forty. It is the curse of the land. When I was a boy my mother died, and the last thing she did was to call me to her bedside and say: 'John swear to me that you will never touch a drop of liquor!'"

Here the old man clapped his hand on his side pocket, found it empty, and recognizing the bottle in the hands of the other, he continued:

"Except, my dear boy, an occasional snifter while traveling."

And reaching for the flask he pressed it to his lips, amid a howl of laughter which shook the whole car.

Many a man who thinks himself a "big gun" is nothing but a great bore and not a smooth one, either.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A question put to a debating society. There were a hundred ears of corn in a barn. A greedy rat carried them all off to his nest, taking along three ears every time he left the barn. How many visits did he have to make to get the hundred ears? The president of the society answered, "Thirty-four visits," but the secretary said that inasmuch as two of the ears the rat took away with him every visit were his own ears, he must have made a hundred visits.

In the chief court of law in Granada, Spain, there used to be the picture of a disordered man with a large bundle of papers under his arm, and certain words proceeding out of his mouth, of which these are a translation. "I who won my suit am now stripped to the skin; what, then, must be the fate of him who lost it?" Spanish litigation would seem to be almost as expensive a luxury as our own.

Angry sportsman (to his black servant, "Plague on you, you've shot the dog! I thought you told me you could hold a gun!" *Samba*—"Shuah, an' so I can, massa. Ise a holdin' it, you see, now. But it's de shot w'at hit de dog. I couldn't hole de shot, massa! A white man couldn't do dat, massa; but I'll hole de gun all day I will, shuah."

"My gracious, child!" said an old lady to a boy who offered to carry her satchel for five cents, "where did you get those hands from?" The lad gazed thoughtfully for a moment at his "pair of filipinos," that looked like bunches of onions, and then answered proudly "I belong to our base ball club."

Fashionable young lady (to a friend at Saratoga)—"Where is your jewelry, my dear?" *Other Fashionable Young Lady*—"O, I left it with my uncle, in New York." The "uncle" alluded to furnished the young lady the funds to go to Saratoga with.

King James I. was once entreated by his old nurse to make her son a gentleman. "Nae, nae, nurse," was the reply of the British Solomon; "I'll mak' him a lord and ye wull, but it is beyond my power to mak' him a gentleman."

It has been suggested that the White House should be thoroughly overhauled as to its plumbing, but the Norristown *Heralt* objects on the ground that "we cannot stand it to have the national debt doubled, just now."

Transmogrification.—A proof that port wine, when aged, is no longer port—It's Madeira (made dearer). If the Madeira wine of that joke is as bad as the pronunciation (made dearer) it is about the worst in the world.

A college boy told his old aunt that when mythological pagans died they were turned into stars, as, for example, Orion. "Ah," said she, "it must have been a great constellation to the survivors."

"Constant reader."—A contemporary says it had hardly published its first number when the editor received a lengthy communication from "A constant reader."

Why is not the Old Dog Tray the faithful creature he was described to be in the song? Because if he is so very faithful he can't be Tray (he's tray).

An old teamster in Nevada says that he thinks "a mule is the most knowin' animal in all creation. He's lumene on brayin," you know."

Two men, for a wager, tried to see which could eat the greater number of oysters. One ate ninety-nine; the other ate a hundred and won.


It is said that watered silks have been much seen at the fashionable resorts this season, on account of the clumsiness of waters.

A dressy maid usually accompanies the sending out of a dressmaker's bills.

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