Daisy Chains.

Down in the meadows, half asleep,
Where breezes through the grasses sweep,
An idle youth, in quiet lay,
While at his side a blue-eyed fay
Sat weaving with such artful care
A dainty chain of daisies fair.

His eyes were closed in sweet contempt;
Her thoughts alone on mischief bent;
She wound the chain about his head,
And arms, and form, and o'er him spread,
Till he seemed but a daisy bed.

The laughing eyes then open flew
And peered into the eyes of blue;
Up rose his hands, and with a bound
The chain lay broken on the ground;
The blue eyes flashed with sudden light,
And, pelting him with daisies white,
The vengeance in her eyes he read,
As haughtily the midget said:
'Young man, another time I'll make
A stouter chain you cannot break.'

The little witch! Could it be true
How well she spoke her dear heart knew?
For, sure enough, around his heart
She wove a chain he could not part;
And if this very day you pass
Across the meadow's waving grass
You'll see the children of this train
A wearing each a daisy chain.

FOR THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD.

Artificial Foods.

Millions of dollars' worth of so-called artificial foods, cotton-seed oil-meal, linseed oil-meal, peanut meal and other refuse materials are sent to Europe from this country every year. This is as though we furnished our enemy with a sword wherewith to slay us. We supply our competitors with the most effective means for meeting us in competition. We give our adversaries material help in doing this. Of these foods they make meat, butter, cheese, grain, grass and manures to make more of these, all of which, directly or indirectly, we are making and selling in the closest competition with them. In a ton of cotton-seed meal, there are 500 pounds of beef, as much cheese, and as great a value of manure as the meal costs to purchase.—Linseed oil-meal is equally as valuable. By using these ourselves we should secure the benefit of all this production, while we should prevent its use by our competitors in business. Some may say we cannot afford to use these. This excuse is obviously groundless, when they are purchased by English farmers who pay rentals for their land of $10 to $50 per acre yearly, and pay the cost of freight from our shores across the Atlantic upon these feeding stuffs, with the expenses and profits of at least two intermediate dealers, and yet use them with sufficient advantage to make them an object that is earnestly sought after. The fact is, by neglecting these home-made products we are throwing away an immense advantage which cannot amount, in a money value, to less than a hundred million of dollars annually.

Recuperating Pastures.

In England the pastures of the great dairy county of Cheshire became so exhausted as to cease to be valuable for the purposes for which they had before been considered famous. With the other sections of England bonedust was introduced and used particularly as a *top-dressing* upon their grass lands, and their old pastures have increased in feeding stock from thirty to fifty per cent.; and we believe that in this country equally beneficial results are being experienced by the same means, and wherever it has been tried the farmer will be inclined to extend the plan in the future. It not only gives the pastures a fresh start, but it is a dressing that will last quite a number of years; besides, the properties of the bone enter the grass, thus giving the cattle in the natural way what they very much need, and saves giving them bone meal in their feed. A dressing of 250 to 100 pounds per acre would be a good and cheap dressing, as it would last for a number of years. The bone-dust should be sown broadcast early in the spring as possible, when the young grass is starting. Hen manure can be used with good success by composting with ground bone, ashes or lime. Cover with loam or muck two or three weeks until it heats, then work it over and mix it well with loam or muck to reduce to the proper strength, and apply in the hills. It is one of our best fertilizers.

Which Bees to Keep.

A correspondent writes: 'I passed through large fields of clover (the large kind) that were musical with the hum of bees, but not a black was to be seen. The result was that at the end of three weeks I removed from the Italians sixty pounds of fine box honey per hive, on an average, while the blacks had consumed fully half their stores, and had to be fed in the fall to carry through winter. I have long since superseded the blacks, and have now only the Italians, and would no more think of going back to black bees than I would to box hives and the brimstone pit. In 1877 my best stock of Italians gave me 300 pounds of box honey, while from one from which the honey was taken with the extractor I obtained 566 pounds. I do not wish to be understood to say that the Italians will work on red clover all seasons, for such is not the case. In moist or wet seasons the corolla of the blossoms grows so long that they are unable to reach the nectar. There is one point, however, that is in favor of the blacks, and that is, they will resist our long and cold winters far better than the Italians.'

Sugar Beet Culture.

Mr. John B. Morrison, of Farmington, Me., grew last year forty tons of sugar beets on one acre of land, which was also in beets in 1877. The land was plowed sixteen inches deep, and manured with well-rotted barnyard manure at the rate of about ten cords to the acre. When the beets were three inches high they were thinned to one plant to every eight inches. After this time they were hoed but once, as the leaves shaded the ground and kept down the weeds. It should have been stated that the seed was not sown till June 1, fully two weeks later than should have been the case. Mr. Morrison attributed his success almost wholly to deep plowing, and he regarded the work of growing the crop, aside from the extra labor of plowing, as no greater than that required to grow an acre of potatoes.

Domestic Hints.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—A gill of cold water, juice of one lemon, an ounce of sugar and a dessertspoonful of red plum jelly. First put all in a small saucepan and stir until it boils, turn out the pudding and pour the sauce around it.

COLD SLAW.—Slice one head of cabbage very fine; sprinkle a little sugar and salt over it; then pound the cabbage. For the dressing, take a half-teacup of cream, whip it to a froth, add to it one teacup of vinegar; stir this dressing well through the cabbage.

CRULLERS.—One coffee-cup of sugar, six large tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a little nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of salt; mix in the flour until the dough is soft and can be easily handled, roll, cut out the cake, and fry in lard.

SALT FISH.—Salt fish should be put in a deep plate, with just enough water to cover it, the night before you intend to cook it; it should not be boiled one instant, for boiling renders it hard; it should lie in scalding hot water for two or three hours; the less water that is used, and the more fish that is cooked at once, the better; water thickened with flour and water while boiling, with sweet butter put in to melt, is the common sauce.

LIQUID GLUE FOR FANCY WORK.—A very excellent glue for joining paper or making cardboard boxes or similar articles of fancy work, can be made by the aid of vinegar and alcohol. Dissolve two ounces of the best transparent glue in a quarter of a pint of strong cider vinegar; let it simmer slowly by placing the dish containing it in a dish of boiling water; when it has become liquid turn in one ounce of highest proof alcohol, and keep it tightly corked. It can be made in a wide-mouthed bottle. If cold, heat in hot water when wanted for use.

CLEAR SOUP.—After boiling five hours strain it through a small sieve or clean towel, and skim it with a piece of white paper by passing it over the surface, the paper acting like blotting paper, removing the grease thoroughly; put the stock in a saucepan and allow it to heat; put in a small bowl the shells and whites of two eggs, a little pepper and salt and about a half a gill of cold water, mix together, and when the stock gets hot pour the mixture in it and whisk it all until the stock comes to a boil, allowing it to boil five minutes slowly, and then pour through a clean kitchen towel.

Camels in the United States.

Some two years since a herd of camels was driven to Yuma county, Arizona, with the intent to render them serviceable in the Territory as beast of burden. As the expectation formed of them was not realized, they were turned loose by their owners to roam eastward along the Gila river at their own ruminating will. They appear to have enjoyed their liberty, and to have profited by it. Not only have they thriven as though they had been in their native Africa, but they have bred liberally, and seem to have become domesticated to the region. It is thought that the new generation of camels will be thoroughly acclimated, and used to the alkaline waters peculiar to that section. The waterless desert of Sonora, to the south and southeast of Yuma county, contains vast deposits of salt, sulphur, borax and soda, with immense mineral ores in the mountains. These camels may yet be employed to advantage in transporting those products, for they can go without water as neither horses nor mules can. As is well known, the inside of their second stomach and of a portion of their first stomach is lined with cells in which water is stored up and retained, enabling them to endure long drought. It would be singular if the rejected and wandering camels should yet be found to be the best means of developing the resources of Sonora and much of the country roundabout. Nevertheless, it would be only one of many instances in which apparent accident has succeeded where design has failed.

A New Pipe Line.

The cost of transporting crude oil over the railways being so expensive as to absorb all the profits of the trade, a system of piping was devised by which the illuminating fluid could be transferred from the oil regions to the seaboard at small cost, comparatively, and now it is announced that the pipe line extending from Bradford county to Williamsport, Pa., has been completed, and the pumping of oil into the pipes commenced.—The appearance of the oily fluid at the outlet is soon expected. The pipes are six inches in diameter, and the line extends one hundred miles over a rough country, including high hills and rugged mountains. Though there is an actual descent, it requires some forcing power to overcome the accounts made by the line of pipes. There are two pumping stations—one at the starting point, Corryville, and the other at Coudersport, Potter county, twenty-two and a-half miles from Corryville. The pump at the latter point has to overcome an elevation of 1,200 feet, but from that point to Williamsport there is a fall of 2,100. The lowest capacity of the line is estimated at 6,000 barrels daily. Extensive refineries are to be established at Williamsport, and the buildings for one have been some time in progress.—Others will follow if the pipe line proves a success, and a second line is already projected.

The New Orleans *Picayune* is of opinion that an army officer has no right to blow out brains that have been educated at West Point at the public expense.

Not Complimentary to the Boys.

Perhaps it is because of the growing scarcity of available men, perhaps it is because of the increasing independence of the fair sex—whatever the reason, it is a fact patent to all who frequent places of amusement that ladies venture abroad in the evening without male escorts far more frequently than they did ten years ago, and it is greatly to the credit of our city that they can do so with impunity. A lady would hardly go out alone of an evening, but if accompanied by an another of her sex, especially if one of the pair be tolerably along in years—it is not necessary to give exact figures—both feel comparatively safe. The result is that young men are not so much of a necessity as they once were, and are made to feel that they are no longer indispensable. Time was when a young man, simply because he was a man, was permitted to feel that he was a very important creature, but now that a male escort can be dispensed with on occasion, he has been made to descend from his high horse. He was wont to impose his cheap 'horse talk' and slang on his lady friends, and was permitted to parade his conceit and ignorance simply because he was a necessary evil; but times have changed all that, and he now often finds that unless he can command respect by his knowledge, his character, or gentlemanly deportment, his room is considered more desirable than his company. All of which is having an excellent effect upon the average young man of the period.—*Boston Transcript.*

Something About Lace.

Each town in Belgium is known for its particular lace; hence, we have Point de Bruxelles, Point de Malines, etc. The word 'point' signifies stitch, and sometimes also designates the pattern, and occasionally the ground of the lace. The word 'point lace,' both in England and America, is applied to rich and curiously wrought lace, seldom worn except in court costumes. The Belgian laces have also separate uses. Mechlin Point is chiefly employed in trimming night-dresses, pillows and coverlets. Another species is commonly worn as an edging, and mantillas, ball-dresses and *mouchoirs* are commonly made of the costly point de Bruxelles. All these laces are made of the finest thread, woven by hand, and the cost of the article ranges from $12 to $600, and sometimes rates as high as $2,000 a yard. This is manufactured in cellars, and can only be kept in good condition in a moist atmosphere. Every thread is carefully examined, and placed upon a piece of dark blue paper to test its quality. If there be the slightest unevenness the wheel is stopped, and the thread removed. This is carefully laid aside and used again. No machines can ever supersede the work of these fine spinners.

Engineering Feats of the Ancients.

In the history of ancient times, the cutting of canals plays an important part, both for military and political purposes. The Assyrian queen Semiramis captured the Armenian stronghold of Anlesh by means of a canal which emptied the river that defended the fortress on its only available side. Queen Nitocris, a conservative lady, who objected to the intrusion of foreign travelers as strongly as the Russian government of our own day, obstructed the approach to Nineveh by canals which gave so tortuous a course to the Euphrates that those who voyaged down the stream came three times in succession to the same village. Cyrus of Persia, enraged at the drowning of one of his favorite white horses in the river Gyndes, revenged himself upon the presumptuous stream by drawing off its waters into 360 canals, till it could almost be crossed dry-shod. Xerxes, when preparing to invade Greece, cut a canal through the promontory of Mount Athos in order to avoid the formidable cape which had proved fatal to so many fleets. Babylon was entered by the Persians through the bed of the river which had been previously drained by a canal; and a similar maneuver proved fatal to the Greek auxiliaries who aided the Egyptian rebellion against Persia in the fifth century B. C.

A Strange Career.

The metropolitan papers are publishing a romantic story from Elmira, N. Y., about Katie Hansen, who disappeared from Tioga county, Pa., twenty-two years ago. She was then eighteen. Katie, it appears, left her parents to avoid a dissolute lover, being unwilling to marry and fall into the degradation which she saw was inevitable, and yet unable to live near him and bear her misery. She dressed in male attire and went West. She was engaged on a boat as cook and roustabout. After the war broke out she served as a soldier until her sex was discovered, and then she became nurse in a hospital, where she found her former captain, Hopkins, at death's door. Nursing him to life, he repaid her by falling in love with and marrying the girl. His family, aristocrats of Ohio, refusing to recognize his wife, the couple emigrated to Cuba and invested their joint savings in a plantation, and now, at the expiration of fourteen years, return to the United States wealthy and respected. Katie's parents had never heard of her since her disappearance, and gave her up as dead. Their joy of learning she was alive and in affluence, surrounded by a family, was unbounded.

A Train Stopped by Insects.

One cricket would stand a poor show trying to stop a railroad train, but millions of them can do it, as was proved in Nevada, where a western-bound emigrant train met an army of crickets at Clarke's station, and was detained two hours and a half trying to get through. To make the passage the train men were finally forced to take brooms and sweep the insects off the rails. The crickets covered the track for about three miles, and when the driving-wheels of the engine struck them they would whirl around without going forward an inch.

Paid in One's Own Coin.

Peter's mother died. After that he was sent to his grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve.

Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home, but he did not want to go. He felt sure he would not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

'That depends upon yourself, Peter,' said grandmother. 'Carry love and kindness in your pocket, and you'll find no difficulty.'

The idea struck the boy favorably. He wished he could, he said.

'And the best of it is,' said grandmother, 'if you once begin paying it out, your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind and you will be treated kindly; love and you'll be loved.'

'I wish I could,' said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him. The next morning he rose early, as he was used at his grandmother's, and came down stairs, where everything being new, he felt very strange and lonely.

'I know I shan't be contented here,' he said to himself; 'I know I shan't; I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket.'

However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter came up to her and said:—

'Mother, what can I do to help you?'

'My dear boy,' said she, kissing him on the forehead, 'how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help you; for I'm afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear, good grandmother?'

What a kiss was that! It made him so happy.

'That's paying me in more than my own coin,' thought Peter.

Then he knew he should love his new mother; and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful, bright coin of kindness, which is the best 'small change' in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, and you will never be in want.

What Constitutes Propriety.

A contemporary discussing American manners as depicted in a recent novel, and the sharp English criticisms thereon, says of the heroine, who uses such expressions as 'do tell,' 'I want to know,' etc.: An Englishman would be perfectly ready to admit her moral and physical excellence and her innate charm, but they would not readily comprehend how she could be exactly 'a lady,' because in England 'a lady' is associated with a certain recognized stamp of manner and language. For instance, if an elegantly-dressed young woman were to say: 'Oh, it's elegant,' or 'She's very genteel,' an English gentleman or lady would instantly jump to the conclusion that, however admirable, the fair speaker belonged to the lower grade of social life. Again, as to social customs, ask a young lady in the highest grade of life in New York whether it is considered the correct thing to go to a theater alone with a young man, and she will exclaim at such an idea; yet there are cities not many hours distant where her cousins, who occupy an equally good social position, do this with perfect propriety. Then you will find people living in New York and Boston who speak the most correct grammar and whose manners are up to the highest standard. Yet those same people have country cousins who 'want to know,' 'do tell,' 'ain,' eat with their knives, and commit numberless other strange acts. It is an exceedingly difficult thing for a foreigner to comprehend the great difference between persons of apparently the same social position, in consequence of difference of place and circumstance. In England the earl has £10,000 a year, a castle and a house in Grosvenor-square, while his brother, the parson, lives in the depths of Devonshire on £800 a year; but the parson's sons and daughters speak just as good English as the earl's, and their habits and manners are precisely the same.

An Insurance Sharper.

Residing in Rochester, N. Y., is an old German dentist named Michael Dahl. Some years ago he took out an endowment policy in a mutual insurance company, having its headquarters in Boston, for $1,000. The policy would become due and payable two years from this time, in 1881. A few days since he was visited by the agent of the company, and a bargain made between the two that was a somewhat one sided arrangement. The agreement was that Mr. Dahl was to surrender his present policy, receive $150 in cash and a new one from the company, payable in 1885, on which he was to pay no premium. So far the matter looked perfectly straight, but the little joker had not put in an appearance. The policy was surrendered, and Mr. Dahl made out an application for a new one. Instead of its being inserted in the application that the new policy was to be paid in 1885, it was written in such a manner that it was not to be paid until the insured had attained the age of eighty-five. Mr. Dahl is now sixty-five years of age, and the application signed by him renders him liable to pay $40 a year for the next twenty years. The old gentleman feels somewhat excited over the business. He stated he had paid from $15 to $20 a quarter for a number of years, and he did not propose to pay any more money. The case has been placed in a lawyer's hands, and the agent may find himself obliged to disgorge the old policy, which is worth nearly its face value.

A woman in New York, who dashed pepper in her false lover's eyes, was arrested for 'sault.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Weather report—a clap of thunder.

Hash Knife is the newest postoffice in Texas.

Jefferson Davis is seventy-one years of age.

The creditor who skips is the man who belongs to the X owed us.

No person can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons.

Water, when it becomes steam, is expanded 1,700 times its original bulk.

Age should always precede beauty, therefore let the old folks retire before ten o'clock.

'I wonder what makes my eyes so weak,' said a fop to a gentleman. 'They are in a weak place,' responded the latter.

'Have you a mother-in-law?' asked a man of a disconsolate looking person. 'No,' he replied; 'but I've a father in jail.'

As the soundest health is less perceived than the lightest malady, so the highest joy touches us less than the smallest sorrow.

A man can never succeed in holding two or three dozen pins in his mouth as a woman does, no matter how much he practices on shad.

The taste for horseflesh has decreased in Vienna during the past year, according to the statistics, as there were 280 fewer horses eaten.

By the sweet aroma that exhales from handkerchiefs during Sabbath morning services one is reminded that there are many musk-ular Christians.

'Ma, lend me a pencil; I want to draw some ladies.' 'Draw some ladies! Why, Johnny, this is Sunday.' 'Well, I'll draw them in their Sunday clothes.'

A Louisville scientist prepared an exhaustive essay on antidotes for rabies. When he beheld the announcement in the paper it read 'Antidotes for Babies.'

Rev. Dr. Geissenhainer, the oldest Lutheran minister in the country, has just died, aged eighty-two years. For ninety-two years he had preached the gospel.

If it hadn't been for a friendly tree at the second Bull Run we should now have been getting decorated with all the rest of the fellows. Safe things, trees, except during a thunder storm.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

An old lady seeing a sign over the door of an umbrella shop, 'Umbrellas recovered,' went in and told the shopman that she would like to have him recover the one that was stolen from her the week previous.

The saying of an old philosopher that if he had a lever long enough he could move the world, leads a country correspondent to write to us that if he had a dried apple big enough he could soak up the Pacific ocean.

There is one thing that seems unaccountable to the average city fisherman, and that is, that an overgrown, awkward boy with a bean pole for a fishing rod and cotton twine for a line, will catch more fish than he with his fancy jointed rod and fine silken line.

'Professor,' said a cheeky soph, 'is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?' And the stern professor, loving his little joke, promptly responded: 'No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on them;' thereby scoring three against the unsuspecting man of cribs.

The old chimney of the house in which Washington was born, on the estate of 'Wakefield,' in Westmoreland county, Virginia, is still standing—all that is left to mark the spot, the tablet erected by Parke Custis in 1815 having crumbled to pieces. It is suggested that an enduring monument be placed upon the spot.

At the recent commencement at Vanderbilt university, Nashville, Tenn., the degree of Master of Arts was conferred by the faculty upon Miss Kate Lupton, because, as the chancellor stated, 'she had won it in a masterly manner, having passed most satisfactorily all the examinations to which the young men were subjected.'

Rose Eytinge, the actress, is of partly Jewish descent. While she was lounging in the Union Square theater green-room between a matinee and an evening performance, an actor entered just in time to see her yawn. Gazing in affected horror at her widely-opened mouth, he exclaimed, 'Oh, don't swallow me.' 'You are safe,' she retorted, 'I am enough a Jewess to abhor pork.'

A man up on North Hill is just the maddest man. He went to Philadelphia and paid $320 for a pure-blood bird dog, with a pedigree longer than the chronological table of the kings of England, and the dog hasn't been home two days before the next door neighbor killed him with a brick in his henhouse, where the thoroughbred was sucking eggs. Blood is as uncertain and rare in a dog as it is in a South American battle.

A SUBSCRIBER'S SOLILOQUY.

To pay, or not to pay, that is the question—
Whether 'tis better for me to refuse
To take a local paper, and deprive
My family from reading all the news,
Or pay up promptly what the printer asks,
And, by such payment, cheer him? No pay—no paper—
Then no more shall I be posted on the news,
And local haps through the town,
And divers topics—'tis a consummation
That I long have feared. To pay, or stop?
To stop! perchance to lose—aye, there's the rub;
For in that stop no interest do I take
In any of th' affairs which move the town,
And such a shuffling off of all that's good
Must make me pause. There's the respect
Which every editor maintains for those
Who come down with the cash and ne'er delay
To settle up 'that little bill.' For who would bear
The pointed squibs and pungent paragraphs
Which far too oft reflect upon the man
Who fails to settle his subscription bill?
I'll haste me now unto the editor,
And, with my purse plethoric in my hand,
Will settle up in full, one year from date,
By paying to him from my ready cash
The sum of two dollars in advance.

The Agriculturist.

In these days when most boys think they must leave the dull old farm and go to the city to become merchants, because they imagine it gives them a higher place in the world—so many, unfortunately, only to become drudges all through their lives—it is well to recall what the great Daniel Webster had to say of the farmer: 'Agriculture is the parent of all other industries, and the source from which flows all other wealth. No man is so high as to be independent of the success of this great interest; no man so low as not to be affected by its prosperity or decline. Agriculture feeds and to a great extent clothes us; without it we could not have manufactures, and we should not have commerce. They all stand together, but stand together like pillars in a cluster—the largest in the center—and that largest is agriculture. We live in a country of farms and freehold tenements; a country in which men cultivate their own fee-simple acres, drawing not only their subsistence, but their spirit of independence and manly freedom from the ground and the plow. They are at once its owners, its cultivators and its defenders. The cultivation of the earth is the most important work of man. He may, in some degree, be civilized without great manufactories, or intercourse with his distant neighbors; but without the cultivation of the earth he is in all countries a savage. Until he gives up the chase, and fixes himself to some place and seeks a living from the earth, he is a roaming barbarian. When tillage begins other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of civilization.'

There is no situation that cannot discover a lower depth. Here is a newspaper comforting a man who has lost both legs with the information that he won't hereafter be troubled with corns.

The prize pigeon at the flying trial at Baltimore made forty-two miles in sixty-four minutes.

Three ice factories cool Atlanta.

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CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES LIVER DISEASES. DR. CLARK JOHNSON'S INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP

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The Best Remedy Known to Man!

Dr. Clark Johnson having associated himself with Mr. Edwin Eastman, an escaped captive, long a slave to Wakametkla, the medicine man of the Comanches, is now prepared to lend his aid in the introduction of the wonderful remedy of that tribe. The experience of Mr. Eastman being similar to that of Mrs. Chase, Jones and son, of Washington Co., Iowa, an account of whose sufferings were thrillingly narrated in the *New York Herald* of Dec. 14th, 1878, the facts of which are so widely known, and so nearly parallel, that but little mention of Mr. Eastman's experiences will be given here. They are, however, published in a neat volume of 96 pages, entitled, "Seven and Nine Years Among the Comanches and Apaches," of which mention will be made hereafter. Suffice it to say, that for several years, Mr. Eastman, while a captive, was compelled to gather the roots, grass, barks, herbs and berries of which Wakametkla's medicine was made, and is still prepared to provide the same materials for the successful introduction of the medicine to the world; and assures the public that the remedy is the same now as when Wakametkla compelled him to make it.

Wakametkla, the Medicine Man

Nothing has been added to the medicine, and nothing has been taken away. It is without doubt the Best PURIFIER of the Blood and RESTORER of the SYSTEM ever known to man.

This Syrup possesses varied properties.

It acts upon the Liver.
It acts upon the Kidneys.
It regulates the Bowels.
It purifies the Blood.
It quiets the Nervous System.
It promotes Digestion.
It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates.
It carries off the old blood and makes New.
It opens the pores of the skin, and induces Healthy Perspiration.

It neutralizes the hereditary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates scrofula, hrysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors.

There are no spirits employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate lady, or by the aged and feeble, care only being required in adhering to directions.

Edwin Eastman in Indian Costume.

SEVEN AND NINE YEARS AMONG THE COMANCHES AND APACHES. A neat volume of 96 pages, being a simple statement of the horrible facts which befell the old pioneer of a helpless family, and the captivity, torture and ultimate escape of its surviving members. For sale by our agents generally. Price $1.00.

The incidents of the massacre, briefly narrated, are published by agents free of charge.

Mr. Eastman, being almost constantly at the Wigwam, engaged in gathering and curing the materials of which the medicine is composed, the sole business management devolves upon Dr. Johnson, and the remedy has been called, and is known as

Dr. Clark Johnson's INDIAN BLOOD PURIFIER.

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Read the voluntary testimonials of persons who have been cured by the use of Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup, in your own vicinity.

Testimonials of Cures.

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Recommends it to all.

Wake Forest, College, Jan. 20, 1879.

Dear Sir:—I have used the Indian Blood Syrup which I purchased from your Agent, W. B. Wingate, and think it a serviceable medicine; its effect on the Liver, Blood, and other ways I have had occasion to use, have been fully up to the claims of its Agent; and cheerfully recommend it to the people of this vicinity. E. E. Gill, Magistrate.

An Excellent Medicine.

Prestonville, Sampson Co., N. C., Jan. 1, 1879.

Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with Rheumatism in my back and hips for three years, I was advised to try your Indian Blood Syrup and I can say it has done me more good than any medicine I ever tried. Joel Hawkins.

Remedy for Rheumatism.

Back Swamp, Robeson Co., N. C., Oct. 3, 1878.

Dear Sir:—I was afflicted with Rheumatic Pains for ten years, and I tried many remedies, but found none to do me any good until I purchased some of your Indian Blood Syrup from your Agent, and having tested it myself, I would recommend all afflicted to give it a trial. William Rowland.

Cured when other Remedies Failed.

Moss Neck, Robeson Co., N. C.

Dear Sir:—I was badly afflicted, and I am glad to testify that your Indian Blood Syrup has cured me when every other medicine failed. I consider it a valuable medicine. J. McArthur.

Another case of Rheumatism Cured.

Marshall Maxwell, of Lumberton, Robeson Co., N. C., writes that he has been cured of Rheumatism by the use of the Indian Blood Syrup and would recommend all to give it a reasonable trial.

Remedy for Backache.

Benlaville, Duplin Co., N. C., Feb. 20, 1879.

Dear Sir:—I was suffering very much with the backache, and three doses of your Indian Blood Syrup cured me. W. J. Barber.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion and Liver Complaint.

Benlaville, Duplin Co., N. C., Feb. 20, 1879.

Dear Sir:—I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and Sick Headache, for a long time, and I tried some of your valuable Indian Blood Syrup and found myself greatly benefited. I believe it to be a good medicine. Nancy J. Barber.

For Purifying the Blood.

Benlaville, Duplin Co., N. C., Feb. 22, 1879.

Dear Sir:—I have been using your Indian Blood Syrup and find it a very valuable medicine for Purifying the Blood. Spicy E. Pickett.

For Heart Disease.

Benlaville, Duplin Co., N. C., Feb. 22, 1879.

Dear Sir:—I have taken your Indian Blood Syrup for Heart Disease, and it has been of great value to me. I can recommend it to all similarly afflicted. Barbara Williams.