The Old North State

VOL. V. SALISBURY, N. C., OCTOBER 14, 1870. NO. 41

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1868.

Allow me to call your attention to my preparation of

COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU.

The components are Buchu, Long Leaf Cubeba, Juniper Berries.

MODE OF PREPARATION.

Buchu, in vacuo. Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Cubeba extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now to use.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle), leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœia, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exist. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation, With a feeling of confidence,

I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist of 16 Years' Experience.

[From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.]

NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupied the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise." WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown Streets, Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU,

For weakness arising from indiscretion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms, among which will be found, Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Wakefulness, Horror or Disease, Pain, Dimness of Sight, Universal Lassitude, Prostration, and inability to enter into the enjoyments of society.

The constitution, once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLDS Extract Buchu invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or insanity ensues.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU,

In affections peculiar to Females is unequalled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrus State of the Uterus, and all complaints incident to the sex, or the decline or change of life.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU

AND

IMPROVED ROSE WASH

Will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from the habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury, in all these diseases.

USE HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU

In all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, "immediate" in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken-down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect the bodily health and mental powers.

All the above diseases require the aid of a Diuretic. HELMBOLD'S Extract Buchu is the great Diuretic.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price—$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, N. Y.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed

H. T. HELMBOLD.

june 3—1y

PHILLIPS & BROTHERS,
TWO DOORS ABOVE THE
Court House, on Main Street,

RETURN THEIR THANKS TO THE public for the very liberal patronage enjoyed by them during the past year, and hope, by fair dealing and strict attention to business to merit a continuance, if not an increase of the same.

We will continue to keep on hand a good supply of **FAMILY GROCERIES,** including

Fresh and Salt Fish,
—OF EVERY VARIETY—
Whiskeys, Brandies, Rum, Gin, &c., &c.
ALSO,
BOOTS, SHOES, DOMESTICS, PIECE GOODS,

YANKEE NOTIONS,

in fact, almost everything usually kept in a variety Store, all of which we will **sell low for Cash, or Country Produce** at the highest market price.

PHILLIPS & BROTHERS.
Feb. 18, 1870. 7—tf

$1.000 REWARD.

DeBing's Via Fuga cures all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Organic Weakness, Female Afflictions, General Debility and all complaints of the Urinary Organs, in male and female.

$1,000 will also be paid for any case of Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles that DeBing's Pile Remedy fails to cure.

DeBing's MAGIC LINIMENT cures Rheumatism, Pains, Bruises and Swelled Joints, *in man and beast.*

Sold everywhere. Send for Pamphlet.

Laboratory—142 Franklin st., Baltimore, Md. apr22-1y

WILLIAM VALENTINE,
THE BARBER,

RETURNS HIS THANKS to his *OLD FRIENDS* and the Public for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him. He now informs them that he has fitted up a new and commodious

Shop, in Dr. Henderson's Brick-Building, Room No. 2,

where he would be pleased to see them. He guarantees to give satisfaction in every case.—He has in his employ of the best Hair Dressers in Western North Carolina. He requests a call from all.

Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 17, 1869. 50—tf

NORTH CAROLINA, } Superior Court,
MONTGOMBERY COUNTY. } Sept. 15, 1870.

James S. Turner and wife Judith T. Turner, as adm'r of John E. Chambers, dec'd.
against
Edward C. Chambers, Cornie Chambers, Benjamin G. Chambers, Anna E. Chambers and Robert M. Chambers.

Petition to sell Land for Assets.

To Edward C. Chambers:

You are hereby notified that a summons with copy of complaint in the above entitled action was issued on the 8th day of September, 1870.

You are also notified that the summons in said cause is returnable before the Clerk of the Superior Court of said county at his office in Troy on the 28th day of October, 1870, when and where you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint—in default whereof the plaintiff will apply to said Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness, C. C. Wade, Clerk of our said Court at office in Troy this 15th day of September, A. D. 1870.

C. C. WADE, c. s. c.
37:6w—[pr. fee $10.]

CLEMMONS' STAGE LINES!
WARSAW
To Fayetteville.

LEAVE Warsaw for Fayetteville daily except Sunday. Through Tickets from Goldsboro' via Warsaw, to Fayetteville, $6. Through tickets from Weldon to Fayetteville $10.—Through tickets from Wilmington, via Warsaw, to Fayetteville, $6.

CHARLOTTE VIA WADESBORO. TO HEAD OF W., C. & R. R. R:

Leave Charlotte after trains from Raleigh via Monroe, for Wadesboro' Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Leave Wadesboro', Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after trian from Wilmington.

CHATHAM R. R. TO FAYETTEVILLE AND WESTERN R. R.:

Leave Chatham Rail Road after train from Raleigh.

Leave Western Road at Jonesboro' after train from Fayetteville, daily except Sundays.

SALEM AND HIGH POINT STAGE leaves each place daily.

Office at Butner's Hotel, Salem, N. C.
E. T. CLEMMONS,
Spet. 16, 1870—tf Contractor.

[ESTABLISHED 1811.]

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INFALLIBLE AGUE PILL,
25 CTS. PER BOX.

THE unprecedented success of these PILLS, in the prompt and easy cure of hundreds of cases of Intermittent, or Ague and Fever, during the present season, fully justifies their claim to INFALLIBILITY.

Quick, safe and cheap; only 25 cents. To be had, only, At E. SILL'S DRUG STORE, Salisbury.

☞ They can be safely mailed to any distance, free of additional cost. 37:tf

The Old North State
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
LEWIS HANES.
Editor and Proprietor.

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ONE YEAR, payable in advance.	$3.00
SIX MONTHS, " "	1.50
5 Copies to one address	12.50
10 Copies to one address	20.00

Rates of Advertising.

One Square, first insertion	$1.00
For each additional insertion	50

Special notices will be charged 50 per cent higher than the above rates.

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SPACE.	One Month.	Two Months.	Three Months.	Six Months.	One Year.
1 Square.	$2 50	$3 75	$5 00	$8 50	$13 00
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4 Squares.	8 00	11 00	15 00	25 00	37.50
¼ Column.	11 00	16 00	20 00	30 00	45.00
½ Column.	18 00	24 00	30 00	45 00	75.00
1 Column.	28 00	40 00	50 00	80 00	130.00

HOW I GOT INVITED TO DINNER

My gettin' the better of my wife's father is one of the richest things on record.

I'll tell you heow it was. You must know that he is monstrous stingy. The complaint seems to run in the family, and everybody 'round our parts used to notice that he never by any chance asked anybody to dine with him. So one day, jist for a chunk of fun, I said to a friend of mine, Jeddy Dowkins—a dreadful nice fellow is Jeddy—'I'll bet you a penn'orth of shoe-strings gint a row of pins, that I get old Ben Merkins, that's my wife's father, to ask me to dinner,'

'You git out,' said Jeddy; 'why you might as well try to coax a cat into a shower bath, or git moonbeams out of cucumbers.'

'Well,' said I, 'I'm going to try.'

And try I did, and I'll tell you how I went to work.

Jist as old Ben was sittin' down to dinner, at one o'clock, I rushed up to the house at a high-pressure pace, red-hot in the face, with my coat-tails in the air, and my eyes rolling about like billiard-balls in convulsions Rat-a-tat-tat—ding-a-ling-a-ling; I kicked up an awful rumpus, and in a flash out came old Ben himself. I had struck the right minit. He had a napkin under his chin, and carvin' knife in his hand. I smelt the dinner as he opened the door.

'O, Mr. Merkins,' said I, 'I'm tarnation glad to see you. I feared you moughn't be at home—I'm almost out of breath.—I'm come to' tell you I can save you a thousand dollars!'

'A thousand dollars!' roared the old man, and I defy a weasel to go through a crack any quicker than his face burst into smiles. 'One thousand dollars! You don't say so! du tell!'

'Oh,' said I, 'I see you are just havin' dinner neow. I'll go an' dine myself, an' then I'll come back an' tell you all about it.'

'Nonsense,' said he; 'don't go away; come in and sit down and enjoy yourself, like a good fellow, and have a snack with me. I am anxious to hear what you have to say.'

I pretended to decline, sayin' I'd come back; but I'd thoroughly stirred up the old chap's curiosity, an' it ended by his fairly pullin' me into the house, an' I made a rattlin' dinner of pork and beans.

I managed for some time to dodge the main point of his inquiry. At last I finished eating, an' there was no further excuse for delay; besides old Ben was getting fidgety.

'Come, neow,' said he, 'no more preface. About that thousand dollars; come, now, let it out.'

'Well, I'll tell you what it is,' said I; 'you have a darter, Misery Ann, to dispose of in marriage, have you not?'

'What's that got to do with it?' interrupted he.

'Hold your proud steeds—don't run off the track—a great deal to do with it,' said I. 'Neow, answer my question.'

'Well,' said he, 'I have.'

'An' you intend, when she marries, to give her $10,000 for a portion.'

'I do,' he said.

'Well, neow here's the pint I'm coming to. Let me have her, an' I'll take her with $9,000; and $9,000 from $10,000, according to simple addition, just leaves one, an' that will be clean profit—saved as slick as a whistle!'

The next thing I knew there was a rapid interview goin' on between old Ben's foot an' my coat-tails—an' I am inclined to think the latter got the worst of it.

The poorest men are those who have nothing to do, and the most unhappy are those who make happiness their chief aim of life. The most ignorant are those who know best of themselves, and the most noble are those who are most honest.—The greatest are those who feel themselves to be the least; and the best preacher is he whose life most nearly resembles the life and example of Christ.

Religion is not an art, a matter of dexterity and skill, but a new nature.

GENERAL TROCHU—A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

Louis Jules Trochu, Major General, or chief of staff of the French army, is now in a position, as Governor of Paris, that will enable him to play a great part in the revolution that will follow in the event of the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty. One of the Paris dispatches already regard him as the virtual Dictator, and that he is talked of as a prospective consul of the republic. Still more definite than this is the information that in his proclamation to the people of Paris both the Emeperor and the Empress were ignored, for which ex-Minister of the Interior Pinard wished to call him to account in the Chambers, and was with difficulty restrained from doing so. It is also rumored that Trochu, when recently urged to take the Ministry of War, refused to do so, expect at the bidding of the Corps Legislatif, which was rather significant from an officer of "the personal government," but is not altogether inexplicable if it be true that he is an Orleanist in his proclivities. If he is really disaffected towards the Emperor, he probably sees plainly enough that changes are at hand which, if he takes a proper advanage of the rapidly advancing waves of revolution, will bear him on to fortune. As there are indications that General Trochu is one of the coming men, if not the coming man, in France, a sketch of his career will not be uninteresting.

Louis Jules Trochu was born in 1815, and he is now in the full vigor of his faculties. He entered the military school of St. Cyr in 1835, and like most of the French officers at that time, he engaged in the war for the conquest of Algeria, and had attained the rank of captain in 1853, when he took part in the battle of Sidi Yusef, in which he had his uniform pierced in four places by rifle balls. He distinguised himself at the battle of Isly by the bravery he displayed, and was on that occasion selected by the successful and able commander, Marshal Bugeaud, as his aide-decamp. He became Colonel in 1853; was placed on the staff of Marshal St. Arnaud and served during the Crimean war. His brilliant conduct at the assault on Sebastopol secured him a decoration.

Kinglake represents him as the master mind of the French army during the Crimean war, and calls attention to fact that in all the conferences with Lord Raglan, Trochu, rather than St. Arnaud or Canrobert, was the spokesman. In 1859 he was made General of Division, and served with distinction in the Italian war; and in 1866, after the success of Prussia at Sadowa, he was charged with the preparation of a plan for the reorganization of the French army, and in 1867 he produced an essay upon organization which ran through ten editions. He was one of the first to foresee the inevitable contest between France and Prussia, and in a recent pamphet he gave the results of an intense study of the Rhenish frontier as a fighting field. By many of the French military men General Trochu is esteemed to be the most brilliant strategist in their army, and it has been claimed that he is the equal, if not the superior, of the Prussian veteran Von Moltke. In personal appearance he is described as being of middle size, elegant in figure, but strong and sinewy. He has a pleasing countenance, full of intelligence, and his address is quick, almost warm. He has a broad, thoughtful forehead, slightly bald; small eyes but so brilliant and sparkling that they constitute a remarkable feature. His hand is nervous though small, and while his whole aspect is that of a soldier, there is such absence of protension that one is not obliged to address him always as M. le General. His army predilections have not hardened his heart, though they may have given him stronger views of duty. His brother having died and left nine children unprovided for, Trochu took charge of them all, and for their sakes he has remained a single man. He is not a man of extended popularity, but his merits are known to the judicious few, and by them set at an exceedingly high value.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

REV. SYDNEY SMITH ON WAR.—If these men were to have their legs and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the weather, the whole country would be in a state of tha most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale deaths of a field of battle, ten acres, covered with dead, and half dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more of misery inflicted on mankind by one year of war than all the civil peculations and aggressions of a century. Yet it is a state into which the mass of mankind rush with avidity calling official murderers in scarlet, gold and cock's feathers, the greatest and most glorious of human creatures. It is the business of every wise and good man to set himself against this passion for military glory, which really seems the most fruitful source of human mistery.

One Thing and Another.—As the story goes—and if it isn't true it is good enough to be true—Rev. Dr. Ninton was instantly cured of chewing tobacco by a young miss of twelve, to whom he was giving good advice about Lent. She said: "I'shaw! don't preach to me when you have your mouth full of nasty tobacco." The reverend gentleman turned aside and removed the odious quid from his mouth, which was never defiled with it again.

HOW TO CARE FOR A PIANO FORTE.

We publish the following at the request of a "musician" for the benefit of our musical friends:

After the selection of a piano, the next thing of importance is to take care of it. A great many really fine instruments are ruined by ignorance or carelessness. A good piano is something to be petted and caressed and not beaten and abused. It has soul and feeling, if it is nothing but wood, iron, steel, brass, felt and lead—and will always sing you its sweetest songs when gently and tenderly handled. People often abuse their instruments, and then blame the manufacturers and parties from whom they purchase for selling them for what they are pleased to term "trashy thing." I was sent for recently to examine a piano that the owner said he had purchased in Cincinnati, of Messrs. Smith & Nixon, and which was represented by them as being one of the finest instruments in the world. I asked him what the trouble was. He said it was all trouble.

The keys all would stick when pressed down; and the wires and the tuning pins were covesed with rust, and it rattled and jarred more than a horse fiddle. When I reached his residence and examined his instrument, I found it to be one of Steinway's Square Grands. He had placed the piano against the outside wall of the room, and had kept it closed and no fire in the room for the period of one year, (his daughter for whom he had purchased it being absent.) The jarring horse-fiddle sound he complained of was caused by a silver table spoon on the sounding board. Was Messrs. Steinway & Sons or Smith & Nixon to blame for the condition in which I found his instrument? I think not,—and all intelligent and fair-minded persons will agree with me. Had the gentlnman known how to take care of his instrument—and knowing, done it—he would doubtless have found his instrument in as perfect order as when it left the ware-rooms of the manufacturers.

A piano should not be put too near the fire, too near a draught with the back of the window or outside wall; should not be used for placing music books, shawls, etc., upon; should be closed when not in [illegible] eral months, or it will cause the ivory on the keys to turn yellow. Keep it in tune, and have it tuned only by a competent tuner; and never allow it below concert pitch, (unless the piano is an old one, in which case it probably would not bear the strain upon it.) It should be tuned, at the very least, three times in the first year, after that, whenever it requires it. Dampness is its most dangerous enemy, causing the strings and turning pins to rust, the cloth used in the construction of the keys to swell, whereby the action will move sluggishly and often stick entirely.

The best pianos, made of the most thoroughly seasoned wood, are the ones that are most effected by dampness, the absorption being greater. When the tone of the piano becomes "ninty," it is caused by the felt on the hammers becoming hard by constant use, and may be remedied by a process called "picking up," but should not be attempted by any but a competent person. Any hard substance, no matter how small, dropped on the sounding board, will cause the piano to have a jarring sound. The piano should at all times be protected by a good rubber cover.—You should place a piece of camphor, wrapped in soft paper, in one of the inside corners to protect the felt from the depredation of moths—renewing the camphor every three months.

A SECOND ULYSSES.

An old man of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot was brought before the police court. His clothes looked as if they had been bought in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than from the proprietor himself.

'What business do you follow, Wilmot?'

'Business? None; I'm a traveler.'

'A vagabond, I suppose.'

'You are not far from right; travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is, the latter travel without money and the former without brains.'

'Where have you traveled?'

'All over this continent.'

'For what purpose?'

'Observation.'

'What have you observed?'

'A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at.'

'Umph! What do you commend?'

'A handsome woman that will stay at home, an elegant preacher that will not write too much, and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue.'

'What do you censure?'

'A man who marries a girl for fine clothing, a youth who studies law or medicine while he has use of his hands, people who select a drunkard or a jackass to office.

'What do you laugh at?'

'I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and abilities do not merit.'

He was dismissed.

Said a youngster in high glee, displaying his purchases to a bosom friend on the sidewalk: 'Two cocoanuts for ten cents! That will make me sick to-morrow, and I won't have to go to school.

NOT SO NOW.

Many years ago, when Judge Robert M. Charlton, of Savannah, Ga., was quite a young man, he, in company with his father, Hon. T. U. P. Charlton, spent every summer in the delightful little village of Clarksville, Northeast Georgia.

One day Robert was passing along the street in Clarksville, and it happened to be election day. Members of Congress were then elected by what was called the general ticket system, and not by districts as they now are, when he was met by a verdant Democrat of the mountains, who accosted him thus:

'Mr. Charlton, are you the man that is running for Congress?'

No, sir! I am no candidate—my father is, however. But may I ask why this inquiry?'

'Nothing, only I haven't voted yit.'

'If it is consistent with your feelings, I would like it if you would vote for my father.'

'I would just as leave vote for him as anybody.'

Mr. C. thanked him, and thinking perhaps his friend was seeking a treat, invited him into a neighboring bar-room.

'What will you take?'

'I never drink anything, but I see they have some ginger cakes. I would as leave take one of them with you as not!'

'Very well. Give us a cake.'

'My brother is in town with me.'

'All right, take him a cake with my respects.'

Another cake was purchased and paid for, and the two friends parted. "Greeney" to find his brother, and Mr. C. to join the merry dance with his friends in the parlor hard by. The golden hours on angels' wings' passed rapidly away with Mr. Charlton. His friend was soon forgotten. Late in the afternoon, when there was a pause in the dance, our verdant friend, very much to the surprise of every one, stalked into the parlor and inquired for Mr. C. Of course all eyes were directed to our friend as he approached Mr. C. Drawing from his bosom a four by six inch cake, he said:—'Mr. Charlton, here's your cake. My brother had voted afore I seed him.'

Mr. C.'s embarrassment was not greater than his admiration of the fellow's honesty.—*Exchange.*

WHY JEWESSES ARE BEAUTIFUL.

Chateaubrand gives a fanciful but an agreeable reason for the fact that Jewish women are so much handsomer than the men of their nation. He says Jewesses have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged Him, crowned Him with thorns, and subjected Him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Savior, and assisted and soothed Him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner annointed his feet with perfumed oil and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment, To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over Him; the holy women accompanied him to calvary, brought him balm and spices; and weeping sought him in the sepulchre. "Woman, why weepest thou?" His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, "Mary." At the sound of his voice, Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered: "Master." The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.

How to Hold the Fertility of the Soil.—Gypsum attracts. It is not only a manure in itself, but it attracts the manure from the atmosphere that comes in contact with it (which is abundant on windy days); but it catches and holds the fertility of the ground that in some soils escapes. Lime will also do this—so will clay. Clay, dried and powdered, is an excellent thing to put on a barn-yard, or to cover a compost heap with, or work through the heap; hence we use gypsum and lime on our stables and privies. Gypsum is best; it has the most attraction, besides other properties. A little should be kept by every farmer for use, even at a high cost, as the benefit is sometimes more important than the high price. But we waste manure. We not only permit its strength to escape, but we are glad to get it out of the way. The same recklessness extends to the land. It is well our soil has a good proportion of clay to hold its strength. We must converse.—The time is not far distant when we shall be compelled to do it. Already there are symptoms of lack in our soil; we do not raise as heavy crops as we use to—here and there a field, here and there a farm is less productive. It is not so much that we need plaster here in the West to hold the strength of the soil as to use it to abstract it from the atmosphere, and to save the ammonia of our barn-yards and stables. For this let us always keep a little on hand. Let us save and improve our manure, and thus save our farms.

Colman's Rural World.

THE HOME AND GRAVE OF HENRY CLAY.

The Lexington cemetery, where lies all that is mortal of the "immortal Sage of Ashland," is located about a mile in the suburbs of the city, and is truly a beautiful place; the most lovely and picturesque "city of the dead" that the writer has ever visited, and is said to surpass any cemetery in the South or West.

As you enter the broad gate of the cemetery towering heavenward and seen from East to West, from North or South, for miles distant, is the monument erected over the grave of the immortal and illustrious patriot, "Harry of the West."—It is very tastefully built upon an elevated mound. The base is Egyptian architecture, with Corinthian cap and column, surmounted by a life size statue of Clay in a similar attitude to the one on Canal street in our city. The monument is constructed from stone quarried from his adopted State, Kentucky, and from base to statue is one hundred and eighty-three feet in height.

His remains are in a sarcophagus, and on its base is inscribed those memorable words of the mighty dead:

"I can with unshaken confidence appeal to the Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive; have sought no personal aggrandizement; but in all my public acts I have had a sole and single eye, and a warm, devoted heart, directed and dedicated to what in my best judgement I believed to be the interests of my country."

In lingering beside the grave of this distinguished sage and statesman we are back in contemplation to the halcyon days of our country's history; when the Senate floor was graced by men of gigantic intellect, and the halls of Congress echoed to the words of patriotism and eloquence; when fraud, political chicanery and self-aggrandizement were unknown; days, alas! that we fear shall dawn upon us no more.

Clay, Calhoun and Webster—America's trinity statesmen and patriots—will find no rivals through all coming time.—The departed greatness and glory of our country are alike a thing of the past.

Proud indeed, then, should Kentucky be of the ashes of one of the man who would rather be right than be President."

Soap and Hog Cholera.—J. T. Busty, Lancaster, O., writes the *Ohio Farmer* that he had known hogs said to have this disease, dissected, and the stomach, bowels and livers found to be full of worms three and four inches long, the ends of them being pointed and sharp, and of a hard, rough, wiry appearance. In one instance the cavity of the gall was crowded full of these worms. His Poland pigs were attacked with cholera. Caught the pigs, placed on their backs—one boy holding legs and the other the ears—and gave each pig a tablespoonful of soft soap morning and evening for three days. The second day he observed in their droppings long stringy substances, which he found to be the skins of what he supposed to be worms, which was proof to him the soap had the desired effect. He also put soft soap into the swill fed his other hogs, which has improved their appearance very much.

Lice on Hogs.—In answer to a recent inquiry for a remedy for lice on hogs, allow me to say that I have had an experience of twelve years with breed hogs.—The past five years I have used the following, which will clean off the lice in two days:—Put about one gill of kerosene oil into an old dish, and with a paint brush or old woolen rag rub the oil up and down the back of the animal and behind the fore leg and on the flank. Be particular about the last two places, for it is where the lice deposit their eggs, which, if not destroyed will hatch out in about five days. If it be a black hog, these eggs can be plainly seen, being about the size of timothy seed and lying close to the skin fast to the hair; no one need fear to use the oil freely, as it will not injure the hog in the least. Hot water will not kill these lice, for I have seen them crawl after the hog had been scalded in a barrel after being butchered.—*R. Woodruff, in Rural New Yorker.*

THIRTY CENTURIES OLD.—The oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of the earliest Pharaoh incased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect, considering its age, which was deposited eighteen or twenty months ago in British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archæological treasures. The lid of the coffin was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykesimus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ.

Only think of it—the monarch whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are exciting the wonder of the numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after Misraim, the grand son of old father Noah, and the first of the Pharahs had been gathered to his fathers! Why the tide mark of the deluge could scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher wood knee timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved and had his being. His flesh and blood were progenitors of the great patriarch.