

From the Washington Capital.
Gratuities.

The Whig Party on its Travels.
It is generally believed that the Whig party is dead. This is a popular delusion. That it went out of active political life is very true. When the Democratic party went South for its health the Whig party retired to the shades of private life and lived on its respectability. It is rather poor sort of living, but some people seem to thrive on that diet. It may be seen in the person of the Hon. John B. Buntzway, at any hour after twelve m. and before 6 p. m. by any respectable individual of good family possessed of a swallow tail and a carry. Should the card have a crest the owner is all the more welcome. It is well to purchase a few of that sort. They can be had at the same price as plain ones, and when you visit the late Whig party they will be the hinges of active doors and facilitate an interview—if that is desirable. But considering our brief existence and its uncertainties, such as ferry boats, railroad collisions, Tammany securities, and Erie stock, one wonders at anybody wishing to know the late Whig party. It lives in the person of the Hon. John B. Buntzway. The Hon. John B. has been in the Senate of the United States. His father was in the Senate before him. He is educating his son for the Senate, and it is proposed, as long as a male heir survives, that the refuge for hopeless imbeciles, to have a Buntzway at that honorable position. As the only qualifications necessary are the name and intense dignity, the training does not call for much expenditure of brain.

Last summer the Whig party visited various public resorts. It could be encountered at any fashionable watering place. It was noted for its dignity and reserve. It was always uneasy lest some low fellow, male or female, might speak to it. Were any such to address this family it would immediately fall from its high state, and be lost forever. The consequences were that the Buntzway family, antipating such ruin, was continually on the defensive. By a morning the patriarch would put on with his clean linen an additional coat of dignity. He would starch up as it were, and marching at the head of his little force, descend with great caution to the breakfast room. Every move indicated an apprehension that the enemy might rush out from around a corner and suddenly speak to some one of the family. This was provided for. This was guarded against. If any low wretch dared attempt such an outrage the family was prepared to annihilate the vile creature.

Some envious people insinuate that the progenitors of the Buntzways were soap-bubblers. This is not so. The Buntzways never had sense enough to be soap-bubblers. The great progenitor of the illustrious Buntzways was a casualty. He was an undertaker—hence the dignified training of the family. He fled near to a man, dying of the smallpox, cut off his family and left his means to his undertaker. Old Buntzway invested in the smallpox. The estate went up, carry with it the family. This is the whole story—and not a very entertaining one—but illustrative.

The present family of Buntzways is timid. The Whig party always was timid. When the slavery agitation came on, the Whig party deprecated it, and said the agitators were low fellows, and ought to be discontinued. If they were properly discontinued the agitation would cease. The old Whig scow resembled the venerable gentleman who goes in for a night and a day at his nightcap and retired to his berth. When the storm came, he sent word to the captain to stop that howling, as he could not sleep, and for heaven's sake keep the sailors from running about the deck, as they shook the boat so it made him sick.

Mr. John B. Buntzway and family were traveling for pleasure. A more unhappy set were never caught abroad. Fear, we are told, is contagious. Mr. Buntzway took the disorder and gave it to his family. They caught it as comfortably in the cars for fear of collisions. They drank bad brandy and starved themselves into hideous headaches from fear of cholera, that was three thousand miles away. On steamboats Mr. Buntzway and his interesting family slept in their clothes, twisted through their life-preservers, each for fear of explosions. Mr. Buntzway, once a gentleman of weight, was losing flesh every two minutes, his good wife had screamed herself into the bronchitis, his two admiral daughters were all the while looking around for something to be frightened at.

Mr. Buntzway was distinguished in his appearance. Somewhat short in stature, he was, as I intimated, corpulent. He indulged in white whiskers, and many a round handkerchief, that, tied tight around his neck, with a very red face above, with pop-eyes, gave out an idea that he was indulging in a very genteel mode of suffocation, or every man his own gallows. Mrs. Buntzway was a delicate and sensitive being. The two daughters were promising girls—promising I say, for as yet they presented the appearance of only two very fine frames—having shot into womanhood without waiting for the underpinning, framing, or plaster.

The party arrived at Niagara one warm July morning, Mr. Buntzway seeking nothing but thieves and pickpockets around him, and death and destruction ahead.

MR. BUNTZWAY VISITS THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND CREATES QUITE A SENSATION.

Our hero issued from the Cataract House in state—the neckcloth tied tighter than ever—the two daughters marched before—she had his wife under one arm, a good stick under the other. With the husband-in-commander, they were followed by a retinue of two hundred and thirty to gether; at least they do in Blackstone. Mr. Buntzway is an old-fashioned husband-at-law, had his eyes about him, and saw, on the railway before the hotel, a huge blue box, to which were attached two horses, which man stood on one side and blew a horn. Between every blast he sang out, "To Suspension Bridge, Maid of the Mist, the famous Whirlpool, Brock's Monument, and other natural curiosities—all for one dollar!" Our friend did not understand, but he guessed he was to go somewhere. The thing looked safe, and Mr. Buntzway seated his family and himself, and the nuisance—I mean the box—was pulled away.

a hack, with an old lady known by the name of Mrs. Swansdown, was slowly wending its way towards the Canada side.

The sublime view broke on Mr. Buntzway's sight, and he became alarmed. He looked away down, down into the depths where the blue waters were boiling and tossing like millions of angry devils. What a narrow passage—what thin threads held them up—two inches and fifty feet above death! His heart throbbed—his brain became confused. He quickened his steps—he poked his daughters with his stick—they pushed on. The walk turned to a run. With a short shout, now frantic with fear, he pulled his wife along, and poked and beat his daughters, who screamed terribly. The visitors seeing and hearing this awful uproar became alarmed. They thought the bridge was falling, and fled again. The women screamed and the men shouted. The hack driver, started by this wild uproar in his rear, whipped his horses into a gallop, shaking the bridge, and adding to the terror—after he had knocked over a deaf old girl, who was silently drinking in the beauties of nature. Mr. Buntzway and family made good time; they did several miles and left the bridge as it were a short space of time; but the crowd had the start, and they rushed out upon the Canada side, much confused, and greatly frightened.

The old gent was picked up considerably mangled and carried into the House. The crowd was indignant, and would have pitched the respected Mr. Buntzway over the bridge had not Mrs. Swansdown created—as she was in the habit of doing—a diversion. Attempting to get out of the hack she was carried into the House. The crowd was indignant, and would have pitched the respected Mr. Buntzway over the bridge had not Mrs. Swansdown created—as she was in the habit of doing—a diversion. Attempting to get out of the hack she was carried into the House. The crowd was indignant, and would have pitched the respected Mr. Buntzway over the bridge had not Mrs. Swansdown created—as she was in the habit of doing—a diversion.

UNDER THE FALL AND IN A FIX.
At Niagara, people are rushed about. There is no place on the face of the earth where so much walking is done. You climb up, and you scramble down, you are drenched at this point, and drenched at that. You cross over and walk—you return and walk; and, by a morning in the morning, you are drenched at every step. There is a tradition extant to the effect that when the Wandering Jew visited Niagara he was whipped by a hackman, and so cheated out of his money. He tried sixteen attempts at suicide by leaping over the falls with a copy of Bancroft's United States tied to his neck.

Two days after the stampeo on the suspension bridge, Mr. Buntzway and party—for he now had Mrs. Swansdown, and a resolution to get paternal stick—might have been seen picking their way under Goat Island Cliff, on their road to the Cave of the Winds. Custom had imparted some confidence to Mr. Buntzway, and he bravely led the pack, and was drenched in the water as he came in full view of the American Falls—that came down at this place like a river of brickbats, shivering into a million of fragments on the iron rocks with a roar like fifty thousand wheelbarrows on a polished pavement. Mr. Buntzway called a halt, and shook in his boots.

At the extreme termination of the path on which they stood, a ledge of rocks projected almost into the Falls. In fact, upon a portion of them an eagle, with its wings spread in silvery spray from their slippery surface. These rocks have a few feet of even surface, and upon it, at the moment the Buntzway party came in sight, a young lady, of slight and delicate form, stood alone. Her bonnet was thrown over her black hair falling in confusion about her neck, her beautifully chiseled face turned upwards, with an expression of childish delight—and with her hands clasped, she stood an exquisite figure of life sculpturing; not that she looked so spiritual and unearthly, but that she looked so beautiful.

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had passed the astonished strangers, no more seemed on the way; but far below they heard some dismal groans. The gentleman ventured down in search of the distressed, he made some fifty steps, when he came upon poor Mrs. Swansdown, stretched out and groaning aloud. To all his questions, her only answer was, "Oh! I'm dislocated. Go for a post-mortem examiner!"

It seemed that Mr. Buntzway, on the return from his late adventure, when he had waded up the falls, was dislocated with his last trouble—became dizzy with turning round so much—felt the fabric reel under him—and frightened at the idea of its falling, gave a shout, and began with urging with his stick the party upwards. Poor Mrs. Swansdown puffed along a short distance at a lively rate, when she fell exhausted, and was cruelly deserted. D. P.

A Pension Widow too much Married.

Very many of the widows of the soldiers of the war being young, and withal fair looking, have found speedy converts among susceptible men, and have quite as quickly as they desired, doffed the sable insignia of their widowhood. But to all such the change of condition has not been happy or profitable. When they leave the roof of Uncle Sam and seek other habitations, they perform most relinquish all claim or right to that quarterly stipend of pension money which has been made a man's property, and which they wish to cash in with fashionable dresses and bonnets of the latest style. If the new union shall be a fortunate one, then both the Government and the fair pensioner be the gainers; but if, alas, the widow shall find herself a loser, then she shall be the loser, in having exchanged pure gold for the dross of a worthless husband. Such results do sometimes follow, despite caution and experience. The place to study the lessons which these facts teach, is the Pension Office. Yesterday Mr. Parsons, the Pension agent, received from one who had, through him, been the recipient of the Nation's generous bounty, a long and earnest epistle containing a full account of a woman's indignation at the fate she had met in thus exchanging a certainty for a hazard.

Up to five months ago the fair lady, a resident of Onondaga county, had been the recipient of a goodly pension, and she lived like a queen in a man who loved and protection would be far more valuable than the mere gold the government had dispensed to her. And so she flung aside the latter and clung to the new affinity. But even now, in five short months she has sold her pension for a large sum of money, and is in a worse position than when she first exchanged it. She writes to the agent that she had married again, and true to her patriotic instincts had wedded a soldier. In betting praise of her new spouse she says that she had a large family of children, and that she had another wife. "This first wife and husband had been seeking to get rid of the chafing trammels of wedlock by the process of divorce, and they thought they had so far succeeded that each had assumed a legal name, and had appointed a lawyer to administer by some unpropitious Judge had declared the proceedings to be illegal and void! And thus stood the parties in this complex and uncomfortable mood, a man with two wives, and a woman with two husbands, neither a pensioner or protector! And so this suppliant in the extremity of her case beseeches the Pension Agent, with its wide-spread arms of aid and shelter, to become again her almoner and guardian.

MORAL.—Let no fair widow give up her contract with Uncle Sam, and enter into partnership with any of his boys, unless the articles are executed according to law, and she have the money down to back the bargain.

Martial Law—Proclamation of the President.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 12.

WHEREAS, Unlawful combinations and conspiracies have existed and do still exist, in the State of South Carolina, for the purpose of depriving certain portions and classes of the people of that State of the rights, privileges, immunities and protection named in the Constitution of the United States; and Whereas, the act of Congress approved April 20th, 1871, entitled an Act to Enforce the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States; and Whereas, in certain parts of said State, to wit: the counties of Spartanburg, York, Union, Chester, Laurens, Newbury, Fairfield, Lancaster and Chesterfield, and such combinations and conspiracies do so obstruct and hinder the execution of the laws of said State and of the United States as to deprive the people of the rights, privileges, immunities and protection aforesaid, and do so oppose and obstruct the laws of the United States, and their due execution and to impede and obstruct the due course of justice under the same; and Whereas, the said conspiracies and combinations of said State are unable to protect the people aforesaid in such rights, privileges, immunities and protection as aforesaid, within the counties aforesaid, and are so numerous, armed and equipped, as to defy the constituted authorities of said State, and of the United States within the said State, and by reason of said causes the conviction of such offenders and the preservation of the public peace and safety have become impracticable in said counties;

Now, Therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States of America, do hereby command all persons composing the unlawful combinations and conspiracies aforesaid, to disperse within five days of the date hereof, and to deliver either to the Marshal of the United States for the district of South Carolina, or to any of his deputies, or to any military officer of the United States within said counties, all arms, munitions, uniforms, disguises and other means and implements used, kept, possessed or controlled by them for carrying out the unlawful purposes for which the combinations and conspiracies are organized.

MEMPHIS furnishes us another needle-producing girl. Lately she complained of a violent pain in the head and right cheek, and, next, of still greater pain in her right arm, as though something were sticking her there. A doctor being summoned, he perceived right below the shoulder three very small spots, shining as steel would. Touching them, he found that they were very hard, and they proved to be three needles. The next day three more were extracted after which the pains left her, and she was cured.

Dissolving Bones in Caustic Lye.

To accomplish this it is necessary to break the bones into fragments and pack them into a tight shallow box with an equal weight of good wood ashes. Mix with the ashes, before packing, twenty-five pounds of slacked lime and twenty pounds of sal soda (carbonate of soda) to ever one hundred pounds of the ashes. The box in which to conduct that process may be made of rough boards, but it must be tight, and it should be covered with eight or ten inches deep. It may be as broad as necessary. The bones should be packed in layers; first upon the bottom a layer of ashes, then a layer of bones, and so alternately until the box is filled. About twenty gallons of water must be poured upon the heap (that is, of one hundred pounds of bones) to saturate the mass, but more may be added from time to time to maintain permanent moisture. In three or four weeks the bones will be broken down completely, and the whole may be broken up together, after adding an equal bulk of good sifted soil. This compost is of the highest efficacy, as it embraces quite all the great essentials of plant food, namely, potash, soda, lime, phosphoric acid, and the nitrogenous element. For those who have ashes, to dispose of their store of bones, if plenty of ashes can be procured, it will facilitate the decomposition of the bones to employ twice as much ashes as there are bones; the solution will be effected sooner, and more correctly.

If powdered bones are employed, a barrel of the power may be mixed with a barrel of good ashes, and the whole turned into the half of a molasses cask, moistened with two bucketsful of water, and stirred up well with a hoe. In a week this will be ready for use, and it forms an efficient and most convenient fertilizer for all the cereal crops. We think it does more for corn, in giving plump, full kernels, than any concentrated fertilizer we have employed. A handful is enough for a hill, put it at the time of planting. Before dropping the seed, a little earth should be kicked over the powder, so that it may not come in direct contact with it.

Fattening Poor Cattle.

We frequently see a miserable, half-starved bovine without a particle of flesh on its bones but what muscles will hold its frame together, and having a hard unyielding skin covered with dirt and scurf, put up to be fed for the butcher on dry hay, to which a few roots and perhaps some grain is grudgingly added. Such a beast will take an annual expenditure of \$120,000, with a very large sum to be added for repairs constantly needed. This makes up a formidable aggregate.

In Europe, where very few fences are found, there is no inconvenience felt by any people, between the annual tax people have to submit to, of \$1.50 on every improved land, the cost of fencing, is not known. Here, the income tax is much more than the aggregate of State and local tax.

In Missouri, in California, the advocates of a reform in fencing laws are making vigorous exertions to accomplish their purpose, and every day popular opinion is growing stronger in favor of the change. Here, in Kentucky, there are suggestions are not being made by the people are not thought on the question, the proposition may be somewhat unpalatable; but the time will come when self interest will force a change in opinion and policy.

NORTH CAROLINA.

In the Probate Court, Petition to sell against the estate of Sarah Jones and others. In the above stated cause it appears to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendants, John Jones, admr. of Geo. J. Satterfield, dec'd., Petition to sell against Sarah Jones and others.

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STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

In Superior Court, Pitt County. D. H. James, Wyatt James, Bithel James, Richard Carson and wife Lydia, E. H. Abitton and wife Mary, J. Moore, Hyman Mayo and wife Harriet, E. J. Moore and wife Lydia F., W. C. Daventport and wife Sarah E., M. G. Wainwright and wife William E., Samuel Moore, David C. Moore, Enoch Moore, Samuel Moore, Henry Moore, J. H. Moore, T. M. Moore, Fernando Moore, Edward Moore, Benj. C. Highsmith, Sallie J. Highsmith, Petition for Order to Sell Land.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Henry Moore, one of the defendants in the above entitled cause, is a non-resident of the State of North Carolina, ordered by the Court that publication be made in the "Era," a newspaper published in the City of Raleigh, N. C., weekly, for six consecutive weeks, notifying the said Henry Moore to plead to or answer the complaint of the plaintiffs, which is deposited in the office of the Superior Court Clerk at Raleigh, N. C., in due season and in conformity with law, or judgment will be rendered against him, and the relief demanded in the complaint of the petitioners granted.

WILTBERGER'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

is without doubt, the best article in the market for blueing clothes. It will color more water than four times the same weight of indigo, and much more than any other wash blue in the market. The only genuine is that put up at ALFRED WILTBERGER'S DRUG STORE, No. 23 North Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Labels have both Wiltberger's and Barlow's name on them; all others are counterfeit. For sale by most Grocers and Druggists.

Balky Horses.

The brain of the horse seems to entertain but one thought at a time; for this reason continued whipping is out of the question, and only confirms his stubbornness. But if you can by any means change the direction of his mind, give him a new subject to think of, nine times out of ten you will have no further trouble in starting him. As simple a trick as a little pepper, or the like thrown back on his tongue, will often succeed by turning attention to his taste in his mouth. "The pair of cattle to a log chain around the horse's neck" is an intricate and expensive remedy, and a good many people may not be so lucky as your Fond du Lac man in having a yoke of cattle handy for the occasion.

Is an effective regulator of the Liver.

Fences.

The fences of the United States have cost more than the houses, cities included; more than, hips boats and vessels of every description which sail the ocean, lakes and rivers; more than our manufactories, of all kinds, with their machinery; more than any one class of property, aside from real estate, except it may be the railroads of our country.

In an article on this subject, the *People's Journal* says that the first cost of the fencing in New York was between one hundred and fifty and two hundred millions of dollars. Assuming this to be approximately correct, and estimating the first cost of fences in other States on the same basis, we have as the total first expenses of the fences of the country, the vast sum of \$1,266,000,000.

This will require to be renewed at least once in ten years, and this is an annual expenditure of \$126,600,000, with a very large sum to be added for repairs constantly needed. This makes up a formidable aggregate.

In Europe, where very few fences are found, there is no inconvenience felt by any people, between the annual tax people have to submit to, of \$1.50 on every improved land, the cost of fencing, is not known. Here, the income tax is much more than the aggregate of State and local tax.

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DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR.

Rapidly restores exhausted strength.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Restores the Appetite and Strengthens the Stomach.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Causes the food to digest, removing Dyspepsia and Indigestion.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Gives tone and energy to Debilitated Constitutions.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Is an effective regulator of the Liver.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Cures Jaundice, Watches for Bile, or any Liver Complaint.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Makes Delicate Females, who are never feeling well, Strong and Healthy.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has restored many persons who have been unable to work for years.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be taken if your Stomach is out of order.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be taken if you feel weak or debilitated.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be taken to strengthen and build up your system.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Will cure your Dyspepsia or Indigestion.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Will prevent Malarious Fevers, and braces up the System.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Possesses Vegetable Ingredients which makes it the best Tonic in the market.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has proved itself capable of curing all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Cures all Chronic Coughs, and Coughs and Colds, more effectually than any other remedy.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has cured cases of Consumption pronounced incurable by physicians.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has cured so many cases of asthma and Bronchitis that it has been pronounced a specific for these complaints.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has cured many cases of Consumption pronounced incurable by physicians.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be taken for all Throat and Lung Affections.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Renovates and invigorates the entire system.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be kept in every house, and its life-giving tonic properties tried by all.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.
DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT!
DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT. Builds up Constitutions broken down from Mineral or Mercurial Poisons.
DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT. Cures all diseases depending on a depraved condition of the blood.
DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT. Cures Scrofula, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form.
DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT. Removes Pimples, Blotches, and beautifies the Complexion.
DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT. Cures any Disease or Eruption on the Skin.
DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT. Cures long standing Diseases of the Liver.
DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT. Cures Rheumatism and Pains in Limbs, Bones, &c.
DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT. Cures Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Itch, &c.

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Every Watch is guaranteed for its accuracy. \$5.00, \$8.00, \$12.00, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00.
Single Watches of all kinds Sold at Wholesale Factory Prices.
Any Watch you may Want Carefully Selected, Regulated, Securely Packed, and forwarded to you safely anywhere throughout the country on receipt of price. Express or Mail, Free, at the same price for a Single Watch as we sell them to Jewellers and Watchmakers by the Dozen. EVERY WATCH is marked down at ONE-HALF THE USUAL PRICE. Watches for Families, for Preachers, for Travellers, for Soldiers, for Students, for Sportsmen, for Railroad Travelers, for Personal Use, for the Poor, and for the Money Value of Watches for Presents. Watches that Wind Without any Key. Watches for all Purposes and at all Prices. Watches for Travelling, for French, Swiss, and American Movements. Watches with Nickel, Gold, Filled, Engraved and Plain Work. Three-Line Fine Gold, and Patent Lever, Compassion, Chronometer, Balance, Duplex, Lepine or Cylinder Escapement, and all other Watches at ONE-HALF THE PRICE ever offered by OTHER DEALERS. A SINGLE WATCH for more of any kind and any price (above \$10).
SENT ANYWHERE, WITHOUT AN ADDITIONAL CENT.
At the Express Office in your town. Among our great variety will be found the following:
An English Silver Watch, \$ 5.00
English Gold-Plated Hunting-Case Watch, 8.00
Genuine Old Gold Watch, Hunting-Case, 12.00
Self-Winding, or New Style Patent Stem-Wind, Keyless, Watch Movement, Exposed Action, quite a novelty, 12.00
Sterling Silver, Hunting-Case, Lepine Watch, 12.00
The New Norton Gold Metal Watch, Jeweled, with 21 Jewels, English Style, 20.00
Warranted, \$15.00 and English Gold, with Patent Lever, Silver American Watch, Exposed Hunting Case—some as low as \$10.00
English Duplex, in Silver Case, for Sporting use, Timing Horoscopes, &c., warranted, \$18.00 and up
English Gold, Hunting-Case, 12.00
Levers, Compensation Balance, Nickel Work, all Jeweled, with 21 Jewels, 45.00
Ladies' Watches, in Fine Opera, Chateaufort, Guard, Neck, and Vest Chains, all styles, \$2.50 upwards.
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PRICE, \$5.50. The American Washer Saves Money, Time, and Drudgery. The Fatigue of Washing Day no Longer Dreads, but Economy, Efficiency, and Clean Clothing, Sure. In calling your attention to this little machine, a few of the invaluable qualities, (not possessed by any other washing machine yet invented), are here enumerated. It is the simplest, most compact, most portable, most simple in construction, most easily operated. A child ten years old, with a few hours practice, can thoroughly comprehend its operation, and adjust it, without adjusting, no screws to annoy, no delay in adapting! It is always ready for use! It is a perfect little wonder! It is a miniature giant, doing more work with less time, and at a much more moderate and costly. One half of the labor is fully saved by its use, and the clothes will last one-half longer than by the old plan of the rub board. It will wash the largest blanket. Three shirts at a time, washing thoroughly! In a word, the abolition of any fabric, from a Quilt to a Lace Curtain or Cambray Handkerchief, is equally within the capacity of this LITTLE GEM! It can be fastened to any tub and taken off at will.
No machine of deep rooted prejudice may exist against Washing Machines, the moment this little machine is sent to perform its wonders, all doubts of its cleansing action, doing more work with less time, and at a much more moderate and costly. The doubter and detractor at once become the fast friends of the machine.
We have testimonials without end, setting forth the numerous advantages over all others, and from hundreds who have thrown aside the unwieldy, useless machines, which have signally failed to accomplish the object proposed in prominent and loud sounding advertisements.
It is as perfect for washing as a wringer is for wringing. The price another paramount inducement to purchasers, has been placed so low that it is within the reach of every housekeeper, and there is no article of domestic economy, which will repay the small investment so soon.

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