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herbs, each of which is highly effective, and
they are compounded in such a manner as to
produce a non-toxic result.

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Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.
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Has effected some marvelous cures in cases of
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Cures the worst cases of Canker.

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Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial dis-
eases.

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Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.

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Removes Pimples and Humors from the face.

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Cures Constipation and regulates the bowels.

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Is a valuable remedy for Headache.

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Will cure Dyspepsia.

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Restores the entire system to a healthy con-
dition.

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Removes the causes of Dizziness.

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Relieves Fatigues at the Stomach.

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Cures Pains in the Back.

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Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.

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Is effective in its cure of Female Weakness.

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tween Chicago and San
Francisco.
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"PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS."

(The following poem was read at one of the
entertainments given by the ladies of the Maine
Press Association at the Mt. Kisco House,
Mooselook Lake. It was said to have been
picked up on the beach, and to have been
written by one of the domestics of the house, but it
was supposed to be the work of a woman. The
Christian Mirror knows more about it than
this anybody else.—Ed. Transcript.)

Sally Cook's Letter.
ABOUT THE EDITORS,
O, Samuel dear, my own true love,
The long since I have writ you,
But don't a moment think that I
Could ever once forget you.

For, truth to tell, my Samuel,
I had'n't time, you see,
For we had had up to our house
A deal of company.

A lot of people came one day,
Both men and women too,
They called themselfs "free-
They were a funny crew,
And some were short, and some were tall,
And some were straight and thin;
A few were good looking folks,
But most were plain as sin.

They take possession of the house,
Up stairs and down they race,
As if I'd never been before
In any public place.

Some dance like an monkey,
And some go riding round the lot,
Behind our poor old dokey.
But oh! dear Sam, in all my life
I never was so beat,
As when to dinner they were called,
To see how they did eat!

They made me look like a fool,
Why you down here they come,
That the poor critters never had
Enough to eat to home.

Some wanted meat, some wanted fish,
They kept us all a-batter,
And when they'd emptied every dish,
They swallowed bread and butter,
Then tea and coffee some must have,
And others milk and water,
And more of everything they took
Than decent people ought to.

I laughed so much I don't believe
That even you would know me,
When off they went for dinner
To see old Molly Toney.

The poor old squaw was cross and gruff,
When they all gathered round her,
And by her looks 'twas plain enough
Their questions did confound her.

They asked her first how old she was,
Next, what might be her name,
How many children she had had,
And from what place she came.

They pecked into the little hut,
Where Molly does her cooking,
And everywhere, in and out,
Their staid "eyes kept looking.

Then they all went to Liza's tent,
A dozen of them, my Sam,
'Twas the wife of Molly's son,
And I beseed her fare-well baby;

They fagged all her strips of bark,
And ever tried 't I morn'd him,
And brought a lot of baskets home,
'Til he a cent they stole 'em.

So for three dreadful days,
They couldn't a minute rest,
But ran about a hundred ways,
As if they were possessed.

They'd go pie-planting in the woods
They'd sing and dance and joke,
They'd climb the mountains, roll the balls,
And every minute squaw.

And one thing more, I must relate
The strangest thing of all,
One night, when all the rest was done,
They had a sort of ball.

The chairs against the wall were placed
To leave some open ground,
Each took a girl about her waist,
And swung her round and round.

I blushed as rose as the sky,
Just when the sun has risen,
To see his face bend down to me,
And here turn up to him.

For all the world I wouldn't have
Fought feller's arms round me,
Though Sam, 't I'd it were 'yem,
How-kinder like 't would be!

ENGLISH OPINION.
A Singularly Frank Discussion of Inter-
national Matters by an English
Newspaper.

What Occasioned the Misunderstanding
Between Great Britain and the United
States—A Warning Verdict.

bold relief the cause of that sense of
offended honor, and of that accumulat-
ed reserve of national resentment which
made itself felt during the American
rebellion, but which, through lack of
information, operated against the
wrong party. For he bore in mind
that when the war broke out the mass
of Englishmen merely felt that they
had been collectively slapped on the
face in a way which had made their
cheek to tingle. They asked not them-
selves who was Madison or Polk, Pierce
or Tyler, Cass or Calhoun, Harney or
Stephens, Davis or Mason, Silldell or
Yancey. All they knew was to an
Englishman that the words and deeds of
those men were abominable, and that
the men were Americans. Failing to
know, they failed to discriminate. The
City of Washington was in their minds
so associated with offense that they ex-
perienced a quiet satisfaction when they
heard of an uprising against the poli-
ticians installed in that seat of
power. They did not pause to reflect
that there had been a great event—a
through change—at Washington, and
that the new government was the one
which had turned out England's per-
sistent detractors and traditional foes.
They struck in the dark and hit the
wrong man. More than this, they hit
for years reproached him for not hav-
ing done sooner, namely—making a de-
termined stand against an insolent, an
aggressive, and a violent slavery, whose
unbearable arrogance and whose
overbearing spirit had introduced blood
into the Legislature, civil war into
Kansas, and vulgar menace into the
relations between the United States and
England.

"More harm is wrought from want
of thought than want of heart." The
people who cheered Mr. Layard in the
House of Commons, and who supposed
that in putting the Southerners on the
back they were backing friends, proba-
bly did not know any better. But the
harm they did is patent, and their self-
sufficiency was equally so. We told
them at the time that the burning of
stately American ships, such as the Ja-
cob Bell—a ship with a cargo worth a
quarter of a million sterling—as if they
were so many tar-barrels, would not be
liked by our cousins, and the answer
was in effect, "It did not matter." We
told them in plain terms that the ex-
ploits of the Alabama and Shenandoah
would have to be paid for, and the an-
swer was a loud guffaw. We asked
them to place themselves in the posi-
tion of the people of the Free States,
and to put the question to themselves
how they would have liked to see a
professionally friendly country become
the naval base from which dangerous
rebels sailed out in piratical ships to
seize the seas, and the reply was that
it was "an English" thus to reflect on
the doings of Englishmen. We stated
our unshaken belief that the Free
States must inevitably triumph in the
end; and again we were assailed with
the scoff of the scoffers, and with the
laugh of derision. It did not seem to
occur to the thoughtless ones that there
was a right and a wrong to the ques-
tion, or that there was an English and
an anti-English party struggling for
the mastery, or that the longer the war
lasted the higher would be the import-
duty, and the more unfriendly the
notice in fixing the duties to be levied
on the imports from Britain. They
did not seem to have the power to re-
alize in their minds how they would
have felt had they been Americans—
Americans long twitted with slavery,
reproached with slavery, subjected to
scathing ridicule on the score of the
"vaunted flag of freedom"—Americans
daily rallied, bantered, stung on the
subject of slavery—Americans scornful-
ly told to stand up like men, and
make an end of the system—and all
this by emancipationists, England, whose
platform, whose press, and whose pul-
pit had united in trying to shame the
New World out of slavery for more
than forty years. But at this distance
they may be better able to conceive of the
surprise and pain with which the Ab-
olitionist of the Free States regarded
the abrupt change of front on the part
of thousands of their professed friends
in this country. Making no war, they
were charged with bloodthirstiness;
standing on their defense, they were
called "Goths and Vandals"; recognizing
the sorrowful necessity for protect-
ing their national existence, they were
hooted at in certain journals of ours
as "bullies" and "barbarian destroyers";
subscribing in the crisis of the agony
of their own great trouble princely
sums for the relief of our poor, they
had the mortification to hear of the
burning of one of their food ships on
her return, and of the like destruction
of the finest liner in their merchant
navy—a superb Indian trader belong-
ing to the leading subscriber to our
cotton famine fund, and called after
him the Jacob Bell. Exhorted to re-
sit the South when the South was not
attacking, and abused for resisting
when the South was marching upon
the capital; cheered on to the conflict,
and then abandoned in the battle, the
Emersons, Lowells and Sumners would
have been more or less than human
had they not deeply felt the conduct
of the so-called liberals of ours, who
maligned their motives, exaggerated
their reverses, depreciated their suc-
cesses, gloated over their disasters, and

by every perversion of past history
and contemporary fact, labored to in-
duce the whole nation to cast its sym-
pathies on the side of a most wicked
and unprovoked rebellion waged, in
the interest of human slavery, by—slave
owners!

Here, there stands the fact that two
mistakes have been made. The first
was the American one—with its glorifi-
cation of Irish fugitives from justice,
its bombardment of Greytown, its seiz-
ure of San Juan, its bluster over the
affairs of the slave ship Creole, its af-
fronts to our preventive squadron, its
encroachments on Canadian rights, its
boundary brawls, and its incendiary
platform protocols of the sort pro-
duced by Gen. Cass, Gov. Wise of Vir-
ginia, and their kindred fire-eaters—
men who, without meaning war, talk-
ed none the less stoutly for "war with
England." The second mistake was
the English one, which arose with
strange inaptness, just at the time
when the anti-English set of Ameri-
can politicians had been out-voted and
removed from office—the time when
John Bull, in haste to relieve his ven-
erated feelings, and not quite under-
standing what he was doing, cuffed his
friends and cheered his foes.

Both countries have been in the
wrong. Why should they not say so
and shake hands? It is not gracious,
even if it were correct, to pretend that
the war was not about slavery. The
Southerners say that it was for slavery,
and they repeat the declaration in each
of their ordinances of secession—and
they should know best what was the
cause of their quarrel. Had there been
no slavery there had been no war. So
willingly were they bent on justifying
the saying of John Quincy Adams,
"Slavery taints the very sources of
moral principles," that they became en-
thusiasts for slavery, wrote of it, and
preached it up as an institution to be
"loved," "worshipped," "adored," a bless-
ing to be extended and perpetuated
over by the whole earth as a means of
human reformation second only in di-
gnity and importance to the Christian
religion." Such was the language held
in Richmond on the eve of the slave-
owners' revolt. Such was the frenzy
which proved that the thing termed
by Adams "the sum of all villainies"
had "tainted the very sources of moral
principles." Hence as the friends of
the South may, there remains the grand,
impregnable fact that slavery is no
more, that Liberia and Hayti are re-
cognized, that slave traders are now
tried and punished as pirates by the
United States, that our preventive
squadron is aided and not defied, that
filibustering to secure more territory
for the "institution" is unknown, and
that the men who took the sword to
defend their nation against the insur-
gent slave-owners did not put down
the sword until they had once for all
annihilated the system.

How a Woman Splits Wood.

Johnson was notified by his better
half, the other day, that the wood pile
had been reduced to one chunk, but he
caught the panic down town and failed
to send up a replenishing load. Just
before noon, Mrs. Johnson hunted up
the axe and went for the lone chunk.
She knew that a woman could split
wood as well as a man, she had read
and heard about woman's awkward-
ness, but she knew 'twas all nonsense.
She spit on her hands and raised the
axe over her shoulder, right hand low-
est down on the handle. She made a
terrible blow, the axe went into the
ground and she fell over the chunk.
She got up and looked around to see if
anybody was watching; rubbed her el-
bows, and then took up the axe the other
way.

She meant to strike plump center,
but she forgot the clothes line above
her head, and the axe caught it, jerked
up and down and Mrs. Johnson went
over the ash heap. She rose up with
less confidence in her eye and the boys
in the alley heard some one softly say,
"Darn it to Texas," but of course it
was not Mrs. Johnson. She might
have moved the stick a little, but she
didn't. She went and got a chair, and
stood upon it to take down the line,
then she coiled it up and hung it in
the shed and came back and surveyed
the chunk, turned it over and walked
around it.

The line was to blame, and now there
was nothing to interfere. She got the
axe raised it once or twice, and finally
gave an awful blow. It chipped off a
silver and was buried in the ground,
and the knob on the handle knocked
the breath out of her. She gasped and
coughed, and jumped up and down, and
the boys heard some one say, "if I had
that man here I'd mop the ground with
him, I would."

After awhile she grew calmer, picked
up the axe to see if she had injured it.
She hadn't, and she smoothed down
the handle, spit on the edge, and finally
went in and got a rind and greased it,
suddenly remembering that no axe was
worth a cent without greasing. By
and by she was ready. She sat the
chunk on end, put a stone behind it,
and then surveyed it from all sides.—
She had it now just where she wanted
it. She looked all around to see if any
of the meddling neighbors were look-
ing, and then she raised the axe. She
would hit the stick in the center and
lay it open at one blow. She put out