A PERSONAL CARD.

A Matter in Which the Public Should Have a Deal of Interest.

TO THE READERS OF THIS PAPER:

Why does the government spend so much money and risk so many lives in trying to capture the counterfeiter?

"Suppose he does counterfeit government bonds and notes, surely the government is rich enough to stand any loss his act may confer?"

But the individual citizen could ill afford to be put to continued financial loss if such depredators were let go unwhipped of justice.

It is only the Valuable thing that is counterfeited; it is only in the light of purity and virtue that impurity and vice can be known. No one in these days would counterfeit a Confederate bond or note.

People who commit fraud always do it by simulating the highest virtue, by praying all the classest reputation, by employing the fair name of virtue with which to give respectability to vice.

Let us explain: Seven or eight years ago, so we have been informed many times in public prints, a New York State gentleman was pronounced, as many millions have been pronounced before, incurably sick of an epileptic disorder. By suggestions which he believed were providential, he was led to the use of a preparation which had been for several years exploited by a select few physicians in New York city and one or two other prominent places. The result was that he was cured, he whose life was without number and concealed ability said was incurable. Having secured possession of the formula, *shockingly and irreversibly*, he determined to devote a portion of his accumulated wealth to the manufacture and sale of this remedy for the benefit of the many who suffer as he suffered, in apparent hopelessness. In less than three years, so tremendous became the demand for this remedy, and so exalted the reputation, that he was obliged for his purposes to erect a laboratory and warehouse containing four and a quarter acres of flooring and filled with the most approved chemical and mechanical devices. Probably there never was a remedy that has won such a meritorious name, such extraordinary sales, and has accomplished so much good for the race.

Unprincipled parties *who flourish only upon the ruins of others*, saw in this reputation and sale an opportunity to reap a golden harvest, and hopefully, and honestly, by their purpose they have made imitations and substitutes, and have received the encouragement and many druggists, who can make a larger profit on these imitation goods, often compel those into buying by forcing a sale upon the unposted customer.

Yes, unabashedly the manufacturers could well afford to ignore such instances of fraud as are the direct upon themselves in correcting for their remedies have a constant and unremitting watchfulness, and feel it be *their duty to warn the public against such imitations and substitutions*, not secret and otherwise. The individual who buys them and the public who countenances their sale alone suffer in mind, body and estate therefor.

The authors of some of these fraudulent practices have been prosecuted and in the prison for their crimes, but there is another class who claim to know the formula of this remedy and our Sunday school journals, we are told, has prostituted its high and holy calling so far as to advertise that for twenty-five cents it will send all men subscribers a fragment of the Divine Revelation. This formula, by the way, must be a wonderfully kaleidoscopic affair, for there is hardly a month passes when some paper is not found which pretends to give the only correct formula.

The manufacturers inform us that they would rather die than willingly that the public should know what the true formula of Warner's safe cures, (some that have been published are nothing like it, but a need of every man, woman and child in the United States were as easily obtained this formula as it is their BUSINESS not to SUPPOSE no man, or other, knows the formula of Warner's safe is secret. It is impossible to obtain the result that are wrought by this remedy if one does not know the exact skill acquired by only by years of practice for compounding and assembling the simple elements which enter into the composition.

The Great Dr. Foster, the honored head of Clifton Springs sanitarium, once said that having roughly analyzed this remedy he concluded that the elements that composed it were simple but he attributed the secret of its power to the skill of its compounding and this method no one knows except the manufacturers and no one can acquire it.

Our advice to our readers, therefore, cannot be too strongly emphasized. As you would prefer to live, gain the blessing of enjoying happiness to physical misery, shun the imitations and refuse thereby to lend your aid and influence to those who seek to get, by trading upon another's good name, the money which for years and goods which on their merit are not only to be replaced the velvet refuse. You can neither afford to patronize such people nor can you afford to take the pernicious compounds into your system. When you call for Warner's Safe Cure see that the wrapper is *black with gold letters* and that the wrapper and label bear an imprint of *our own name*, the trade mark, and that a safe is sworn to by the name of NOTTE; and that a perfect IMPOSSIBILITY now or ever exists for the cure. You are to be imposed on if you observe these cautions.

We have the confidence of the remedy we have mentioned and the highest regard for the manufacturers, and we cannot too highly commend them for their skill and energy in trying to relation to those who would traduce their fair name and to the best interest of the public in such matters.

HOW PEOPLE HATS ARE MADE.—To make the silk stiff, a large square piece of muslin is dipped into shellac, wrung out and then stretched over a wooden frame to dry. After drying it is cut into sides and shapes suitable for the various parts of the hat. Some pieces are cut out on the bias for the crowns of hats, others are stiffened particularly for the brim, while the muslin for the central crown, which are the sides, is cut into oblong squares. The material for a dozen of these hats is then given to a workman, who draws the frame of the hat together around the block, and fastens it into place by a hot iron. The shell of the hat, as it is called, is then varnished and baked, making it stiff, and the silk plush is put on, a man holding it to the shellac covered shell and spooning it with a wooden spoon. The block of the hat, which is in the bag after the sides of the shell have been fastened, is then taken out and gone over with a hot iron, which conceals all traces of the joint. The brim is then cut out in the case of a felt article, and then the hat goes away to the lining machine, where pieces of brilliantine are rolled rapidly, give it a high polish. From the lining machine it goes to the lady girl, who finds it and puts in the lining.

FINGER RINGS.—While there is a tendency to wear large finger rings on the hand, yet the civilized hand has so long been adornedin them, that it would look plain and unfinished without its ring of gold. The ancient Romans wore the ring on the joint just under the nail. The Greeks wore it on the right hand alone. The Greeks wore their rings on the fourth finger of the left hand, the Romans and Britons on the third finger of the left hand. In Pliny's time the betrothal ring was an iron hoop, set with a diamond instead of a gem. The Romans were ever greater slaves to fashion than we of the present day. They had silver and summer rings, the weight and color of the ring being regulated by the season. The rich wore weekly rings, which were charms, and were always cameos and intaglios. Talismanic ring are now in use among the Russian, Spanish rings, were heirlooms, and of great value in business transactions. The wedding ring is of great antiquity. It is a common thing to find wives who have been married a lifetime yet never had slipped the wedding ring to slip over the finger joint. It is considered unlucky to take it off. It is also unlucky a matchmaker.

FIVE GOOD RULES.—First, never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation in some one every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. Second, never get the least in trouble. Third, never say all things, let of any person, when you can say a good thing of them; not only speak charitably, but feel so. Fourth, never indulge yourself in luxuries that are not necessary. Fifth, do all things with consideration, and when your path to act right is more difficult, feel confidence in that Power which is able to assist you, and exert your own powers as far as they go.

When you need a friend, select a true one. Dr. James' Fever Tonic is the best friend mankind has for all diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys. The best blood purifier and tonic known. 50c.

Mary Anderson blushes when ladies praise her to her face.

The New York clothing salesmen are about to form a union.

The patronage of the St. Louis postmaster footed up 400,000 years.

"Better late than never," but better never late when troubled with a cough or cold. Take Dr. Bigelow's Pectoral. It is a remedy which cures all throat and lung troubles speedily and thoroughly. Pleasant for children. 25 cents and $1.

Attorney General Garland refuses all kinds of invitations.

Chittenden culture has far surpassed rose culture.

Chilian miners are said to be the strongest men in the world.

It is the slight cold frequently contracted that finally undermines the system. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the beginning stages of any cold and be cured. Price 25 cents.

It is said that Gould put $300,000 into politics in 1878.

General Rosecrans is Chauncy M. Depew's uncle.

Senator Colquitt of Georgia is preaching on temperance.

The opposed subjects of European governments turn to this country for free business. Free rum is not for the free man. Free Oil for the gallon pans and brewers. It costs only 25 cents

MADRIGAL.

All the world is bright,
All my heart is merry,
Violets and roses red,
Sparkling is the dew;
Brow—the lily's white;
Lip—the crimson berry;
Hark, I hear a lightsome tread—
Ah, my love, 'tis you!

Wing to me, birds, and sing to me;
None so happy as I!
Only the merriest melodies bring to her—
When my beloved is by.

All the air is sweet,
All my heart is quiet,
Fleecy clouds on breezes warm
Floating far above
Eye—where soft lights meet;
Cheek—where roses rise;
Look, I see a gracious form—
Ah, 'tis you, my love!

Wing to *her*, bird, and sing to her;
None so happy as she!
Only the merriest melodies bring to her—
Only this message from me!

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

E. J. Bidwell in the Chicago Tribune.

Sitting one evening with a young officer who had already distinguished himself distinguished for cool courage and a love of adventure, and whom his brother soldiers considered the best pistol shot in the army, the conversation happened to turn upon the almost universal belief in the supernatural.

We had exhausted the genii of the tales of the east, the witches and ghosts so generally accepted a century ago, and the spiritualists of to-day. Suddenly I turned to me and said: "Perhaps you may be surprised if I tell you a true ghost story, one I can vouch for myself?" Knowing him to be a confirmed skeptic upon all supernatural subjects I smilingly replied:

"Yonnced not smile," he continued, "my experience was enough to shake the nerves of the bravest man living, and I to have rendered a timid one mad."

"Some six or seven years ago, shortly after graduating from the military academy at West Point, I was sent with my company, part of a regiment of heavy artillery, to take possession of the little fort on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York; the island, you will remember, on which Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty is to be placed. The place had been long deserted, had acquired an evil name, was known to be the resort of thieves and smugglers, and, the fort being a pole-lass, was used as headquarters of a gang of river pirates. It was, indeed, to break up this nest of scoundrels, who had found that, being United States property, the old fort was never visited by the police, that I was to take possession of the island."

"It was a gray, raw day in November, rain had fallen in the afternoon, and, when boats containing my little command reached our destination, a cold fog hung over the harbor and the rising wind howled about the old barrack, adding to the gloom and increasing the dreary desolation of the mildewed old walls. It was already dark, and daylight begins to fade so I made the necessary preparations for the night as rapidly as possible. Inside the fort there was as a house, But in so dilapidated a state that but one room—a large one, which had probably once served as a messroom—was habitable, and this the bare floor, the broken ceiling, the walls from which the paper hung in strips, made dismal enough. But this, however, being the best, my trunk was placed, a stove put up, which was roaring in a cheerful way, lamp lighted, a table, chairs, a table and two chairs brought in, and I started on a tour of inspection. Had told my orderly to place the sentinels for the men in a long line building outside the fort, which seemed in fairly good condition. Soldiers are rapid, hunters are rapid, workers, and before nightfall all were made comfortable, and the supper served to them which I had ordered, by two company's cooks. I visited and inspected every part of the island—a mere speck in the harbor, as you know—looked after the sentinels, and, although, it was the ruinous old house from cellar to attic, examined bolts and doors, then, having given orders for the night, thought the great gate leading into the fort and retired to my quarters.

"I certainly am not either a timid or an imaginative man, but there was something to the last degree depressing in the place that night. The wind, which had risen with the rain, howled and mourned in the deserted place; the rats trooped up and within the walls, and, I felt, for the right hand alone. The clocks gave their rings on the forth finger of the left hand, the Greeks and Britons on the third finger of the left hand. In Pliny's time the betrothal ring was an iron hoop, set with a diamond instead of a gem. The Romans were ever greater slaves to fashion than we of the present day. They had silver and summer rings, the weight and color of the ring being regulated by the season. The rich wore weekly rings, which were charms, and were always cameos and intaglios. Talismanic ring are now in use among the Russian, Spanish rings, were heirlooms, and of great value in business transactions. The wedding ring is of great antiquity. It is a common thing to find wives who have been married a lifetime yet never had slipped the wedding ring to slip over the finger joint. It is considered unlucky to take it off. It is also unlucky a matchmaker.

FIVE GOOD RULES.—First, never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation in some one every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. Second, never get the least in trouble. Third, never say all things, let of any person, when you can say a good thing of them; not only speak charitably, but feel so. Fourth, never indulge yourself in luxuries that are not necessary. Fifth, do all things with consideration, and when your path to act right is more difficult, feel confidence in that Power which is able to assist you, and exert your own powers as far as they go.

When you need a friend, select a true one. Dr. James' Fever Tonic is the best friend mankind has for all diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys. The best blood purifier and tonic known. 50c.

Mary Anderson blushes when ladies praise her to her face.

The New York clothing salesmen are about to form a union.

The patronage of the St. Louis postmaster footed up 400,000 years.

"Better late than never," but better never late when troubled with a cough or cold. Take Dr. Bigelow's Pectoral. It is a remedy which cures all throat and lung troubles speedily and thoroughly. Pleasant for children. 25 cents and $1.

Attorney General Garland refuses all kinds of invitations.

Chittenden culture has far surpassed rose culture.

Chilian miners are said to be the strongest men in the world.

It is the slight cold frequently contracted that finally undermines the system. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the beginning stages of any cold and be cured. Price 25 cents.

It is said that Gould put $300,000 into politics in 1878.

General Rosecrans is Chauncy M. Depew's uncle.

Senator Colquitt of Georgia is preaching on temperance.

The opposed subjects of European governments turn to this country for free business. Free rum is not for the free man. Free Oil for the gallon pans and brewers. It costs only 25 cents.

A Philosophical Printer.

"It's all the dumbdest kind o' foolishest nonsens", said your town crier, "Whiskers," otherwise known in the composing room as Slug 16, "an' I'm sick o'it."

"What is it?" inquired the "make up," sweeping a pile of foot slugs and quoins from the surface of the imposing stone into the drawer beneath.

"That's what it is," continued Whiskers ambiguously, knocking the ashes from his clay pipe on his boot heel.

"Well, what is it?" persisted the make up, "slicing" a four-column ad into the form.

"Why, all this slushy chat about success in life bein' the result of pure devotion to one's perfesh. It's all guff. Big him an' boosters what has made their lucky, an' hasn't got any furder to go to gratify ambition; men who thinks their mighty hifr—who've got 'em in power, because they don't cling to their perfession no closer'n poor folks. They're just as likely to quit an' enjoy themselves in a peculiar an eccentric style as any o' us dicks. It's been so ever since Horace Greeley's day, an I knowed him an' helped set up in the Tribune when Horace was the palmiest. Horace was a great editor; mine you I don't say I agree with his editorial, but if his stuff was hard to read—always allowed me ten cents extra to set it—but it wasn't the ambition of his life to be a printer, he was it now?

"Well, we'll play it was, so on," said Slug 10.

"Play nuthin'. I say it wasn't. But Horace got thar, didn't he? He took the cake, didn't he? Didn't he now, boss?"

"Yes, Whiskers; you have got thirty minutes before it's time to take copy," said the foreman.

"Yes, Horace got thar, the ruffle. He got to be the biggest editor in thelan', in his day. And then what does Horace do? What did he turn his ambition to? Cabbages! Horace wasn't satisfied with bein' something he could be boss in, but he must go farmin' an' raisin' something he didn't know nothin' about an' couldn't handle, an' the consequens was, whereas he could make big money out of his job, he made his cabbages cost him $1.88 a head. Bah!

"Then thar's Dana! Thar's Dana. He knows how to run his job, an' be boss in it, an' he isn't satisfied in that way, not by a durn sight. His hobby is hoss. He thinks his forte is runnin a hoss boardin' house. Consequence he's got chickens scattered all over Long Island and Jersey shore. That's his job, an' he knows how to run it. He's twice in a shoemaker a sticken' to his last.

"Then thar's Hayes—Rutherford, B. Prezeident, leaves the top step of the ladder afore he quit; he's got the hen fever, too. He ain't satisfied with perfesh, he must be boss in the cross those poultry breeds as God never intended they should be crossed, Waugh! Don't talk to me.

"Then thar's Bennett, another old print. Mean him worked together in the same alley, once. He's a good thinker of a editorial, but he ain't a good thinker. Bennett thinks he's a hoss jockey. He's stuck on fast stock. He isn't satisfied to run in the same rut he knows how to run in, he must be boss.

"Look at ex-President Arthur. Why that man would leave the White House door wide open an' go off his job, if he thought that when he was a kid, but I never did suspect I adopted the printin' perfession. I'm true to my perfesh, I'm a chew me off a bit of the White House fodder to rassel my grub in a musketer swamp like a country picknicker. It's altogether too much for the individual art of gratifyin's one's appetite. Any chump can go fishin'. Hungh!

"Look at Grant, I could. He is so rich he can hear the interest comin' o' nights, just a rain in like dead matter rattlin into your eases when you're sleepin' sound. He can afford to do what he's cut out for, Jay doesn't, but he goes monkeyin' aroun' flowers and strawberries, smellin' o' geraniums, oleanders, pinks, calla lilies an' sich. Never satisfied with his profession as a boss financier. It's the way o' the world, Slug 16, everyone is satisfied o' what plug o' terbacco I see stickin' out yer boot-leg."

Young Man, Give Ear.

James G. Fair is worth $42,000,000. And the whole $42,000,000 of it, my dear boy, can't make him as happy as you are this very hour of your life. Your heart, when you hold the hand of the girl you love, and walk with her in a path that is only wide enough for one, with the rustling branches whispering above your head, so happy you cannot speak with anything but your eyes. If you envy him, Telemachus, if you, with your brown hands and bright, young eyes, with the dimples just shading your lip, with not a gray hair in your head or a gnawing care in your heart, with the morning sun shining upon your upright figure, with the elastic springs in your feet and the blue heavens above your head, with the blood coursing through your veins like wine, with fifty years of life before you, envy the miserable mirage after mirage of bright dreams and beautiful illusions and pleasant visitings making the world seem beautiful around you; if you envy this man his forty-two millions of dollars, and his spectacles, and his gray hair, and his wife, and his heart, you are a fool, my boy; and you are scattering ashes on the roses that grow in the pathway of life. There is no fool like a fool, my boy, and you are scattering ashes on the roses that grow in the pathway of life. Take warning by the step, my son, and color in your blood, and dreams in your heart, and all the loveand beauty and freshness of the morning of life, and the sunshine that cannot buy, and don't you forget it. You don't want forty-two millionaires, and you don't want the millions are plenty; that will keep both of us. And if you want a couple of millions, why, go ahead and get it. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—Bob Burdette.

An Elizabethan Dinner.

In Elizabethan days the first course on great occasions would probably be wheaten flummery, stewed broth or spinach broth, or smallage, gruel, or hotchpot. The second consisted of fish, among which we may note lamprey, poor John, stock fish, and sturgeon, with sidedishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking puddings, bag puddings, black puddings, white puddings, and narrow puddings; then came veal, beef, capons, humble pie, mutton, narrow pasties, Scotch collops, wild fowl, and game. In fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese, cakes, jellies, warden pies, suckets, sillabubs, and so on; to be followed by a banquet of wafers and tansy cake. For the drinks, ale and beer, wine, sack, and numerous varieties of mead or methegline, some of which were concocted out of as many as five-and-twenty herbs, and were redolent of sweet country perfumes.—Chambers's Journal.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin has concluded to wear an overcoat this winter.

OLD NAMES AND NEW PLACES.

The wisdom of the policy of giving classical names to towns, and to towns and cities may well be questioned when one sees the amazing mess, expressions which they give rise. Thus, New York state, which has most a mess in this respect, has such absurd names for towns, as North Hector, South Homer, East Romulus and many other similar ones, for which there can be no defense. Exactly what part of the body of Homer South Homer is, cannot be ascertained by anybody, and it would be a guilty difficult to assign parts of the body of the other Hectors, Homers, Romulus, Ovid, Virgil, Ulysses, Scipio and other worthies whose names are scattered with a lavish hand all over the Empire State of New York.

The West has not offended so much against good taste, and it is therefore hard to see why the Hamlet of Ovid, which is in Iowa, should have been transferred to the interior of Michigan. It is a very pretty name, however, and it looks very pretty, too. It gives one a impressive if not particularly like the original Ovid, and it is therefore only natural that they should appreciate the good points of the name, and should be subject to occasional neuralgia. H. Van Alden & Co., druggists, are the successes in Ionia.

We have handled the medicine for two years and hear only good reports from it, and believe it to be the best medicine for those who being exposed to all kinds of weather, has to suddenly and frequently change clothes, now thinks himself permanently cured by using Athlophoros. As I say, I have, in Ovid, city, has also received good results from the use of Athlophoros. Little Ovid is also troubled with neuralgia.

I have introduced Athlophoros in this town and have been good trade on it from the start and have never had a single complaint, but good reports from it and accept the fact of its curing sale as evidence that it is giving satisfaction.

"I was severely afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and tried everything I hear. About a year ago a friend who had used Athlophoros for rheumatism, urged me to use it and try it. After taking two bottles of the medicine I stopped because of the setting, and I am happy to state that I am free from the rheumatism since."

Dr. H. Van Alden, of Jorway, Mich., says: "I recommended Athlophoros in the case of Mrs. Mary Ann Lamphere, of this town, several years. Before she had taken half a bottle she was entirely free from pain, and a long time after she remained free from it. She was induced to try the Athlophoros by a friend who had used it with similar results. Mr. F. had tried every known remedy for rheumatism, and had given up hopes of ever being able to pursue his occupation. I can most heartily recommend the medicine for rheumatism."

Dr. H. S. Armstrong, of Helena, Mich., says: "I have sold your Athlophoros in the drug business I have had no remedy for rheumatism that gave such general satisfaction as Athlophoros."

"Athlophoros gives perfect satisfaction," Dallas Brothers, of Ionia, Mich., say. "We have sold it for some time, and have never had a complaint. We prefer that you don't use our name in connection with the medicine, as we do not like to be considered a patent medicine dealer, but only wish to state that we have found Athlophoros to be a good medicine."

Druggists generally throughout the country are selling Athlophoros, or can procure it for their customers. Price, $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. Prepared only by the Athlophoros Company, 162 Fulton street, New York.

THE TRUE TRUSS. There is known as the radical *Fitler* or *Lemon Truss*, is found in the drug portion of South America. The tree grows in the Andes, and the Indians have known the peculiar properties of condensing the moisture, and consequently the sap, into a condensation that a continual shower falls from the leaves and branches, and the surface of the ground is moistened by the constant rain. Places that would otherwise be barren are made fertile by this means covered with the most luxuriant forests.

Three Shall be no Alps.

When Napoleon talked of invading Italy one of his officers said, "There will be no Alps." To an ordinary man the road would have seemed simply insurmountable, but Napoleon was Napoleon, and he took a look at the famous Simplon pass was made. This story is quoted by Bennett Brothers in the way of some fortune and honor to many who by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are enabled and so the mountain would disappear. It is specific for all blood, chronic lung and throat diseases, such as consumption, bronchitis, cough, lingering colds, pimples, blotches and eruptions, swellings, fever sores and chronic complaints.

They are playing "Macbeth" as an Italian opera in San Francisco.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere recommended by the faculty for all forms of female complaints and weaknesses. It is a cordial, invigorating tonic.

Boutwell will deliver an eulogy on Grant in Boston, about December 20.

Despise Not the Day of Small Things

Little things may help a man to rise—a bent pin in an oaken rail for instance. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are little things, but mighty in their pleasant to take and they cure sick headaches, bilious headaches, and constipation, and are surely vegetable they cannot harm any one all druggists.

WINNOWING LITERATURE.—By some kind of a process of winnowing the literary chaff has been rattled off for generations in essays, speeches, and in little talks, pass as embodiments of wisdom. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has taken its place in popularity in a unique way, and it is not to be wondered at, for it is pure and imply good character. This has loads for anyone who has a cough or cold. Price 25 cents, large size, $1.

Just as difficult to cure from injury by names of Aaron Burr, Benedict Arnold, Jeff Davis, Butler or Emerson. Some does not impair value, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a good medicine, and is to bear the girl and boy graduates at allude to the Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and the authors who use books it is supposed they have never read—authors many fathoms lower in taste than the Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and in panegyrics. Many pass all though life reading and hearing of the Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and put the down right calcarity of authors whose books are read and hear