

St. Jacobs Oil family calendar and book of health and humor for the million : 1885 : containing original humorous articles & illustrations by the leading humorists of America / the Charles A. Vogeler Company.

Contributors

Charles A. Vogeler Company.

Publication/Creation

Baltimore, MD : Charles A. Vogeler Co., 1884.

Persistent URL

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GREAT BRITAIN EDITION.

St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar.

1885.

IT CONQUERS PAIN.



AND

AND BOOK OF HEALTH AND HUMOR FOR THE MILLION

The Charles A. Vogeler Company
Baltimore,
Maryland,
U.S.A.

Containing Original
Humorous Articles
& Illustrations by the
Leading Humorists
of America.

TO THE PUBLIC OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE undersigned, Sole Proprietors of ST. JACOBS OIL—the Great German Remedy for the Cure of Pain—are pleased to announce that they have established a Branch House of their business at

45 Farringdon Road, London,

And in presenting ST. JACOBS OIL to the English public, by means of the press and otherwise, they do so with the conviction that there is nothing unmercantile or unprofessional in giving the broadest publicity to meritorious goods, whether of a medicinal or other nature. They furthermore believe, that the sweeping objection, frequently urged against *advertised* articles, is born of dishonesty rather than of unbiased judgment.

The following pages will convey some idea of the wide-spread popularity which ST. JACOBS OIL enjoys throughout America, Australia, and other countries, where the people and press unite in proclaiming it a blessing to humanity. No similar preparation has ever achieved so large a sale, or has been received with such universal favor by the public. As a relief and cure for Rheumatism and all bodily pains for which an external remedy can be applied, it has been very justly termed a triumph of medical science; a title which it has fully sustained, by the highest awards of Great International Exhibitions, wherever it has been displayed, as well as by the unqualified endorsement of leading men in all walks of life. Its magical effects have made "*It Conquers Pain*" a household word in millions of homes, and while, heretofore, no special effort has been made to introduce it in Great Britain, it has already achieved popularity there by its intrinsic virtue, as will be seen by the testimony from English sources. The undersigned guarantee the genuineness of every testimonial published by them. *To prevent imposition, purchasers should carefully read page 30 of this book.*

ST. JACOBS OIL is sold by Chemists, Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 2s. 6d. per bottle. Full directions for use in eleven languages. **PARTIES IN GREAT BRITAIN UNABLE TO OBTAIN IT FROM DEALERS, WILL RECEIVE SAME, POST PAID, BY REMITTING 2s. 9d. TO**

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IT CONQUERS PAIN

WITH EVERY ONE

HEALTH, Good-Humor and Happiness go hand-in-hand through life. This fact induces the undersigned to present annually, in connection with their ST. JACOBS OIL FAMILY CALENDAR, a series of original, humorous, copyrighted sketches, written and illustrated expressly for this purpose, by the leading humorists and comic artists of America. These sketches, which contain nothing of an advertising nature, are pure in thought and word, and will afford amusement for old and young. As the Calendar is issued for free distribution among the million, every one is thus enabled to enjoy the wit of America's funny men at the fireside. It is, however freely admitted, that while this little book is immensely funny, it is not published for fun. That, although it is full of comfort and joy for mankind in general, it is not issued purely as a matter of public philanthropy.

The undersigned produce it in the interest of their business, and they conduct such business, primarily, for the purpose of making money. They conduct it, however, upon methods based on commercial fairness and right, and while in every branch of their vast enterprise—which is, by far, the largest of its kind in the world—their Policy is *Honesty*, it is not *that honesty* which is merely based upon policy.

They show their own faith in the marvelous power of ST. JACOBS OIL to Conquer Pain, by expending millions in making it known over the entire Globe, and placing it in open competition with any and all other agencies of healing. But their phenomenal success could never have been achieved had not their claims in favor of this wonderful remedy been, everywhere, realized by the public.

Apart from their novel literary feature, the following pages cannot but demonstrate how HAPPINESS—which is the absence of pain—may be secured by thousands, by the timely use of the GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS ST. JACOBS OIL,

Baltimore, Maryland, United States of America.

October, 1884.

BRANCH HOUSES:

London, England, 45 Farringdon Road.
San Francisco, California.
Toronto, Canada.
Sydney, New South Wales.
Melbourne, Victoria.

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A copy of this ST. JACOBS OIL FAMILY CALENDAR, 1885, will be presented by special carriers to every home in leading cities of Great Britain. Copies may be had by mail, by addressing THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, 45 FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND, and enclosing a one-penny postage-stamp.





A JANUARY PICNIC.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885,
by "Bill Nye.")

THE latest prescription given me last January was to go into the pine-forests and camp out. I was to wear a blue woolen shirt and moccasins, and to breathe in a good deal of pine-scented air. I was also to eat baked beans, dried apples and corned-beef out of a tin plate, and commune with nature. I did so.

For weeks I enjoyed this peaceful picture of the quiet comfort of the silent forest. For many days I had the joy of primeval solitude and the rest that comes not to the busy inhabitant of the feverish city. That is, I enjoyed it in my mind, for that was before I had tried it. I longed to be where the butchers cease from troubling and the hired girl is at rest.

I paid my taxes and sought the holy hush of the dark green woods. It was a pretty busy season and the holy hush seemed to be away somewhere. I didn't find five cents' worth of hush in the camp.

The first night I slept in the big camp I slept almost alone; no one occupied the bunk with me except an ox-yoke. Those who have not slept with a clear conscience and an ox-yoke do not know what genuine joy is.

An ox-yoke is not restless in the night, but it is not cheerful. It has cold feet, and it is eccentric in its movements. It is distinguished for its eternal repose, and calm, lady-like behavior, and yet it will turn upon you like a rattlesnake or a wheel-barrow if you tread on it.

The next night I slept in a bunk at the cook-house. I look back now at that night with horror. The cook in a lumber-camp does not sleep. He is what the detective advertises to be, —always awake and drawing pay.

The breakfast hour in a lumber-camp is about five o'clock, A. M. It seemed to me a little too hospitable to call a man up in the middle of the night to eat, but that's the custom.

All night the cook and the cookee ground coffee and chopped hash, and peeled onions for the coming five o'clock banquet. It got a little quiet about half-past twelve, and I thought I heard the cook unbutton his suspenders in a low tone of voice. He was surely going to bed. I could hear him now once more putting out the cat and whittling his kindling for the morning fire. He certainly must be preparing for bed. I thought I could hear him rasping down an obtrusive corn. Then I knew I heard him put the pan-cake batter where it would rise. He would soon be in bed, and then I would go to sleep.

At that moment the solemn hush of the outraged night gave place to a few desultory remarks made by an alarm-clock. Those who have tried most all night to sleep and failed, who have wadded their ear with a lonely little pillow, and vainly winked at the goddess of sleep, will agree with me that the glad-awakening of an alarm-clock seems inopportune. As it begins its low, tremulous refrain you get one of your overshoes and go to it and hush its joyous song.

When the alarm sounded, the cook, who was only partly undressed, went to work and dressed himself again. He then stuffed the kindling into the stove and began to get breakfast.

He asked me how I rested, and I said I slept like a child. I meant a very colicky child. He said he was glad.

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LONDON, THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Messrs. Francis Newbery & Son, London, England, established for one hundred and twenty-five years, write: "As a testimonial from one of the oldest drug-houses in Great Britain, respecting your household remedy, will no doubt be of interest to you, we are pleased to make the statement that we have sold, with-satisfaction to the public, ST. JACOBS OIL for several years, and that, owing to the extraordinary merits of the article, the demand is continually increasing, and that we have heard of many favorable reports regarding its great virtue as a pain-curing remedy."

WHAT IS IT?

In Spring I look gay,
Deck'd in comely array,
In Summer more clothing I wear;
When colder it grows,
I fling off my clothes,
And in Winter quite naked appear.

(Tree.)

HOUSEHOLD accidents are insured against by having ST. JACOBS OIL—the great pain-extractor—in the house.

A BALTIMORE servant-girl tried that good old time-honored plan of lighting the kitchen-fire with kerosene. Nothing has benzine of her since.



TIM, THE WHARF-RAT.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by F. H. Gassaway, "Derrick Dodd," of the San Francisco, California, "Evening Post.")

You see, gents, my pal Tim an me
Wos a'takin' a quiet swim,
When a cop comes a'sneakin' along ther wharf,
An he nabs poor little Tim.

You bet it wos rough on us partners that,
Fur while Tim in ther cooler stayed,
His corner'd be tuk by s'mother boy
As ud cabbage his reg'lar trade.

So Tim went a'snivilin' up ther street,
With me snivilin' on behine,
Wen a big man outer resterrink cum,
As I guess ud been drinkin' wine;

An he axes, "Whot's this here crim'nal done?"
So ther cop says, "Yer see its agin'
Ther law fur ter swim on ther city front,
So I'm runnin' this Wharf-Rat in."

An ther big man laughs as he looks at Tim,
An he sez, "How much is ther fine?"—
Five dollars!—They charge ther same for a bath
They does fur a bottle er wine.

"Wall, I guess I'll pay it," an then he winks
At me an ther cop kinder queer;
"But mind yer, Rat, this is onne a loan,—
You must pay it back in a year."

An he laughs agin' wen Tim braced up
An looks him square in ther eye,
An sez, with his fist a'clinch'd this way,—
"Ef I don't, sir, I hope ter die!"

Well, most on a year had gone; one day
Me an Tim wos stealin' a dip
By the ferry wharf, wen ther boat kem in
An run too hard 'gin ther slip;

An a little gal, that a big man held
A settin' upon ther rail,
Wos knocked clean over ther steamer's side
In ther shake uv a sheepses tail.

We seed 'twere ther same rich man, an knowed
Ther babby belonged ter him;
So Tim dived arter it like a duck,—
Fur I tell yer he saveyed ter swim.

Ther passengers yelled, ther bells they banged,
Till ther boat backed off from there;
Then we seed my pal cotched onter a pile,
A grippin' ther gal's long hair.

So they hauled 'em both out onter ther dock;
The gal *she* was safe an sound,
But Tim had been hit by ther iron wheel,—
His side wos jest one big wound.

Ther daddy he kissed his kid, then kneeled
Where Tim lay so white an sick:
"God bless yer!" he sez, "my little man,—
Someone fetch a doctor, quick!"

"No use," sez Tim: "I'm agoin', sir,
I can't pay yer now, yer see,"
And he takes from his neck a little bag,—
"I'm four bits short," sez he.

"Don't yer savey ther boy what wos tooked up,
What yer lent ther money that day?
I'd most got it all made up, but now—
But now I never kin pay."

"Don't talk uv that," sez the father chap,
His big tears a'runnin' free;
"You've saved my babby's life, an she's
Wuth all ther world ter me!"

"Is she wuth four bits?" sez Tim, so weak;
"Oh! yes," sez ther man,— "Give him air!"
"Then," sez Tim, just like he wos goin' ter
sleep,
"Then, mister, you and me's square."

An that woz ther last word Timmie sez,
An all them big men tall
Tuk off ther hats as my pal let go,—
Yes they did,—plug hats and all!

An a gospel sharp as wos in ther crowd,
He knelt right down by Tim,
An he told uv a Bible feller, as sed
Fur dead kids ter cum ter him.

I tell yer its hard ter lose ther pal
Yer've fit fur, starved with, an love;
But I'm bettin' as them as is square down here
Is square up there above!

*[Copyright, 1883. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

WHO are the most wicked people in the world,
and why? Pen-makers—because they make
people steel pens, and tell them they do write.

THE centre of the acutest agony is reached by
ST. JACOBS OIL—the searching, sovereign cure
for pain.



THREE AMERICAN SAINTS.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by E. W. Nye, "Bill Nye," Hudson, Wisconsin.)

THE month of February is largely sacred to the memory of George Washington, the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, St. Valentine and the Ground-Hog. George Washington is the patron saint of the War Department, St. Valentine monopolizes the Post-Office Department for three days in the middle of February, and the Ground-Hog is the *alma mater* of the Weather Bureau.

George Washington was the father of his country, and sometimes I think he ought to be ashamed of himself. Still he didn't know that he would be held responsible for the wild-cat miner and the dude. He didn't know that, when he crossed the Delaware on roller-skates, that he was about to become the parent of a country noted everywhere for its freedom and trichinosis. If he had, he very likely might have stayed on the other side.

Mr. Washington was also widely and favorably known as the husband of Martha Washington, who is now deceased. Mrs. Washington was a noble wife and an indulgent step-mother of her country by marriage. She never banged her hair or made a crazy quilt that looked like a premature discharge of pyrotechnics. She was quiet and dignified to a fault, and knew how to successfully boil the maroon doughnut with a hole in it. She was not literary, and abstained from writing "The Bread-Winners," or "Beautiful Snow." Neither she or her husband wrote either of those literary gems.

St. Valentine's Day generally falls on the fourteenth, if it's a good day. No one knows definitely why it is called St. Valentine's Day. There are a number of theories, but as the custom of sending paper ginger-bread and gaudy art, set off with hand-made poetry on this day, was inaugurated about five hundred years be-

fore St. Valentine was beheaded, it is not accurately known what relationship there is between the two.

I get a valentine almost every year. It is not beautiful, but it shows that I am not forgotten. It represents a bald-headed blonde, with a brow like a haystack. He is in the act of thinking. He seems to have a thinker large enough for nine able-bodied men; but his neck and his salary are apparently small. At least he wears a gingham patch on the bosom of his pants and a Scotch plaid study on one knee. He has a bilious and reflective air, also an absent-minded look about the pockets, which would show that he might be a grasshopper sufferer or a journalist. This valentine of course varies a little each year, but the general resemblance is maintained. It is sent anonymously by a person whose name I have been unable to ascertain. I am sorry that I am unable to repeat some of the poetry, but I cannot now recall it. It is not the kind of poetry that I like. It somehow seems to contain a kind of covert sneer, and would seem to reflect on the abnormal power of my brain. Now I do not like such things. If a man is an intellectual giant, it ought not to be the subject for adverse criticism and sarcastic verse. I can't help it. Some men are born with big heads, some acquire big heads, and others have big heads thrust upon them.

The Ground-Hog, the goose's breast-bone, the pig's "melt," the muskrat house, and the almanac, control the weather. On Ground-Hog Day the Ground-Hog goes out into the air and decides on what kind of a year he will give us. If you happen to be where you can see him, when he comes out of his hole, you may judge by his actions as to the weather for the near future. Still it has been learned that Ground-Hogs, in different localities, perform quite differently on this day, and owing to the great difficulty of seeing him at the exact moment he comes out, a great many are selling their Ground-Hogs and squandering the money on bread.

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BIRTHDAYS.

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

FROM THE AMERICAN CAPITAL.

Mrs. Mary K. Sheed, 1110 Maryland Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia, United States of America, states, that for several years she had suffered terribly with facial Neuralgia and could find no relief. In a recent attack—which extended to the neck, shoulders and back—the pain was intense. She resolved to try ST. JACOBS OIL—the great pain-reliever. Rubbing the parts affected, three times only, all pain vanished as by magic—and has not returned.

CASUALTIES ON LAND AND WATER.

(From the London "Daily Sportsman.")

That untoward events occasionally attend the deservedly popular game of cricket most people must be well aware. Those who saw Mr. Blackham, the Australian, indulge in an impromptu *pas seul* a few days ago, at Lord's, on a cricket-ball and his knuckles becoming intimately acquainted, would not for a moment be under the impression that his gymnastic display was a mere ebullition of playful light-heartedness. The truth is, he had stopped one of Ulyett's lightning deliveries with the back of his bare hand, and he is by no means anxious to repeat the experiment. I have had the curiosity to endeavor to ascertain how the Australians have continued day after day to put in an appearance at the wickets in such grand form and to display such untiring energy. Of course, they, like other devotees of the game, are subject to the ill-effects of bruises, to sprains of a more or less severe character, and to that stiffness of the muscles and joints which so often results from extra bodily exertion.

MR. G. ALEXANDER,

who in addition to managing the business affairs of the team, seems to have undertaken in some respects the functions of medical adviser, most cheerfully accorded every information. In a manner his *confrères* have met with a fair share of disaster during their trip. No fewer than four or five have at one time or another been placed temporarily *hors de combat*, whilst others suffered from minor afflictions which they could not afford the time to humor, and which, therefore, had to be borne with the best possible grace under the circumstances. At home, he observed, they had at hand a peculiar, simple, wonderfully efficacious, and at the same time, remarkably inexpensive remedy for sprains, soreness, stiffness of the joints, contusions, and the like. He had, however, run out of the comparatively limited stock he had brought with him, and on making an inquiry he had learned to his chagrin that he could not obtain the preparation in England. This had caused some consternation amongst "the boys," and several who were slightly affected had declined to try any other remedy. Questioned as to this compound, he remarked that it was ST. JACOBS OIL, the potency of which in the removal of pain they had experienced many a time and oft. A curious thing about this Oil was the extreme rapidity with which it performed its good offices. "Didn't go fooling about and wasting time, but got to business at once," I suggested, and a hearty acquiescence was given. To his delight Mr. Alexander was soon put in possession of the information that the Oil had been introduced to the British public, and he wasted no time in obtaining a stock. I have since seen a letter from him, in which he announces that he carries a supply of ST. JACOBS OIL with him for use in any emergency, and intends to continue to do so.

MR. H. F. BOYLE

was equally ready to bear testimony to the virtues of the preparation. He had personal experience of its value, and certainly looked upon it as almost a necessary item of his cricketing outfit. Moreover, he knew many athletes in Australia who were equally as ardent admirers of the Oil as he was, and he told how the medicament had become quite famous right throughout the great antipodean colony. It was rapid in its action, gave speedy relief from pain, and its effects were not evanescent, but permanent. Perhaps, it was intimated, no one knew its beneficial properties better than

MR. BLACKHAM,

who had taken an undue proportion of the knocking about that had fallen to the share of the team. He had been bruised and battered at short intervals, but went through the ordeal most manfully, and

quickly resumed his duties with no diminution of ardor. That crack on the knuckles he incurred in London had called for the broaching of "a bottle"—not of spirituous liquor, but of ST. JACOBS OIL, so that the punishment unwittingly administered by Ulyett would speedily be forgotten. Then, again, there was

MR. SPOFFORTH,

who in May last received a terrible blow whilst taking part in a match in London. The bruise he had to exhibit was of ghastly proportions, but it gradually disappeared, whilst its pain succumbed to the all-powerful specific. In short, better testimonials as to the real virtues of the Oil could not possibly be obtained than those voluntarily and cheerfully accorded by the Australian cricketers, who pin their faith on that which has proved trustworthy in an infinitude of trials.

EDWARD TRICKETT,

the celebrated Australian oarsman—looked upon by many as the champion of the world—gave the reporter of a Sydney, New South Wales paper, the benefit of his pronounced opinion of what is best for the muscles under strain, and for all aches and pains. He said: "ST. JACOBS OIL cured me of severe pains in the back, and I have found it a sure and certain cure, and one unequalled by any other remedy. It is pleasant, safe and sure, penetrating at once to the seat of disease and eradicating the complaint without further trouble. That and a good athletic training, he further said, is what our young men want."

JOHN ROLFE,

the Champion Bicyclist of Australia, in an interview with a reporter of the Melbourne, Australia, *Argus*, gives his experience, and good deal of sound advice, in the use of the limbs and the treatment of the muscles, in which he says: "During my recent six-days' contest, held in the Melbourne Exhibition Building, and after riding for eight consecutive hours each day, viz., from half-past two until half-past ten, my limbs would become sore and stiff from over-exertion. I desire to add, therefore, my cheerful endorsement of the good effects I have at all times received from the use of ST. JACOBS OIL, when in active training and racing. I am positive it aided me to win the match, and I shall never enter another contest without it. As further proof, after the contest, I rode a hundred miles against time. After being well rubbed with the Oil all muscular pain immediately vanished. I strongly advise all wheelmen and other athletes to give it a trial." Mr. Rolfe further said it was his boon companion, and he would not be without it.

Sufficient has doubtless been said to prove that this preparation has fairly established its reputation as a remedial application in a great variety of cases. The testimony of the celebrated athletes I have named is specially valuable, inasmuch as they have subjected the Oil to as severe tests as could be imagined. That it will speedily attain great and universal notoriety in the British Isles is beyond all question, and the more it is used the more spontaneously forthcoming will be the grateful tribute to its innate worth and its marvelous power.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

Dishonest dealers often try to pass off worthless imitations of St. Jacobs Oil. Therefore, the public should carefully read the Official Announcement on page 30 of this book. In May, 1884, the Court of Appeal, London, England, granted us a perpetual injunction (with costs) against Parrott & Co., of that city, manufacturers of the so-called "St. David's Oil." This decision forever prohibits the use of the term "St. David's Oil," or any similar term, as well as the words, *The Great German Remedy*, or any title or words similar to those used by us in connection with St. Jacobs Oil. We will promptly prosecute all wrongdoers, and will pay, liberally, for information that will lead to the conviction of any one infringing our rights. Our trade-marks are registered everywhere and duly protected by law.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY.



VANITY AND VEXATION.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by "Bill Nye.")

It is in March that the American people inaugurate the President, preparatory to his four years of national abuse on the part of those who consider it smart to say mean things of great men. No one has mentioned the matter of my candidacy for 1888, but to avoid any surprise or disappointment on the part of my friends, I desire to say now that it will be impossible.

Many boys look forward, with much pleasure, to the time when they will be President of the United States, and be thus, by their own unaided exertions, the greatest official on earth, but it never worried me much. I would rather be the obscure clerk of Joint-School District, Number Eight, and not feel bound to provide for three million office-seekers, whose pantaloons have a two-inch fringe at the base.

In 1883 I had the pleasure of looking at a President through a knot-hole in a high board-fence. During our interview I was forcibly struck with the look of pain on the face of the Chief-Magistrate. He did not say much, but I could see that the burden of three or four million office-holders, and three or four million more who were willing to be office-holders, and forty or fifty million vocal or published criticisms each day, were making a big man sad. We elevate a man to a great height here in America and then we let him fall hard.

My own career in politics, though brief, was extremely brilliant. It was indeed gratifying to receive the encomiums and such things as that which were heaped upon me by my fellow-citizens, and yet I saw that it was filling me with pride and unfitting me for the avocations of life. When I saw that public life, as a Justice of the Peace, was destroying my industrial and economical habits, and that I was getting above

bringing in my own coal, and building the fires, as I had done while I was one of the common herd, I abandoned politics and retired to private life.

We do not always consider how much sorrow goes with greatness. In every package of distinction there is a prize. Either ingratitude, the loss of friendship or appetite, premature loss of hair, corns or contumely are one or all the common heritage of greatness. As the President takes his oath of office he becomes the servant of the Republic. His time is not his own, and even after office-hours, if he goes out on the plaza, he may be shot so full of holes that his clothes will not be available for the use of his successor. There are always at least two hundred and fifty men who claim that they, by their own individual efforts elected the President, and that therefore they ought to mark out the course of the administration. These men must be kept quiet in some way, or the air will be blue with dissatisfied wail. The President always has trouble with his enemies it is true, but they are not so hard to knock out in three rounds as his friends.

Boys, you will do a smart thing if you carry your Ward, then your Town, then your County, then your Congressional District, then your State, and lastly become President, with two cranks on every corner waiting to kill you; but you will do a blamed sight more satisfactory thing if you build up a nice business that will give you comfort, and leave your family something to live on beside a hollow title, and perhaps a live and healthy political scandal, as big as the mortgage on your house.

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A MESSAGE FROM MERRY ENGLAND.

Mr. R. H. Mardon, of the firm of Mardon, Son & Hall, the eminent Lithographers and Printers, established over fifty years, Bristol, England, writes: "Last year, when suffering greatly from Neuralgia, I tried ST. JACOBS OIL. I had before used it, when in Australia, for Rheumatism, with the greatest benefit, but hardly thought it would be efficacious for Neuralgia, yet I certainly found a wonderful relief from its application. So highly pleased was I with it that I obtained a case of one dozen bottles, for distribution amongst our work-people, some of whom have told me it proved invaluable. I gave a bottle to one of our leading clergymen, who was suffering with Lumbago, and he was delighted with the speedy cure it effected."

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.

He was a well-meaning Boston man; but they had been married a long while, and when he playfully asked her what was next to nothing, she sarcastically answered that during the cold spells of the year she thought his winter flannels were.

ACHES, pains and bodily ailments, all succumb to ST. JACOBS OIL—the great pain-cure.



A SINGLE HAIR.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, by George W. Peck, Editor "Peck's Sun.")

THERE is a man in Milwaukee whose life is made a burden by hairs on his coat. He is a man who never thought twice of any woman other than his wife. He is blind in one eye, has a long, red nose; his teeth are worn and decayed; he is bald, with a fringe of carrotty hair down by his ears, and altogether a man most unlikely to awake a responsive echo in the bosom of woman. But his wife has an idea that he is a terror, and faintly believes that every moment he is out of her sight he is in the society of other women, and he never comes home but she searches him for strange hairs. The boys in the shoe-shop, where he works, know about his wife's jealousy, and it is a cold day when they don't put a female hair or two on his coat to wear home. The man has had so much trouble that he has begun to look upon his persecution as a joke, and as his wife will not listen to explanation, he encourages her in her hair-hunting, and believes it is the only enjoyment she has. Her neighbors all know her peculiarity, and when she goes to church, the congregation glance at the poor man to see if he has been picked. She will occasionally look at her husband in church, see a speck of lint or a whisker on his coat, and reach up to him and remove it, as though she were doing a great service, and he will meekly look away at the minister, as though it was a part of the service. Recently there was a party of seven sisters exhibited at a museum, in Milwaukee, who had the longest hair that ever was seen. One of the girls had hair seven feet long. She stood on a chair and the hair reached to the floor, and it was greatly admired. The husband of the hair-searching woman decided to secure one of those hairs, and after shadowing the museum for a week, on Saturday night he got one out of a comb the girl had been using, and he rolled it up and put it in his pocket-book. The next day he went to church with his wife, after concealing the hair in his vest, leaving about two inches of the end of it sticking out of his collar. He felt a sublime assurance that his wife would see that hair, and she did. The minister was praying, and the hair man was looking solemn, with his eyes closed, and the wife was looking around for the latest styles of bonnets and stray hairs. Suddenly her eye fell upon the two-inch hair sticking out of her husband's collar, and laying lovingly on his black vest; men-

tally she resolved that it should not recline on her husband's vest—being of a different color from her own—and she reached up and took hold of it with her thumb and finger, and pulled on it, pulling it out about a foot. The husband remained unconscious, with his eyes half closed, but there could have been seen a twinkle in his eyes, and wrinkles all around them that resembled a coming laugh. The wife looked thunderstruck, and a lady in an adjoining pew saw her, and punched another lady and called her attention to the panorama. The wife pulled another foot of the hair out of the vest, and yet there was no end to it, and she turned red in the face, and some more people began to look. The wife thought she might as well end it, as the hair was all over the man's coat-sleeve, and down in her lap, so she pulled again and got another foot or eighteen inches of the hair, and yet there was no end! The thing was getting serious, and the woman looked as though she would have given largely to the heathen, if she had not touched that hair, and there were a dozen people looking, and the perspiration started out on her face. The minister had got through praying and the people raised their heads, and the wife, thinking there must be an end to all things, pulled at the hair again, and got another foot of it—but no end! She had four feet of one hair in her lap, and she looked up in a helpless sort of manner as though she had got her foot in it. Her lap was full of that hair, and as she knew she would have to get up with the congregation to sing, she pulled again and got another foot of the hair, and then her heart sunk within her. She had five feet of it, and yet there was more! She thought her husband had been fooling her by putting a spool of black silk thread in his vest for her to pull on; but on examining it she found that it was an unmistakable hair, and she pulled again and got another foot, and no end, and she nearly fainted away. She looked as though she was afraid if she kept on pulling she would pull out a full-grown woman or a hair-store. She looked around and nearly every eye in the congregation was on her, and as the minister read the hymn he looked at her to see what all the people were looking at. Just as they were about to rise and sing, she gave one last, lingering, impassionate jerk, and got the end of the hair, and she rolled it up in her handkerchief and got up to sing; but her face was red, and her voice trembled. Before they got out of church the husband had stolen her handkerchief out of the pocket of her cloak, taken out the hair and replaced the handkerchief, and when she asked him where on earth he had been to get a hair on his clothes as long as a clothes-line, he told her she was crazy on the subject of female hairs. She told him she would show him when she got home; but on arriving there the hair was gone, and the husband was so solicitous after her health—telling her he was going to have a council of doctors examine her to see if she was insane—that she actually believed she had imagined all that she had experienced in church with the long hair, and she believed she was becoming a monomaniac on the subject of long hairs, and from that day she has never mentioned hairs to her husband. He might come home with a whole head of female hair on his coat, and the wife—who had such a narrow escape from hopeless insanity—would never notice the hair. But those who saw her pull in that hair, as though she was trolling for bass, will always remember how they thought her husband was raveling out inside.

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LIGHTS O' LONDON.

"My mother," writes Mr. Reg. Whitney, 161 Odessa Road, Forest Gate, London, England, "had suffered with Rheumatism in the hands and found great relief from the use of ST. JACOBS OIL, which has a world-wide reputation as a certain cure for all Rheumatic complaints."



BOSSING A BAR'L IN APRIL.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by C. B. Lewis, "M. Quad," of the "Detroit Free Press.")

It was the glorious First of April—late in the afternoon.

A barrel stood on the sidewalk—a whiskey-barrel. If it wasn't a whiskey-barrel the heads shouldn't have been branded:

"PURE (KY.) BOURBON."

XXX. 1865.

The public accepted it as a whiskey-barrel with yellow heads and something good inside, but it excited no special comment until a man in his shirt-sleeves suddenly appeared beside it. He looked from the barrel to the doorway, and two pedestrians halted. He spit on his hands, and five others stopped as if shot. He then disappeared within the doors of a saloon on the corner, to be seen no more for an hour.

"I 'spose they want to get this bar'l up-stairs?" observed one of the group of seven.

"I presume that's the idea," replied a second, while a third paced off the distance from the barrel to the doorway of an up-stairs restaurant. The distance was seventeen feet. Just as this vital point had been decided, the group swelled from seven to thirteen.

"I'd use a block-and-tackle to haul 'er up," observed one of the group.

"Well, I dunno," replied another, as he carefully squinted up his left eye; "a couple of skids on the stairway and two stout men behind the bar'l would fetch it."

At this point another man paced off the distance. He made it seventeen feet and six inches. He was offering to bet two to one he was right, when the crowd grew to twenty.

"Bad thing to git up there," said a lawyer, as he glanced up the stairway. "Seems to me I'd hoist it through a window."

"Why didn't he order it in half-barrels, I'd like to know?" inquired a grocer.

"Suppose he gits it half-way up and she comes down with a rush?" remarked a tailor.

Twenty-six men favored rolling it up by brute force.

Thirty-four others favored hoisting it through a window.

While one man was hunting for skids and a second for tackle, a third mounted a box and called out:

"Feller pioneers, the way to git that bar'l up-stairs is to put up a derrick and hoist it to the roof, and lower it through the scuttle! Some of you hunt around and find a derrick!"

A policeman then came up and wanted to know who had dropped dead of heart-disease, or been killed by a falling sign, and when informed of the true state of the case he cried out:

"Gentlemen, move on!—move on! Indeed, you must move on!"

"Never!" called two hundred voices in chorus. "As free-born American citizens we bow to no tyrant, no matter what the size of his paper-collar!"

The skid-man now returned with a piece of scantling on his shoulder, and the crowd welcomed him with cheers, groans and yums.

"I tell you he wants a tackle!"

"No, he don't!"

"He'll never get that bar'l up-stairs!"

"What do you know about it?"

The tackle-man now appeared, with a piece of rope about ten feet long in his grasp, and while a part of the crowd cheered the remainder hooted at him.

"I say he'll never git it up!"

"I say he will!"

"Git a tackle!"

While several fights were taking place in the crowd, a lonesome-looking man mounted a box and asked to be heard. He would place the bar'l on a hand-cart and have the cart drawn up-stairs.

Up to this time sixty different men had measured the distance between the barrel and the doorway. There were two hundred and fifty different opinions as to how the barrel should be taken up. At least fifty men had called fifty other men liars, and the prospect for a street riot was A 1, when the saloon-man in his shirt-sleeves suddenly reappeared.

Then a deep hush fell upon the multitude. The voice of a red-headed man who had lost both coat-tails was plainly heard as he whispered:

"It isn't the black eye nor the smashed nose I care so much about, but the idea of somebody carrying my coat-tails around to prove that I fight hind-side first is what harrow's up my feelings!"

The man in his shirt-sleeves drew a long breath and looked over the crowd.

The silence was profound.

"Shentlemens!" he said, in deep, calm tones, "dot vhas one paper parrel, wat got noddings in it. It vhas yust my new saloon sign, an' I vhas much oblige, dot you make some pig April fool mit me! Goot-pye!" Saying this he grasped the barrel in one hand and disappeared.

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]



SPOOPENDYKE AT DEATH'S DOOR.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, by Stanley Huntley "Spoopendyke," Editor of *Drake's Travellers' Magazine*, New York, N. Y.)

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, between two groans, "my dear, you won't forget to be kind to the baby after I'm gone, will you?" and Mr. Spoopendyke straightened out in his stuffed chair and kicked his slipper half-way across the room. "You needn't mind about a monument," he continued. "A simple stone will do me, only I want you to watch and see that the measly thing don't get canted over sideways, like some I've seen!" and with this sepulchral instruction, Mr. Spoopendyke rolled up his eyes and kicked the other slipper to the ceiling.

"You'll be all right in a day or two," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke consolingly.

"You overheard my observations about the baby and the tombstone, I trust!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, wriggling into an upright position. "You caught the spirit of my sentiment relative to the offspring and the *Hic Jacet*, did you not?"

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke mildly. "But you are not going to die. It's only a touch of your old trouble. If you take care of yourself, it will all go away."

"P'raps you've some information about where it will go to," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke sarcastically. "Maybe you have a notion that it has certain days out! P'raps you're prepared to argue that it puts on a frock and goes to a matinee when it ought to be at home getting dinner ready! Well, it doesn't, and it don't go around with its back hair in its mouth, hunting for a dod-gasted crimping pin, with a pair of tin trousers on! This rheumatic pain is going to a funeral; that's where it's going, and the late lamented on that occasion is going to be one Spoopendyke, of which I am he! Understand that?" and Mr. Spoopendyke assumed a corpse-like aspect and glared at his wife.

"I know it's uncomfortable," conceded Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and—"

"Of course, you know all about it!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "Never having had anything of the kind, your information is limitless. If I only had your knowledge, I wouldn't need anything but a big doormat with 'Welcome' on it, and a read-headed clerk with spectacles to be a public library! Are you going to have that tombstone according to the notions of the defunct, or am I to go whooping around through space without being able to point out to the other angels the last, sad resting-place of the measly remains? Can I rely on that headstone, any more than I can on not having hash for Monday's breakfast, or have I got to sit up in my grave with my head sticking out, so that people will know that it is the lowly, narrow bed of Spoopendyke?"

"Certainly," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "If you die, you shall have a gravestone. Didn't carrying the potato in your pocket help you any. I heard—"

"You heard?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You're always hearing! With your capacity for sounds, you only want your head tightened up and a big darkey to pound on you to be a bass drum! Did the potatoes do me any good? Ask 'em!" and Mr. Spoopendyke drew a huge tuber from his pants pocket. "If that one don't know, inquire of this!" here he drew one from his coat-tail pocket. "If he appears to be in any doubt about it, try this!" and he hauled one out of his pistol pocket. "Come forth!" he roared, developing potatoes from all over him. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against Spoopendyke! Speak the speech as I pro—come out!" he yelled, as one immense potato stuck fast. "P'raps you think you've got hold of the other end of that rheumatism! Oh, come and be my bride!" and as the potato came out with a jerk, Mr. Spoopendyke bumped the point of his elbow against the edge of the table and lifted himself over the back of his chair at a bound.

"That's what you wanted!" he shrieked, grinning at his wife. "Think it looks as though those dod-gasted potatoes had done me any good? May be they should have been smashed!" and suiting his muscles to the suggestion, he whanged them against the wall vindictively.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly, helping him back to his chair. "I was going to say, I heard that potatoes weren't good for the rheumatism. It has got to be taken care of and rubbed constantly. I know there must be something good for it."

"Produce that something!" groaned Mr. Spoopendyke. "Roll that something right into my presence and pull out the bung! Let the mourners take a recess while this great interconvertible rheumatism annihilator is set up on end within the range of my fading vision and encouraged to squirt! Where is it?" he demanded with a roar. "Why should this marvel remain in coy dalliance with obscurity? Is the handle broke? Can't you lift it? Never mind. It's too late! The shadows are closing around and the dod-gasted lamb is prepared for the measly sacrifice! If you ever find it, rub it on the tombstone!" And Mr. Spoopendyke fell back with an expression of resignation, frothing at the mouth.

"I only said there must be something, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I don't know what it is, but I think—"

"That's it!" squeaked Mr. Spoopendyke, "you think! With your disposition to indulge in abstract profundity, you only need a lightning-rod and a boat-race to be a whole collegiate course of instruction! Where's that cure? You said there was a cure! Why isn't it held up for my scrutiny? Perpetrate that cure upon me before the *post mortem* sets in."

"I really don't know what it is," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "If I did I'd tell you."

"Good-by!" said Mr. Spoopendyke, in a broken voice. "I'm going to turn in and die!" and he began to undress slowly. "I've shuffled around in this mortal coil until the measly thing is most unwound, and now I'm going to take a whack at immortality! If I'm dead in the morning, don't cry, and if I ain't dead, you be dod-gasted careful not to make a noise and disturb me!" With which benediction Mr. Spoopendyke rolled into bed and groaned dismally.

"I don't care," soliloquized Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she dropped on the floor to take off her boots. "There ought to be something good for it. If he isn't better tomorrow, he'll want the tombstone brought to the house, and if it isn't as tall as a shot tower, he'll howl around all day because I don't love him."

And with this reflection Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled softly into bed, and was rewarded for her care with the interrogatory, whether she "thought the rheumatism was some sort of a hammock originated for dod-gasted females to fall in and out of, or a dutch oven to warm cold feet."

*[Copyright. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—The soothing, patient nature of Mrs. Spoopendyke seems to indicate that she only needs a cork and a label to be a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. As for Mr. Spoopendyke, if we may rely on the fidelity of his biographer, his ignorance of the Great German Remedy shows that he only wants a pair of hind legs and a winter at night-school to be a little more of a mule. Aches will come and pangs will torture, and domestic disturbances will arise, but the choice is left, whether a man will suffer his dod-gasted infirmities, or pour St. Jacobs Oil on the troubled waters, and read his measly title clear to happiness!



CALF-BEESNESS.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by "Bill Nye.")

THE month of May suggests that every little while some red-nosed philosopher arises and deplures the fact that all the boys are leaving the farm and going into literature or life-insurance, and that, therefore, some day in the near hence we shall not have any bread to eat or bran-mash to feed our fiery steeds. Few know definitely why boys leave the farm, and, of course, the same force that impels one boy may not be the motive for another.

One may leave the farm because his father was severe with him, another may leave the old farm because the wages are too low, while another may get disgusted because he hasn't the leisure for mental improvement that he yearns for. There are innumerable reasons why boys leave the farm. One gentleman, who is now the General Passenger Agent of a well-known railroad, told me in a burst of confidence last summer, while I was waiting in his office for an annual pass, that one day on the dear old farm homestead, years ago, he decided to roach the iron-gray mule's mane and tail, in order to give him *chic* and tone. In giving me the incident he did not go into details, but simply said that his last official act on the farm was this surgical operation on the iron-gray mule. That was the motive for a change.

The life of a farmer-boy is clouded with many nameless annoyances of which the great heart of traffic wots not. Among them, and taking a front rank, is the mental relaxation of weaning a calf from its parent stem, and teaching him to drink without the bottle.

He who has not passed through it ought not to write about it, for he cannot deal with the trouble understandingly. If you have been a farmer's son and have swung an old scythe all day among the twittering bob-o'-links and the nodding nests of the over-ripe hornet; if you

come home at night hot and hungry, wearing an old pair of overalls of which you are extremely apprehensive, and an open-back shirt with your sunburned spinal column protruding into the sultry air, you want food and rest and change of scene.

It is then you remember that you have a speckled-calf foundling asylum and kindergarten at the barn. You brace up and take a pail of tepid skimmed milk into the den of performing animals, and the grand overture begins. He who can teach the young and bob-tail calf of the work-a-day world to drink, and still never get butted over a nine-rail fence into the pig-pen, is a natural born statesman. For the first three weeks after the average calf has ceased to draw rations from the parent, he has the hallucination that he is a battering-ram that is about two months behind with his orders and has to make up time. I sometimes think the farmer-boys receive injuries in this way that they never recover from. I know that it tends to discourage them about agricultural research. If you have bent your aching form over a two-acre field of early-rose potatoes all day, feeding Paris-green to the voracious striped potato-bug, and then milked nine reluctant cows, and labored with a primary class of nine stump-tail calves, trying to inculcate the elements of drink, and been boosted over into the approaching fall, you know one of the great, swelling joys of a farmer's life.

It is at this season, also, that the fluffy little bumble-bee gets thoroughly thawed out and sighs for the young man with the linen pantaloons and the look of pained surprise. The early blooming May bumble-bee in the North comes with the buttercups and the Book Agent. Bumble-bees acquire honey, but it does not figure much in commerce. The man that gathers bumble-bee honey for the markets generally acquires about half a tablespoonful, and then both eyes are swelled shut so tight that he can only see to get home with great difficulty. What we need in this country is a hardy, stingless, dwarf bumble-bee.

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

BACKACHE is banished by ST. JACOBS OIL—the wonderful medical discovery.

RHODE ISLAND TEA.

A Connecticut man bought a chest of tea in Providence, and on opening found a stone inside, weighing nearly eleven pounds. He remarked that the weights of Providence are very mysterious.

IN THE SWAMPS.

Mr. H. H. Meiggs, the greatest railroad contractor of the world, Lima, Peru, South America, writes: "I wish to say of ST. JACOBS OIL that I am so completely satisfied with its use that I procured a box of it. I have used it with great satisfaction. It has accomplished wonders, and given great relief. It will always have my positive endorsement as a pain liberator."



"TOD."

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885,
by Miss Duam, Baltimore, Md.)

Tod was such a little kid
You'd hardly think 'twas in him,—
Quiet as a mouse when hid,
A kindly word would win him;
But if you'd let him have his way
He'd make your hair stand, any day.

I told him once the story quaint
The Bible tells, of certain boys
Who ridiculed an aged Saint
By crying, "Bald-head!" with a noise,
And then the bears, from out the wood,
Devoured them all, just where they stood.

I saw he didn't quite believe
A word I said about it,—
He really thought I might deceive,
And said as much to doubt it;
He'd laugh at heads without a hair,
And never once would see a bear.

The next day, sitting all alone,
Tod saw an old man pass;
His hat was off, his bald-pate shone
As shines a piece of glass:
The child looked up, and with a glance
Was on his feet;—he saw his chance.

To make things sure, he seized the door,
Then cried: "Old Bald-head!" twice.
He slammed it too, and o'er the floor
Came tripping in a trice;
And then, as through the hall he tears,
I heard him say, "Bring on your bears!"

"Aunty," he said to me, that night,
"Now what's the yuse to yarn,
I called him 'Bald-head' right on sight,
An' didn't keer a darn;
On his head there wurn't no hair,
An' Tod ain't seen a nary bear."

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

SEALED AND SIGNED.

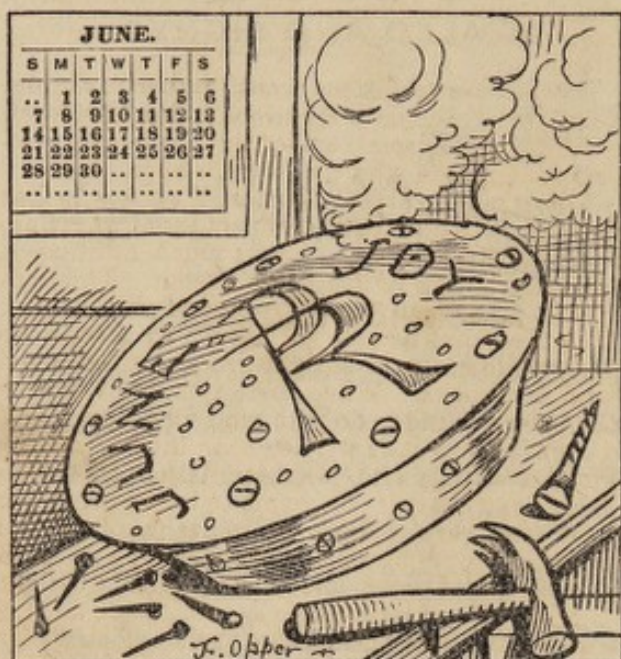
The following is a specimen testimonial from
the thousands received, certifying to the virtues of
ST. JACOBS OIL:—

Greenville, California, Mar 27, '84
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear sir: I have seen more benefit
derived from a single application
of St. Jacobs Oil, than from any
other remedy, in my observations of
twenty years. I am willing to state
over my official seal as follows:
Mrs. A. Williams suffered in-
tensely for three days with pains
in the back. The case had assumed
an alarming stage and she was
delirious. Many remedies were
tried without relief when about
9 p.m. of third day, a single applica-
tion of St. Jacobs Oil was made exter-
nally. The patient slept soundly and
got up well. I consider it my duty to offer
this testimony. Very respectfully.

Harry Williams
Notary Public





THE RHUBARB-PIE.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by "Bill Nye.")

IN June the medicated tropical fruit known as the rhubarb-pie is in full bloom. The farmer goes forth into his garden to find out where the coy, old setting hen is hiding from the vulgar gaze, and he discovers that his pie-plant is ripe. He then forms a syndicate with his wife for the purpose of publishing the seditious and rebellious pie.

It is singular that the War Department has never looked into the scheme for fighting the Indians with rhubarb-pie, instead of the regular army. One-half the army could then put in its time court-martialing the other half, and all would be well.

Rhubarb undoubtedly has its place in the *materia medica*, but when it sneaks into the pie of commerce it is out of place. Castor-oil, and capsicum, and dynamite, and chloroform, and porous-plasters, and arsenic, all have their uses in one way or another, but they would not presume to enter into the composition of a pie. They know it would not be tolerated. But rhubarb, elated with its success as a drug, forgets its humble origin and aspires to become an article of diet.

Now the pumpkin knows its place. You never knew of a pumpkin trying to monkey with science. The pumpkin knows that it was born to bury itself in the bosom of the pumpkin-pie. It does not, therefore, go about the country claiming to be a remedy for spavin.

Supposing that the gory, yet toothsome steak, that grows on the back of the twenty-one-year-old steer's neck, should claim for itself that it could go into a drug-store and cure rheumatism and heartburn. Wouldn't every one say that it was out of place and uncalled for? Certainly. The back of the tough old steer's neck knows that it is destined for the mince-pie, and nature

did not intend otherwise. So also with the vulcanized gristle, and arctic overshoe heel, and the shoe-string, and the white button, and all those elements that go to make up the mince-pie. They do not try to make medicines and cordials and anodynes of themselves. Rhubarb is the only thing that successfully holds its place with the apothecary, and yet draws a salary in the pie business.

I do not know how others may look at this matter, but I do not think it is right. Still you find this medicated pie in the social circle everywhere. We guard our homes with the strictest surveillance in other matters, and yet we allow the low, vulgar pie-plant-pie to creep into our houses and into our hearts. That is, it creeps into our hearts figuratively speaking. The heart is not, as a matter of fact, one of the digestive organs, but I use the term just as all poets do under like circumstances.

Many, however, will always continue to use the rhubarb-pie, and for those I give below a receipt which has stood the test of years,—one which results in a pie that frosts and sudden atmospheric changes cannot injure.

None but the youngest rhubarb should be used in making pies. Go out and kill your rhubarb with a club, taking care not to kill the old and tough variety. Give it a chance to repent. Remove the skin carefully, and take out the digestive economy of the plant. Be specially careful to get off the "fuzzy" coating, as rhubarb-pies with hair on are not in such favor as they were when the country was new. Now put in the basement of cement and throw on your rhubarb. Flavor with linseed-oil, and hammer out the top crust until it is moderately thin. Then solder on the cover and drill holes for the copper rivets. Having headed the rivets in place, nail on zinc monogram, and kiln-dry the pie slowly. When it is cooled, put on two coats of metallic paint, and adjust the time-lock. After you find that the pie is impervious to the action of chilled steel or acids, remove and feed it to the man who cheerfully pays for his whiskey and steals his newspaper.

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

OUR BEST GIRL.

Complexion clear as polished wax;
Her tongue as sharp as carpet-tacks;
Her eyes are dark, bewitching blue;
Her voice is pure and high-toned too;
Her neck 's like Annie Laurie's swan;
Her words you 'd love to dwell upon;
Her teeth so pearly, clear and white,
You almost wish your ear she 'd bite.

THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

Mr. John Lee, farmer, Ashbourne, Mudgee, Australia, writes, that he suffered intense agony for seven months, with Sciatica, and that the first application of ST. JACOBS OIL—the magical pain-cure—relieved him, and in a short time he was cured.



WHY WE SWEAR.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by H. D. Umbstaetter,—"Hiram Happy,"—Baltimore, Maryland.)

It has got to the ears of our best families that another fatal horse disease has made its appearance in New York. A prominent veterinary surgeon, who spent twenty-three years at college, and who can, from a scientific standpoint, explain the difference between a Kentucky nightmare and an Irish saw-horse, calls the disease Malassimilation. He says it comes from wearing high-heeled shoes and breathing the foul air of a hellish despotism. Otherwise there seems to be very little known of the word Malassimilation. Some say that it originated with Bismarck, in connection with the American hog question; while others contend that it is as old as the Spring chickens of our fashionable boarding-houses, and that nearly a century ago a New England missionary dug it up while preparing a final resting-place for a defunct tom-cat in the paludal districts of South Africa.

The reason why the word never got into general use is because cultured folks, who happened to run across it, usually had it stuffed and mounted, and used it as an ornament for the mantel-piece. In that condition it presents, in pleasing contrast, some of the striking features of the Renaissance style of architecture, the tariff plank in the Democratic platform, and one of O'Donovan Rossa's speeches. It is, however, quite neutral and altogether non-explosive.

Out in California, where they have little need for such highfalutin words, farmers have begun using it as a scarecrow. When properly dressed up in a prehistoric dish-rag and surrounded by a specimen of the "finest climate in the world," it is a perfect daisy. The crows go into mourning at the sight of it.

So little is known of this new malady that unscrupulous horse-dealers are passing off, upon innocent Wall street merchants and a confiding public generally, many infected trotters that

are already booked for the next Spring Meeting in the Sweet Fields of Eden—or words to that effect.

As the average citizen would rather surrender a first mortgage on a Mansion in the Sky, than come out at the small end of the horn in a horse-trade the reason why we swear is apparent.

The eminent artist, Thomas Worth, who has devoted a lifetime to this subject,—not swearing, but to horse matters,—throws much light upon Malassimilation in the above sketch. This represents a horse in the first stage of this disease. It is then that he acts very much as though he had swallowed a torchlight procession trimmed with fish-hooks. When these symptoms appear the proper thing to do is to send for a doctor and a coffin. And it is well to bear in mind that a horse wrestling with Malassimilation objects to being interviewed. He wants to be an angel, but he doesn't care to have his pulse fondled. He has no longing for a spiritual adviser. What he wants is elbow-room, and he wants plenty of that.

A Brooklyn gentleman's wife, who took a different view of this matter, had her curiosity satisfied so suddenly that she never took time to fix her hair in a becoming style. She left her friends and family so abruptly that she didn't even stop to faint, and exclaim, "Where am I?" She also left her pet poodle.

This sad occurrence is mentioned because, next to a man's trotter, his wife is frequently the dearest thing on earth to him. Although he never raises thunder if he discovers a discrepancy in her age, or learns that she has fallen heir to a cough, more or less fatal. It is only when the fact dawns upon his vision that his trotter is developing a corn on the high hind-foot, or won't be just seven years old the coming Spring, that the flood-gates of profanity are loosened, and some one is called a white-livered skinflint from Kalamazoo.

A man will spend thousands on a church deacon's daughter, and marry her, upon the solemn assurance of dear papa that he is truly getting "one of the greatest treasures on earth"—a girl sound, kind and true, and capable of organizing, with fifty cents, just such a square meal as his mother used to give him. And then, when he finds that his Birdie of a wife has, in addition to her falsetto voice, a falseset-o'-teeth and a falseset-o'-curls, and that she'd rather perish at the hands of an assassin than build a breakfast, he doesn't convert himself into a howling wilderness and go prowling about for a small-sized enemy. He simply joins church.

Yet this same man will insist upon our selling him a thoroughbred, eighteen-karat trotter for ninety dollars; and if that horse falls a prey to the horrors of Malassimilation, or if any of his heirs, executors or administrators happen to sustain a simple fracture of the upper sarcophagus, we are called the boss go-as-you-please liar, and—"we never speak as we pass by."

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

HEADACHE is easily soothed by ST. JACOBS OIL—the lightning pain-cure.



THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by "Bill Nye.")

THERE are a number of little mementos by which we are reminded of the time when our ancestors lived in gopher-holes, or swung from bough to bough of the forest trees; but there is nothing, in my mind, that takes us back to those good old times when primeval man wore a Blue-Jay's feather and a thoughtful expression, any more than the Fourth of July Barbecue of modern times. As the American citizen dances around the fricasseed ox, we naturally call to mind the days, when, in warmer climates perhaps, the fathers of a mighty race used to eat their enemies on the half-shell.

The ox should not, as a matter of fact, be cooked at one fell swoop. He is better in sections and installments. There are a good many drawbacks about the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of American freedom, but I think the barbecue is the most disastrous. The average oration is tough, but it is not so tough as the roasted ox. The good hits in the speech are very rare, but they are not so rare as the gory slice of barbecue that follows it. You can swallow some of the sentiments expressed by the young and theoretical embryo statesman, but the warmed-up flanks of the lately deceased ox you cannot.

Next to the roasting of the burnt sacrifice known as the barbecue, comes the young child from a distance, in the arms of its mother, assisting in the celebration. This child is invariably quite young, and the mother generally holds him so that he has to outglare the sun or shut his eyes. If George Washington could have seen this young mother, on the Fourth of July, holding her brand-new son up to the dazzling July orb of day, while she listens to the band, and the sun peels the nose of her infant, he would have hesitated about being the Parent

of his Country on its Father's side. George evidently could not look into the future very far. He certainly did not know that he was about to inaugurate the custom of waking-up the American citizen at four o'clock, by bursting into his dreams with the boom of the anvil, the cannon and the fire-cracker. He did not see that he was paving the way for the inhuman barbecue, and the malicious music of the brass band. Of late years the "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" business has very little to do with the Fourth of July celebration. "The-Pilgrim-Fathers-where-are-they" do not have much to do with the modern annual symbol of liberty. A man with a big lemonade stand and booth, for the sale of Plaster of Paris ice-cream, secures a red-nosed band, orator, and eleven evergreen trees, and then while the pale orator plucks the plumage from the bird of freedom, the proprietor plucks the small change of the small boy.

Still the Fourth of July is very enjoyable compared to the Fifth. If the writers of the Declaration of Independence had put in some provision or other by which to abolish the fifth day of July, instead of making it a day of National Sorrow, it would have been wise. There is more unavailing remorse on the fifth day of July, perhaps, than on any other day in the year. It is a time for memory, for tears, and a noble resolve to lead a better life.

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

A LONG SIEGE.

Mr. J. B. Kaufman, Bourke St., Melbourne, Australia, writes, that he suffered continuously for seven years with a sprained ankle, but, by a few applications of ST. JACOBS OIL—the great pain-reliever—he was completely cured.

A BACHELOR returning from a ball, in a crowded coach, declared with a groan that he had not the slightest objection to "rings on his fingers," but he had a most unequivocal aversion to "belles on his toes."

THE Saratoga chap who married a girl last summer, having fallen in love with her beautiful complexion, says now that it was a "skin game."

"WHAT'LL YOU TAKE?"

Mr. Jerry P. Thomas, President of the Gourd Club and well-known as a dispenser of the most enjoyable compounds to the habitues of Central Park Hotel, 59th Street and 7th Avenue, New York, United States of America, writes as follows: "Last summer I suffered fearfully with Neuralgia and could not get any rest, night or day. A friend who had used ST. JACOBS OIL thought so highly of its healing qualities that he gave me some to try. I tried it and obtained the first night's rest in weeks, and was cured. I have found it to be the very best remedy. I keep it constantly in my house for my family, have recommended it to others, and would not be without it on any account."



SQUARE RIGHTS.*

(Written for *The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885*, by Opie P. Read, of the "Arkansas Traveler," Little Rock, Arkansas.)

THE other day, during a conversation concerning the justice of Western courts, a little old man, with a wheezy voice, said: "Gentlemen, it is all right to criticize the courteous judge of the West, for as a rule a man criticizes most that which he knows least about. Sometime ago I was arraigned before a court on a charge of killing a man."

"Did you kill him?" asked one of the company.

"Of course I killed him; but hold on. I was standing on a railway platform, when a tall, fine-looking fellow came up, looked earnestly at me and thrust his hand behind him. I was always sudden in my movements, and I snatched out my pistol and shot him. Then it was discovered that the man had only reached for his handkerchief. This weighed upon me heavily for a few days, and when the brother of the deceased gentleman came around to the jail, and took a crack at me, through the bars, with a Nihilistic-looking implement, I felt as though I was not held in that high esteem befitting my character of uprightness of purpose. I was almost certain that I would be hanged; but the judge—a gentleman of classical education and metaphysical reading—in a short, but pointed disquisition, made my innocence as clear, if not as roseate, as the atmosphere that in grandeur follows the sun to his setting place, and then hangs around in subdued splendor."

One of the company coughed up a frog, and the defender of Western justice continued:—

"The brother of the removed gentleman employed able lawyers, and it seemed to me that an effort toward my discomfiture was being made. The judge—bless his modest photograph—turned to the avenger and said:

"If I understand this case, your brother,

without letters of introduction or the formality of slight acquaintance, approached the defendant, and, without even exchanging the time of day, in accordance with the improved method of reckoning succession of duration, thrust his hand behind him."

"Yes, your honor, thrust his hand behind him to draw his handkerchief?"

"The defendant was not supposed to know whether or not your brother intended blowing his own nose or the top of the head from—"

"My brother had no pistol!"

"The defendant was not supposed to know this; and besides, your brother should know better than to approach a stranger and thrust his hand behind him. No gentleman should go around over the country blowing his nose. Is there any thing about the defendant that suggests the necessity of any one blowing his nose—his own nose, I mean? In this country, my dear sir, a man puts his hands under his coat-tails at his own risk. Society does not demand that a man shall carry a handkerchief on his hip, while everybody knows that the ham pocket is the conventional receptacle of the pistol. And again, while this subject is under discussion, let me say that your brother was a large man while the defendant is very small. A large, fine-looking man should not object to being shot at by a little inoffensive fellow. It is unnecessary for the jury to bring in a verdict. The defendant is discharged, and the court respectfully advises the brother of the deceased never to tamper with his coat-tails unless he means business."

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

MY first is what you're doing now,
My second is procured from stone;
Before my whole you often stand,
But mostly when you are alone.
(Looking-glass.)

REVEREND W. L. POPE, D. D., San Pedro, Department Sta. Barbara, Republic Honduras, Central America, says, from personal experience he endorses the virtues of ST. JACOBS OIL, and recommends it to others.

WHY is a newspaper like a tooth-brush? Because every one should have one of his own, and not be borrowing his neighbors.

A VOICE FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. John Thompson, 58 Hanover Street, Liverpool, England, one of the oldest and most extensive dealers in drugs in Great Britain, writing of the trade in that article, states: "It is a great pleasure to sell a remedy which gives general satisfaction; and our people, like their American cousins, have become convinced of the fact that ST. JACOBS OIL conquers pain. The demand for it in Liverpool and vicinity was never so great as at the present and is daily increasing. The highest praise is extended to the article."



SOLEMN THOUGHTS.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885,
by "Bill Nye.")

It is on the 22d of September that the Equinox takes place. Equi signifies Equal and Nox means Night, so that it is the time of Equal Nights, or the time when day and night are equally balanced. It is now the time to look out for Equinoctial Storms of humid rain and Zephyring Zephyrs, from Zephtown.

Now shun the raging main. Avoid the heaving billow and the moonlight excursion on the lake. Pull the bean crop and harvest the etruscan pumpkin of agriculture. The plum, the peach and the apricot now hang idly on the bough in the hazy air. The harvest-fields are yellow, and the curculio packs up his tools and goes home to rest till another spring. The grasshopper says "Ta-ta" to the grasshopper sufferer and steals away. The secretary of the Captain Kidd Gold Claim begins to write hektograph letters to the stockholders, in which he says that the money of the company has been very judiciously expended, and, at the close of the season, shows a marvelous body of ore, rich in quality and almost boundless in quantity, waiting only for a better and fuller development. We need the money to keep the water out of the lower levels, he says, and to do this successfully we must have expensive and greatly improved pumping machinery. It has therefore been necessary to assess each share \$5.00.

It is at this season that nature and your wife begin to don a new dress. You wish that it didn't cost your wife any more than it did nature. But it does. Hazel-nuts and other fruit begin to ripen on the branches and to show symptoms of worms. The ardor of the hornet is cooled, and the huckleberry goeth to his long home. Pumpkin-pies begin to fleck the horizon, and lager-beer begins to pale upon the palate.

The agriculturist goes joyously afield, singing a jocular lay or two, and wondering how much the bloated capitalist will dock him for the wild pigeon grass and cockle in his wheat this year. All nature is sad. So is the man who has lightning-rodded his house and barn, and this fall hasn't any thing to put under their protection. The lightning-rod man wraps up his patent omnipresent, North American lightning grasping points and his armful of promissory notes and passes out of the horizon.

The lavender pantaloons of gay summer-time droop and yearn for the eternal rest of the rag-bag, where they can fold their worn and weary baggy knees and be forever at peace. There they can cross their tired legs, and hide their strawberry stains and sorrow in the hush that knows no waking. So it is, more or less, with us all. It is the closing of the season, and we begin to hanker for rest and change of scene. The gay summer is gone, with its seaside pleasures, its codfish-balls and other amusements, its flirtations with \$2.00 counts and back-number beauties. The season is at an end, and we turn, with a feeling of anguish, to the deserted home, where the bath-room has overflowed and taken off the stucco ceiling below, where the mice have made a home in the piano and the moss is growing in the cistern. We have soaked in the sea for another season, and returned with ice-cream in the pockets of our spike-tail coats, and the traces of tears and caramels on the bosom of the vest. How cruel it seems to wear a vest, soaked with the tears of a total stranger, while your wife wonders what makes the vest so dejected and pianissimo.

Oh, false world! Oh, heartless, gay and frivolous world! How full of hollow mockery and electro-plated merit. Your flounces are beautiful, but the ground-work is three-cent silicia. You are smooth and rich and beautiful, on the exterior, but, within, your heart is full of clinkers and old railroad iron.

And what should we learn from all this? Should we not learn a valuable lesson? Should we not look into our hearts and see if they are pure? Should we not, also, examine our livers and see whether they are torpid or otherwise? I would most assuredly trow so. We should not only have a warm heart, but warm feet also, and a liver that will plod on through life patiently and uncomplainingly. Let us keep out of politics and the victory is easy.

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

GREAT numbers do our use despise,
But yet at last they find,
Without our help, in many things,
They might as well be blind.

(Spectacles.)

MR. LEVI HOTTELL, Corydon, Indiana, United States of America, says, he suffered from pains and inflammation, resulting from a fractured clavicle, and after trying various remedies without relief, he tried ST. JACOBS OIL and was cured.

A MODERN SERMON.

(From an English Paper. Author unknown).

ILLUSTRATING THE METHOD UPON WHICH SOME
PARSONS CONSTRUCT THEIR DISCOURSES.

"Brethren, the words of my text are :

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone."

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! *she went to the cupboard.* And here observe that she *went* to the cupboard. She did not hop or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely *went* to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are '*the* cupboard,' not '*one* of the cupboards,' or the '*right-hand* cupboard,' or the '*left-hand* cupboard,' or the one above or the one below, or the one under the stair, but just *the* cupboard,—the one little humble cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? *It was to get her poor dog a bone!* Not only was the widow poor, but her dog—the sole prop of her age—was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation may-be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar—to open it for the dog.

"But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there!" You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persisting in doing right. *She got there.* There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or falterings to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told *she got there.*

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?

"The cupboard was bare!" It was bare. There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheesecakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer-matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow and the glorious load-star of the poor dog, was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of

lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunter's, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caul!

"Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, 'the widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog-biscuit.' Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. The poor dog had none! And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

"Would we dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, or depict to ourselves the dog still dropping his disappointed tail upon the floor—the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature; to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do—if faith has ordained that we should do any of these things—let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be—let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us, in the beautiful words of our text—

"And so the poor dog had none."

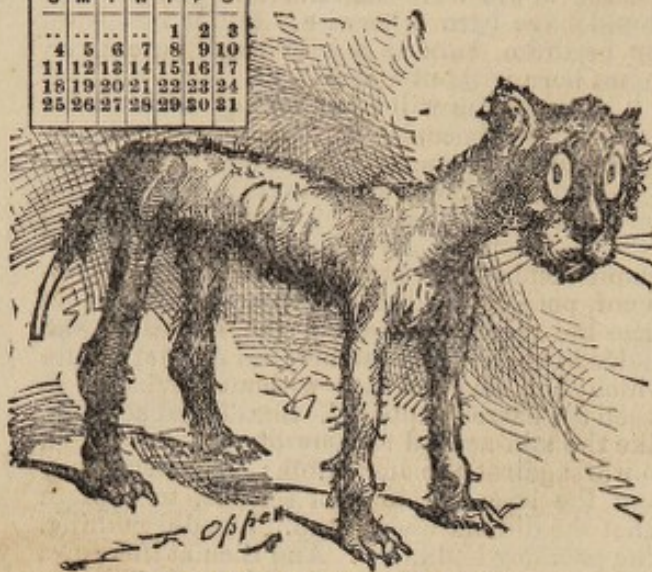
HOW HE GOT RELIEF.

Mr. CHARLES BENNETT, 5 Deanery Road, Stratford, Essex, England, writes, that on the occasion of receiving a bad sprain and bruises on the cricket field, he obtained great relief from the use of ST. JACOBS OIL. The Great German Remedy is the special specific for Bruises, Pains and Aches, and should be used by all athletes.

NATURE, always impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
In justice, then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest.

OCTOBER.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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25	26	27	28	29	30	31



BILL NYE'S CAT.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, by Bill Nye, Hudson, Wisconsin.)

I AM not fond of cats, as a general rule. I never yearned to have one around the house. My idea always was, that I could have trouble enough in a legitimate way, without adding a cat to my woes. With a belligerent cook and a communistic laundress, it seems to me most anybody ought to be unhappy enough without a cat.

I never owned one until a tramp cat came to our house one day, during the past October, and tearfully asked to be loved. He didn't have anything in his make-up that was calculated to win anybody's love, but he seemed contented with a little affection, and one ear was gone and his tail was bald for six inches at the end, and he was otherwise well calculated to win confidence and sympathy. Though we could not be madly in love with him, we decided to be friends and give him a chance to win the general respect.

Everything would have turned out all right if the bobtail waif had not been a little given to investigation. He wanted to know more about the great world in which he lived, so he began by inspecting my house. He got into the store-room closet, and found a place where the carpenter had not completed his job. This is a feature of the Laramie artisan's style. He leaves little places in unobscured corners generally, so that he can come back some day and finish it at an additional cost of fifty dollars.

This cat observed that he could enter at this point and go all over the imposing structure between the flooring and the ceiling. He proceeded to do so.

We will now suppose that a period of two days has passed. The wide halls and spacious façades of the Nye mansion are still. The lights in the banquet-hall are extinguished, and the ice-cream freezer is hushed to rest in the wood-shed.

A soft and tearful yawl, deepened into a regular ring-tail-puler, splits the solemn night in twain.

Nobody seemed to know where it came from. I rose softly and went to where the sound had seemed to well up from. It was not there.

I stood on a piece of cracker in the dining-room a moment, waiting for it to come again. This time it came from the boudoir of our French artist in soup-bone symphonies and pie,—Mademoiselle Bridget O'Dooley. I went there and opened the door softly, so as to let the cat out without disturbing the giant mind that had worn itself out during the day in the kitchen bestowing a dry shampoo to the china.

Then I changed my mind and came out. Several articles of vista, beside Bridget, followed me with some degree of vigor.

The next time the tramp cat yawled he seemed to be in the recesses of the bath-room. I went down stairs and investigated. In doing so I drove my superior toe into my foot, out of sight, with a door that I encountered. My wife joined me in the search. She could not do much, but she aided me a thousand times by her counsel. If it had not been for her mature advice I might have lost much of the invigorating exercise of that memorable night.

Towards morning we discovered that the cat was between the floor of the children's play-room and the ceiling of the dining-room. We tried till daylight to persuade the cat to come out and get acquainted, but he would not.

At last we decided that the quickest way to get the poor little thing out was to let him die in there, and then we could tear up that portion of the house and get him out. While he lived we couldn't keep him still long enough to tear a hole in the house and get at him.

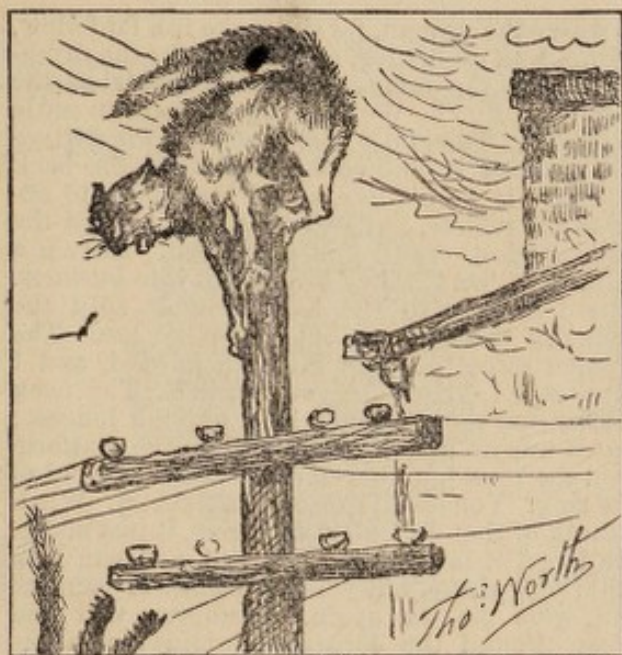
It was a little unpleasant for a day or two waiting for death to come to his relief, for he seemed to die hard, but at last the unearthly midnight yawl was still. The plaintive little voice ceased to vibrate on the still and pulseless air. Later we found, however, that he was not dead. In a lucid interval he had discovered the hole in the store-room where he entered, and, as we found afterward a gallon of coal-oil spilled in a barrel of cut-loaf sugar, we concluded that he had escaped by that route.

That was the only time that I ever kept a cat, and I didn't do it then because I was suffering for something to fondle. I've got a good deal of surplus affection, I know, but I don't have to spread it out over a stump-tail, orphan cat.

*[Copyright. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

UNDER THE CITY.

MR. JOHNSON, 98 Cheapside, London, England, states, that Mrs. Jane Thompson, traveling on the Underground Railway, was thrown violently, owing to a sudden jerk, and received a severe sprain to the arm and wrist. ST. JACOBS OIL was applied, and it immediately cured the stiffness and pain, as it has done in thousands of similar cases.



POOR TOM-EE!

AIR:—"POOR, POOR CHICK-A-DEE-DEE!"

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by T. Buchanan Price, "Buc Blunt," Baltimore, Md.)

I.

THERE was a young cat—Ma-ri-ah by name—
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee;
 Another young cat came a-courtin' that same,
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee:
 The one was Ma-ree,
 The other Tom-ee,
 And the courtin' they did is a strange his-to-ree—
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee!

II.

Ma-ri-ah she sat on a telegraph-pole,
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee;
 Right up on the top she pour'd out her soul,
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee:
 And Tommy the he
 Look'd over at she,—
 A long ways apart, on a house chim-i-nee,—
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee!

III.

The leap was great, but the deed must be done,
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee;
 And the top of the pole would hold only one,
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee:
 But as it held she,
 Little cared he,
 So he humpt himself up for a big jam-bo-ree,—
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee!

IV.

He shot thro' the air, like a left-handed flyer,
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee;
 And nearly shot thro' his darling Ma-ri-ah,
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee:
 He saw the fur flee
 From the back of the she,
 But where went the pieces is a mys-te-ree,—
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee!

V.

He sat all alone on that telegraph-pole,
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee;
 He cried for Ma-ri-ah, outpouring his soul,
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee:
 He meant it in fun,
 But the deed it was done,
 For the top of a pole will hold only one,—
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee!

VI.

A policeman spied him, alone, in full view,
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee;
 He shot only once, but his bullet went through
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee:
 The hole you could see
 Through lit-tle Tom-ee,
 And this is the end of a strange his-to-ree,—
 Poor, poor, lit-tle Tom-ee!

*[Copyright, 1883. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

GOOD HEALTH AND A GOOD CIGAR IN ENGLAND.

One of the most extensive cigar manufacturing and importing establishments of Great Britain, Messrs. Nathan Newman & Co., London, proprietors of First Avenue Cigar Store, Holborn, W. C., and Fifth Avenue, 353 Strand, W. C., write: "As good health and a good cigar go hand-in-hand, and as the latter of these blessings cannot be enjoyed unless one possesses the former, we cheerfully make the statement that several of our employees and personal friends, who have been great sufferers from Rheumatic and Neuralgic affections, peculiar to the London atmosphere, have been cured by ST. JACOBS OIL, and regard it as a splendid specific. The Manager of our First Avenue Branch was himself cured of acute Neuralgia, and a practical chemist of our acquaintance, of fifteen years' experience, informs us that he has derived the most beneficial results from the use of this remedy, in cases of intense pains induced by Colds, Sprains, etc. One of the oldest civil engineers in London was also cured of Rheumatics by its use. We gladly grant you the privilege of using this testimonial, believing the public will be benefited by being made acquainted with the merits of your great pain-cure."

A DROP TOO MUCH.

At a territorial hanging the victim, who had been liberally supplied with whiskey prior to fulfilling his engagement with the sheriff, was asked at the last moment if he would have anything. "Just a drop," he replied. He got it. It was about six feet, and broke his neck. He took a drop too much.

FREE circulation keeps the kidneys pure. Rubbing with ST. JACOBS OIL stimulates and clears the blood.

WHAT is that which is often brought to table, always cut, but never eaten?—A pack of cards.



A PLEA FOR THE OPERA.

(Written by Stanley Huntley, Editor, *Drake's Travellers' Magazine*, New York.)

"WELL, sir," said a Denver man last November, "I've had a heap of fun in this town since I came here, but nothing has warmed me up like the opera. Theatres is all very well, but the shooting and cutting ain't natural. They don't mean it. You can see from the start that it's all funny business; but the opera, now—there's where you get it! There's trade from the time they haul the goods down till they put up the shutters. It reminds me of home, that does."

"What opera did you hear?" asked a bystander.

"The one they sing in; but you bet the music didn't get any the best of the crowd, for dust. I tell you, gentlemen, it was the prettiest fight you ever looked at. Exciting? Well, I just held myself down to bed-rock and watched that show to the finish. Once or twice I thought they'd drown the actors, and between the rounds, while the music was getting a little breathed, I felt scared; but just as soon as they scratched, I knowed the men and women was ahead, and I helped all I could, you bet!"

"How was it?" asked one of the mystified group. "Tell us about it."

"It's just here; they had a lot of fiddles and horns, and drums and squeakers on one side, and a gang of men and women on the other. In the toss-up the actors got the rising ground, and the music took the low level. The backer of the music was there with a stick, and when time was called, he was quick enough to get a start for his side. But one of the women was onto his racket, and she just turned loose a belch that twisted hair—now you hear me! The music backer got mad, and the fiddlers broke out, but it was no use; the woman had the wind, and she belted that slow music like a mule. You bet she was a good one! Then the backer hollered at the boss drummer, and he took a lick. That seemed

to worry the woman, for she spoke to a fat fellow, with a wen on his leg, and he slid for the drummer, while the dame took another whirl at the fiddlers. Fun? Well, strangers, you can smile right out. The music backer seen he was getting the worst of it, and so he unchained the back fiddler. It wasn't fair, and I was going to address the referee, but just then out popped the dog-gonedest crowd you ever seen. More'n a million of 'em! They went right into business. The fellows with the horns almost split the backs of their necks, but it was no use. The women screeched, and the men howled, and I says, says I, 'How are you music?' The back fiddler and the drummer held out the longest; but it was no use, for the crowd on the platform won the round, and even drove the music out of the ring. You ought to see them fiddlers. When I think of that difficulty, strangers, it just makes me bleed at the lungs. Yes, sir! you can talk what you please, but when it comes to genuine fun, give me the opera. Strangers, will you come around the corner and join me in the doxology?"

VOICES FROM THE UNITED STATES.

New Hampshire.—Mr. L. J. PRIEST, Durham, New Hampshire, was afflicted with Rheumatism for nearly twenty years. He tried St. Jacobs Oil—the great conqueror of pain—and was completely cured.

Massachusetts.—Mr. J. D. KINGSLEY, Secretary Holy Cross College Gymnasium, Worcester, Massachusetts, writes: "Every member of our Club speaks of St. Jacobs Oil—the Great German Remedy—as the best cure they have ever used."

New York.—Hon. THOMAS L. JAMES, late Postmaster-General of the United States, says: "I concur in endorsing St. Jacobs Oil."

Pennsylvania.—Mr. E. W. SPANGLER, Publisher, York, Pennsylvania, *Daily*, states that in a severe attack of Neuralgia, by saturating a piece of flannel with St. Jacobs Oil—the great pain-cure—and rubbing the parts affected once only, he was permanently cured.

Ohio.—Hon. THOMAS L. YOUNG, Ex-Governor of Ohio, states that he suffered for years with Rheumatism and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

Kentucky.—Mr. R. S. WITHERS, of Fairlawn Stock-Farm, Lexington, Kentucky, writes: "On myself, my negroes, and my horses, I use St. Jacobs Oil for aches and pains.—It cures."

Indiana.—Hon. DANIEL W. VOORHEES, U. S. Senator, from Indiana, says: "St. Jacobs Oil gave me instantaneous relief. A remarkable remedy."

Maryland.—Hon. M. W. OFFUTT, State Senator, Towson, Maryland, writes: "I had a severely Sprained Knee and Inflammatory Rheumatism for six weeks. I tried St. Jacobs Oil, and it not only gave immediate relief to the Sprain, but it cured me of every symptom of the Rheumatism."

Virginia.—Mr. A. B. SHAWVER, Cove Creek, Tazewell Co., Virginia, writes: "I was for a long time a great sufferer with Kidney and Bladder troubles. Finally I tried St. Jacobs Oil—the great pain-reliever—externally, and it cured me."

California.—A leading member of the Olympic Club, San Francisco, California, the best equipped athletic club in America, said to a reporter of *The San Francisco Call*: "St. Jacobs Oil is the surest pain-destroyer. I would bet on it against the world."

Oregon.—Mr. GEORGE HOME, Astoria, Oregon, one of the largest canners of fish on Columbia River, says, that he suffered with Rheumatism for seven years. Finally he tried St. Jacobs Oil—the great pain-cure—and the disease disappeared.

A liberal reward is offered by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A., for proof that the testimonials published by them, regarding St. Jacobs Oil, are not genuine.

CALCUTTA
International Exhibition,
GOLD MEDAL



AND CERTIFICATE OF HIGHEST MERIT
Awarded to St. Jacobs Oil.

"Best Pain-Curing Remedy and Healing Appliance."

At the GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, held at Calcutta, India, 1884, where the Industries of all the Great Powers of the Earth were placed in competition, ST. JACOBS OIL, after the most exhaustive practical tests, was awarded by the judges and jury the *Highest Prize* given to any article on exhibition. It received not only the highest Gold Medal—the copy of which, in reduced size, is produced above—but also the *Certificate of the Highest Merit*, both of which awards may be inspected at our establishment. Although other preparations of that nature competed with ST. JACOBS OIL for these honors, the Great German Remedy, as usual, outstripped all competitors. From day to day it is firmly establishing, in the most distant part of the world, its claim to the title of being the most wonderful pain-curing and healing agency ever discovered,—a title which it has long ago won and holds beyond dispute throughout America.

Eminent public and professional men are daily recognizing its unequalled merits, and joining their praise with that of the press and the people in favor of the Great German Remedy. Its virtues, as proclaimed by millions of restored sufferers, should induce every one to supply his household with this Great Specific for the Relief of Pain. In the interest of fair-dealing and for protection against fraud, attention is called to page 30 of this book.

The Charles A. T. Ogden Co

Sole Proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil,
Baltimore, Maryland, United States of America.

THE POOR-HOUSE, THE GRAVE, AND VICTORY!

Among the most pronounced and marvelous experiences the following is just brought to light and is published in the *Citizen*, of Ashmore, Illinois, United States of America:—

[Certificate of Poor-House Superintendent.]

ASHMORE, ILL., June 18, 1884.

I, Joshua Ricketts, Superintendent of the Coles County Poor-House, do hereby certify to the correctness of the following statement of Abram Beaver, as I do believe the remedy used on him was the means of saving his life, he having been given up both by his friends and the attending physician.

JOSHUA RICKETTS.

[Certificate of Abram Beaver.]

This is to certify, that I have just experienced a most remarkable cure from a severe and lengthened attack of Rheumatism of a most acute character, from which I suffered for several years, incapacitating me from performing any manual labor, etc. So prostrate had I become that when I became a ward to the county, both the physician in charge and the master of the Poor-Farm had little or any hopes of my recovery, even to partial health and the use of my limbs. Having been treated by many of the well-known efficacies generally applied in such cases, and experimented on by other remedies, the doctor in charge determined to try the efficacy of ST. JACOBS OIL, which, after a few applications, gave me partial relief. A continued use of the remedy, until after the use of five bottles, I was able to leave my bed, and am now around and have strong hopes of soon being able to resume my place in society. I can heartily recommend ST. JACOBS OIL as the greatest cure of the age, and its name will have a lasting gratitude in my memory.

ABRAM BEAVER.

Commenting upon the foregoing, the *Ashmore Citizen* says, editorially, as follows:—

"We are pleased to be able to testify to the correctness of the above, as the case came directly under our notice; any one desiring further information can correspond with this office."

A SLIGHT TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

A Western editor wrote as follows: "Our candidate is an old war-horse, who scents the battle from afar." His feelings may be imagined, when he found that the type-setter had made it: "Our candidate is an old ward-boss, who snatches the bottle from a bar."

TOOTHACHE stops short under the touch of ST. JACOBS OIL—the great pain-banisher.

A LITTLE girl at school read thus: "The widow lived on a limbacy left her by a relative." "What did you call that word?" asked the teacher; "the word is legacy, not limbacy." "But," said the little girl, "my sister says I must say limb, not leg."



DECEMBER SPORTS—A SNOW-BALL SPEAKS.*

(Written for *The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar*, 1885, by R. K. Munkittrick, New York, N. Y.)

I'm a merry little snowball,
And I can knock you flat,
Or, take right off your cranium
Your stylish beaver hat.

Last night a little urchin
Evolved me in the yard,
And threw me in the water-pail
To freeze me round and hard.

At early morn he grabbed me,
And sent me skimming clear
Across the highway, where I took
The milkman in the ear.

I'm sure that when I hit him
I brought him little joy—
Because, instead of kicking me,
He went and kicked the boy.

And then a man stepped on me,
And failed to crush me flat;
I don't know what he did it for,
But, somehow, down he sat.

Right off he seized upon me—
His rage was wild and vain—
And hurried me wildly through his own
Big parlor window-pane.

The thrifty housewife used me
To chase a vagrant hen,
She nearly broke her shoulder-blade;
Why can't they throw like men?

Oh! hear from out yon woodshed
The shingle pattering spy—
The boy who got me fired me right
Into his father's eye.

His younger brother found me,
And played with me awhile;
With soaking chilblains off his hands
His leisure he'll beguile.

He sent the dog to fetch me
From out a light snow-wreath—
The dog is now a sufferer from
Neuralgia in the teeth.

But, in my fair young lifetime,
The joy, the most intense,
I felt when Johnny made me knock
The tom-cat off the fence.

I'm melting smaller, smaller,
But peace in death is mine;
They'll drop me down some fellow's neck.
To die along his spine.

Though a merry little snowball—
A snowball light and gay—
I think I shall have had some fun
Before I melt away.

*[Copyright, 1883. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

OUT-DOOR SPORTS IN ENGLAND.

The London *Daily Sportsman*, the leading sporting journal of Great Britain, remarks: A really invaluable specific for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, etc., well-known in the English market, has gained immense fame in America, Australia and all parts of the world, and the universal nature of its sale may be judged from the fact, that the makers have to print their instructions for its use in no fewer than eleven languages. The unsolicited testimonials received by the proprietors, The Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A., are of the most positive character, emanating from representative men and women of prominence. We should certainly say that ST. JACOBS OIL is worthy of all attention, and that athletes especially, who are subject to bruises and strains, will testify to its undoubted efficacy.

"WHAT made you steal that water-proof cloak?" demanded the judge. The culprit whispered, "I was trying to lay up something for a rainy day."

THE BIG BREWERY.

Mr. J. Hirsch, College Point Brewery, Long Island, New York, United States of America, writes, that he employs a large number of horses and hands, and having tried ST. JACOBS OIL—the great pain-cure—for Rheumatism, aches and pains of his men, and for Galls, Splints, Thrush, Wind-Galls and other affections of his horses, finds it superior to all remedies, and would not be without it.

SOME genius proposes to introduce paper shirts. But a shirt made out of a story paper would have too many tales.

CERTIFICATE OF HIGHEST MERIT.

NOT a day passes but some exceptional honor or some significant mark of endorsement is conferred upon the GREAT GERMAN REMEDY, ST. JACOBS OIL, not only from individuals high in private, social and official life, but from the Great Industrial Expositions of Nations, where competition has resulted in awarding the unequalled merits of its pain-relieving qualities distinguished recognition.

The latest honors thus conferred upon it are the GOLD MEDAL and CERTIFICATE OF HIGHEST MERIT, awarded at the CALCUTTA, INDIA, INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, where all countries were exhibitors. In every land and clime the verdict is universal, that in the world of scientific discovery and research ST. JACOBS OIL is a triumph. No other remedy of this character has received such exalted praise and official award.



FAR ACROSS THE SEA.

England.—The Messrs. WEBSTER BROS., 26 Lombard Street, London, E. C., England, the India, China and Colonial Outfitters of Gentlemen's Goods, than whom no house in Great Britain enjoys a higher reputation, write: "We have found great benefit, more especially for the cure of Rheumatism and Sciatica, from the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and we have much pleasure in adding our testimony in its favor."

Germany.—Dr. RICHARD OBERLAENDER, Leipzig, Germany, Secretary Ethnological Museum, F.S.U.G.A., M.G.S., author of *Fremde Völker*, (Foreign Nations), and a distinguished *littérateur*, writes: "Having been troubled with my old chronic Neuralgic pains, I was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil—the great pain-reliever. I tried it and was entirely cured."

Australia.—Mr. JOHN ROLFE, Champion Bicycleist of Australia and England, says: "That in the six days contest for the championship, at Melbourne, after riding eight consecutive hours each day, he is positive he won the great race, and was enabled to ride another one hundred miles against time, immediately afterward, from the wonderful effects produced by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, in training and racing."

New Zealand.—Mr. EDWARD L. GREEN, Sheriff, Auckland, New Zealand, writes: "I received an injury to my shoulder and could not use my arm. I applied to medical men without any benefit. I have great pleasure in stating I used St. Jacobs Oil for it, and in not more than ten minutes I felt the beneficial effect. I can work as well as ever I did, and recommend it to any one suffering pain."

Queensland.—Hon. R. C. PAYNE, City Alderman, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, writes: "I have been a great sufferer with Rheumatism for years and have tried every known remedy, including galvanic batteries and Turkish baths. Finally I tried St. Jacobs Oil—the great pain-cure—and can positively say it gave me instantaneous relief. It puts all other remedies in the shade."

Central America.—Señor MARIANO MARIAGA, Ocotal, Nicaragua, says, that he had suffered with Rheumatism, and that he was instantly cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil—the great pain-cure.

Cuba.—Dr. D. FRANCISCO GARCIA, member of the Royal University, Havana, states, that in all cases of troublesome Neuralgia, arising from the teeth, he uses St. Jacobs Oil, and the most satisfactory cures have followed.

Chili.—Señor RICARDO STÜVEN, a leading commission merchant of Valparaíso, after having exhausted all other remedies, has been completely cured of Rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil—the great pain-banisher.

Canada.—Among the leading and distinguished citizens of the Dominion of Canada who have given their personal testimony to cures derived by them from the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, are Alderman John Baxter, Toronto; Hon. Billa Flint, Life Senator of Parliament, Belleville; Mr. J. C. Connor, Manager Royal Opera House, Toronto; Dr. J. C. Chanonhouse, Eganville; Mr. C. F. Predmore, Prescott.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A., offer a reward of one thousand dollars, cash, for proof showing that the foregoing and all other testimonials published by them, in regard to St. Jacobs Oil, are not strictly genuine.

PULPIT PRAISE.

Rev. A. B. Lawrence, pastor Second Presbyterian Church, Winston, North Carolina, United States of America, writes, he thinks it his duty to state, that having suffered several years with Inflammatory Rheumatism, and having tried in vain all other remedies, he was induced to try ST. JACOBS OIL—the marvelous pain-cure—which, after continued use, cured him entirely.

A TENDER-HEARTED LADY.

While a blackbird shooting-match was going on at a Texas fair, a lady deprecated very much the cruelty of shooting the birds on the wing. Said she: "Why don't they shoot little birds on the ground, so they won't fall and hurt themselves?"

SEA SUFFERINGS.

Mr. H. P. Leslie, Elkton, Maryland, United States of America, late of the U. S. Navy, was cured of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, by a few applications of ST. JACOBS OIL—the great pain-cure.

AT EVENING.

When evening shadows gently fall,
When day recalls its rosy beams,
At eventide, my fire beside,
I sit and dream my sweetest dreams.

I pass again through pleasures bright,
And tread once more familiar ways;
The joys of yore return once more—
The buoyant health of bygone days.

The shadows lengthen, and my fire
Dies down and leaves the embers red,
That scowl and frown, as sinking down,
They watch me from their smouldering bed.

I rouse myself from reveries deep,
And build, once more, a crackling fire,
When every blaze at which I gaze,
Bears on its wings some new desire.

The past has fled, the future holds
A sweet relief for pain and toil,—
I long for day, to haste away
And buy the great ST. JACOBS OIL.

AT THE AGE OF SIXTY.

Mr. John Lane, Hyde Park, Cook County, Illinois, United States of America, aged sixty, states, that after six months suffering with Gout and Rheumatism, without relief, he finally tried ST. JACOBS OIL—the great pain-cure—and was cured.

EVER AWAKE.

Why should the bee-hive be taken as a symbol of industry? Not a bee is to be seen all the winter long, while the cockroach is up at five o'clock in the morning, and never goes to bed till midnight.

SPRAINS are healed and soothed by ST. JACOBS OIL—the annihilator of pain.



BLOWN UP ON A STEAMBOAT.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by C. B. Lewis, "M. Quad," of the "Detroit Free Press.")

THERE was a funny side to it, but it took me six months to realize it. I had never been blown up on a steamboat in my life, and how was I to know just how to *pose* for the calamity? I might have gone around asking the crew where I should stand or sit, how I should dress, what I should say, and how I should act after I came down; but I was careless, and never approached one of them with an inquiry.

When I went aboard of the *Magnolia*, at Cincinnati, the clerk didn't seem to be a bit astonished. Indeed, he treated me with considerable coldness. I wouldn't be as mean as that for a farm in California. When I'm clerking on a steamboat which is going to bust her old bilers and kill thirty or forty people within an hour after leaving the wharf-boat, I'll welcome every passenger with a smile and hand him a printed blank to fill out his will.

The captain didn't seem to care whether I went up to Maysville or remained in Cincinnati. I long ago came to the conclusion that he was a jealous-minded man, and wanted to be blown up all alone and reap all the newspaper puffs.

After the boat started, a passenger asked me to play a game of euchre. I've always been sorry I refused his gentle request, for I not only believe I could have worked him up to a quarter a game and beaten him out of a dozen dollars, but when I met him up among the clouds, he gave me a look of reproach that went straight to my heart.

There was a farmer-looking man aboard, who said he had heard I was from Michigan, and he asked about the soil, the crops, the Canada thistles, the wild-cats, and ever so many other things. I agreed to see him later, and answer all questions. Next time I put eyes on him he was floating down the river on a shattered cabin-door, his ear split, his nose broken, and his back

scalded. I thought he might be meditating and so I didn't interrupt him.

If I hadn't gone to my state-room to change my clothes, there would have been no explosion. I have this on the authority of the owners of the boat and their lawyers, who talked seriously of holding me responsible. That learned me a lesson I shall never forget.

There I was, totally unprepared for a sudden journey, when the boiler got tired of being bossed around and started us off. Don't ask me which end of the boat went first, because I was too occupied with one end to watch the other. Some folks have wondered if I didn't bump my head against the roof. That is as much as to assert that the roof didn't want me to get ahead of it. I think it was a pretty even race between us, though I believe I went the highest.

I was a bit sorry when I reached the top and realized that I must return to mother earth and the Ohio river. It was not only a long way down, but I was just particular enough to want to find a clear spot. How contemptible it was in a dozen who got down before me! They saw me coming, and every one of the crowd warned me not to fall upon him at my peril. However, I didn't want their company. They had nothing but steerage furniture to cling to, while I was a cabin passenger and entitled to the sofa or piano.

Hurt! Well, if I was a steamboat, and should blow up without half killing the only newspaper man aboard, I'd never forgive myself! When they pulled me out on the bank, some one said my right leg was scalded. While they were carrying me aboard the tug it was discovered that my skull had been fractured. Aboard the tug, a kind-hearted deck-hand tried to steal my finger-ring, and thus saw that my eyes were swollen shut. Down at the hospital they insisted that the left leg was also scalded, both arms touched up with hot water, and two or three toes needed to be amputated.

Was that all?

Oh, no! They had scarcely washed off the coal-dust and sand-papered down such splinters as wouldn't come out, when pneumonia set in, two broken ribs began to complain of neglect, and the doctor wondered if there was enough left of me to get up a decent dying scene.

Everybody said I was certain to die, but as soon as they gave me a show I began to brace up. Really I couldn't help it. I wanted to oblige the steamboat line, and I knew the students desired a cadaver, but I wouldn't play no such shabby trick on my creditors.

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!

Mr. J. H. Hunt, Grocer, N. E. corner Fairmount Ave. and Ann St., Baltimore, Maryland, United States of America, says, that he had a severe attack of acute inflammatory Rheumatism, and his pains were such he could not walk. After one application of ST. JACOBS OIL—the conqueror of pain—he experienced immediate relief, and was able to walk as well as ever.

THE GREAT CITIES OF AMERICA.

New York City.—Mr. E. A. BUCK, Editor and Publisher, *The Spirit of the Times*, N. Y., the leading Turf paper and Sporting Authority of the United States, says: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil repeatedly, with satisfactory results." Interviews have been published in the *Spirit* with the leading horsemen, stablemen and turfmen, who say that it will do all that is claimed for it, in removing aches and pains from man and beast.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.—Mr. D. M. LANE, Jr., 3432-38 Market Street, Philadelphia, says, he used St. Jacobs Oil—the great pain-reliever—for a severe Sprain of his right arm and also for Toothache, with immediate cure of the pain in both cases.

Boston, Massachusetts.—The Boston, Mass., *Daily Globe*, the leading journal of New England, U. S. A., says, editorially: "It has been fully demonstrated in this section that St. Jacobs Oil conquers pain and that it drives all pain away."

Baltimore, Maryland.—Hon. GEORGE COLTON, Police Commissioner, and a distinguished traveler, Baltimore, Md., says: "Wherever I have traveled St. Jacobs Oil is recognized as a blessing to humanity."

Chicago, Illinois.—Mr. WESLEY Sisson, 169 Washington Street, a well-known lawyer, suffered intensely with Sciatica and Inflammatory Rheumatism, in the back, thighs, arms and shoulders, and after vainly trying numerous doctors' remedies, baths and other appliances, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. He says that he cannot find words to express his gratitude for the grateful and speedy cure derived from the Great German Remedy.

St. Louis, Missouri.—Mrs. PHEBE RICE, 1208 Madison Street, a sister of Hon. H. Clay Sexton, Chief St. Louis Fire Department, had been a sufferer from Inflammatory Rheumatism for seven years; the muscles of her hands and limbs were contracted and she used crutches. By a single application of St. Jacobs Oil she was benefited instantaneously and finally completely cured.

New Orleans, Louisiana.—Captain HENRY BAKER, the well-known journalist, found great benefit from the use of St. Jacobs Oil for Rheumatism.

Richmond, Virginia.—Col. HOUSTON RUCKER, the well-known southern oil merchant, Richmond, Virginia, says that in a terrible case of swelled and burning Rheumatism in his right ankle, the application of St. Jacobs Oil—the great pain-cure—gave instantaneous relief and cured him.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Hon. MARTIN A. FORAN, Member of Congress from Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is an invaluable family medicine. Great relief. Safe and reliable."

Indianapolis, Indiana.—Hon. JOHN C. NEW, late Assistant Secretary United States Treasury, writes: "I cordially recommend St. Jacobs Oil."

Washington, District of Columbia.—General RUFUS INGALLS, Quartermaster-General, U. S. Army, says: "St. Jacobs Oil is the best pain-cure ever used."

Houston, Texas.—Mr. WM. H. COYLE, Chief of Fire Department, says: "I was severely injured by a falling wall: could scarcely move. By using St. Jacobs Oil, to my surprise, my lameness disappeared and I was cured."

San Francisco, California.—Mr. HENRY BOHN, Keeper of U. S. Life-Saving Station, No. 7, Point Lobos, near San Francisco, California, who was one of the crew of the Revenue Cutter Corwin, in the search of the Jeanette, says: "I owe my life to St. Jacobs Oil, and the lives of two others of the crew were likewise saved. We were in a dreadful condition from Neuralgia and Rheumatism."

The genuineness of every testimonial, regarding St. Jacobs Oil, is guaranteed by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A., by whom a liberal reward is offered for proof to the contrary.

CASUALTIES.

In the brook, with a hook
Fastened to a line,
Men will wish, they could fish,
When the sport is fine.

But indeed, fingers bleed,
Hooks will go astray,
And you sigh, nothing by,
Anguish to allay.

Ankles sprain, causing pain,
Scissors cut and scratch,
And, to some, burns will come,
From the parlor-match.

In the dark, listen! hark!
Who was that said: "d—?"
Open door, just before,
Some one gets a slam.

O'er your cheek, twice a week,
Goes the barber gay,
O, disgrace! Cuts your face,
What will people say?

"Such is life," but the strife
Of this world's turmoil,
Swift will fly, if you buy,
The great ST. JACOBS OIL.

THE STROKE.

Mr. Edward Trickett, the celebrated Australian oarsman, considered by many equal to the champion oarsman of the world and who gave Hanlon all he wanted to do in one of the greatest boat-races on record, gives the reporter of a Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, paper the benefit of his pronounced opinion of what was good for the muscles under strain and for all aches and pains. He said: "ST. JACOBS OIL cured me of severe pains in the back, and I have found it a sure and certain cure and one unequaled by any other remedy. It is pleasant, safe and sure, penetrating at once to the seat of disease and eradicating the complaint without further trouble. That, and a good athletic training, he further said, is what our young men want." Such advice—coming as it does from one who is in active and constant exercise with the oars, with an excessive strain upon every muscle and liable to every bodily ache, from exposure to the damp atmosphere of water-sports—not only carries the force of conviction, but is a shining illustration of the efficacy of this great remedy.

OWEN MOORE

Was owin' more
Than Owen Moore could pay,
So owin' more
Caused Owen Moore
To up and run away.

A CHICAGO playwright has produced "Ripe Apples"—a mellow drama.—Such a play should provoke lots of encores.



BIG STEVE.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885,
by "Bill Nye.")

"You think, no doubt, William, that I am happy, but I cannot say that I am. I will tell you my little reminiscence if you don't mind, and you can judge for yourself."

These were the words of Big Steve, as we sat together one evening, watching the dealer slide the cards out of his little tin photograph album, while the crowd bought chips of the banker and corded them up on the green table.

"You look on me as a great man to inaugurate a funeral, and wish that you had a miscellaneous cemetery yourself to look back on; but greatness always has its drawbacks. We cannot be great unless we pay the price. What we call genius is after all only industry and perseverance."

"When my father undertook to clean me out, in our own St. Lawrence County home, I filled his coat-tails full of bird-shot and fled. Father afterwards said that he could have overlooked it so far as the coat was concerned, but he didn't want it shot to pieces while he had it on."

"Then I went to Kansas City and shot a colored man. That was a good many years ago, and you could kill a colored man then as you can a Chinaman now, with impunity or any other weapon you can get your hands onto. Still the colored man had friends and I had to go further West. I went to Nevada then, and lived under a cloud and a *nom de plume*, as you fellers say."

"I really didn't want to thin out the population of Nevada, but I had to protect myself. They say that after a feller has killed his man, he has a thirst for blood and can't stop, but that ain't so. You 'justifiable-homicide' a man and get clear, and then you have to look out for friends of the late lamented. You see them everywhere. If your stomach gets out of order

you see the air full of vengeance, and you drink too much and that don't help it. Then you kill a man on suspicion that he is follering you up, and after that you shoot in an extemporaneous way, that makes life in your neighborhood a little uncertain."

"That's the way it was with me. I've got where I don't sleep good any more, and the fun of life has kind of pinched out, as we say in the mines. It's a big thing to run a school-meeting or an election, but it hardly pays me for the free spectacular show I see when I'm trying to sleep. You know if you've ever killed a man——"

"No, I never killed one right out," I said apologetically. "I shot one once, but he gained seventy-five pounds in less than six months."

"Well, if you ever had, you'd notice that he always says or does something that you can remember him by. He either says, 'Oh, I am shot!' or 'You've killed me!' or something like that, in a reproachful way, that you can wake up in the night and hear most any time. If you kill him dead, and he don't say a word, he will fall hard on the ground, with a groan that will never stop. I can shut my eyes and hear one now. After you've done it, you always wish they'd showed a little more fight. You could forgive 'em if they'd cuss you, and holler, and have some style about 'em, but they won't. They just reel, and fall, and groan. Do you know I can't eat a meal unless my back is agin' the wall. I asked Wild Bill once how he could stand it to turn his back on the crowd and eat a big dinner. He said he generally got drunk just before dinner, and that helped him out."

"So you see, William, that if a man is a great scholar, he is generally dyspeptic; if he's a big preacher, they tie a scandal to his coat-tail, and if he's an eminent murderer, he has insomnia and loss of appetite. I almost wish sometimes that I had remained in obscurity. It's a big thing to be a public man, with your name in the papers and everybody afraid to collect a bill of you, for fear you'll let the glad sunlight into their thorax; but when you can't eat nor sleep, and you're liable to wake up with your bosom full of buckshot, or your neck pulled out like a turkey-gobbler's, and your tongue hanging out of your mouth in a ludicrous manner, and your overshoes failing to touch the ground by about ten feet, you begin to look back on your childhood and wish you could again be put there, sleepy and sinless, hungry and happy."

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

HORSE HOSPITALS.

Dr. William A. Soula, D. V. S., the distinguished Veterinary Surgeon, New York, United States of America, certifies to the curative qualities of ST. JACOBS OIL—the great pain-cure for Sprains, Galls, Rheumatism, and all other afflictions to which horses are subject.

THE Brooklyn One-Legged Club will give its annual ball shortly, and a contemporary thinks it should be called its annual hop. It promises to be a very lame affair, however.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following is an exact copy of the wrapper which encloses every bottle of the genuine St. Jacobs Oil. It is highly important that the public should note this before purchasing, as also the fact that St. Jacobs Oil is put up in original bottles (there is but one size), round in shape and having the trade-mark title "St. Jacobs Oil," as also the words "The Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A." blown in the bottle. None genuine without these marks. Every one should beware of spurious imitations offered under similar names by unscrupulous dealers, who endeavor to palm off not only worthless but frequently injurious mixtures on the world-wide reputation which St. Jacobs Oil has gained. We promptly prosecute all infringements of our rights.

In May, 1884, the Court of Appeal, London, England, in our suit against Parrott & Co., decided that the name St. Davids Oil, used by Parrott & Co., was an infringement of the trade-mark of our celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, and a perpetual injunction was granted us, which forever prohibits the use of the term, St. Davids Oil, or any similar term, as well as the words, "The Great German Remedy," or any title similar to those used by us in connection with St. Jacobs Oil. We will pay liberally for information that will lead to the conviction of any one infringing our rights.

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A., Jan. 2, 1885.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,

Sole Proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil.

This form of Wrapper adopted July 2, 1883.

NULE ST. JACOB, LE GRAND REMÈDE
rison de douleur. (Instructions avec chaque bouteille.)

ACEITE DE SAN JACOBO, El Gran Remedio
alivio de dolor. (Las direcciones acompañan cada botella.)

TRADE ST. JACOBS OIL MARK

St. Jacobs Oil

Aus Schwarzwälder Fichtennadeln gewonnen.

Ein seit Jahrhunderten bekanntes und höchst wirksames Mittel gegen Rheumatismus, Weissen in den Gliedern, Gicht, Gelenksentzündungen, Verstauchungen, Anschwellungen, Wundheilen, Schüttelfröhen, Zahnwehen, Kopfschmerzen, Bluthochdruck, Gelenksentzündungen und alle Schmerzen, welche ein äußerliches Mittel bedürfen. St. Jacobs Oil ist ebenso wirksam bei Gelenksentzündungen, welche durch Gicht, Rheuma, Grippe u. s. w. hervorgerufen sind. Man beachte das St. Jacobs Oil besteht aus einem reinen Fichtennadeln auf und bringt es nie in die Nähe eines Feuers, einer Flamme oder Hitze. Es ist eine Mischung aus St. Jacobs Oil und einem kleinen Theil Wasser. St. Jacobs Oil ein und behalt es selbst wohl bei der Anwendung. (Siehe ausführliche Gebrauchsanweisungen in allen Sprachen, die jeder Gläubige beilegen wird.) Im Handel sind verschiedene Sorten, welche man, nach jeder Gläubige mit unternehmen der Unterdrückung der richtigen Eigenschaften versehen ist. Preis in den Ver. Staaten, 50 Cents die Flasche.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, U. S. A.

ST. JACOBS OIL, THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR THE CURE OF PAIN.

NOTICE.—St. Jacobs Oil should be kept in a cool place, well corked, and never subjected to or applied near FIRE, FLAME or HEAT.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Bruises, Swellings and similar bodily ailments, apply ST. JACOBS OIL by thoroughly rubbing over the affected region, keeping well protected against cold. (For further external, as also for internal use, see specific directions, in all languages, given with each bottle.) None genuine without the fac-simile signature of the sole proprietors, as here shown. Price, in the United States, 50 cts. a bottle. BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, U. S. A.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.

TRADE ST. JACOBS OIL MARK



PARSON JINGLEJAW AND THE SEWING-CIRCLE.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by George Stevens, "Wade Whipple," Mt. Vernon, New York.)

BREDDERN AN' SISTERN—an' mo' 'specially de Sestern—de tex' dat I'me gwine ter struggle wid ter-night am foun' in the adverbs ob Solomon, an' am in deze wu'ds, "fo' dem dat sews, de same shall dey rip!" Now de 'cashion ob my interducin' dis subjec' am sich as wu'ked outen de las' meetin' ob de Sewin'-Suckel dat yo' parsture war mixed up wid. Perluminous, an' in de fus' place, I tuk notice dat 'mong de articules dat was bein' fabereated fo' de headen, ober in Affiky, war a bed-kiver dat Sister Sock-darner waz tattooin', and dat she said war a crazy-quilt. De t'ing *did* look like it war on-settled like, caze de parts wuz dat mixed dat hit 'peared ter me dat somebody'd rammed a chock-full rag-bag in a ole blun'erbus, an' shot de 'gregents at the bombazine groun'wuk ob dis structur'; but fo' all dat, de bed-kiver did'n' 'pear nigh as crazy as de idee, caze de climie out dar in Affiky makes de ladies an' gemmen perfer bal'ness, an' dis yar bed-kiver'd hominize wid deir neceries 'bout de same as a bottle o' ha'r-ile to a sculped injin. Den dar wuz Sister Crow-shade—she war composin' a ches'pertexter outen suffin dat 'peared like wit-ledder, hamstiched all roun' wid yaller-brade, wid a munnygram on de bull's-eye made outen red-merocker alfabet dat spelled P. and Haitch. I axed de kin' ole lady what de fo'said war con'stuted fo', an' she said it war ter fence off de croop f'om some pore sufferin' Affikin, and dat de P. Haitch meant "Poor Headen." I 'sponded dat sich a sukkus pos'er as dat on the boozum ob a brack-an'-tan chile might scar' de croop outen its wits, but hit'd bu'n a hole in de fo'-groun' ob de babe so quick dat he wouldn't sell fo' nuffin but frizzled ham, an' I reckoned dat ef de 'pinion ob de wictim war tuk in de premerses, dat he'd say de

P. Haitch oughter stan' fo, "P'epos'erous Hot." Fuddermo', and secon'y, dar wuz anodder lady dar dat wuz a delectate f'om de "Hottentot Salvation Jint-stock Fellership," dat wuz wukkin' a book-mark on a ribbon dat war as wide as a bar'l-stabe, an' red as a tukkey's chin-tassel, an' on de pepper-box side war de wud's—"Fead my Lams." Now, I don' 'spek' hit ebber struck dat lady dat de fust Affikin dat lay eyes on dat book-mark'd git 'toxicated 'bout dat ribbin, an' make a bellyban' outen de donation, nor dat de lams outen dat paschure can't git any mo' n'ur'shment f'om book-marks dan de sheep ob dis fol', but dese em de facks, an' facks am what yo'm gotter star 'in de face.

Now, my belubbed lams—an' likewise de sheep, caze dars some radder tough mutton in dis congeration dat 'quires roustin' up—de wu'ds ob de tex' am not 'tended ter be tuk mo' in de one sense dan in de nex sense, an' am figgertive de same as dey am onfiggertive. Dey pint's not on'y ter de perfession ob sich as bil's trossoo fo' folks dat aint in de habit o' gwine bar'-footed f'om head ter foot like der sabbiges, but dey p'int's ter sich as am bildin' repertations, an' dat chile ob sin dat don't sew 'cordin' ter de need, am sartain to be one ob der mo'tals dat fin's de trufe ob de adverb "fo' dem dat sews, de same shall dey rip!"

Fuddermo' an' in de nex' place, lemme tell yo' dis, (an' yo' kin ram dis trufe down wid de pile-driber ob conviction,) dat it haint on'y de sewin', but de kinder stuff yer uses dats gwinter fotch yo' up fo' jedsmen' an' ef yo'm makin' a pa'r oberalls ter perteck yo'se'f f'om gittin' drabbled in yo' rassle wid sin, lint haint der stuff ter tack der garb tergedder wid; ef yo'm b'ildin' a grab-bag fo' de chu'ch, yo' nee'n'ter speck she's gwinter stan' much grabbin' ef yo' splices up de aiges wid ravelin's; an' ef yo'm sorter recterfyin' de *open-sezams* in yo' boys trouserloons, an' yo' lassoes de same wid yarn, yo'm gwinter ram yo'se'f right up agin de tex, dat "dem dat sews, de same shall dey rip."

Take car' den, babes ob de lam, how yo' faber-cates de robe o' salvation! Watch de patte'n dat wuz sot fo' yer by der chillun ob Izerell! Tuck in de seams wid de wax-en' ob integrity; couple de jints wid de ole-fashion' kearpet-freads ob jestic an' trufe; subsile de same wid de linin' o' ginoowine pra'r, an' yo' parstures wu'd fo' de same, dat hit'll hang to yer like de strawkiver on a jimmy-john, an' hit'll be yo' priberlege ter know dat de' tex' haint p'intin' at yo' when hit say, "fo' dem dat sews, de same shall dey rip!"

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

NEVER TO RETURN.

Mr. W. F. Sullivan, 15 W. 33rd Street, New York City, United States of America, says, that for six years he suffered with Rheumatism, and for weeks was unable to get about or feed himself. Finally he tried the wonderful remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL. "It cured me," he says, "and I have not been troubled with Rheumatism since."

A TUSSLE WITH IMMIGRANTS.*

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885,
by Philip Douglas, Yonkers, N. Y.)

THE Ethnological Society of North America wished me to photograph types of immigrants arriving from Europe at New York.

Castle-Garden is where all steerage passengers land, and I was allowed every facility by the authorities.

I began with an Italian; swarthy, under-sized, dressed in velveteen and scented with garlic. As I placed him in front of the camera, he said:

"Ah been here before. Ah no greenhorn. Ah know the ropes a. You take a pictura don't cost you a centa, you don't pay me a dolla, ah make a dam face a so you don't getta the pictura. You don't picka me up a sardine. I sale the banana lass year in New York."

A Frenchman was the next subject. Tall, meagre, polite and talkative.

"Sare," he remarked, "ze photographie ees not to me for ze first taim. Ze art of all kind faind himself at home in ma countrie—*la belle France*. I also am artist. I make ze wall papaire to beautify ze house. I am artist in ze paste-pot, and ze scissaires. To faind already a brothaire artist makes me to weep. Excuse me zat I weep. I remove to you ze hat; I salute ze veritable artist." Then this artist tried to kiss me, and because I repulsed him stood in gloomy majesty while I photographed him.

Following my French friend a Scotchman was brought. He wished me to take pictures of his entire family—eleven in all—and when informed that only types, not families, were required, he broke forth:

"I'm no able exactly to see why types should be needed an' no families. A type is guid enough thing gin ye'll want to prent a paper, but a lairge family o' braw lads an' bonnie lassies gangs a lang distance in a new land, an' I'm free to say my ain family is the lairgest ye'll see frae the ship."

Even the stolid immigrants had to smile when the next subject was brought. He was a young German, tight-sleeved, long-skirted, smiling and chatty.

"Vell! Py jimmeny! you took my picture mid a box! How you done it I gifs oop! Und you told me ov I move I spoil him alretty. Den I don'd move. Ov a flea pites me I don'd move, ov you don'd stand me too long. Ov a man gifs me a glass of peer I don'd move. Ov I got hungry I don'd go to dinner all der vile. I shoost stand here like I vas a dellygraff bole! Don'd it?"

I finished the morning's work with a splendid specimen of a young Irishman, who had, I suspect, been injudiciously "treated" by his friends.

As I placed him before the camera, he said:

"Av' its taking aim ye are don't say I thrimbled. God knows I'm willin' an' proud to die for ould Oireland! Foire! ye base murderer, to desthroy me the day I kem ashore!"

Matters were explained and he apologized.

"Why didn't ye say ye wouldn't shoot! How would I know ye didn't have dynamite in yer box. Av' its only the picthure av me mug ye want, take it an' welkim. I'm no pig to be wantin' to kape a treasure hid from the wurruld."

In departing I explained to the group that I would present each one with a copy of his picture if their addresses were furnished, and a Babel of words followed me.

"Ah don't want a picture a. Ah want a dolla!"

"Sare, I am *comble de l'honneur*. I zank you sare!"

"I'm varam muckle ableeged till ye. I'll tak' a dozen on the same tairms."

"Ov I don'd send you dot address never mind, you send me dot bicture ennyhow!"

"Faith! Amerika's a darlin' counthry! The best word I got at home was, lave the way ye vagabone! Here it is. Misther O'Ryan, will it plaze ye have yer picther taken, an' where'll we send it for ye?"

*[Copyright, 1884. The Charles A. Vogeler Co.]

ST. JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

IT CURES

RHEUMATISM,
LUMBAGO,
NEURALGIA,
BACKACHE,
TOOTHACHE,
BRUISES, BURNS,
SORES, SPRAINS,
SWELLINGS, ETC.

ST. JACOBS OIL also relieves and cures Sore Throat, Sciatica, Headache, Frost-Bites and all other Bodily Pains and Aches for which an External Remedy may be applied. Sold by Chemists, Druggists and General Storekeepers in Great Britain. Price, 2s. 6d. Directions in eleven languages with every bottle. Beware of spurious imitations. See page 30 of this book. Parties unable to obtain ST. JACOBS OIL from their dealer will receive same, postpaid, by remitting 2s. 9d. to

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.,

45 FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON.

Main House: BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, U. S. A.

Branches: SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA; TORONTO, CANADA; SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES; MELBOURNE, VICTORIA AND LONDON, ENGLAND.

A UNITED STATES POSTMASTER'S LETTER.

The following autographic letter from Mr. M. Thompson, Postmaster at Milroy, Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, is self-explanatory. In this connection THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A., Sole Proprietors of ST. JACOBS OIL, beg to announce that they guarantee the genuineness of every testimonial published by them, and offer ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS reward for proof to the contrary:

Milroy, Mifflin Co., Pennsylvania, Oct. 1, 1884.

To the Editor of "The World," New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:—Knowing that your widely circulated journal, is ever ready to open its columns for the good of the public, I respectfully ask that you insert the following facts. The case of Mrs. John Semmill, a highly respected lady of this place, presents a striking example of suffering and marvelous cure. Mrs. Semmill has lived in and near Milroy for 30 years, and is now in her 69th year. In the spring of 1864 she was thrown from a wagon, sustaining a most serious injury to her spine. From that time until the spring of 1883, she was a helpless cripple and unable to walk. During all these long, nineteen years of acute suffering, she found no relief from the numerous remedies she had tried, and remained in a partially paralyzed condition. In the spring of 1883 her daughter read in a county paper, the advertisement of St. Jacobs Oil — The Conqueror of Pain — and, providentially, she bought two bottles. The oil was applied to the afflicted parts, and before the second bottle was exhausted by Mrs. Semmill, she was able to walk about and has been completely cured. I think it my duty to make these facts known. Very truly,

M. Thompson Postmaster.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in cash will be paid by us for proof showing that the following, and all other testimonials published by us, in regard to ST. JACOBS OIL, are not strictly genuine.

Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A., }
January 2, 1885.

The Charles A. Vogeler Company.

\$20,000.—Col. D. J. WILLIAMSON, an Army Officer and Ex-U. S. Consul, San Francisco, California, United States of America, states, that after long years of intense suffering from acute Rheumatism, and after using all other known remedies, the baths of other countries, and spending twenty thousand dollars without relief, he was cured by St. Jacobs Oil—the Conqueror of Pain—and has thrown away his crutches, after having been a helpless cripple for years.

Government of India.—Mr. E. A. PEREIRA, Head Inspector of Post-Offices, Calcutta, India, issues a card, March 16, 1884, certifying to the instantaneous relief afforded by St. Jacobs Oil, in the Campbell Hospital, where its use was advised by the medical officers, in serious cases of throat troubles and other painful ailments. He highly recommends its healing and curing properties.

\$2000.—Mr. J. D. L. HARVEY, a merchant of high standing and Proprietor "The Palace Market," Chicago, Illinois, United States of America, says: "I have spent two thousand dollars to cure my wife of Rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment and other remedies failed to bring about. I regard it as a greater discovery than electricity."

Seven Physicians Baffled.—Mrs. F. G. KELLOGG, 50 E. 86th St., New York City, United States of America, was partially paralyzed, and lay for seven days in convulsions. Seven physicians attended her and failed to give relief. She was unable to leave her bed and was as helpless as a child. She was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil. She improved from the first application, and recovered.

The Gold Medal.—Mr. JOHN LOBB, 296 Regent St. W. and 29 St. James's St., London, England, by Special Appointment, Shoemaker to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, also to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and whose workmanship received the Gold Medal at London, Paris, Vienna, Philadelphia and Australia, writes that St. Jacobs Oil is the only cure for Rheumatism he has ever known; that it cured a customer of his, Mr. Van Bell, who was lame and unable to derive benefit from medical aid. Mr. Lobb recommends it for foot ailments and other pains, for which he himself found it the best thing he ever used.

His Last Pound.—Mr. WALTER HAYNES, 147 York St., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, states, that he suffered so severely with Rheumatic Lumbago he could not rise from his chair. He would gladly spend, for St. Jacobs Oil, which cured him, the last pound he had.

*Presented with the
Compliments of*

THE CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS,
AND
DEALERS IN MEDICINE
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

It conquers Pain