

"DONE BROWN."

THE following letter and lines were received by Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, Md., who sent them at the time, to the Washington (D. C.) *Star* for publication for the benefit of all concerned. Whoever "W. C." may be, he has, without doubt, great cause for rejoicing over his restoration to health; and if his gladness finds expression through the suggestions of the Muse, so much the better. The letter goes on to say: "Enclosed will be found some original verses, written by myself, which might be used as an advertisement for your valuable medicine. They were written as a parody on 'King Bruce and the Spider.' I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for three years, but am now a well man. Your medicine, ST. JACOBS OIL, takes the cake." W. C., Washington, D. C.

"THE DEACON AND THE FLY."

Old Deacon Brown had sat him down, in gloom to meditate,
 With solemn "phiz," on Rheumatiz, and his unhappy fate.
 He'd tried enough of worthless stuff—it did no good, and so
 He'd set his face toward the place where all good deacons go.
 A little fly, just passing by, attacked the Deacon's ear:
 And though he "shoo'd" 'twas not subdued, but still did persevere.
 The Deacon blest the little pest, and slapped with all his might;
 But all in vain, it came again, to carry on the fight.
 Soon he arose and blew his nose; then joyfully did cry:
 "In vain I've fought; but I've been taught a lesson by this fly.
 "No more I'll snuffle, nor will I 'shuffle off this mortal coil.'
 But like the fly, again I'll try.—I'll use ST. JACOBS OIL."

He used the Oil; with little toil he rubbed his side and arm;
 The ailment dread must quickly fied; the Deacon runs his farm.

MR. J. H. HAVERLY was recently speaking to one of our reporters, and in the course of conversation, which touched at some point upon ST. JACOBS OIL, he thus spoke concerning the Great German Remedy: "I think that, unquestionably, ST. JACOBS OIL is the greatest medicine of the age, and the most meritorious in the market. It is sure to cure when properly applied, possessing at the same time the rare quality of being certain, safe and pleasant. All of 'my people' who need any remedy of the kind, use ST. JACOBS OIL, and that only. Every now and again my manager writes me: 'So-and-so lame for two days and could not go on, but thanks to ST. JACOBS OIL, he is doing good work to-night.' Or, 'So-and-so could not sing last night; he was suffering from a severe sore-throat. This morning the hotel is ringing with his voice, the result of a single application of ST. JACOBS OIL.' Mr. Joe Mack, as bright a business man as ever took the road, telegraphed me on one occasion from 'out West:' 'Four of my people disabled; no show to-night.' A few hours later and I was about to telegraph: 'Try ST. JACOBS OIL,' when lo! along comes a wiring from Joe: 'All O. K., the boys used ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great German Remedy, and are now all right; show as usual.'—*New York Graphic*.

ALONZO wants to know "if it hurts a man to be called a liar!" No, Alonzo, no. It is more likely to hurt the other man.