

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Will Walker and wife of Wasco were in the city Friday.

Mrs. Hugh Dexter of Kingsley registered at the Umatilla house Friday.

S. G. Marchie, a prominent farmer of Sherman county, was in the city Saturday.

Telephone connection has been made between Goldendale, Grants, Biggs and Wasco.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Chandler of Hood River, came up on the noon passenger Saturday.

The wife of H. Simons of Eight Mile presented him with a 10 1/2 pound boy last week.

Isaac and George Joles returned home Saturday night from a two days hunt in Sherman county bringing with them 51 wild geese.

J. A. French formerly of Grass Valley, now of Miles, Lincoln county, Washington was in the city attending to business at the land office this week.

We regret to hear that Will Graham, the restaurant man has been suffering from quinsy for nearly a week and unable to attend to business.

If the city authorities would buy a stout broom and put it into the hands of some one who would use it vigorously in the street crossings during the sloppy weather they would earn the deep gratitude of hundreds of citizens of both genders.

C. M. Vanduyne, of Tygh Valley decorated at the stock yards three wagon loads of nice fat hogs Thursday. They were sold to the Columbia Packing company. We did not learn the price per pound. The lot lacked a very few pounds of averaging three hundred pounds each.

Under date of December 10, A. M. Kelsay of Antelope writes us: "We have had unusually heavy rains in this section during the last few days. With stock in good condition, excellent grass in the range and abundance of hay in the country the prospects are very encouraging to stockmen."

The report that comes to this office of the young man Thompson having died of the diphtheria, can hardly be credited. The deceased is the oldest of a family of five, or six children and was over twenty-six years of age. None of the rest of the family has been affected, and there has been no diphtheria in the neighborhood for years.

Dennis Bunnell, like a good citizen that he is, ordered a boiler the other day to be shipped by D. P. and A. N. Co.'s fast freight. It came by rail and Mr. Bunnell would like to know why the merchants of Portland are in collusion with the Union Pacific and won't ship goods as directed. The boiler was addressed all right but it came wrong and Mr. Bunnell proposes to know who is to blame.

A telegram was received in this city Friday from Tacoma stating that Lawrence Brown, son of Pat Brown of Ten Mile in this county and brother of Mrs. Hugh Lacey of Hood River had died two days ago from a railroad accident. The boy is about 17 years old. No other particulars were given. Inquiries were made after the boy's relatives in regard to the disposition of the body.

Chrisman brothers received a lot of cattle Friday from the other side of the river. They came across as usual by the ferry but one of them took it into his head to go back and in spite of all that could be done he took to the water, and was more than half way across before two men, who followed him in a boat, could head him off. In the swiftest part of the stream a rope was thrown over his horns and he was towed back to his side.

Charles Stubling complains that a shipment of wines that he ordered recently to come from Portland by the D. P. & A. N. Co.'s boats came from Portland by rail, contrary to his orders and shipping directions. There is one way to prevent an occurrence of this stealing game, and that is: Let all similar shipments be addressed to A. S. Macallister & Co. and then advise these parties as to their further disposal. The average Portland drayman seems to be owned by the Union Pacific, and one of the merchants too, for that matter.

G. D. Boardman, a well known farmer of Sherman county had the misfortune to lose a check the other day in a manner that completely puzzles himself to account for. He had sold some wheat to McDonald & Ginn of Biggs, and on his way to The Dalles yesterday, accompanied by his wife, he received a check on French & Co.'s bank for the amount—\$2.25. Mr. Boardman put the check in his pocket, came to The Dalles on the cars and he and Mrs. Boardman did some trading around town, but when he put his hand in his pocket to get the check it was gone and he has not been able to get a trace of it since. Payment has been stopped at the bank and a reward offered for its recovery.

covery as may be seen in another column of this issue.

Walter H. Moore of Moro was in the city Monday.

Perry Snodgrass of Wapinitia Flat was in the city Monday.

Mr. Durphy, formerly of the North Dalles shoe factory, was in the city Monday.

Wasco is going to have a hardware store—a long felt want in that thriving burg.

C. H. Cummins of Eight Mile gave the CHRONICLE office a pleasant call Monday.

A. F. Russel a former resident of The Dalles now of Tekoa, Washington was in the city Monday.

A. S. McAllister came up from Portland Sunday night on a short visit to his old home.

W. R. Menefee of Dufur came into town Monday to attend to business in the land office.

Mr. Richardson, water mason at the Cascades government works, passed through town Monday on his way to his home in Utah Territory.

E. Husbands of Mosier, G. H. Trana of Cascade Locks, W. H. Pool of Wasco and John Malone of Antelope were registered at the Umatilla house Monday.

Telephone connection is soon to be made between Wasco and Moro. The post holes are already dug for the poles which will be set as soon as they arrive.

Frank Zeigler, the man found dead, Friday morning back of the cigar factory was buried at two o'clock Saturday afternoon from the undertaker's ware rooms.

We are pleased to hear that the children of Hon. D. J. Cooper—seven of them—who have been ill with the measles are all in a fair way of getting well. The youngest, a child of eighteen months, was very ill on Saturday and Sunday but is much better this morning.

absolute present of these to their customers, on Christmas eve. Tickets for each will be given free to every lady and gentleman who may call for them.

We clip the following from the North Idaho Star of December 4: "Judge Jolly wedded the hearts and hands of two popular young people last Saturday. They were James Gellatly of this city and Miss Josie McCully, of Portland. They will reside in Moscow in the future, a fact the Star is pleased to note."

A party of prominent officials of the Union Pacific railroad stopped over about two hours Sunday in this city on their way to Portland. The party comprised General Superintendent McNeil, Assistant General Manager E. Dickerson, Superintendent Baxter, General Master Mechanic Joseph McConnell, Superintendent N. J. O'Brien and others.

B. F. Durfy, of the late Boston Shoe and Leather company of North Dalles, came up Monday armed with authority of the law, as he alleges, to remove the machinery from the shoe factory and take it to Portland. As we write at 3 p. m. a dray and five or six men are on the other side of the river. The men, under Durfy's command have obtained entrance to the building and are boxing up the machinery, previous to its removal to the Oregon side.

United We Stand; Divided We Fall.

Two incidents happened Thursday on the Baker's trip to the Cascades that ought to impress the Union Pacific with the magnitude of the task they have undertaken when they attempt to fight the interests of a united people. The Baker was ahead of the Regulator as both boats approached White Salmon. A corral-full of hogs stood upon the bank awaiting shipment. The purser of the Baker did everything in his power to induce the owner of the hogs, R. D. Cameron, to ship them by the Baker. Mr. Cameron could name his own price, if he wanted to, but Mr. Cameron was abhorred and did not care what the price was. The Baker could not get them. Then the Baker steamed off to the Hood River landing where fifteen head of horses, the property of W. M. Rand and O. B. Hartley of Hood River, stood upon the bank, awaiting shipment to Portland. The Baker dashed her nose into the sand; the crew threw out the stock gang planks and the purser climbed off and asked the owners of the horses to "Bring them right ahead, gentlemen." But the owners said they guessed not. Then the purser said: "We'll take them to Portland gentlemen for 62 1/2 cents a head." Again the owners said they guessed not. Said the purser "Put them right on gentlemen and name your own price." "You cannot have them, sir, if you carried them for nothing," was the answer, and the wheezy, rotten old hulk turned her prow towards the Cascades.

MARRIED.

In this city, at the Umatilla House, by Rev. William Mitchell, J. R. Underhill to Maggie Sternweis, both of Boyd, in this county. The CHRONICLE wishes the young couple many happy days.

DIED.

Near Dufur, Or., December 11, 1891, of diphtheria, Andrew Thompson, oldest son of Jasper Thompson, aged 22 years.

The National market is now open and will furnish you meat at living rates. Remember that restaurants, hotels and steamboats are given wholesale rates. 12-8-91-w3t.

Honors to a Dalles Boy.

We clip the following from the Catholic Sentinel. It is the address of welcome delivered recently on the occasion of the visit of Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, to the Notre Dame, Indiana, University. Mr. N. J. Sinnott, son of Col. Sinnott, of this city had the honor of being selected from among between six hundred and seven hundred students to deliver the address:

Most Rev. ARCHBISHOP: This age is somewhat hypocritical, and it often happens that honeyed words, welcoming the coming and speeding the parting, are only on the lips and do not come from the true sentiments of the affectionate heart. Yes, 'tis true that the warm grasp of the hand and expressions of welcome are frequently mere formalities demanded by custom or conventional decorum. But it is needless for me to assure you, with all candor, that the warm greeting extended to you by the students of Notre Dame is by no means a mere perfunctory duty. A glance around you suffices to dispel any impression of that character. The countenances of all betoken the esteem, reverence and affection we have for him who but a few short years ago went forth from these walls blessed with Notre Dame's choicest gift, and who now returns clad in the purest insignia of a heavenly trust. It is but natural that we feel a just pride in Notre Dame's worthy son, the illustrious prelate destined to guide "the westward course of empire" of God's church to the very Golden Gate of the Pacific.

Most Reverend Archbishop, though two years have passed since you were among us, yet the remembrance of that visit remains indelibly fixed in our hearts; it is one of the sweet recollections associated with the pleasant memories of the past. Your advice and admonitions were replete with wisdom. Your kind and eloquent words gave us encouragement to overcome the ever-occurring obstacles of our university life. They aroused our ambition; they incited us to put forth our best endeavors to reach that goal which you have obtained—to be true Christian men and scholars, for we know that your career has been an unmistakable beacon for all. As a pastor you have well guarded the flock entrusted to your care. As a patriot you are ever solicitous for the principles of freedom.

But, perchance, these outspoken words, which have their source in deep esteem, already offend good taste, for to patient merit a recital of this nature is oftentimes displeasing. Therefore, Most Reverend Archbishop, mindful of your interest in our welfare and progress, mindful of your former words of encouragement, the students of your Alma Mater, with one accord, bid you a sincere welcome, and beg leave to assure your grace that, though duty may call you far from us to your western home, and though we may be busied with the cares of our collegiate life, yet we shall ever treasure in our hearts the memory of your visits to Notre Dame, repeating the words of the immortal Virgil: "Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

BORN.

In this city, Sunday, December 13, 1891, to the wife of Mr. Will Johnston a twelve-pound boy.

Another Victim of Alcohol.

Frank Zeigler, a man about 30 years old, who has been, up till a few weeks ago, in the employ of C. J. Vanduyne of Tygh Valley, was found dead Friday morning on the open ground back of the Dalles Cigar Factory on Main Street. Zeigler left Vanduyne's employ on the 18th ult., intending to go east by way of the Northern Pacific. He went to Portland, where he got on a drunk and blew in \$200, all the money he had. He came back to The Dalles last Tuesday, sick from the effects of his debauch, and penniless. He registered at the Umatilla house early in the afternoon of the same day and went to bed. He had previously borrowed \$10 from R. B. Hood, promising not to drink any more and to go out to Tygh next morning. It is believed he kept his word as far as drinking's concerned, as most of the borrowed money was found in his pockets after death. He must have lain out all night and deliberately selected the place where he lay down. His body was still in the room when found this morning.

Zeigler was an honest, hard working and faithful young man. He had been in the employ of Mr. Vanduyne for some six years. His greatest failing was his fondness for liquor. He had kept perfectly sober for nearly two years. He has an uncle and sister who live at Elms, Missouri. An inquest was held on the remains Friday afternoon, but no verdict had been reached at time of going to press.

Coroner's Inquest.

In the case of Frank Zeigler, who was found dead in this city yesterday morning, the jury brought in the following verdict: We, the jury sworn and impaneled to investigate the cause of the death of the death of the man now before us, find from the evidence given on the inquest that his name is Frank Zeigler, and his age 37 years and that the cause of his death was the excessive use of intoxicating liquors and exposure in lying on the ground at The Dalles on the night of December 10, 1891.

J. DOBERTY, LESLIE BUTLER, A. A. URQUIHART, A. J. DAVIS, A. L. WEBSTER, R. G. CLOSTER.

A Commander Drowned.

SAN PEDRO, Honduras, Nov. 27.—The republic has suffered a severe loss in the death, by accidental drowning, November 4, of General Edward Kraff, of San Pedro, commandant of the port of Puerto Cortez.

"The battle is not always to the strong," said the judge as he awarded the butter premium at a country fair.

Incidents of Shepherd Life.

The following interesting paper was written by Master A. P. O'Leary, one of the pupils of the Wasco academy.

I presume you know, or if you don't know I will tell you, that my father is, in a business sense, of the genus stockman and differentia sheepman. In other words, he is a grazer. I by no means intend to convey the impression that he himself is an herbivorous animal but that he derives his income from the care of such animals.

It may be well to explain here that in this section of the country sheep are kept in large flocks or bands of from fifteen hundred to two thousand each, and graze on the public domain: and not, as in most of the eastern states, in bunches, we would say, of fifty or a hundred which are kept in a pasture.

During the greater part of the year the sheep are kept on the prairie but during four or five months in summer and autumn they are taken to graze on the fresh feed in the mountains. Sometimes we have to drive them fifty or a hundred miles to the mountains. As it is in the mountains while driving that the life is most interesting, I will deal principally with these times.

We set out a packer, a herder and two or three dogs, with a band of sheep. If we wish to be particularly fierce looking we strap a pistol and a bowie knife around our waists.

We drive along the road, letting the sheep feed where there is an unenclosed space, and pretty soon we see a man coming as if he were "Sheridan, twenty miles away," and motioning wildly and shouting as though he were the commander of an invisible host, which was about to engage in battle. By the time he gets to us he is out of breath and mad enough to fight. He begins with "What do you mean by herding these sheep on here? Don't you know that this is my land? Get off of here as fast as you can, or I will have you arrested. You are trying to eat up all the grass a poor man has." Well, if we were greenhorns he might terrify us, but we soon become so used to it that it is an enjoyment and varies the monotony of the journey.

He says he is poor, and in that he tells the truth. He usually has about a section of land, a cow and three or four cayuses, or Indian ponies, but none of his land is under fence. We generally call them "land poor," because they have a lot of land and do not improve it. They will sell nothing to a sheepman and some will not keep you over-night if you have anything to do with sheep. Sometimes it is a woman who comes to greet us, and then it is worse than forty men, and we try to shift the task of meeting her upon each other's shoulders.

Then we come to a lane about thirty feet wide, with barb wire fences on either side. Usually, two wires and posts about four rods apart is the style of fence. The owners plant grain to within two or three feet of the fence and of course the sheep are bound to creep under the wire for a taste of the grain shoots. Then out comes the farmer with his dog, and the sheep are so anxious to get out that they do not think of creeping under the fence but rush against the fence and sometimes tear it down for several hundred yards.

At last we get to the mountains, but we often have trouble. About four years ago I was packing for a band up on Eight Mile creek, and when I returned to camp one day I found a notice there which read as follows: "We will give you just three days to leave, and if you are not gone by that time we will help you." The three days passed and we received no help. We found out that it was a woman who had written the notice, and on the last day her husband came up to our camp to buy half a mutton.

We have very good opportunities of hunting and fishing. We often kill deer and the bears and cougars are always bothering the sheep. One day I called a cougar, mistaking it for my dog.

I was herding this day for the herder but had gone to town and he left his dog with me. The dog, which was yellow, went to camp towards evening. I was in a thicket when I saw something yellow and thinking it was the dog I began to call it. Soon seeing what it was, I tried him but was obliged to let him go as I left the gun in camp.

Last summer I was herding in dark timber, when one day my sheep split and one part rushed by me. I went to the lead and saw a bear carrying off a lamb. When he saw me he disappeared over a hill but returned to carry off the lamb which I was obliged to kill as the bear had bitten it terribly.

A little later the same day I saw another not far distant which I fired at with an old pistol I had. Instead of retreating, he came straight on and as I could not depend on the pistol, and it was a cinnamon bear, I deemed it necessary to beat a hasty retreat. We set a gun by making a V shaped pen, open at the wide end. Across the open end we stretch a cord and fasten it to a lever which pulls the trigger of the gun. By this way we can often kill them when otherwise it would be impossible.

During the hot months we take the sheep close up to the mountain peaks. In packing we are compelled to cross glaciers and dangerous places.

One day I was crossing a glacier when it seemed as though the whole mass were moving, and I believe my hair

stood on end for once. Another day I was going for supplies and had three horses. As it is very hard to lead horses where there is no road, for convenience I tied one to the preceding ones tail. One of them was blind in one eye, and I shall always think there is something unlucky about a third horse. I was riding the blind one and coming to a dangerous place I got off to lead them. He thought he knew a better way and started off the trail. I stopped him and went back to untie the others, but he started on again and pulled the others on. One started to slide and coming to the end of its rope jerked the others. It was about a quarter of a mile to the bottom of the slope, and about two thirds of the way down, the snow had melted and left the rocks bare. Picture if you can the horses sliding on this icy slope, which was very much steeper than the toboggan slide, and striking these rocks they began to spin like rocks hurled through the air. When I got down, two of the horses were dead and two saddles were off, one being broken to splinters. It was several months before the other horse fully recovered. I do not think the memory of that night will soon be effaced from my mind. Another time my brother and another young fellow were crossing a glacier when the latter's horse fell into a crack and they had to leave him to freeze to death.

Life in a sheep camp is not the most pleasant imaginable. A order must get up in the morning about four o'clock, cook his own breakfast, herd all day, and come home after dark, and cook his own supper or go to bed without.

During the summer we live in a tent, and cook out doors in rain or shine.

Well I imagine I hear sighs of weariness and I guess you think you know enough about sheep-herding so I will close, and if any of you happen to be out in the mountains, call around and I will tell you more about it.

Advertised Letters.

The following is the list of letters remaining in The Dalles postoffice unclaimed for Friday, Dec. 11, 1891. Persons calling for these letters will please give the date on which they were advertised:

- Bulmer, Albert; Brown, Mrs J; Bowler, Fred; Brady, John; Congdon, Miss Maude; Cowan, Thos; Cavanaugh, John; Cantrell, W R; Dising, D; Faust, Chas; Fogarty, J B; Gerow, W A; Guelmuth, J B; Gossin, Chas; Jenkins, J W (2); Krabbe, Diedrich; Ling, Frank (4); Morgan, I; Morton, Miss Grace; McGraw, Robert; McClure, James; Morse, J F; Pignatelli, Mrs M; Pressler, Onion; Richardson, Mrs B; Runge, Felix L; Ryan, Patrick; Sheek, E E; Stewart, J J; Smith, Anders; Tracy, Miss Lottie; Thomas, Peter; Turner, D A; Watson, O H; Wilson, Mrs Jennie; White, G E; Weaver, Mrs W H; M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

They Speak From Experience.

"We know from experience in the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that it will prevent croup," says Messrs. Gaddy & Worley, Percy, Iowa. They also add that the remedy has given great satisfaction in this vicinity, and that they believe it to be the best in the market for throat and lung diseases. For sale by Snipes & Kinsersly, druggists.

The Disabled Vessels at Astoria.

ASTORIA, Or., Dec. 12.—The tugs Wal-lowa and Escort No. 2 picked up the disabled steamer Marie off the entrance to the river at 3 o'clock this morning and towed her to Astoria. They will take no action regarding a claim until the Union Pacific authorities are consulted. The steamer Wetmore was brought up to the city today and docked, Captain Griffiths, of Port Townsend, is here representing the owners. He made a contract this afternoon with the Astoria Iron works to build a rudder and place the vessel in satisfactory shape to resume the voyage.

An Old Confidence Man Arrested.

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—James Mack, probably the oldest confidence man in the country, was arrested today while enticing Sergeant O'Rourke, of the Seventeenth United States infantry, stationed at Fort Russell, Wyo., away from the depot. Mack is 75 years of age. In his pockets were found a bogus \$1000 gold certificate, and a bogus bill of lading, which he had used.

Killed by a Drunken Man.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 12.—This afternoon Charles Dowd and wife, while walking along Third street, were met by a man known as "Sackner" Feeney, who, reeling in a drunken manner, applied a vile epithet to Dowd. The latter knocked Feeney down. Feeney jumped up, unsteadily pulled a revolver, and fired two shots, which mortally wounded Mrs. Dowd. Feeney was arrested.

Atlantic & Pacific Troubles.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Dec. 12.—The grievance committee of the Atlantic & Pacific dispatchers and operators were in consultation with General Superintendent Gribbell this afternoon. Negotiations progressed so favorably as to warrant the opinion that matters will be amicably adjusted.

Were Not Guilty.

PORTLAND, Dec. 12.—The trial of Larry Sullivan and Dick Carron of Astoria, on a charge of enticing seamen to desert from the British ship Buchholz resulted today in their acquittal.

Crops Lost by Drouth.

MADRID, Dec. 11.—Owing to drouth the grain crops in the Madras presidency are lost. Famine prices for cereals prevail in many districts.

Jail Delivery in Illinois.

GALESBURG, Ill., Dec. 10.—Last night eleven prisoners escaped from jail here by sawing off the bars of a window.

Unnecessary Sufferings.

There is little doubt but that many persons suffer for years with ailments that could easily be cured by the use of some simple remedy. The following incident is an illustration of this fact: My wife was troubled with a pain in her side the greater part of the time for three years, until cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has, I think, permanently cured her. We also have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever needed and believe it to be the best in the world. P. M. Boston, Pennville, Sullivan Co., Missouri. For sale by Snipes & Kinsersly, druggists.

Saved from Death by Onions.

There has no doubt been more lives of children saved from death in croup or whooping cough by the use of onions than any other known remedy. Our mothers used to make poultices of them, or a syrup, which was always effectual in breaking up a cough or cold. Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup is made by combining a few simple remedies with it which, make it more effective as a medicine and destroys the taste and odor of the onion. 50c. Sold by Blakeley & Houghton.

A Great Liver Medicine.

Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills are a sure cure for sick headache, bilious complaints, dyspepsia, indigestion, constiveness, torpid liver, etc. These pills insure perfect digestion, correct the liver and stomach, regulate the bowels, purify and enrich the blood and make the skin clear. They also produce a good appetite and invigorate and strengthen the entire system by their tonic action. They only require one pill for a dose and never gripe or sicken. Sold at 25 cents a box by Blakeley & Houghton.

A Sure Cure for Piles.

Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding, yield at once to Dr. Boeanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, and effects a permanent cure. 50 cents. Druggists or mail. Circulars free. Dr. Boeanko, 329 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Blakeley & Houghton.



For the Children.

Our readers will notice the advertisements in these columns for Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, Iowa. From personal experience we can say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has broken up bad colds for our children and we are acquainted with many mothers in Centerville who would not be without it in the house for a good many times its cost and are recommending it every day.—Centerville, S. L., Chronicle and Index. 25 cent, 50 cent and \$1 bottles, for sale by Snipes & Kinsersly, druggists. daw

The Old and the New.

"Of course it hurts but you must grin and bear it," is the old time consolation given to persons troubled with rheumatism. "If you will take the trouble to dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bine it on over the seat of pain your rheumatism will disappear," is the modern and much more satisfactory advice. 50 cent bottles for sale by Snipes & Kinsersly, druggists. daw

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Preventive for Croup.

We want every mother to know that croup can be prevented. True croup never appears without a warning. The first symptom is hoarseness; then the child appears to have taken a cold or a cold may have accompanied the hoarseness from the start. After that a peculiar rough cough is developed, which is followed by the croup. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse; a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the attack. Even after a rough cough has appeared the disease may be prevented by using this remedy as directed. It has never been known to fail. 25 cent, 50 cent and \$1 bottles for sale by Snipes & Kinsersly, druggists. daw



Nervous Prostration,

Sleeplessness, Sick and Nervous Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Head Fears, Hot Flashes, Nervous Dyspepsia, Bulimia, Constipation, Hysteria, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Opium Habit, Drunkenness, etc., are cured by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve. It does not contain opium. Mrs. Susan C. Howland, Deland, Fla., suffered with Epilepsy for 30 years and resorted to a complete cure. Jacob Petro, Ella, Oregon, had been suffering with Nervous Prostration for four years, could not sleep, nothing helped him until he used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve; he is now well. Two bottles Free at druggists. Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills, 50 doses for 25 cents are the best remedy for Biliousness, Torpid Liver, etc., etc. Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Trial Bottle Free.

The Chicago Anarchists Appeal. CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—The sixteen anarchists caught in the recent raid at Grief's hall, who were fined and had their fines remitted, have appealed their cases to the criminal court.