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NO. 20

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R. R. R.

RAIWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one

Radway's Ready Relief is a cure for every pain.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating

pains, alleviates the most dangerous

congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels,

or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain

the Rheumatic, Red-tetter, Itching, Crispell,

Neuralgia, or protracted with disease may suf-

fer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

will afford instant ease.

Information of the following Indications of the

Bladder, Indications of the Heart, Indications of

the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing,

Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Dropsy,

Diarrhoea, Cholera, Spasms, Convulsions, Stomach

Distress, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague,

Chills.

The application of the Ready Relief to the

part of the body where the pain or difficulty ex-

ists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in

few moments cure colds, spasms, stomach

heart burn, sick headache, diarrhoea, dysentery,

colic, wind in the bowels, and all internal

pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of

Radway's Ready Relief, as it is a sure and

water will prevent sickness or pain from

change of water. It is better than French Brandy

or Bitters as a stimulant.

PREPARED BY

AGEE.

Ever and I have used it for fifty years. There

is not a remedy to be found in this world that

will cure Fever and all other ailments, as

Radway's Ready Relief does. It is a simple

remedy, and is the only one that will cure

Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cents per bottle.

HEALTHY BEAUTY!

strong and pure rich blood—increased of fish and

weight—clear skin and beautiful complexion

secure to all.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent

has made the most astonishing cures

so quick, so rapid, and so sure, that it is

deemed under the influence of this truly

wonderful medicine, that every day an in-

crease in flesh and weight is seen and felt.

The Great Blood Purifier.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent

concentrated through the Blood, Sweat, and

Urine, and carries the impurities from the

system, and restores the body to its natural

material. Scarcely a person who uses it

does not feel the effects of its purifying

power. It cures all the diseases of the

skin, such as Eczema, Scabies, Psoriasis,

and all the eruptions of the skin, and

restores the complexion to its natural

color. It is the only medicine that

will cure all the diseases of the

MARCH OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Gather the sacred dust
Of warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our Nation's trust,
And fell for the cause, though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all!
From the Private to the Chief,
Come they from hovel or princely hall;
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
On many a battle-field;
From many a grave that lies
Without a name and without a shield,
Gather them all!

We care not whence they came,
Dear in their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown, or known, to fame
Their cause and country still the same—
They died—and were the Gray.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Lying they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of Death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather their scattered clay,
Wherever it may rest;
Just as they marched to the bloody fray;
Just as they fell on the battle-day,
Bury them breast to breast.

The foe may need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead,
Out of each lonely grave.

The foe may need not frown;
They are all powerless now;
We gather them here and we lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreath each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living ever weep;
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together beat,
Together still shall sleep.

FROM SAD EXPERIENCE!

'I'm off—I'll be home at ten o'clock.'
'Eh! by gad, that is good, coming
from a fellow's wife.'

'I'm off. Well, I never heard my an-

gle mother speak like that to my father.
But then, my mother was not a Californian,
and consequently did not belong to the
strong-minded or fashioned women of the
present age. I pondered over these
words, "I'm off," as I drew myself on the
sofa. I had my choice, either to remain
at home and nurse, or to take young Hal-

ifax along; and as bad as the other.
To leave him at home and go out, was to
run a risk of finding him dead on my re-

turn. To take him along was still worse.
Then there was no alternative but to re-

main at home and do the best I could. After
meditating some time upon my unhappy
state, I was roused from my lethargy by
the weak and pitiful cry of young Hal-

ifax. Here then, my wits were taxed. What
to do I didn't know.

I turned him over about a thousand
times, hunting for pins, etc. This only
increased his howling, and had the effect
of making me more nervous all the time.

What was to be done? Ah! the bottle
—I just thought of that. I seized the
bottle, nose and all, and thrust it into my
bosom to heat the milk. A rather un-

pleasant sensation followed, but this I bore
patiently. During all this time the young
brute to all the honors lately about to be
bestowed upon him, continued to howl
louder and louder, and never did I see a
child with so large a mouth, or so strong a
pair of lungs.

While endeavoring to quiet him with
the usual sea-saw motion of more experi-

enced nurses and divers of newly inven-

ted songs, composed expressly for the oc-

casions, all of a sudden I felt a strange sen-

sation in the region of my heart, increas-

ing downward. What the d—! could it
be? It was that infernal bottle. The coup-

ping became disconnected and the white
fluid made rapid progress down my left
side. Here was a new dilemma. I lost no
time in taking it out.

But what was to be done? The baby
continued to cry spitefully at the loss of
his milk. An idea struck me by this time
of holding the bottle over the gas jet, for
the purpose of heating the milk. I tried
it, with what result may be expected.

After a few moments the bottle burst,
sending milk and broken pieces of glass
in all directions. To make the matter
still worse, young Halifax was struck on
the nose with a piece, and received, what
surgical term, an ugly laceration.

To say that young Halifax cried would
be only giving a faint idea of his howl-

ing. I have heard some "tall" crying
at Irish funerals. I have heard wild cats
cry in the "bush," and I have cried my-

self when a baby, but nothing to come
near the crying that I heard that morn-

ing from this young Californian, of the
house of Halifax. I have never heard, nor do
I ever want to hear such again in my life.

This last experiment of heating milk
"let 'em out." I had no more milk in the
house, or any person to send for any, and
I could not leave the baby, crying and
bleeding as he was, and go for some my-

self. I could not take him out.

Here was a pretty fix for a married man
in good social standing, with a fashionable
and strong-minded wife.

This is the happiness of married life,
with a wife, more especially if your
wife is fashionable, and takes a new de-

parture for "equal rights!"

I was making the most I could of my
unfortunate position with my crying child,
when Ellen returned and relieved me of
the care of nursing. She managed to
warm milk, and succeeded in pacifying
him a little, while I went after the doc-

tor to patch up young Halifax's nasal or-

gan. This was just completed and the doc-

tor left when my wife returned.

She was all smiles and sweetness on
her entry, no doubt from the great suc-

cess promised to the "equal rights" suffrage,
by the presence of a female biped of dubi-

ous gender, which nature had erred in
constructing. After disrobing herself of
the outside make-up, which is without
doubt the largest and most extensive in

the world, she exhibited her braids,
elevated hip-pain, kangaroo hump and
spring bosom.

After this was done, she asked what
was the trouble with the baby.

'Oh, it's nose was cut.'
'Mr. Halifax—I say Mr. Halifax!—
H-a-l-i-f-a-x! what have you done to my
child? Cut his nose for spite because I
went out? Oh, you brute, just like you
men, brutes that you are!'

'I say, madam?
'Don't madam me, you cruel brute, to
cut my darling child to spite me.'
'I wish you to understand me, Mrs.
Halifax.'

'Don't call me by that name any long-
er, sir.'
'Well, it does not matter much by what
name you will be addressed. I want you
to hear me. I intend to have no more
sights like this one?'

'Well, I do.'
'You do, madam?
'Yes, sir, I do.'
'Do you mean to tell me, madam, that
you insist upon attending those meetings
of strong-minded imp?'

'Ladies, if you please, Mr. Halifax.'
'I'm off. Well, I never heard my an-

gle mother speak like that to my father.
But then, my mother was not a Californian,
and consequently did not belong to the
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This is the happiness of married life,
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subject to men. What did I know
about the women of America, you
or any other man put out to pasture
the Bible where it is the duty of a
man to remain and attend to his
household, and let his wife and
children go out sight-seeing, in a
brutal position, placed among
feeling men, and it is time to be
granted from the social standard we
live by.

'That's enough—that's enough. I'll
call in an auctioneer and sell of my
furniture, and then you can do what
changes you wish in the house of
Smith & Company.'

'You mean to tell me, madam, that
you insist upon attending those meetings
of strong-minded imp?'

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(Published by Request.)

CHARCOAL'S STORY.

I'm only Charcoal, the blacksmith's dog,
Vulv, and fast growing old.
Lying in the sunshine the livelong day,
By the forge when the nights are cold.
I look across at the little house,
The door where I used to wait,
For a schoolboy about, a merry face,
To meet within the gate.

My master, the smith, remembers too,
I see on his grimy cheek,
As he looks across at the cottage-door,
His smiling eye, and his
His hand on my lifted head;
I look, and while, but we understand—
Each thinks of the schoolboy dead.

Price is the tawny and handsome hood
That comes with the hunting square;
Smooth and well-fitted, with a stable bed,
And a place by the kitchen fire.
The square is going away, he said;
He waited an hour to-day,
While my master carefully shod his mare,
In his slow, old-fashioned way.

I heard him say, with an oath or two,
"Put an end to that sorry cur,
Better buy my Prince, he's a noble beast,"
I heard, but did not stir,
For I knew I was only a worn-out thing,
Not bright like the tawny hood,
And I felt I would gladly go and die
On a short, narrow churchyard mound.

"Well, squire"—the brawny arms rose and fell,
The sparks from the anvil flew
"I hope that criterion that's lying there
If it's not much better to you
But while I live, and can earn his keep,
Old Charcoal and I won't part;
For, squire, I really sometimes think
The dog has a human heart."

My little Jack—he loved him so—
And Jacky, he's gone, you see;
And so it 'pears as if Charcoal knows
That he's more than folks to me."

The squire is gone with horse and hound,
And master and I still wait
Together, and side by side go in
At night through the lonely gate.
But by-and-by we must go alone—
Only one be left of three,
To pass the gate and the cottage-door,
Alas! if it should be me!

A SINGULAR ROMANCE.

A remarkable instance of the attach-

ment of a forest maid to a white man
is worthy of relation. An army officer had
a very fine horse, of which he was very
fond, and for which a petty Crow chief
took a fancy. The Crow offered the offi-

cer twice the value of the animal, but
having use for him, the officer would not
sell. As a last resort, the Indian said:

"My sister is the most beautiful girl
of her tribe, and I will give you her and
one hundred beaver skins (\$150) for your
horse." The officer, struck with the nov-

elty of the offer, and fearing the Indian
would steal his horse if he did not sell
him, accepted. The girl was with a dis-

tant portion of her tribe, and the chief at
once set out to find her. In two weeks
he returned, accompanied by a tall, well-

formed young woman, whom he intro-

duced to the officer as his sister. The
horse was delivered, and the chief hid the
girl remain with her proper owner, but by
a special arrangement she was allowed to
depart with her brother, the officer saying he
would call for her by-and-by. He no doubt
thought he had done a meritorious act and
gratified the girl, but the sequel to the af-

fair proved otherwise.

In a few days the chief called to deliv-