St. Tammany Farmer.

Published Every Saturday.

COVINGTON. - - LOUISIANA.

TO A LITTLE BROOK.

You're not so big as you were then,
O little brook!
I mean those hazy summers when
We boys roamed, full of awe, beside
Your noisy, foaming, tumbling tide,
And wondered if it could be true
That there were bigger brooks than you,
O mighty brook! O peerless brook!

All up and down the reedy place
Where lives the brook,
We angled for the furtive dace;
The redwing-blackbird did his best
To make us think he'd built his nest
Hard by the stream, when, like as not,
He'd hung it in a secret spot
Far from the brook, the telltale brook!

And often, when the noontime heat
Parboiled the brook,
We'd draw our boots and swing our feet
Upon the waves that, in their play,
Would tag us last and scoot away;
And mother never seemed to know
What burnt our legs and chapped them so—
But father guessed it was the brook!

And Fido—how he loved to swim
The cooling brook,
Whenever we'd throw sticks for him;
And how we boys *did* wish that we
Could only swim as good as he—
Why, Daniel Webster never was
Recipient of such great applause
As Fido, battling with the brook!

But once—O most unhappy day
For you, my brook—
Came Cousin Sam along that way;
And, having lived a spell out West,
Where creeks aren't counted much at best,
He neither waded, swam, nor leapt,
But, with superb indifference, *stept*
Across that brook—our mighty brook!

Why do you scamper on your way,
You little brook—
When I come back to you to-day?
Is it because you flee the grass
That lunges at you as you pass,
As if, in playful mood, it would
Tickle the truant if it could,
You chuckling brook—you saucy brook!

Or is it you no longer know—
You fickle brook—
The honest friend of long ago?
The years that kept us twain apart
Have changed my face but not my heart—
Many and sore those years, and yet
I fancied you could not forget
That happy time, my playmate brook!

Oh! sing again in artless glee,
My little brook,
The song you used to sing for me—
The song that's lingered in my ears
So soothingly these many years;
My grief shall be forgotten when
I hear your tranquil voice again
And that sweet song, dear little brook!

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

A PEDDLER'S ADVENTURE.

His Terrible and Lonely Battle with a Mad Man.

WAS visiting an old uncle of mine who lives in Banbridgeport in a four-story brick mansion which I am likely to inherit. Uncle Claiborne was formerly an active, enterprising peddler, fond of adventure, and never slow to relate events in his personal experience. I remember one stormy December evening, when the wind was howling dismally outside and the snow driving fiercely against the window panes, he stirred the log fire into a cheerful blaze, and related to me the following exciting adventure:

When I was about your age, Moses, I was reckoned the stoutest lad and most active young peddler in the country, ready for a fight or a frolic; but while a constant pedestrian, meeting with no incident worthy of testing my courage and endurance, until an event occurred, which, though not of the character anticipated, was sufficiently novel to satisfy for some time to come my love for personal adventure.

I started off, one week in November, with my pack on my back, cheerfully whistling as I trudged through the lonely by-roads, where many a helpless traveler had been waylaid, ever and

"YOU CAN'T ACCOMMODATE ME, THEN?"

anon starting as some jagged stump or gnarled oak assumed the fierce guise of a lurking robber.

Towards the evening of a raw, chilly day I reached the outskirts of a small village, rejoiced to recognize a tavern sign, with a full-length figure of Lafayette, swinging in the breeze; so I marched inside and quite independently ordered a hot supper and a bed for the night.

The landlord—a burly, red-faced individual—cocked his head on one side and considerately informed me that while the hot supper might be furnished, not a bed was to be had in the house for love or money, as it was assize week and every spare room and closet was occupied.

"You can't accommodate me, then?" said I, much disappointed.

"No," replied he, decidedly. "I am sorry, young man, I can't; but seeing it's a pretty cold night, and no chance of you finding quarters elsewhere, I'll take you in, provided you'll keep watch over a sick man upstairs, and have your supper gratis in the bargain."

"How far is it to the next tavern?" I asked, after a short pause, undecided as to the offer.

"Ten long miles."

I looked up the road, thought of the cold wind and inhospitable farm-houses on my route, and rather hastily concluded to accept the strange proposition of mine host.

"You see," observed he, as he led me into the supper room, "we've a man here, a young lawyer, sick of a fever. All his friends are tired out watching with him. I don't like to leave the poor fellow alone, for I hardly expect he'll last the night through. All you've got to do is to keep an eye on him now, and then when he dies just let us know."

I imagined at that moment the innkeeper's face bore rather a singular expression. I wondered at it then, but I understood better before two hours had passed.

When I dispatched my supper, I was shown into the sick man's chamber, and Boniface, after a few instructions to me, bade me good evening and left me there.

The apartment was of ordinary size and situated in a wing of the building where the noise and bustle would not molest the invalid. The furniture was in the usual style; but there was something very familiar in a portrait that attracted my attention, for, after casting a glance at the sick man, who lay muffled up in bed and breathing heavily, my eye involuntarily turned to the picture again.

It was the portrait of a young and beautiful female that had barely reached her sixteenth year, the face beaming with the innocent vivacity of girlhood, and the eyes sparkling with a wonderful degree of light and intelligence.

Riveted there by an unaccountable and mysterious fascination, I stood gazing at the lovely embodiment, almost expecting the face to glow with animation, the lips to part and speak, when I was startled as a clear, musical voice observed: "A beautiful picture, that."

I turned round to discover, with no small degree of astonishment, that the sick man had partially raised himself to a sitting posture, and was also contemplating the lovely portrait with as much earnestness as myself.

The invalid, despite the ravages of disease, which showed itself in his hollow eyes and attenuated frame, was an uncommonly handsome man; his features bore the impress of aristocratic lineage, and his finely chiseled nose and mouth expressed strong passions and uncontrollable will.

"You feel better," I said, recovering from my surprise.

He waved his hand impatiently.

"You have not answered my question. The picture—the picture; what do you think of it?"

"Pardon me, sir. It is beautiful!"

"You have no idea of the original?"

"None, sir."

"It is the portrait," replied the sick man, speaking slowly and deliberately, and fastening upon me his black, glittering eye—"it is the portrait of my dearest wife."

"Your wife!" I repeated.

"My wife, Evelyn St. Croix," pursued the sick man. "Do you notice her eye?"

"I do."

"A strange, unearthly expression; the artist was true to nature. She was mad when he painted her; she died raving mad."

"What a dreadful fate for one so young!"

"Listen; she deserved it. Evelyn St. Croix was beautiful, but she was weak and vain; she was graceful as a nymph, but false—false as hell!"

The sick man fell back on his pillow, exhausted by the violence of his exertions; then, after a few moments, he raised himself again and muttered hoarsely: "It affects me, the remembrance of her perfidy. It sometimes makes me wild and delirious. Stop! you shall hear about it—the story of my wrongs and sufferings."

"You are too weak; it excites you. I will listen to the story some other time."

"No; you shall hear it now," reiterated the sick man, almost fiercely. "I loved her—met her—loved her in a moment, before I had time to ask her whether she had any affection to bestow upon me. She was disappointed, and married me when she could not wed him whom she adored. I worshiped her, and deemed her as pure as the driven snow. She whispered in my ear that she loved me; and I, fool like, believed it, and accepted her caresses and protestations, never dreaming that woman loves silently the best, and kisses and blandishments are too often an artful cloak to conceal base designs. I was cozened and beguiled with soft, honeyed words and flattering caresses. I dreamt not all the while I was clasping a viper to my bosom—you are not listening to me!"

"I am."

"My family physician was young and fascinating. He had free access to my wife's society. He availed himself of it, and made her love for him a vehicle to his own selfish passions. The world guessed the truth. I knew nothing of my dishonor, for I had faith in Evelyn. My friends wondered at my blindness and pitied me. But finally a note fell in my hands; it opened my eyes—made me feel wretched. I laid a snare for my faithless wife and her paramour, and slew him before her eyes. She went raving mad. Since that fearful hour I have sworn a vow which I have ever kept."

The invalid paused and glanced at me with a ferocity that caused a feeling of uneasiness to creep over me.

"You can not guess?"

"No."

"I will tell you. Every year I have offered up a sacrifice on the altar of my vengeance. You must be the victim now."

"You do not mean that?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the sick man, suddenly raising himself upon his feet, while his eyes flashed like two balls of fire. "You think me weak—you are mistaken. I have the strength of Samson. You shall see."

As he said this, with one bound he vaulted to the floor, and deliberately locked and bolted the door. And now the horrible truth flashed upon me that I was with a madman, and that he had me completely and absolutely in his power. Confounded as I was by this startling discovery, I endeavored to preserve my composure.

"I am to be your victim?"

"Yes; you can not escape me!" he hissed. "You are a coward; I know it—I see it in your eye! Call and shout to the walls; they have ears and will listen; every one is asleep; no human ear can catch your cries; you are doomed; ha! ha! ha!"

Long and loud the maniac laughed. I felt the perilous situation I was in, yet I quailed not; every thing depended upon my own courage and self-possession. Quick as lightning I darted forward and caught up my walking-stick—a stout, knotty weapon of defense, nearly as hard as iron.

"Come on!" I cried, defiantly. "If you wish to have a bout with me, you see I am ready."

The maniac seized a chair and struck at me with all the superhuman energy of his nature, endeavoring to force me into a corner.

I wisely kept in the middle of the room and parried his fierce blows with my trusted stick, but my stubborn defense seemed to inspire the maniac with ten-fold fury. The chair finally was shattered to pieces; but the madman quickly seized another, and fairly rained on me a torrent of desperate blows, which required the utmost vigilance on my part to ward off. Failing in overpowering me, the madman, with diabolical cunning, suddenly rushed to the hearth and scattered the burning brands on the floor; and, while clouds of smoke rose from the burning embers, he attacked me with renewed ferocity.

I had hoped that my continual shouting, and the din of battle, would have aroused the household; but no one came. A new danger menaced me; several times the bedding took fire, but was promptly extinguished by the most tremendous exertions on my part. My antagonist seemed endowed with the strength of 10,000 devils, while I was comparatively growing weaker and weaker. My arm seemed palsied and my head swam dizzily. In a moment I must give up—my strength was nearly

THE FIGHT WITH THE MANIAC.

exhausted, when, to my great relief, the madman suddenly paused.

Drops of perspiration rolled down his body, and his limbs trembled violently; yet I could see, though the exciting contest had told fearfully on him, he was by no means as exhausted as myself. His eyes glittered with latent ferocity as he shrieked: "You fight well, but I shall win; you are doomed already; I can see it; I will tear you limb from limb!"

I had no opportunity to reply, for, almost immediately, he resumed his savage attack. But the momentary respite had saved me; and, as I warily husbanded my strength, I was overjoyed to perceive that he began to show evident signs of exhaustion; but no—he suddenly recuperated with wonderful power. Again his blows thunder on my stout stick. I am gradually losing my strength. I can not hold out much longer, and the madman sees it, and redoubles his exertions. My weapon is struck at last from my weak grasp; I hear the exultant shout of the maniac in my ear and clinch my fist in one feeble, despairing effort to defend myself from the impending stroke, when suddenly a strange transformation takes place in the madman. He pauses and drops his weapon, his fierce eye assumes a dull, filmy aspect, and the fierce expression fades away in a stupid air of idiocy; he reels and falls to the floor in a death-like stupor; his tremendous vitality vanished as quickly as it came.

At the same instant I hear a hurried tread of feet outside and loud knocking. The door was burst open, and, with the consciousness of safety, the reaction came. With a faint ejaculation of joy and gratitude, I fell insensible to the floor.

When I was restored to consciousness, Moses, I found a crowd of curious faces of men around me, all eager to hear from my lips the particulars of my desperate encounter with the madman.

It appears that I literally battled with him all night, and the extraordinary exhibition of endurance on my part earned for me the reputation of a young hero; but I never told any one that I owed my victory over the madman chiefly to that portrait of the pretty girl; for, whenever I felt myself growing weak, a glance at the face would inspire me with tenfold strength. You smile, but the portrait was, after all, the landlord's daughter, and the story only a romantic fiction of the diseased brain of the madman.

"The picture was not, then, the portrait of Evelyn St. Croix?" I asked.

"No, my dear boy, it was your aunt's picture, as it afterwards proved. So you can now understand the inspirations that gave me the strength to go through that fearful night in a struggle for life."—N. Y. World.

FAMOUS JEWELS.

Cameos and Cameo-Cutting Under Ancient and Modern Kings.

The most famous extant gems are perhaps the Gemma Augustea in Vienna, a sardonyx nearly a quarter of a yard long, on which the triumph of Augustus is cut in the rarest workmanship by Dioscorides, of Rome. There are magnificently cut antique amethysts, though rock crystal was, and is, mainly used for vases and cups. I saw a beautiful modern vase at Oberstein in the shape of a shell twelve or fourteen inches long—chiefly, however, filling me with regret for the vanished beauty of the one perfect crystal out of which it had been cut. The man asked £5 for it. A much larger cameo than the Gemma Augustea was lost in the storm of the Tuilleries in 1848. About the largest extant gem—a sardonyx worked in five layers and representing Tiberius and Livia and various other personages—there is an odd story. It is called La Camee de la Sainte Chapelle, and was given to St. Louis of France, who set it up in the Ste. Chapelle as a representation of Joseph's dream.

The art of cutting gems lingered on in Constantinople after the fall of the Empire, but few stones were cut in Western Europe. Charlemagne used as his seal an antique gem with the head of Jupiter Serapis; Pepin le Bref, one with a Bacchus on it. In 1555, however, Giovanni Bernardi cut stones so beautifully for Lorenzo de Medici that he was called Giovanni delle Carniole, and a contemporary of his was named Domenico del Kamei. The Picklers, Tyrolese artists, settled in Rome in the eighteenth century, cut gems so perfectly that they had to sign them to prevent their passing as veritable antiques.—Blackwood's Magazine.

—"John, will you mind the baby?" "I will, my dear, if you think I can make him mind me." — Munsey's Weekly.

HUMMING-BIRDS' FOOD.

They Live on Gnats and Not on Nectar, as Some Naturalists Think.

Once upon a time I saw a large humming-bird at the lower end of a sloping, leafy-shaded glade, busily visiting every tuft of "Sweet William" up toward where I was. I laid down prone on the turf with my eyes within sixteen inches of a fine spray of flowers. The bird was a fine fellow with his flashing coat of bright emerald green. He visited every flower of each clump as he came up the little vale. At last he reached the one near my face, and with no suspicion thrust his slender beak into each purple cup. When I would wink my eyes he would stop and peer at me with his wee diamond black eyes, but I could not see what he got from the flowers to eat, whether nectar, pollen or minute insects. It is generally supposed that they feed entirely on nectar, and that their tongue is a slender tube by which they suck it up. The student of biology should take no such hearsay stories for granted; facts are his stock in trade. My wish was to find out what and how these tiny birdlings were fed, so I carefully hid my person in the greenery with my face within a few inches of the nest, and waited long and impatiently for feeding time, but the parents did not show up in sight. After an hour or more, thinking my horse near by kept them away I moved him, and then hid still more carefully, but in vain, and as the young became restless I concluded not to punish them longer. Then looking carefully I found numerous voidings of the young on twigs around the nest and the ground below. I gathered a number of these pellets, took them home, soaked them in clear water, placed them under the glass, and found them to be wholly composed of the remains of very small gnats and aphids, and seemingly nothing else. I could find in them no heads of small caterpillers and grubs. Many of the wings and heads of these gnat remains were so perfect that the trained entomologist might have determined from them the species. There were whole heads with the antennæ attached, whole perfect leg cases, etc. This seems to settle the question that this humming-bird does not feed its young on nectar from flowers, as I have read they do. These young, though nearly full grown, had not their beaks as yet more than one-third the length of the old ones.—Forest and Stream.

REMINDERS OF HOOD.

Death of a Lady Who Knew the Poet Well in Her Youth.

Word comes of the death of Miss Isabella Hood, of Dundee, a distant relative of the illustrious Thomas Hood. When materials bearing upon that poet's early connection with the city were being collected Miss Hood was able to throw most important light upon the subject. She remembered his residence when a mere lad with his aunt in Nethergate, his visits to Patrick Gardiner in Overgate, as well as his journey to his friends in Errol. She also recollected distinctly Hood's being brought by his aunt to her father's house in Murraygate, and described him as being a vivacious boy, full of liveliness and fun. The visit was repeated, and Tom had many a scamper over the meadows and wards on the maltster's pony. Miss Hood also spoke of the poet's second visit to Dundee, accompanied by his son (the late Tom Hood, editor of Fun,) in the autumn of 1843. When Mrs. Keay, the poet's maternal aunt, died at Tayport, she gave to Miss Hood a number of interesting holograph letters of the poet, with a recommendation that they should be preserved. These letters and other mementoes of Hood were presented to the museum of the city several years ago by Miss Hood, to give the general public an opportunity of inspecting them. She was also in possession of an interesting memento of the Camperdown family. About the end of the last century, it is stated, the poet's uncle was engaged as a tutor in the family of the future hero of Camperdown, who then resided at Lundie House. Captain Duncan was so pleased with the manner in which the tutor had discharged his duties that he presented to him sets of his own silver garter and shoe buckles, and the family gave him a Bible and pencil case. At the death of the tutor these gifts came into the possession of Mrs. Keay, her sister. When Hood visited Mrs. Keay at Tayport in 1843 she gave the pencil case as a gift to his son. The Bible and three of the buckles were sent to the poet's family in London, and the fourth buckle was given, along with the letters, to Miss Hood.—Chicago Evening Post.

Ugliness a Disqualification.

Extreme ugliness as a disqualifying cause seems intelligible in a candidate for matrimony, but is certainly less so when the question is one of fitness for military service. This, however, is one on the list of disqualifications laid down by the head of the medical department in a manual just issued on "Conscription in France." Latterly the French authorities seem to be much more liberal in admitting the claims of men who do not wish to serve. The rejections are five per cent. more numerous than at the previous conscription. The French are looking more to the quality of their army than to the number of the recuits. Excessive ugliness, says this military doctor, makes a man ridiculous, prevents him from having authority over his comrades, and leaves him morbid and sensitive. If the ugliness be adequate the claim must be allowed. "Male hysteria" is another valid plea. The army doctors say it exists among French conscripts, and it is the more objectionable as it is contagious.—London Daily News.

Been a Good Boy.

Willie (down in the country writing home to his father)—And I have been a good boy, too, papa. I haven't run away for a week.

Willie's Mamma (adding a postscript)—Willie has been confined to the house for a week with a very sore toe.—Chicago Tribune.

Astronomical Information.

Mrs. Sumway—I see that Venus turns round only once a year.

Sumway—She doesn't meet many women with new bonnets on, then.—N. Y. Sun.

—Clare Coggin had a novel adventure with bees, says the Good Public Spirit. Approaching a hive on Colonel Travis' place from which a swarm was issuing, the bees settled on his head as their lodging place, and in a minute's time had covered his head, monopolizing his mouth, eyes, nose, ears and face. Without offering to fight them off he was advised to make for the river, which he did in good, quick time, waded up to his armpits then settled down till his hat floated off. The bees all left him and he walked out, liberated from his strange companions. The curious part of the matter is not a bee stung him or attempted to do so.

Pneumonia.

A person that is weakened or debilitated assumes a very great risk when he fails to give a cold, be it ever so slight, immediate and quick attention. When the system of such a person becomes impregnated with a deep-seated cold, it is almost sure to result in pneumonia, a disease that is very nearly always fatal. The timely use of Smith's Tonic Syrup at the very beginning of a cold will check it at once. Its timely use has undoubtedly saved many lives. Its tonic properities are unexcelled, and its good effect on the circulatory system is felt at once, preventing congestion of the mucous membrane and blood vessels. It is the common sense treatment for malaria, chills and fever, colds, influenza, la grippe, etc., and is far superior to quinine in its action, never leaving any harmful effect. It is the prescription of Dr. John Bull, of Louisville, Ky., in which city it is used almost universally. Any druggist will get you the remedy.

THE day of promise is always at hand. It is the time of fulfillment that seems a long way off.—N. O. Picayune.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

You can generally get a point on faucet life by making yourself familiar with the bee.—Texas Siftings.

Stoves That Filter the Blood.

This rough simile describes the kidneys pretty accurately, or rather indicates their function, which is to separate from the vital fluid, which passes through them, hurtful impurities. If their activity ceases, they are liable to diseases which prove fatal. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters gives their action the requisite impulse without irritating them. They also benefit by its invigorating effects upon the system at large. Malaria and nervous complaints, rheumatism and biliousness are subjugated by the Bitters.

THE good die young, but the average boy is making strenuous efforts to live a little longer.—Terre Haute Express.

WHO is Dr. A. T. Shallenberger? He is a prominent physician of Rochester, Penna., who graduated at Jefferson Medical College in 1847. In 1847 he announced the theory that all malarial disease was caused by living germs in the blood and demonstrated its correctness by his Antidote for Malaria, which cured when all else failed. The microscope now reveals these germs, and Physicians accept the fact. If you have Malaria in your system, get the medicine and be well.

THE race isn't always to the swift. Sometimes it is to the pool-sellers.—Rochester Post-Express.

IS PRICKLY ASH BITTERS good for anything? Read what Frank Griggsby, of Dodge City, Kan., says: "For three years I suffered from a disease that my physicians pronounced incurable. My friends had given me up to die, when I was induced to try your remedy. I took it for three months and have gained 83 pounds in weight. Am a well man and Prickly Ash Bitters saved my life. I am under life-long obligations to this medicine, and will never cease to recommend it."

MONEY has some human characteristics. It talks and it gets tight.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

NO MATTER how hard silence falls, it does not break.—Terre Haute Express.

I WAS very susceptible to colds. The least exposure would affect my throat and lungs. At last I found a safe guard in Smith's Tonic Syrup. It prevents my taking cold and also quickly cures me.—Henry Weldon, Savannah, Ga.

IT is difficult for a lady who paints to keep her countenance when out in the rain.—Texas Siftings.

HARSH purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

IT is easier to live within your income than it is to live without one.—Boston Courier.

THE children consent to be undressed and go to bed only on condition that mamma gives them each one more Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. They taste so good. Worms don't like them, though.

"COME dwell with me," as the shark said when he swallowed the sailor.

PEOPLE Are Killed by Coughs that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar would cure. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

OF course the trout is near-sighted. He wears specks, doesn't he?

FOR any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, relief is sure in Carter's Little Liver Pills.

BETTER to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun.

Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure 'll come.

But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a *guaranteed* remedy in the nearest drug store.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild and effective.

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS Revived Under NEW LAW. Soldiers, Widows, Parents injured by BLANKS AT PENSION BUREAU. INDEMNITY. PATENTS. O'FARRELL, Pension Attorney, Washington, D.C.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

But do not use the dangerous alkaline and mercurial preparations which destroy your nervous system and ruin the digestive power of the stomach. The vegetable kingdom gives us the best and safest remedial agents. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of his life to the discovery of this reliable and safe remedy, and all its ingredients are vegetable. He gave it the name of

Prickly Ash Bitters!

a name every one can remember, and to the present day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the BLOOD, for the LIVER, for the KIDNEYS and for the STOMACH. This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its merits are useless, and if others who require a corrective to the system would but give it a trial the health of this country would be vastly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggist for it.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

LAZINESS

Weakness, Indisposition to Work, Headache, Dullness, Heaviness, Lack of Appetite, Constipation, all indicate that you need a few doses of the genuine

Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills.

They strengthen the weak and purify the

BLOOD

They are prepared from the purest materials and put up with the greatest care by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa. Be sure you get the genuine. Counterfeits are made in St. Louis.

Intelligent Readers will notice that

Tutt's Pills

are not "warranted to cure" all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz:

Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.

For these they are not warranted infallible, but are as nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DR. OVERALL HAS MOVED HIS NERVOUS INFIRMARY To his new and commodious building 42 NORTH COURT ST., MEMPHIS, TENN. The Infirmary is thoroughly equipped with all kinds of Electric Apparatus, Electric Baths, Massage, etc. Separate apartments for men and women. Write for particulars.

[From Globe Democrat, July 21, 1889.]

Every one at times is affected with a dry scalp. The head seems full of dandruff, and by simply running the fingers through the hair a shower of white, dust-like substance is caused. This indicates that the head needs a tonic, otherwise the hair will soon begin falling out. There is no greater scalp tonic made than the

Louisiana Creole Hair Restorer,

and the prompt application of the compound might save you many troublesome hours. This restorative will not only restore your scalp to a healthy condition, but if your hair is gray it will restore it to its natural color.

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