

A VIOLENT SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

His Denunciation of Jackson's Administration.

In the course of debate in the house in May, 1836, on the fortification bill, Mr. Camberling, of New York, speaking of the prevailing bloated condition of affairs, declared that "the whole nation was now one common gambling-house." The next day Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina, mounted the rostrum, and in a speech of great ability, abounding in historical allusions and "odorous" comparisons, alluded to Mr. Camberling's remark, and inquired "who made it so?" Then he charged the administration with the responsibility of all the ills with which the country was afflicted. "Scrophancy and servility," he said, "have taken the place of all the heroic and manly virtues. The rooks together with obscene birds, have pitched themselves in the high places of the land, and we sit there beneath, surrounded daily with their filth and corruption. Officeholders (now become miserable dependents) and office-seekers infest every turn and corner; and let it be known that any man has influence, from his being the tool of those who have patronage to confer, and he is overwhelmed with a bowing and cringing of these slaves and beggars. Crowds of miserable, hungry beings creep and crawl, in the darkness of midnight, through the hidden recesses and gloomy avenues that lead up to the throne of royal favor. These creatures, generated as they are in despotism, are pervading the country and becoming more loathsome than the creeping lice or slimy frog of Egypt ever were in the days of God's judgments. Thus, sir, is the reform with which we are blessed." Further on he declared that "this is the reign of Caesar," and although he knew of no one with the fine talents and acquirements of Mark Anthony, he thought we had many with his profligacy and abandoned principles." For Lepidus he pointed to R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky, for Octavian to Martin Van Buren, the vice president "and chosen favorite of him who has trampled upon the liberties of his country."

This, it must be admitted, was rather strong language for a man who was elected to congress as a supporter of the administration. But those South Carolinians always were a queer people, and ready to boil over at a moment's notice, as they did King's Mountain, and Ninety-Six, and the Eutaws. For there is in South Carolina yet, "for all that is come and gone," a great deal of the fiery old blood of Touraine and La Vendee, that in the days of the Froude under the great Conde and the brave Coligny, waged such an internecine war against the church and crown. Add to these a fair proportion of the descendants of the old Scotch covenanters and a sprinkling of Highlanders in the hill country, to say nothing of the Anglo-Americans pure and simple, and we can easily perceive what an explosive mixture is produced. The nitro-glycerine thus evolved generated old Moutrie, Sumter, Marion, and Campbell. Hagen, the rescuer of Lafayette, Wade Hampton, Wigfall, and the rest. As a people they have been full of intellect, full of culture, and full of fight—all premonitory symptoms of insanity. When a stranger in Columbia during the war inquired of Mr. Pettigrew the way to the lunatic asylum, he directed him to the state house, where the legislature was in session, with the remark: "They are all as mad as March hares there, every evil of them."

TRASH IN OUR MOUTHS.

Syrup Made of Glucose and Catsup Out of Decayed Refuse—Fruit Jellies Out of Apple Cores and Parings—Butter a Curiosity.

Chicago Herald.

"This is a free country," remarked a well known chemist to the *Herald* reporter; "too free, so far as the preparation of articles of food is concerned. I am sorry to say that many prominent chemists lend their professional aid to the most pernicious adulterations of food and drink. Originally caused by the demand for cheap goods, the business of adulterating articles of food has grown to such dimensions and backed by so much capital that it will take legislation of the most stringent kind to suppress that kind of trade."

Then the man of science launched forth into an elaborate discourse on "substitutes" which are sold for the genuine article. Maple syrup is artificially produced on an extensive scale by taking one part of maple sugar for flavoring purposes, thirteen parts of glucose and sufficient brown sugar to give sweetness. Molasses, too, is made from glucose, flavored with vanilla, and colored with caramel, with a small quantity of genuine molasses added for the purpose of giving it the molasses odor. However harmless glucose may be claimed to be, the fact remains that it is a fraud designed to swindle people through the channels of trade. The apology made for glucose, that it is harmless, will not do for vanilla, an article that has recently become very popular as a flavor for ice cream—is made from coniferin, and the latter in turn is obtained from the resin of several kinds of pine trees. Bichromate of potassium and sulphuric acid are the agents that convert resin into vanilla. Fruit jellies such as are offered in grocery stores have mostly no other relation to fruit than that they bear the name. Nearly all of them are made from apple parings, while butyric ether, vanilic ether and other deleterious substances give the flavor to be obtained.

Tomato catsup, manufactured by the average modern dealer, is perhaps the vilest compound in existence. The bruised and rotten fruit which is unfit for canning, and also the skins thrown away by the canner, are gathered and filled in barrels which are placed in the sun for fermentation. There is a stick in each barrel for the purpose of stirring up the contents—a process which is continued for weeks, until the stage of active fermentation is passed. Then the rotten mess is boiled, and spices are added. That gives the catsup of commerce. The erroneous spelling of "catsup" would seem to be justified.

Of butter, hardly anything need to be said. The regulation, half-headed creamery butter has become a luxury sin in oleomargarine, suene, buterine and lardine have become articles of commerce. All these vilifications of the genuine article contain lard, suet tallow and degenerated fats as main substances. The ruses which buterine dealers resort to in order to foist their wares upon people who do not want them would furnish interesting reading. The *Herald* could surprise a good many housewives

by letting them into the secret that the butter which is supplied to them fresh twice a week in summer and once a week in winter by a "man from the country" is really manufactured in a Canal street basement, and is supplied twice a week in summer simply because the man is afraid that it will not keep any longer.

Mince meat is usually an abominable compound, made from the offal of abattoirs, with the aid of forty-rod whisky and adulterated spices. Sulphuric acid and lime and vinegar have been found in the mince meat of commerce. It costs about one cent to flavor fifty pounds of the vile stuff gathered up in the slaughter houses.

Corn meal, old and musty sea biscuits, cracker sweepings constitute a large percentage of the pulverized black pepper sold to-day. Prof. syrite, simple syrup, water, vinegar, tincture of kino, tartaric acid, cherry juice and malva flowers give "old" port wine. An ounce of "oil of cognac" in forty gallons of "proof" brandy makes a barrel of "French" brandy. Thus the adulteration of drinks could be continued, including the glycerine, starch, corn, rice, cocculus indicus, maple shavings and other ingredients that help to make the modern "lager beer." The lard investigation in Chicago is of too recent origin to bear extensive quotation. Lard is adulterated with tallow and fatty oil, and it is "stretched" with water, of which, by a judicious process, it will absorb fully 10 per cent.

Although there should not be much difficulty in obtaining pure flour in this rich country, flour is frequently adulterated with terra alba. There is alum in bread, and tarriacs are worked into horse radish, while cotton seed oil is sold as pure Italian olive oil.

"Law!" he exclaimed, in conclusion, "There's plenty of law, if such as there is where properly enforced. But because the law is not explicit on every little detail, and chiefly because there is no official whose prescribed duty it is to enforce the law, matters continue to go on from bad to worse every year."

STORIES ABOUT GRANT.

Four Interesting Incidents of the Life of the Departed General.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

The Chicago *Herald* Saturday issued in the form of a supplement a fac simile of the celebrated wall paper journal printed in Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. When the victorious soldiers of the Union marched into the rebel fortress on that memorable day the forms of the *Vicksburg Citizen* of July 2, which for some reason had not been printed, were found ready for the press. It occurred to a few printers in the Union ranks that it would be a bright idea for them to put to press the paper set up by rebel types. One paragraph on the editorial page, which had been set up in anticipation of events which never occurred read as follows:

On July 2—that the great Ulysses—the yankee generalissimo, surnamed Grant—has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Saturday next, and celebrating the 4th of July by a grand dinner and so forth. When asked if he would invite General Jo. Johnston to join he said, "No! for fear there will be a row at the table." Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is "first catch a rabbit," etc.

At the foot of last column on the page a union compositor supplemented the "On Dit" with the following fictions.

NOTE.

JULY 4, 1863.

Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg. General Grant has "caught the rabbit"; he has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The *Citizen* lives to see it. For the last time it appears on wall paper. No more will it eulogize the luxury of mule meat and fricasseed kitten—urge southern warriors to such diet never more. This is the last wall-paper edition, and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them. It will be valued hereafter as a curiosity.

With the addition of this "Note" the *Citizen* was put to press by the victorious printer-soldiers. The Chicago *Herald* in printing a fac-simile of the paper was obliged to have it set up at the office of Knight & Leonard, a job printing establishment in Chicago. The original copy was, of course, first presented to the foreman of the office—veteran printer, whose form was bent with age, whose eye was dimmed with long years of service at the press. No sooner had the old foreman glanced over the sheet placed before him than he startled his fellow-workers by giving the regulation whoop of the Union troops and began to execute a series of waltzes about the office. At the conclusion of these unaccountable actions the old man repaired to a case and set up the "Note." As his nimble fingers departed the types in their places the tears cursed down his cheeks and tender recollections crowded upon his memory—the gray-haired foreman and the Union printer, who twenty-two years before had set up that "rake" amid the huzzas of the victorious troops at Vicksburg were one and the same man.

ACTING ASSISTANT DEPUTY SHERIFF.

Janesville (Wis.) Gazette.

Shortly after General Grant became a clerk in his father's store at Galena in 1839, he was sent to Prairie du Chien to look after a stock of goods which had largely been sold on credit. They were kept in the large and antiquated stone building for so many years occupied by J. Famechon. It seems that Grant's customer at the Prairie had given a fraudulent bill of sale for the goods to a third party for the purpose of defrauding the Grants; and when the general arrived in the town to investigate the matter, he took counsel of the Hon. O. B. Thomas, who was elected to congress last fall, and after examining the records in the town clerk's office, Thomas was convinced that the sale was a fraudulent one, and had a writ of replevin issued at once to get possession of the goods.

The sheriff was not in town that day, and the writ was given to his deputy, "Boss" Brunson, grandson of the venerable Alfred Brunson, D. D. "Boss" was a daring, burly young fellow by nature, but his daring failed him in this case. Mr. Thomas, Grant and Brunson, armed with the writ of replevin, walked down to the building containing the goods and found the door locked. The pretended owner had heard that one of the Grants was in town, and supposing that he would attempt to seize the stock, he planted himself inside, bolted the door and armed himself with a shot-gun. When the party reached the building they were refused admittance, of course

with a threat from the man inside that if they entered some one would be killed. This threat rather suggested "Boss," who was inclined to believe the man meant what he said. Mr. Thomas tried to convince the young deputy that it was his duty to enter the store even at the expense of breaking down the door, but "Boss" could not see it in that light.

Grant had watched the proceedings thus far quietly, without saying a word, but becoming impatient, he said to "Boss": "Mr. Deputy, if you are afraid to go into the building yourself, why don't you deputize some one to go in for you?" "Well," answered "Boss" sharply, who felt keenly touched to have his courage doubted, "I will deputize you." Grant was quite stout in those days, and obeying the command of the officer, he stepped back from the store door some ten or twelve feet, and coming up to it with a rush, he planted his right foot over the lock and the door opened with a crash. Grant entered in an instant, seized the man who had the gun, and ordered him to go to work to help take down the building goods, and in short time they were removed to Galena. This is all there is about Gen. Grant doing business in Wisconsin.

But this story would be imperfect without another. After the war broke out "Boss" Brunson joined the army and by 1863 had been made second lieutenant. In that year he was down at Chattanooga and was one day commanding a large detail of men who were unloading commissary goods. "Boss" was proud of his shoulder straps and ordered his men about with a pompous air, while his general bearing showed excessive vanity. Just at that time a special train reached the depot and a number of officers alighted and for a moment stood on the platform. One of them, a short man, with a common blouson on and with nothing about him to denote his rank, stopped for a minute or two intently watching the second lieutenant working his men. Finally he approached him in an easy, quiet way, and giving the salute said: "Lieutenant, are you from Wisconsin?"

"Yes, sir; I am," answered "Boss" with a loud voice accompanied by an oath.

"Then you live at Prairie du Chien, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," replied "Boss," "I am from Prairie du Chien, but who are you?"

General Grant modestly said, "My name is Grant." For a moment the lieutenant stood in blank astonishment, and then exclaimed, "Great God, are you General Grant? Well, you command me now, but I commanded you once, and you knocked the door to—in a second."

A PROPHECY OF HIS ABILITY.

Chicago Tribune.

A story of some interest is being told by a prominent gentleman in this city which goes to show that the credit of having first discovered General Grant's genius is claimed by Professor Davis of West Point. At the time General Grant graduated from West Point Professor Davis and General Scammon, who had graduated at West Point, were professors there. The night after the class to which Grant belonged had graduated Scammon and Davis sat playing a game of whist. Davis asked Scammon whom he considered the brightest man of the class, Scammon answered that he thought the brightest must be the one who come off with the highest honors.

"You are wrong," said Professor Davis. "I tell you the smartest man in the class is 'Little' Grant." Davis said that the reason Grant's average was so low was that he was untidy, and that he received black marks for his untidiness, which brought down his average.

Scammon forgot all about this. He went into the war, got to be brigadier general, was captured, and held in the rebel lines. When he was finally exchanged, Grant was commander-in-chief of the union forces, and his praises were being sung throughout the whole north. On General Scammon's arrival in New York he stopped at the stor House, bought new clothes, and started out for a walk. As he wandered along Broadway, half in a dream and half awake, he felt a hand touch his shoulder, and looking around, was confronted by professor Davis.

"Whom did I say was the smartest boy in the class?" he asked off-hand.

"By Jove! it was Grant," said Scammon as he suddenly recalled the long forgotten conversation. "He's a hero, isn't he?"

NOT AFRAID OF BULLETS.

Indianapolis News.

As the siege wore on at Vicksburg, additional precautions were necessary in the trenches to avoid sharpshooters, and in the rifle-pits the exposure of person was almost certain to bring disablement, if not death. The "pits" were provided with port-holes, if so they might be termed. It so happened one morning that the writer and Private Alexander, of Company I, 11th Indiana, were stationed in one of these pits, the approach to which, owing to a slight rise, was under cross-fire for several yards, and it was customary to give warning of the danger to the soldiers unfamiliar with this particular exposure. One or the other was therefore generally on the watch for chance visitors, and "Stoop down!" which was often delivered with a bit of profanity attached, was a common salutation. The morning in question, Alexander was the first to discover two persons sauntering over the dangerous ground, while little flickers of dirt here and there showed that the alert sharpshooters were on the watch. With out stopping for a second look, and in his anxiety forgetful they were officers, even had he recognized it, he shouted: "Stoop down; down, down you down;" and in his zeal he exposed himself and narrowly escaped a shot, which singed his cheek as it passed beyond him. Neither of the officers heeded his warning. Grant, accompanied by General Hovey, sauntered toward a Farrot-gun battery, a little distance to the right. This battery commanded an advantageous position, and mounting upon the earth-works, Grant took a long and steady look at the enemy's lines, sweeping them from end to end with his glass. General Hovey clambered up alongside of him, their respective figures so conspicuous that they at once attracted the enemy's fire. They stood here for several moments, until Grant, perceiving danger, suggested to General Hovey to step down out of harm's way. Hovey, however, persistently begged the "old man" to protect himself, and when Grant replied, "Why, Hovey, you are in as much danger as myself," the latter answered, "I'm only a general of division and its easy to fill my place, but with you, sir, it is different." The "old man" yielded to

this and both stepped out of range, so the eminent satisfaction of hundreds of soldiers who witnessed the terrible exposure. If the "old man" ran this risk to impress upon his soldiers that he shared their danger with them, it had its effect, for it was the talk along the line for days.

August Hints for Farm and Garden.

American Agriculturist.

Cut oats before they are fully ripe; they will shell out less, and the straw will be more valuable for fodder. Buckwheat sown early this month will usually escape the frost. Should it be injured it will yet be valuable for plowing under. The New England method was to work corn three times. The first hoeing was called weeding; the second half-banding, and the third was to hill the corn; after this it was left for the ground to be over-run with late weeds. The better method is to run the cultivator as long as a horse can pass between the rows. The cultivator not only stirs the surface, but kills the weeds. A plow should not now be used, as it cuts the roots. Thin the root-crops. Sow strap-leaf turnips in drills 28 inches apart, using 150 pounds to the acre of superphosphate, or bone flour, near the seed. Give meadows a top dressing of old manure or fine compost. Harrow bare and mossy spots in pastures, and sow seed on them. Give a dressing of lime or plaster. Cut brush with a brush-hook; burn and save the ash. This is a harvest month for weeds.

Market Garden.—Keep asparagus clear of weeds, using the hoe until the tops prevent, then pull the large weeds that appear. Hoe cabbages and cauliflower frequently. Liquid manure will cause rapid growth. Cultivate between the rows of carrots and other root crops until the leaves prevent. Celery may still be set and make fair-sized heads for winter use. Let that planted earlier be well cultivated and clear of weeds. Keep sweet corn clear of weeds, and the soil mellow by the use of a cultivator. As soon as the ears are gathered remove the stalks and cure for fodder. Cut off all smutty ears and stalks and burn them. Gather cucumbers for pickles daily. Always cut them leaving the stem attached. Two or three inches in length is large enough. Promote the growth of eggplants by the application of liquid manure.

Flower-Garden.—Weeds are the plants requiring most attention in the flower-garden. If the borders are not cared for weeds will soon give them an air of neglect. If the garden can not be kept in good order, it is too large. Box is still used for edging, and should be clipped this month. In very hot dry weather lawns should be mown less often. The frequency of mowing should be determined by the rapidity of growth. Stakes should be given to dahlias, gladioli, tuberoses, and such others as need them, before the plants become too large. Prepare a bed of fine, light soil, in which seeds of perennials may be sown as soon as they are ripe. Dotted plants, used for decorating the lawn, the veranda, etc., will need frequent watering and partial shade.

Green-house window boxes and hanging baskets will require abundant watering, and, if possible, they should be shaded during the day. Make all repairs in the green-house. Provide supplies for winter—pots, sand, potting soil, peat and moss.

Money Better Than Titles.

Yes, it is money that commands respect in this country, speaking generally, writes a New York correspondent. We really care scarcely anything for distinction of birth. The worship of us Noblemen tourists command attention from only an insignificant portion of New York. The hotels are full of titled travelers, and they are not hunted much.

"The sailow man leaning against the post," I heard a hotel clerk say to a guest, "is the Marquis de Monclair, who has crossed the Atlantic to bethe French consul at Quebec. The man talking with him is the Viscount de Thury, on a trip round the world. He is a Paris notable. The Spaniard over yonder, in the center of a group of his countrymen, is the Marquis de Castelfuerte. This chap who just asked me to send a package to his room was Lord Henry Paulet, of England."

The recipient of this information was not deeply impressed. He sojourned followed with his glance the directions indicated, and did not deign a comment on the aristocracy prostrated before us. "Do you see the red headed fellow sitting on the sofa?" said the clerk. "He was a bell boy in this hotel ten years ago. He went west, pitched into cattle ranching, and has already made his million."

Now the hearer was alert. His ears seemed to quiver with the reception of the words, and his eyeballs threatened to quit their sockets to get a closer view of the self-enriched individual.

"Can't you manage to introduce me?" he asked eagerly. An hour later I saw him still deeply absorbed in conversation with the red headed man, while he doubtless couldn't have identified one of the noblemen who had been pointed out.

Articles of incorporation of the Nickerson & Panhandle railroad company were filed with the secretary of state at Topeka the other day. The purpose for which this corporation is formed is to construct, maintain and operate a railroad of standard gauge, commencing at Nickerson, Reno county, this state, thence running southwesterly through the counties of Reno, Stafford, Pratt, Comanche, Clark and Meade, intersecting the Indian territory line at a point at or near township thirty-five south, range thirty-five west, in the state of Kansas. The estimated length of this road is 260 miles. The principal place of business of the corporation is to be located at Nickerson and the capital stock is placed at \$2,000,000.

GROWING RASPBERRIES.

The best method for growing raspberries and blackberries is without stalks, pinching off the tips of young canes as soon as they get about two feet high. If the grower waits until the canes are four or five feet high and then cuts off a foot or more, he checks the growth and loses some of the best buds. An experienced grower cuts back the canes of red raspberries and shortens in the side branches early in the spring, thus securing more and better fruit than if the entire canes were left on, and giving better opportunity for the pickers to move about without breaking off the ripe berries.

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REFERENCES—F. O. Ellsworth, S. T. Bartlett, S. P. Bartlett, R. Hacker, A. C. Frick, W. R. Mead, Thomas Caldwell, of Wa-Keeneey; Samuel Bowman, two mills; Thomas Moore, and a 4-foot geared mill for Thomas Hindman, of Grandfield, and George B. Henn and John Collins, of Graham county. The above list is a part of the mills I have sold and put up in the last year. I also manufacture and repair all kinds of tinware and fit up pumps and gas and water pipe.

Quite the Thing.

Fitzgerald came into the club-room with a handkerchief tenderly tied about his neck, and his head hung over to one side.

"Hello, Fitz," called out one of the loafers, "what's the matter?" "A w, nothing greatly, my dear boy; only a boil, you know." "Well, it isn't much fun, is it?" "Not greatly, my dear boy; but I can stand it, you know." "Why don't you get rid of it?" "Get rid of it? Why, my dear boy, I don't want to, you know."

"Don't want to? Thunderation, man, what do you want with it?"

"A w, my dear boy, it's quite the thing to have. It's so awfully swell, you know."

The other man didn't know whether Fitz was joking or not, and he hadn't anything more to say.—*Merchant Traveler*.

Three men were killed and one seriously injured by a stroke of lightning, while fishing in the Illinois river near Peora.

BRINGING HIM BACK TO LIFE.

A country editor lay in an unconscious condition, and for some time it was feared he was dead.

"Can't you rouse him, doctor?" was anxiously asked.

"No," the physician replied, "I fear that life is extinct."

Then the editor's assistant bent over and whispered in his ear:

"A gentleman wants to put an advertisement in the paper."

Immediately the unconscious man's face showed signs of returning life and, struggling to a sitting posture, he said feebly:

"How many lines?"

Mrs. Geo. Bethel of Cherryvale, Montgomery county, succeeded in finding her runaway husband at Winfield, Cowley county. About a year ago her husband suddenly decamped, leaving her to care for the family the best way she could.

They had previously got along all right and she couldn't tell what was up. It hadn't occurred to her that a woman was the cause until she received word from Winfield that he was keeping house there with a woman he represented as his wife. This exasperated her and she determined to run him down, she succeeded in doing so. It is her intention to prosecute her husband and his adulterous companion to the full extent of the law.

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