INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

S. L. OWENS, J. L. SWEENY, ... Editors.

VINITA, . . . INDIAN TERRITORY.

A BASE-BALL BALLAD.

J. Smith is dead. That fine young man
We ne'er shall see him more.
He was a member of our club
Since 1864.

His private virtues were immense,
His manner free and bluff,
He wore a pauty collar, and
Was never known to muff.

He rarely took a drink more strong
Than lemonade or pop;
He hated drunkards, and was a
Magnificent short-stop.

His nose was Roman, and his eyes
Continually were peeled;
He made a splendid umpire, and
A beautiful left-field.

His hair was red, and shingled close;
Much sunburned was his face;
He never showed with more effect
Than on the second base.

Being a man, he had his faults,
As does we have we all;
He felt a preference for the New
York regulation ball.

Though not a sentimental man,
He dearly loved a match,
And, like his sisters, had but few
Superiors on the catch.

He had a noble mind, as she
A very supple artist;
And when he pitched he gave the ball
His own peculiar twist.

Of politics and church affairs
He held redacted views;
His feet were usually encased
In canvas, hob-nailed shoes.

But he is gone. With fife and outs
Forever he is done;
He broke his heart and hurt his spleen
By sinking a homerun.

His body we have planted now,
His soul is in the sky;
The angels reached from Heaven down
And took him on the fly.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A COMMONPLACE HERO.

Morning at Erie. A faint breeze is blowing off the land, that makes only the lightest ripples on the surface of the lake and bay. A mile or two out from the shore a few sails are outlined against the horizon, and the course of a propeller so far distant as not to be seen may still be traced by a light line of smoke. The court-house clock strikes four long, lazy strokes, according to its deliberate habit, and a little later the keeper of the Presqu' Isle lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor puts out his light. He may well do so, for the flush in the east has deepened into a flame. The slender shaft of the water-tower is crimson at its summit, and the city spires one after another are tipped with fire. Upward comes the sun and downward sinks the glow. The water-tower is a crimson pillar now, the ungainly elevators at the water's edge look almost beautiful in the fair light, the trees on Presqu' Isle are bathed in it, and the distant sails, golden as it touches them. Still upward comes the sun till the horizon line can no longer conceal it, and it seems as if it must in a moment more come rolling in fiery splendor along the blazing path it has burned across the water. A small boat from the life-saving station crosses the glowing track, and red drops flash from the gleaming oars. And now the whole broad lake glistens as the sun climbs higher, but the red glow has gone, the glory has faded, and another commonplace day has begun.

A commonplace day to you or to me; but never yet did there dawn a day that was not ere its close consecrated by some act of loyalty to the best emotions of the human heart. You or I may have watched the splendor of the dawning day from Garrison Hill, and gone home thrilled with its grandeur, only to forget a few hours later the fine feelings that have sprung up within us, the vague aspirations that the sight has evoked. For us, then, the splendor has been exchanged for the commonplace.

Frank Gaskell has had no time this morning for seeing the sunrise from Garrison Hill, had he wished to do so, which is quite unlikely. A sewer contractor with a large force of laborers in his employ is not usually a man to whom sunrises appeal in any esthetic way, or one who indulges in vague talk about the commonplace. And, looking at Frank Gaskell, you will say he is the last man of whom anything "vague" can be predicated. A tall, well-built fellow of thirty, only passably good-looking, but with a firm mouth, and eyes whose angry flash the workmen under him do not care to encounter. When he speaks it is in short, nervous sentences that leave no doubt of his meaning. Alert, keen and energetic, he allows no idlers about him, and you would call him merely a pushing, common-place man, and seek to know no more of him. At present he is conducting the excavations in Poplar street preparatory to constructing a sewer for that locality, and very busy this occupation keeps him. Through the middle of the street for several squares the cutting extends, its course marked by two long lines of sand and gravel. A yawning chasm twenty or more feet deep it is, its walls carefully boarded at intervals. Down there in the half darkness some of Gaskell's men are laboriously digging, while others are hoisting buckets of earth to the surface and adding thus to the height of the yellow piles on each side of the cutting. It is nine o'clock when Gaskell, after careful directions to the laborers on the surface, descends to the bottom of the excavation to make his daily inspection of the work there. As he passes slowly along his quick glance takes in every feature of the work. Now he stops to direct some clumsy workman to use his spade in a less awkward way, and now he pauses to tap the boarding at various places to see if it can sustain the pressure of the looser earth behind it. Satisfied on both points about as pleased.

"Didn't I tell you last night to have this place right here boarded on both sides?" he says to one of the men nearest to him.

"I believe you did," stammers the man, "but there wasn't no good boards here then, and Jim Mulligan said he would bring some the first thing this morning, but he hasn't come yet."

Gaskell hardly hears the excuse, he is so occupied with the examination of the walls of the cutting.

"This ought to be boarded for fifty feet each side," he says, "and it's got to be done this morning. Send Mahaffey here to me at once. He's up above there by the Sixth street crossing;" and the man thus bidden hastens away.

The place where Gaskell is now standing is about midway of the length of the sewer cutting, and between him and the northern end some thirty laborers are digging busily. Toward the southern end the excavation is shallower, and several ladders near furnish the means of ascent or descent. One of these is about sixty feet south of Gaskell. While he is waiting he surveys the distance between it and himself with his eye.

"I don't like the looks of things along here," he says, half aloud. "I believe I'll have boards put up as far as that ladder, anyway," he continues, as he walks toward the south.

The men at the northern end are working toward him, deepening the cutting in his direction, and while he paces back and forth a dozen or more of the workmen are rapidly extending their work toward that part of the excavation.

"Be careful how you fling round that," he calls sharply to some men on the surface who are hoisting up the earth carried by the shovels of the laborers below; "there has to stay where it is, mind you, Johnson," he says to one of the men who are peering down at him from above, "set some one to moving the dirt further from the edge along there; and be mighty quick about it, too."

"It is too hot to hurry," grumble some of the men at the top as Johnson tells them of Gaskell's orders.

But if it is hot up there, where the breeze is blowing, it is far worse down where Gaskell and the others are. It is not very light there, and the air is close and heavy. Some of the younger men are complaining of the heat in no gentle tones.

"That's no good," says Gaskell to one man; "leave off your swearing and go to work. It ain't a-going to be no cooler for all your cussing."

"An' you're right there, Master Gaskell," comments a brawny Irishman near; "it's not swearin' that'll cool the air for Mike, and it's like to make it a dale hotter for him in the next worruld, or else Father Casey's a liar.

There is a laugh at this, and Mike's grumblings and curses are silenced for a time.

"It's time Mahaffey was back," Gaskell is beginning, when a handful of sand and gravel falls close to him.

"Mind what you're about up there," he calls, but as he looks up he sees there is no one near the edge, and just then a larger handful of earth falls on the other side of him. He turns to see from whence it has fallen, and all the color in his cheek leaves it instantly, for all along on the western wall of the cutting, where he had declared boards should be placed, pebbles are falling and the loose sand is sliding down. Gaskell well knows what all this means.

"Make for the ladders, men!" he calls. "And quick, too," he adds, hurriedly.

Some of the men have already pushed their work beyond him, and these are between him and the nearest ladder. Almost as soon as Gaskell, they perceive the danger, and, dropping their tools, they hurry toward the ladder, hustling and beating each other in their mad haste. These will save themselves, Caskell thinks; but what of the others?

"Hurry, men! hurry!" he calls sharply, and swiftly the men, their faces blanched with fear, fly past him.

And now the sand is sliding down rapidly, and the cutting is shallower by a foot or more in the half minute since Gaskell gave the alarm, and still the men are running past and are crowding about the foot of the ladder nearest, too much crazed by terror to hasten to the ladders beyond, where they might be safe. From where he stands Gaskell looks at the throng.

"Pretty poor chance for me," he says to himself; and just then the sand stops sliding, and for moment the rattling of pebbles stops.

"A false alarm, may be," Gaskell says, half aloud.

The men are nearly all up the ladder by this time, and Gaskell himself is moving toward it as the last laborer comes near him. He is an old man, too old for such work, Gaskell has often said, and he did not mean to have him employed below the surface.

"I didn't know you were here, Jim," he says to the elder man. "Johnson should have kept you up there with him. But you must be mighty quick now to get out of this."

The other scarcely heeds what Gaskell is saying, but pushes on as fast as his rheumatic legs will let him, and Gaskell follows. When they have gone a few feet further the sand once more begins sliding and the pebbles fall more rap dly. Frank gives a groan as he perceives this.

"Hurry, Jim," he calls; "you are older than I, so you must go up the ladder first."

As they hasten onward over the yielding sand now covering the bottom of the dark path an abandoned tool, which the uncertain feet of the old man have strangely missed, is stumbled upon by Gaskell, who falls heavily.

"Hurry, Jim," he calls once more, as he rises, bruised, and with difficulty; "you'll get there safe."

It is but a few moments since the alarm was given, but now the sand is falling all about him, and as Frank advances a few paces from where he fell, part of the western wall comes down upon him in one swift, terrible rush. Round about him rises the soft yellow sand. To his knees, to his waist, then higher to his neck, and the rush is stayed.

* * * * * * *

As Jim painfully toils up the ladder and reaches the surface, a dozen voices call to him:

"Where's Mr. Gaskell?"

"Down there," answers Jim, pointing in a bewildered way to the pit from which he has escaped.

At this the others hasten to the edge, just as the western wall falls, but a few feet to the north of them.

"It's all up with poor Mr. Gaskell," say several voices.

"No, he isn't, I can see him," some one says who is peering cautiously over lest the treacherous earth should give way at that point also, and then they hear Frank's clear voice.

"I'm here, boys. Sorry to give you another job, but I guess you'll have to dig me out of this. I can't get out alone, you know."

"Indade, Master Gaskell, we'll warruk to get yez out as long as we've got arrms," exclaim the men, in great relief at hearing his voice again.

But how to do this is not easy to tell. The sand has stopped falling, but even a footstep on the bank near may cause it to fall. The eastern wall, however, seems firm, and on that side the men begin their work. It will be a long task. To work northward toward Gaskell from the bottom of the cutting will inevitably bring down more earth upon him, and the only available plan seems to be to make a transverse cutting from the eastern side, and endeavor to reach him in that way. The news of the disaster has spread very rapidly through the city, and in a short time crowds are hurrying toward Poplar street. But only the workmen are allowed near the opening. All others, except a couple of reporters, are sternly kept back by the police. The work goes on slowly, though many willing hands are engaged. The *Herald* reporter, a tall, well-made fellow, goes to the edge of the opening above Gaskell.

"Courage, Frank!" he says, tenderly. "We'll have you out of this shortly."

"Oh, yes, the boys will do their best," Gaskell answers.

"How did you happen to be the only one left down there?" asks the other.

"Well, you know, Strawford, I had to see that my men were all out. It wouldn't have done for me to scramble out first."

This is said naturally enough, and as if it had not occurred to the speaker that he could have done otherwise than to see that his men were safe before trying to save himself.

"You are a noble fellow, Frank," Strawford says; and then to the companion reporter he adds: "There aren't many fellows that would do as Gaskell has done this morning."

The hours move on slowly, but if they seem long to those above in the free air and sunshine what must they be to Gaskell down there in the half-darkness waiting for deliverance? Strawford goes away after a time, but returns shortly with a bottle of wine, and after soaking a sponge with the wine lowers it carefully to Gaskell.

"That will do you good if you can possibly get hold of it, Frank," he says.

This the other essays to do, and after one or two ineffectual attempts succeeds in putting a portion of the sponge between his teeth.

"It's good for you," calls out Strawford from above, "and you shall have just as much as you want to keep up your strength."

By and by the noon whistles blow shrilly, and hundreds of workmen who have just heard the news of the accident flock toward Poplar street, and from one to another it is told that Frank Gaskell is down there in the cutting buried in the sand up to his neck, and that it will be hours before they can get him out. Again the whistles blow, and the men from the mills and factories return to their work, but the anxious, waiting crowd is still great, and to their impatient eyes but small progress is making toward Gaskell's rescue. The court-house clock strikes two, then three, and still Strawford is kneeling by the edge speaking encouraging words to Gaskell and telling him what progress the workmen are making. The long afternoon drags by. Gaskell from his prison watches the white clouds chase each other across the narrow rift of blue sky that he can see. He says but little, and Strawford fears he is growing weaker.

"More wine, Frank?" he asks; but the other says "No," and the silence is unbroken save for the noise of the workmen's shovels as deliverance slowly approaches.

The clock strikes four, and as the last stroke ends Gaskell says wearily:

"Is it no later? It seems to me I have been here for days."

"Courage, Frank!" Strawford says cheerfully; "we shall have you up here with us before long. The men are working bravely, and they are a great deal nearer you than they were an hour ago."

"I'm glad Jim got out safe," Gaskell says, a little after this. "Poor man! I was afraid he wouldn't be able to move quick enough."

"Frank," Strawford calls to him, "Johnson tells me they hope in another hour to have you out of this if all goes right"—and here Strawford breaks off suddenly.

Sand and pebbles are once more rattling down from the treacherous western wall.

"My God!" exclaims Strawford, in low tones, "I am afraid it's all up with Frank."

Faster and faster slides the sand, and Gaskell gives one agonized look into Strawford's pitying face. Then once again the sand comes down in one fierce rush, completely filling the cutting, and Strawford, with the memory of Frank Gaskell's last look, turns away.—*Oscar Fay Adams, in Christian Union.*

A Tale of Treasure Trove.

About two months ago there floated through the newspapers an item to the effect that Anna Chute, a workwoman in the paper-mill of the George W. Wheelwright Paper Company at North Leominster, in this State, had found $1,500 in a bale of paper stock which she was engaged in sorting. The money was in two Treasury notes, $1,000 and $500 respectively, of the first issue. On tracing the matter it was found that the bale, which was mostly writing paper, was one of a lot bought in New York. There was abundant evidence in the papers that they had come from a certain New York city bank, and correspondence was at once begun with that bank with a view to determining the question if the money belonged to the institution. Asked if the bank had met with any loss, the reply came that since the bank was chartered, many years ago, but one loss had occurred, and that was in the autumn of 1873, when $1,500 had disappeared from a teller's tray, and had never been found. Suspicion had rested all these years on several employes of the bank. They could not be proved guilty of the peculation, nor would it have been possible for them to establish their innocence had they been charged with the robbery of the missing money. It was the hope of the officers of the bank that the money found in the paper-mill should be proved to belong to the bank, as the innocence of the suspected persons would thereby be demonstrated.

It came out, on making a thorough investigation, that a room used by the bank for storing account books and other nearly useless matter representing old transactions had become so crowded and crammed with the accumulation that orders had been given to the janitor to dispose of the papers that had lain there longest. Accordingly, the janitor on May 30, Decoration Day—the time being chosen as one when the business could be attended to most conveniently—had the papers packed up and taken away by the porters of a firm who dealt in paper stock. The books of the firm showed that this was the only stock taken in on that day; that it was immediately baled, marked and numbered, and shipped to the mill in North Leominster. There was no longer a doubt that the money found in the mill belonged to the bank, and the notes were therefore surrendered a few days ago. The bank officers, fully appreciating all the circumstances governing the case, have rewarded the lucky finder with a gift of three hundred dollars.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Location to Keep Out Of.

"I would advise every young man who is thinking upon the question of adopting a profession to avoid law," said a Philadelphia Judge of twenty-five years' experience on the bench. "Yet, that is only a general statement. There must be lawyers, and the law will always afford a certain number of splendid prizes for sustained and well-directed endeavor. It is the knowledge of this fact that forces so many excellent minds into competition for these rewards. But the contestants are to the prizes ten to one. The bar in all the large cities of this country is hopelessly overcrowded. Not more than half the lawyers make a comfortable living."

"Law!" said another Judge. "It's a good thing to keep out of at the rate at which young men are coming to the bar. Under that few who have a desire to achieve distinction in it will believe me. Though there are half a dozen members of the bar in this city who are reputed to earn $50,000 a year, there are 600, I am quite sure, who do not earn clear nine dollars a week. One can hardly say at the outset who will and who will not succeed. Of two men of apparently equal abilities and opportunities, one will somehow reach the front in a few years, while the other will always remain in the rear.

"There is, for example, a very young man, earning ten or fifteen thousand per year. The District Attorney, I know, made three thousand dollars during his third year at the bar. There are, of course, a large number of people who have such luck. But bless my soul, there are men of ability and energy, who have been at the bar for ten years and do not earn as much as they would at a tolerably good trade. It is no wonder so many, who enter upon the legal arena full of confidence in their ability to achieve great things, become disheartened in a year or two and enter upon other pursuits. The overcrowding of the bar must, to a great extent, be ascribed to the working of the same principle that turns the scores of clerks and book keepers into skilled mechanics are really desired. It is the idea that manual labor is degrading and that it is somehow better to be a lawyer on the ragged edge of poverty than a machinist or painter with comfort and an assuring future. This idea grows in the general ignorance of the public schools, and by the time a boy gets into the upper classes he is incapable of entirely thinking of entering any vocation in which his hands might become soiled."—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Affair of Honor.

What is this?
An affair of honor, dear.
But that fierce pirate with the deadly toy pistol?
And that poor lunatic who appears to have the choice?
Is also an editor, sweet.
What is he doing?
He is getting satisfaction.
For what?
Why, the other gentleman called him a liar, gave him a black eye, and made him swallow four front teeth against his will.
Is he satisfied now?
Oh, yes.
How?
Well, the bullet has perforated four vital organs and his stomach.
My! But how does he feel over that?
Somewhat uncomfortable.
But I do not see how that hole in his stomach satisfies him.
Do you suppose he wants two holes in his stomach?
Oh! but would he not be happier without any hole in his stomach?
Ask him.
How is an affair of honor conducted?
Well, a big gentleman insults a small gentleman.
And then?
The small gentleman invites the big gentleman out.
And then?
The big gentleman's friends accept the invitation.
For themselves?
No; for him.
Gracious! but is that friendship?
Certainly.
How?
It gives the big gentleman a chance to add injury to insult.
Well, after the poor big gentleman has accepted, how does the poor little gentleman feel?
He is scared nearly to death.
And how does the poor big gentleman feel?
He is scared, too.
But if they are both so frightened why do not they back out?
Their friends will not let them.
Goodness! Why not?
Because they want to see the fun.
But when one poor gentleman gets killed in an affair of honor, does the community feel very badly?
Very.
Because it feels sorry for the poor gentleman who was killed?
No.
Then why?
Because both gentlemen were not killed.—*Life.*

"Threw Away Her Supporter."

DR. PIERCE:—A neighbor of ours was suffering from "female weakness" which the doctors told her could not be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try your "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before.

JAMES MILLER,
4246 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.

THE work of the hardy miner is all in vain. Yet he is happy when 'tis ore.

CHARLOTTEVILLE, VA.—Mr. C. H. Harman, President of the People's Bank, testifies to the value of Brown's Iron Bitters for relieving indigestion.

CORRECT Boston people call a burglar's "jimmie" Mr. James.—*N. Y. Journal.*

MARIANNA, FLA.—Dr. Theo. West says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters the best tonic that is sold."

MERELY an outside matter—The handle of a jug.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

ENRICH and revitalize the blood by using Brown's Iron Bitters. The best tonic.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Presents all the advantages of sulphur baths at a cheap rate. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

HAY-FEVER. Since boyhood I have been troubled with Catarrh and Hay-Fever, and was unable to obtain relief until I used Ely's Cream Balm. It has cured me. E. L. CLICKENER, New Brunswick, N. J.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

CEROLITHION Collars and Cuffs, when thoroughly waterproof, feel as soft as velvet around the neck and wrists.

Skinny Men, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

RESINOL'S Russia Salve is unequaled for chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites, etc. Try it.

WISE'S Axle Grease never gums.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 29, 1883.		
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$4 55	@ 5 15
Native Heifers	3 00	@ 4 40
Native Cows	3 00	@ 3 50
Butchers' Steers	2 50	@ 3 50
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 50	@ 4 90
Light	5 75	@ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 1	96	@ 97
No. 2	88	@ 88½
No. 3	84	@ 84½
CORN—No. 2	38	@ 38½
OATS—No. 2	22	@ 22½
RYE—No. 2	45	@ 45¾
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	2 25	@ 2 35
HAY—Car lots, loose	7 00	@ 7 50
BUTTER—Choice dairy	17	@ 20
CHEESE—Kansas, new	09	@ 10
EGGS—Choice	12	@ 13
PORK—Hams	12	@ 13
Shoulders	06	@ 07
Sides	8	@ 10
LARD	8	@ 9
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed	18	@ 30
POTATOES—Per bushel	25	@ 30
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	5 00	@ 5 75
Butchers' Steers	4 00	@ 4 50
HOGS—Good to choice	4 75	@ 5 25
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 50	@ 3 75
FLOUR—XXX to choice	3 30	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	1 01	@ 1 01½
No. 3	97	@ 1 07¼
CORN—No. 2 mixed	45	@ 46½
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 25
RYE—No. 2	56	@ 56½
PORK	12 50	@ 12 75
COTTON—Middling	09½	@ 09¾
TOBACCO—New Lugs	4 40	@ 4 75
Medium new leaf	5 25	@ 5 75
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Good shipping	5 40	@ 5 90
HOGS—Good to choice	5 00	@ 5 30
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 75	@ 3 50
FLOUR—Common to choice	5 30	@ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 00	@ 1 01¼
No. 3	80	@ 90
No. 2 Spring	1 01	@ 1 01½
CORN—No. 2	34	@ 34¼
OATS—No. 2	22	@ 22
RYE	56	@ 56½
PORK—New Mess	12 12½	@ 12 15
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Exports	5 25	@ 6 75
HOGS—Good to choice	5 25	@ 5 35
COTTON—Middling	10	@ 10⅛
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 50	@ 7 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 17	@ 1 17¼
No. 2 Spring	1 11	@ 1 11½
CORN—No. 2	66	@ 66¼
OATS—Western mixed	26	@ 28
PORK—Standard Mess	12 00	@ 12 50

The Preacher's Quiet Habits.

Sedentary and studious men sometimes become prostrated before they know it. Those who spend much time in close mental work and neglect to take enough exercise often find their stomachs unable to do the work of digestion. The liver becomes torpid. The bowels act irregularly. The brain refuses to serve as it once did. Their preaching becomes a failure, and there is a state of general misery. So many ministers have been restored to health by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters that the clergy generally are speaking to their friends of this medicine as the very best tonic and restorer they know of. It restores thin and watery blood to its proper condition by toning it up with the purest and most invigorating preparation of iron that science has ever made. It is pleasant to take, and acts immediately with the happiest results, not only on the persons, but on other folks as well.

Woman and Her Diseases

Is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent in any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

A MAN with water on the brain should wear a plug hat.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

IF your lungs are almost wasted by consumption Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial, throat and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's large pamphlet treatise on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER. Having been afflicted with Hay-Fever for years I gave Ely's Cream Balm a trial. I have had no attack since using it. E. B. RAUCH, Editor Carbon Co. *Democrat*, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Price 50c.

Stinging, Irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba."

STRAIGHTEN old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

ALL recommend Wise's Axle Grease.

"LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE."

I am a locomotive engineer, and have been for twenty years, and am now running on the Maine Central Railroad. Life on an engine, as all engineers know, is very trying to health and strength. The continual jar of the engine, and strain on our long trips all tend to weaken the kidneys and urinary organs. In addition to this, ten years ago, I met with a severe accident, and I was taken from under my engine with severe internal injuries, which gave me great pain. I was laid up for six months, and suffered more than I can describe, and more than I wish to suffer again. I resumed work, but my kidneys began to disturb me, and my nervous system seemed to be out of order. I could not sleep, as my nerves demanded such constant attention that I was kept awake a great part of the night, to the great detriment of my health. I employed the best medical skill in Portland and elsewhere, but continued to grow worse.

I was recommended to try Hunt's Remedy, as I heard that many of my friends in Portland had used it with great success, yet I had no faith that it would reach my case. However, I went for a half-dozen bottles as one of the drug stores in Portland, and from the use of the first bottle found a great relief. My water was worse better and the pain in the back and limbs greatly relieved. I continued its use until I had used ten bottles in all, and it has been to me a wonderful blessing, and I have deemed it a duty and privilege to recommend it to those troubled in a similar manner, and you may publish this for the benefit of our railroad men and the public in general, as it has completely cured me.

HIRAM W. BRADLEY,
Engineer Maine Central Railroad.

PORTLAND, ME., May 12, 1883.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

ALBERT E. CURTIS, of Brunswick, Me., writes on May 24, 1883: "That she has suffered very much at frequent intervals with kidney disease, and the attacks were increasing in severity so steadily as to cause alarm. Her aunt, Mrs. N. M. Small, persuaded her to use Hunt's Remedy, and after using several bottles Miss Curtis has been proof from the severe aches and pains to which she had long been accustomed, and further says that Hunt's Remedy never fails to relieve the severe pains in the side and bilious backache, and Miss C. pronounces it a real blessing to women for all kidney diseases, and she cordially recommends it for the many ills and pains peculiar to women."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power, and rendering the physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defense against malarial fevers, besides preserving all traces of such disease from the system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and AGUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 581 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

DR. SCHENCK'S
PULMONIC SYRUP,
SEAWEED TONIC,
and MANDRAKE PILLS.

As the proprietor of these medicines I conscientiously offer them to the public as safe, reliable and certain remedies for the Cure of Consumption, and with equal confidence as almost a specific for those morbid conditions of the body, which, if neglected, are sure to terminate in fatal diseases of the lungs. I claim that the use of my remedies will cure Consumption.

I do not claim that the disease can be cured after the lungs are destroyed, for no medicine can create new organs, but I maintain that the first stages of Consumption are curable, even when the lungs are partially diseased. When our lungs is sound I am almost certain of making a cure, if the patient will take proper care of himself and follow my directions.

It may be asked: "How is it that you can know so much about this disease, and pronounce it curable, when so many celebrated physicians, who have made a study of it for years, pronounce it incurable?"

The question is a fair one, and shall be fairly answered. I do not claim to know more than other physicians about the causes, nature and history of Consumption. I suppose that my views on these points would be found to agree with those of most educated and intelligent physicians. We should agree that while the final cause is obscure—in other words, while it is not possible to say why Consumption selects this or that person as a victim—yet the predisposing causes are:

1st, *Inheritance.* Consumption is hereditary in a wonderful degree. One parent very often entails it upon the offspring, and both still more frequently, so that whole families are often swept away, and hand the predisposition down to their children.

2d, Cold. By this we do not mean those changes of weather which often produce inflammation, but long-continued and steady cold, so that a condition of debility is produced. Indeed, whatever tends to produce long-continued debility will, in some persons, generate Pulmonary Consumption. Prominent among these influences are insufficient diet, living in an unwholesome air, sedentary habits, grief, anxiety, disappointment, whether of the affections or in business, and all other depressing emotions, the abuse of mercury and the influence of weakening diseases. I also agree with the best doctors as to the manner in which the lungs become affected. Pulmonary Consumption is also called Tuberculous Consumption, by which we mean a disease of the lungs caused by tubercles. A tubercle is a small, opaque body, which is deposited in the substance of the lungs by the blood. This is the beginning and first act of the disease. Many of these are often deposited at once. Each one undergoes several changes. After producing inflammation of the parts of the lung near by it softens, ulcerates, opens a passage into the bronchial tubes and comes out at the mouth by spitting. The place where the tubercle grew and ripened now looks like a cavity, and where there are a great many tubercles of course they make a great many of these hole-matches, which gradually unite and leave great holes in the lungs. Unless a stop can be put to this process, it will go on until the substance of the lungs is consumed and death ensues.

Of course I agree with the family upon the group terms and courses of the disease: the short, dry, hacking cough, so slight at first, but gradually increasing; then shortness of breath, a quickening pulse, then fever, night sweats, flushing of the cheeks and low in the pale of the hands and soles of the feet, the slight but growing exhaustion, with little appetite, hoarseness, sharper, increasing cough, expected sing, dressed tongue, then loss of appetite, taken to the bed, then expectoration of enlarged tubercle in the shape of small lumps of yellowish, cheesy, or curdy matter, hectic fever, brilliant eye, pallid cheek, sharp pains in the side, increasing emaciation and debility, disordered stomach and bowels, diarrhoea, nausea, swollen extremities, narrow chest, and death. We show so great that representation is impossible; then death, bringing welcome relief from the torturing of this horrid malady.

Now, as I have said, I mainly agree with the medical faculty on these points. But when we come to the treatment of the disease I differ from it totally. The doctors believe Pulmonary Consumption is curable no cured. Therefore they do not try to do anything more than to smooth the patient's path to the grave; they seem quite desirous of the medicines they give, as time (it) patient is kept comfortable and easy, even if his life is shortened. As soon as tubercles begin to ripen in the lungs of a patient, it is a common practice with many leading physicians to begin dosing with whisky in long-acting quantities, until the ravages of excessive drink drinking are added to the ravages of the disease; and I have yet to hear of a single case of Consumption which was cured by alcoholism. I can say the same of Cod Liver Oil. Many physicians send their patients away from home on distant voyages, to Minnesota or Florida—anything or anywhere so that they may die easy. For they do not pretend to cure, and they have no remedies which will do so. Now I say not only that diseases of the lungs can be cured, but that my medicines do cure them. *The proofs, that by their use thousands of Consumptives have been and are now being cured by them.*

The whole science of medicine is based on experiments. We cannot by any process of reasoning decide that any particular medicine will help or cure a particular disease. How was it found that Quinine will cure Chills and Fever? Why, by trying one thing after another, until experience demonstrated that it was a specific for the disease. In just that way the knowledge was gained of my remedies, which are almost a specific in the cure of the lungs.

Pulmonary Consumption is hereditary in my family. His father, mother, brothers and sisters died of it, and he had reached almost the last stages of the disease when he was providentially led to experiment with the articles which are incorporated in these medicines. He was cured by them, and lived a strong, healthy man for over forty years after his recovery. What cured him has cured thousands of others all over the country.

These results are not accidental. There is no such thing as accident in nature.

Whenever only in the corner, the germs of Pulmonary Consumption is in the blood. Whenever, from any of the predisposing causes which I have just now mentioned, the blood becomes degenerated, it begins to make tubercular deposits in the substance of the lungs. This must be stopped, or death will surely follow. It will not be enough to get rid of the tubercles already deposited, and heal up the sores already made, but something must be done to stop further deposits. What shall that be? The regular faculty say nothing can be done. I say purify, enrich, and tone up the blood, until it becomes so healthy as no longer to make tubercles. Can this be done? Yes. How? By the easiest and most natural way in the world. Take a man who shows to the experienced eye, by many infallible signs, that Consumption has set in. He is feeble and without appetite. Now, see what I intend to do:

First, I propose to cleanse his stomach and bowels of their dead, slimy, clogging matter. This I shall do with my Mandrake Pills, which are the best cathartic pills in the world. They contain no calomel or other minerals, only vegetable matter. They evacuate the stomach and bowels gently but thoroughly, and do not weaken or gripe. They act like magic on the liver, rousing it out of its dull, torpid state, and promoting a full, free flow of healthy bile, without which there can be no perfect digestion. Now that the stomach and bowels are cleansed and ready—what next? *Create an appetite.* This I do by my Sea Weed Tonic. The effect of this medicine is wonderful. Unlike a temporary stimulant, which by reaction sets the organs affected sink lower than before, this not only tones up the stomach, but keeps it toned up. The natural craving for food returns in all its force, so that we have now a stomach hungry for food, and a digestive apparatus ready to make way with it. What next? Any one can answer that question. *Put into that hungry stomach an abundant supply of nourishment, to be converted by the strange chemistry of digestion into rich red blood.* This will stimulate the liver into stronger action, and it will pump a fuller current on through the arterial healthy blood will take the place of the thin, blue, flattened fluid in the veins, and soon a circulation will be established which will flow through the lungs without making any unhealthy deposits; strength and flesh will increase, and the bad symptoms steadily diminish. At the same time use my Pulmonic Syrup, this the best expectorant known. It blends with the food, and through the blood goes directly to the lungs, attacks and loosens up the yellow, foul stuff left there by the ripened tubercles, and strengthens and stimulates the bronchial tubes and coatings of the air passages until they get strong enough to lift it out and expel it by expectoration. Then the lungs get over their soreness and have a chance to rest and heal.

So you see that I have not only shown that my medicines do actually cure consumption by experiment, but it also seems plain that they, or something like them, should, from the nature of the case, do so.

For a full description of Consumption in all its various forms, and also Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, these great forerunners of Consumption, see my book on "Consumption and its Cure." This book also contains the history of hundreds of cases that have been cured in all parts of the country. I send it free, post-paid, to all applicants. Address

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES:
MANDRAKE PILLS,
SEAWEED TONIC,
AND PULMONIC SYRUP
Are sold by all druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Owego, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER

$25 Every Day Can be easily made with our Well Augers & Drills. One man and one horse required. We are the only makers of the Tiffin Well Boring and Rock-Drilling Machine. Warranted the Best on Earth! Many of our customers make from $50 to $100 a day. Book and Circulars FREE. Address, LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

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