INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

W. P. ROSS, J. W. SCROGGS, ... Editors.

VINITA, - - - INDIAN TERRITORY.

OLD MRS. GRIMES.

(Tune: "Old Grimes is Dead.")

Old Mrs. Grimes is dead. Alas!
We ne'er shall see her more.
She was the wife of good old Grimes,
Who died some years before.

A very worthy dame is gone,
Since she gave up her breath;
Her head was white with frosts of time,
She lived until her death.

Though rough the path, her willing feet
E'er wanked where duty led;
And never wore a pair of shoes,
Except when out of bed.

Busy she was, from morn to night,
Spite of old Time's advances;
Although her husband left her here
In easy circumstances.

Good Mrs. Grimes is now at rest,
She'll rest through endless ages;
The sun has set, her work is done,
She's gone to claim her wages.
—*Century Magazine.*

TWO IN ONE.

A Remarkable Freak of Nature—Millie Christine, the Double-Headed Woman—Some of Her Mental and Physical Peculiarities.

Miss Millie Christine, the double-headed lady, was seen this morning by a reporter of the *Journal*, who had an exceedingly interesting conversation with her regarding herself, her past history and experience. When the reporter was announced at Miss Christine's apartments at the Sherman House she was seated in an arm chair facing the door, and immediately rose and extended a most courteous reception. The appearance she presented was that of two persons sitting side by side in the same chair, and as the conversation went on the reporter could never get rid of the impression that he was talking to two separate and distinct persons. At the invitation of his hostess he seated himself in a chair opposite her or them and requested a sketch of her career from her birth up till the present time.

"First permit me to ask you," said the inquisitor, "when I am speaking to you am I to address you as two or one?"

"You may consider us two in one," laughingly replied the right-hand head. "Independent, but always agreed," added the left. "We have two perfectly distinct minds and think entirely independently, but we are always perfectly harmonious. We have never had the least difference of opinion on any subject, and never quarrel."

"Will you please give me a short sketch of your history, then?"

"To begin at the beginning, then," said the left head, "I was born in Columbus County, N. C. My parents are both alive, and now reside in South Carolina."

"Do they consider you as two or one?"

"Two in one," said the right head.

"Are there any other children in the family?"

"I have three brothers and three sisters," said the left head.

"And how many children do you count in the whole family?"

"Oh, there are seven children in our family," the same head replied.

"Are you the oldest?"

"Oh, no!"

"Or the youngest?"

"No; there are three older and three younger. I come in right in the middle."

"And are any of the others different in formation from ordinary people?"

"No, not in the least."

"When did you first begin to exhibit?"

"I was stolen from Philadelphia when I was one or two years old. I was then on exhibition there and was stolen for purposes of exhibition. The person who stole me took me to Europe, and I was there two, three or four years. My manager's father, Mr. Smith, took my mother over to Europe, when they discovered where I was, and they brought me back."

"Was the person who stole you punished in any way?"

"No, my mother was too glad to get me back to bother anything about him. We then came back to this country and I remained here till 1871, when I went a second time to Europe and remained there eight years."

"Was it during the first or second visit to Europe that you became proficient as a linguist?"

"Oh, during the second trip. It was the lady who took me there who educated me."

"What European countries did you visit then?"

"I went all over through Great Britain and Ireland and the Continent, exhibiting in all its principal cities. I always drew great crowds everywhere. That was a very pleasant trip, and during it I made numerous personal friends."

"I came back here in 1879, and since then I have been exhibiting in the far West and extreme South. Indeed, there are not many places of any importance in this country where I have not exhibited. Four months last winter I spent quietly at home with my parents."

"Is your general health good?"

"Yes; I have excellent health all the time."

"Should one of you suffer would the other suffer, too?"

"Yes; if one suffers, both do."

"Do you both constantly go to sleep together, or will one go to sleep and the other remain awake?"

"Generally we go to sleep together and sleep for the same length of time. Occasionally one will be asleep when the other is awake, but only for a very short time."

"Do both heads eat, or does one eating do for both?"

"One eating would sustain the life of both, but both do eat, and both get hungry and thirsty."

"Is one ever hungry and the other is not?"

"No; both get hungry together."

"Are the tastes of both similar?"

"Yes; both have the same tastes. We are at all times perfectly harmonious on everything. Wherever one is, there the other will generally be found."

"Does your similarity of tastes extend to the intellectual?"

"Yes; we have similar mental tastes. We have never had anything to quarrel about. Sometimes one will read and the other will write at the same time, but the difference never extends beyond that. Both mental and physical tastes are the same."

Millie Christine is religious, and will not break the Sabbath by exhibiting on that day.

Some time ago a correspondent of the Auckland (New Zealand) *News* writing from San Francisco gave the following description of this freak of nature, treating especially of her physical peculiarities:

"Miss Millie Christine is a colored lady, born consequently of negro parents. She has two heads, four arms, four legs and one body. From the waist upwards the bodies are twain, fastened together at the back by a large piece of extraneous flesh, the one commencing at the waist and finishing at the commencement of the dual thighs. As she stands it is as though two forms stood before you, save and except that only one skirt falls from the waist to the knees. The abdomen, instead of being before either of the faces, is side wise between the two forms, the back corresponding, therefore, Miss Millie walks sidewise, as a matter of course. The heads, however, partially face the side, as from a desire to see and speak to one another, and have in the course of years become stationary in that position, that is to say, the torsos have become fixed, the power to turn the head back to back still remaining. Such monstrosities are not, as a rule, pleasant to look upon, but in this case Miss Millie is an exception, as there is nothing unpleasant in the appearance of the "Nightingale." On the contrary she is a very pleasant and well-educated person, speaking English, German and French fluently, also a little Spanish. It is very curious to hear her speak different languages with her double mouths at the same time, and, though she calls herself Miss Millie Christine, from my own standpoint I should pronounce this monstrosity twins spoiled by a freak of nature. The head and bust of one is stout and large, exactly resembling the mother; the other is much smaller, and totally different in features, favoring her father. As she sits down, Miss Millie presents the appearance of two girls squeezing into one chair, as girls often do. The legs move at precisely the same moment in walking or dancing, though the heads and arms are perfectly independent of each other. The lady has two beautiful voices, singing duets charmingly; when warbling a solo the voice and respiration is as one. I had a long conversation with the 'Nightingale,' in which she told me that there is never the slightest difference of opinion between her and her double; they agree in all things, are hungry and thirsty at the same time, eat the same things, and divide everything, even to a peanut. When alone they converse on all kinds of topics, rarely having a different thought, except occasionally being puzzled as to the faces they have seen."—*Chicago Journal.*

Something About the Astors.

Look at the Astors. Only a few generations ago and they were butchers, selling meat to any one who wanted to buy it, now they are considered the most exclusive family in New York. Old John Jacob Astor came over here from Germany a hundred years ago and set up a butcher shop in the Bowery, where he made a great deal of money. The brothers of this original Astor were musical instrument makers, and when the famous John Jacob started in the fur business in New York he had musical instruments as one of the departments of his trade. Between flutes and furs he made about $250,000 in sixteen years. They were real merchants in those days and owned their own ships, and Mr. Astor used to load his vessels with furs and send them to London; from London they would go to China and return to New York with a cargo of teas. It is said that he often netted as much as $70,000 on a single importation of that article. The greater part of his money, however, was made by judicious investments in real estate. The Astors bought property up town when other people were buying below Canal street. I believe they own as many as 800 houses in the most-thickly populated up-town districts. Most of their houses are built of grayish yellowstone, and are devoted entirely to renting. The Astor home is now on Madison avenue—at least that is where Mr. William B. Astor, the senior member of the family, resides—and it is built of the same colored stone as his tenant houses. Over the front entrance is a glass and stone inclosure devoted to flowers, which breaks the monotony of the stone walls and gives it a very pretty appearance from the street. Mr. William B. Astor looks every inch the millionaire. He is not pretty, but he is distinguished looking, is tall and stout, with a ruddy complexion and close-cropped mustache and longish side-whiskers that grow straight down from the ears. But Mr. Astor is very much afraid of getting too stout, and used to walk all the way from his office, which was in the lower part of the city—Prince street, I think—up to his house on Madison avenue. This is about the only exercise that most of the New York men get. They dislike walking for walking's sake, but will walk up or down town once a day as a sort of duty. I fancy they find it necessary, because most of these bankers and brokers are high livers, and if they do not take some exercise are very apt to be visited with ills that come from high living. The wealth of the Astor family now is said to amount to $50,000,000 apiece for William and John Jacob, the two oldest. John Jacob has but one son, William W. Astor, familiarly known as Willie, the present United States Minister to Rome.—*N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Record.*

About the Children.

Now that the long, cool evenings are upon us, it behooves us who are parents to look well to it that we know where the boys are after dark, and also how our girls are progressing in their school duties. It is a blessed order of things in the Divine economy that each season brings its own special attractions and duties. The lassitude of spring-time is usually succeeded by the whilom rest of summer, but it naturally ensues that as the busy seasons of autumn and winter come on, renewed physical energies admit of extra diversion and exertion. It is now that the influence of the home is felt in a peculiarly strong degree. And let us remember that the impressions and instructions our children are receiving from us now, during the period of youth, will *abide*—whether for good or otherwise depends mainly upon the heads of the household.

It takes patience, perseverance and prayer to maintain an even wholesome influence in the family, particularly when the daily duties are constant and irksome; but it is a matter of vital and enduring importance that parents be on the alert to secure the best welfare of the children intrusted to their charge—an immortal charge. We know a father who is anxious that his boys shall enjoy all the wholesome enjoyment he can afford them. With this view they are frequently allowed to attend evening amusements of an instructive or entertaining character, but he always *goes with them.*

Is this not a most wise course, far preferable to allowing them—they are lads of twelve and fourteen—to go in company with several other boys. We have watched the progress of this plan, and find that at the same time these boys show their father all due respect, as they are properly required to do, they yet regard him as a most desirable companion, not exactly like "one of the other boys," but quite as agreeable.

Remember that these little folks are watching us, and are shrewd, observing and retentive. But little escapes their keen eyes, and many is the wound unwittingly inflicted by really kind parents. We shall not readily forget the silent, reproachful eyes of a little child who once heard her mother make a slight remark, comparing her unfavorably with some other children. In later life the child declared that many was the cry she had over that unintentional wound. They are both in Heaven now, mother and child, and the wound is entirely healed, but the memory of it lasted for all time.

The precious children! Oh, let us beware. They will not be the children long, but will be the fathers, the mothers, the writers, the statesmen of the future. God grant us grace to so train them, consider their wants and their feelings with such judgment and prayerfulness that we shall never cry unavailingly in time to come: "Oh, that the children could be young again!"—*Golden Rule.*

—A regular kidnaper — soothing syrup.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Patti has been singing for thirty years, and Nilsson for twenty.

—It was in November, a hundred years ago, that old John Jacob Astor set sail from Germany for New York with nothing but a five-pound note and seven German flutes in his pocket.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The husband of the late Mrs. Fanny Sprague, of Rhode Island, mother of the ex-Governor, was murdered in 1843, and John Gorton was hanged for participation in the crime.—*Providence Journal.*

—General Crook, the Indian-fighter, is said to be very abstemious, not drinking any kind of alcholic liquor, tea or coffee. His favorite beverage is fresh milk. In dress he is equally plain, but he is not in the least degree slovenly.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Mr. A. D. Hatch, of New Bedford, who originated the New Bedford express when the railroad was first opened to that city, refers his friends to the ninetieth Psalm of David, the tenth verse. He was still active and genial, as in earlier times, on his seventieth natal day.—*Boston Post.*

—Mr. John R. French, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, in his lecture "Ten Years Among the Senators," ranks William Pitt Fessenden as the greatest member of that body he ever knew, but says he went in and out of the Senate Chamber with less pretension than the man who opened and shut the doors.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Mgr. Capel was asked what struck him most forcibly in this country, and he replied: "The precociousness of children." He says that while in Baltimore the Archbishop took him to call on a lady. While making the visit a boy aged four years came in the room, and his mother said: "My son, speak to the Archbishop." He obeyed readily, and, holding out his hand, said: "How do, Arch?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Comptroller Knox, of the Treasury Department, is thus described: "His personal appearance is quite striking, his tall, well-nourished figure, dignified carriage, topped by a head as massive as a maul, gray mustache and hair, bright eyes twinkling behind golden-rimmed glasses, heavy jaws, expressive of resolution, and under lip slightly pursed, apparently by habits of calculation, constitute an *ensemble* calculated to attract a second look at the man, aside from the knowledge of his fame."—*N. Y. Post.*

HUMOROUS.

—The question is: Can a girl who doesn't use powder make her hair bang?

—"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking horse you gave me this morning."—*N. Y. Journal.*

—"Mr. Jipso indulges largely in hyperbole," remarked the high-school girl to her mother. "Yes," answered the old lady; "Mrs. Jones told me he'd taken to drinking; I'm so sorry for his wife, poor thing."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—The Boston girl goes into a music store and asks for "saccharine specimens of the genus viola order violaceæ, perennial herbaceous plants, acaulescent or caulescent, peduncles angular, solitary." And the clerk wants to know if Fritz Emmet wrote it, and she faints.—*Chicago Times.*

—Two Parisian Esaus were taking supper at a farm-house near Orleans. All at once one of them made a wry face, called the housewife and showed her a very fine blonde hair in the hare-ragout. The good woman smiled and said: "Yes, there is one, after all; excuse me, gentlemen, I thought I had taken them all out!"

—A writer in a Northern newspaper says that he can throw a piece of Arkansaw corn-bread through a brick wall ten feet thick. This story is greatly exaggerated, as nine feet and a half is the thickest wall through which a piece of bread can be thrown. Such reckless writers tend to bring a State into contempt.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

—Nothing could go beyond an advertisement we met with lately of a Yankee auctioneer. It offered for sale a "sweet and pensive retirement" on the banks of the Hudson, and after describing the "streams of sparkling brightness," and the "fruits of the tropics in golden beauty," mentions that "the stables are worthy of the steeds of Nimrod or the studs of Achilles, and its heronry was built expressly for the birds of Paradise, while somber in the distance, like the cave of a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dog-house."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—An evasive answer: "Pat," said his reverence, "I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if any one calls I do not wish to be disturbed." "All right, sor; Mr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' would will I tell them you're not in?" "No, Pat; that would be a lie." "An phwat'll I say, yer reverence?" "Oh, just put them off with an evasive answer." At supper time Pat was asked if any one had called. "Faix, there did." "And what did you tell him?" said the priest. "Shure, an' I give him an evasive answer." "How was that?" queried his reverence. "He axed me was yer honor in, an I sez to him, sez I: 'Was yer gran'mother a hoot-owl?'"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Fashion Items.

Newmarket jackets, both long and short, are again in high vogue.

The blouse bodice ranks next to the Camargo bodice in popularity.

Hoop ear-rings, set with diamonds and other jewels, are very fashionably worn.

Cloth toques and velvet jockey caps will be worn with costumes of cloth and of velvet.

A favorite brocaded velvet, used just now both for wraps and costumes, shows a light ground of almond or pale doe color, with large brocaded figures in dark plum, ruby and golden brown. The satin or velvet made up with this material sometimes matches the color of the ground, and is sometimes the shade of the velvet. On some of the new-patterned brocades the design is immensely large, but the best-dressed people draw the line at the medium size.

Society young ladies, with plenty of time on their hands, are just now busying themselves by painting small bright flowers of every description in tiny clusters upon yards and yards of white and pale-tinted satin ribbon. These ribbons they will use later to decorate their dancing toilets of cloudy India silk gauze and tulle. A dress of this kind, lately completed in this city, had over two hundred yards of painted ribbon as its trimming, to say nothing of the enormous sash draped at one side, and painted in large blush roses and foliage. The narrow ribbon was painted in moss buds set into wood mosses.

Velvet will be the rage for this and the coming season. The handsomest of the imported costumes in velvet for autumn wear are totally untrimmed save in the matter of buttons, which, to make up for this simplicity of style, are often very beautiful and very expensive. Silver is the favorite metal for these buttons—the designs copied frequently from buttons worn in the time of George I. and those worn at the court of Louis XVI. Some of these are very chaste, but are nevertheless said to be excellent imitations of the genuine article. Many of these buttons are studded with half-precious stones, and appear to great advantage upon the fronts and large pocket flaps of the Old Guard waist-coats now so fashionably worn.—*N. Y. Post.*

Smuggling Opium.

Opium is surreptitiously supplied by San Francisco Chinamen to their countrymen in the Sandwich Islands, where it is forbidden. The drug brings eighty dollars to ninety dollars a pound, and the smuggling of a few hundred pounds makes a Chinaman rich. In numberless ways they contrive to introduce it. A large safe was consigned to a prosperous merchant. An officer demanded that it be opened. The Chinaman declared that he had forgotten the combination. That night the safe, weighing four tons, was taken out of the bonded warehouse, carted away several miles, emptied, and left in a sugar-cane-field, where the officers found it the next day, with evidence that it had been crammed with opium. A man had a contract for washing the linen of the Pacific Mail steamers. Hundreds of bundles, each containing a can of opium, were pitched from the steamer's deck to the wharf, and carried away to his laundry. He happened to be sick on one occasion, and his assistant, who was ignorant of the contraband trade, handled the linen in such a way that an an opium-can fell out. A great number of sewing machines were sent to Honolulu, and by accident it was discovered that the legs were hollow and packed with opium. Opium has been delivered in the Islands in fruit cans, the can being divided into three compartments, the two outside ones filled with fruit and the larger one with opium. Large quantities have also been shipped to the Islands in stove-wood, each piece of the wood being bored. Masses of coal have done service in the same way.—*San Francisco Call.*

Faithful Unto Death.

There stands on Third South street, Salt Lake City, an oddly-constructed house of two low stories, whose walls are covered with so many coats of white-wash that the nature of the material of which they are made is completely concealed. Plaster figures painted in brilliant colors, flaming curtains and at the windows variegated fringes of tissue paper contrast fantastically with the dazzling whiteness of the walls, and convince the spectator that the owner of the premises must be himself a singular combination. And so he is; indeed, the inhabitant is far stranger than habitation. He is a Norwegian Mormon, fifty years old. So far from having numerous wives, he has no wife at all, but steadfastly keeps a promise which he made more than thirty years ago to a girl whom he married on her death-bed that he would never marry again. He lives entirely alone, and admits that he is oppressed by the solitude of his home, to which he never admits a visitor. On several occasions he has felt inclined to marry, and the Mormon bishops have urged him to take that straight road to salvation, but the recollection of his promise has always interposed.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

—It is said that a young man made a singular contract with a farmer near Abbeville, Ala., last year. He agreed to work a year for the farmer's daughter and a double-barreled shot-gun. This contract he faithfully carried out, and is now happy in the possession of his double reward.—*St. Louis Post.*

The Little Model Republic.

VALPARAISO, CHILI.—Senor Ricardo Stuven, a leading commission merchant of this city, after having exhausted all other remedies, has been completely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-banisher. He makes this public.

"I NOTICE the members of the Toledo Ball Club are a little wild," said a young sport. "They ought Toledo a different life," was the reply.

Pioneer History of America.

This splendid volume of 1032 pages crowded with elegant and striking full-page illustrations has just been issued by Jones Bros. & Co., St. Louis, Mo. This extensive work has connected historical value as well as thrilling narrative interest. The author is a perspicuous and dramatic writer, and carries each recital forward to an absorbing climax. The hundred engravings are not only well drawn, but are full of thought, suggestion and feeling. The work is written in the best, most graphic, historical style, which, combined with the intensely interesting facts detailed, will hold the attention of the reader throughout. No other book on Pioneer Life approaches it in vividness of description, purity and vigor of style, accuracy of detail and fascination of the story. The excellent introduction by Dr. Ridpath, written in his proverbially accurate and fascinating manner, is a good contribution to the volume. The publishers, who are an old and reliable firm, want agents to take orders for the work.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

SATURDAY always reminds one of the wooden thing shoemakers use when they make sick folks' shoes. Its the last of the weak.

WHO has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases on Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSO'N, Buffalo, N. Y.

A DAYTON (O.) man put a pistol ball in his stomach. As his digestion is good he may not digest yet.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

The Bilious,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASS'N, Buffalo, N. Y.

ALTHOUGH the lower animals can not talk they are nearly all tail-bearers.

I HAVE been using Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) and find it to be the best remedy of the kind that I have ever been able to get, and I have tried them all.
JOHN TISCHER, 34 U. S. Cavalry.

THE dark ages—a woman's between twenty-five and sixty.—*Burlington Free Press.*

IF a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 14, 1883.		
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$4 30	@ $4 75
Native Heifers	3 40	@ 4 25
Native Cows	3 00	@ 3 25
Butchers' Steers	3 00	@ 3 80
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 35	@ 4 55
Light	4 00	@ 4 35
WHEAT—No. 1	97	@ 98
No. 2	84	@ 84½
No. 3	71	@ 78
CORN—No. 2	38	@ 38½
OATS—No. 2	22	@ 22½
RYE—No. 2	43	@ 44
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	2 30	@ 2 30
HAY—Car lots, bright	7 00	@ 7 50
BUTTER—Choice dairy	20	@ 21
CHEESE—Kansas, new	09	@ 10
EGGS—Choice	20	@ 22
PORK—Hams	13	@ 15
Shoulders	5	@ 5½
Sides	7	@ 7½
LARD	8	@ 8½
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed	18	@ 19
POTATOES—Per bushel	35	@ 40
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	5 00	@ 6 40
Butchers' Steers	4 00	@ 4 50
HOGS—Good to choice	4 50	@ 4 85
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 75	@ 4 50
FLOUR—XXX to choice	3 30	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	1 01	@ 1 01½
No. 3	95	@ 96
CORN—No. 2 mixed	44	@ 44½
OATS—No. 2	28	@ 28½
RYE—No. 2	57½	@ 59
PORK	11 40	@ 11 50
COTTON—Middling	9½	@ 9¾
TOBACCO—New Lugs	4 40	@ 4 75
Medium new leaf	6 25	@ 8 75
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Good shipping	5 30	@ 6 00
HOGS—Good to choice	4 80	@ 5 00
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 75	@ 5 50
FLOUR—Common to choice	5 30	@ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	96	@ 96½
No. 3	83	@ 83½
No. 2 Spring	96	@ 96½
CORN—No. 2	45½	@ 50
OATS—No. 2	28	@ 28½
RYE	56	@ 56½
PORK—New Mess	10 90	@ 11 00
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Exports	5 25	@ 6 50
HOGS—Good to choice	4 80	@ 4 90
COTTON—Middling	10¼	@ 10½
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 50	@ 7 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 11	@ 1 11½
No. 2 Spring	1 04	@ 1 05
CORN—No. 2	61½	@ 62
OATS—Western mixed	36	@ 37
PORK—Standard Mess	12 00	@ 12 00½

A HUMAN FIRE.

The Phenomenon of a Burning Mine Repeated in the Physical System.

A few years ago one of the most important coal mines in Pennsylvania caught fire. It started slowly but soon obtained such headway that it spread through the greater portion of the entire mine. To flood it with water would extinguish the fire, but well nigh ruin the mine; and still the flames continued to increase. At that juncture a young man stepped forward and suggested that all the entrances and vent holes of the mine be covered and secured, thus shutting off the supply of air. His advice was followed and the flames were finally subdued.

To compare the condition of this mine with many phases of the human system, is most natural and appropriate. "Fire in the blood" is not a mere expression, it is a most serious fact. How it originates, it may be impossible to say; but that it burns and rages with an increasing fury, the one who is its victim only too painfully knows. The blood is the life. It is designed by nature to purify, strengthen and sustain the system. It is too often made the channel through which poison and death are transported. Poisonous acids coming through the veins and arteries inflame and cause a fire just as real as the one which existed in the mine. They burn and irritate, causing the brain to become weak and the nerves unstrung; they carry pains to the muscles and leave agonies in the joints; they bring destruction instead of strength; they devastate the very portions of the body that most require help, and they hasten the approach of death in its most horrible forms. These things have been felt by innumerable people who have been the victims of rheumatic disorders, and the agonies they have endured confirm this description.

There is but one way by which this fire in the blood can be extinguished, and that is by shutting off the supply of these poisonous acids. The lactic, lithic and uric acids come in to the blood through the liver and kidneys, and they remain in solution in the blood producing inflammatory rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, gout and all rheumatic fevers and affections. When they are deposited as gritty crystals in and near the joints, they cause articular rheumatism; when in the muscles, muscular rheumatism and lumbago; when in the tissues covering the nerves, sciatica; when in the face, head and nerves generally, neuralgia. In every case they are painful; in most instances, dangerous. Inflammatory rheumatism is likely to locate in some joint and become chronic, or suddenly attack the brain or heart, causing apoplexy or heart-disease. The fire in the blood must be extinguished—the supply must be shut off. This can only be done by guarding the portals to the blood—the kidneys and liver; and no means have ever been found for accomplishing this which can equal Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure. It acts directly upon the seat of the disorder; it extinguishes the fire by controlling the supply and removing the cause.

The well known standing of H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., the remarkable success which Warner's Safe Cure has achieved, and the absence of no less a personage than Dr. Robert A. Gunn, Dean of the United States Medical College, New York, and the fidelity with which they have carried out all their promises to the public should be a sufficient warrant that the above statements are true. They, however, guarantee to cure ninety-five per cent. of all rheumatic troubles, especially acute, knowing full well that the demonstrated power of the remedy justifies them in so doing. Nothing can be fairer than this, and those who suffer in the future from rheumatism with such an offer before them, do so on their own responsibility, and can blame no one if living pain and untimely death are the results.

THE Toronto *Globe* chronicles the death of a man who had "gone completely to the dogs." Hounded to death, as it were.—*Buffalo Express.*

WE RECOMMEND Ely's Cream Balm where a cure for Catarrh is called for, and consider that we are doing the public a service by making its virtues known to those afflicted with this loathsome disease, for which it is in most instances a perfect cure. PECK BROS., Druggists, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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