

What the Republican Party Has Done.

A string of inconsequential paragraphs under the general title of "What the Republican Party Has Not Done," is going the rounds of the stalwart press. Some account of what the Republican party has done will probably interest the average reader quite as much as this ridiculous concatenation of negatives.

The Republican party deliberately introduced sectionalism into politics. It attacked the peace of one-half the Union at its very inception.

It aimed at revolution from the day it was organized.

It fostered disunion before the civil war and its most eminent men openly declared in favor of "letting the Union slide."

It encouraged secession through the utterances of its leaders who said to the Southern States, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace."

It discouraged Unionism before the civil war by sneering at the Democrats as "Union-savers."

It committed a cruel crime against the army and the country by refusing to reinforce McClellan before Richmond when he might have ended the war in 1862.

It permitted Union soldiers to starve and die by refusing to exchange them. It prolonged the civil war by its blundering, mismanagement and favoritism in the War Department.

It sought to govern outside of the Constitution two years after the war, as acknowledged by Thaddeus Stevens in Congress.

It set up the carpet-bag Governments in the South which issued, stole and sold one hundred and thirty millions of dollars in Southern State bonds.

It confiscated the property of the Southern people through the intolerable taxation it imposed upon them during the reconstruction period.

It impoverished the Southern States after the civil war so that the people of the other States were obliged to bear an undue share of the burden of taxation.

It set aside the civil courts and sought to rule by martial law in a time of profound peace.

It donated millions of acres of the public lands to gigantic corporations and voted lavish subsidies out of the Federal Treasury for their benefit.

It corrupted legislation through the promotion and protection of the lobby. It brought shame upon the Republic through the "Black Friday" operation, the Belknap scandal, the Sanborn "moieties" swindle, the Credit-Mobilier job, the Whisky-King frauds and other like iniquities.

It managed the finances and currency in such a way that after it had held power for twelve years the country was involved in a most disastrous financial panic from the effects of which it has not yet recovered.

It stole the Presidency in 1876 after the people had defeated its candidate by a majority of a quarter of a million of the popular vote and a clear majority in the Electoral College.

It is now brazening out its shameful record by supporting a candidate for the Presidency who was branded as a false swearer and bribe-taker by Republican Congressional Committees and denounced almost universally by the Republican press for his participation in the Credit-Mobilier and De Golyer jobs, and a candidate for the Vice-Presidency who was kicked out of the New York Custom House by R. B. Hayes because he connived at malfeasance and corruption in his office.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

The Latest Republican Campaign Trick.

The latest and most transparent of the Republican campaign tricks was fore-shadowed by the special Washington correspondent of the New York Times as long ago as the 12th of July last, on which date he, after consulting with members of the Republican Campaign Committee, telegraphed his journal that there had "just been received by the Pension Bureau an application for a pension from a Confederate soldier of South Carolina made out upon the regular form used by the Bureau. This is the first claim of the kind which has been filed in due form, and the applicant has employed a well-known pension agent named Fitzgerald to support the application. Of course, it will be rejected."

After giving this "startling intelligence" and risking the opinion that the Fourteenth amendment would not be grossly violated by the Administration in order to pay a fraudulent claim, the correspondent indulged in a long stump speech, all based on the allegation that a Confederate soldier had applied for a pension.

It is true that the alleged application—a document as senseless asidiotic and as valuable as waste paper—has been filed in the Pension Office. It is true, also, that the Republican Campaign Committee is having an immense edition of this alleged application printed, with a view to its circulation throughout the North as a means of creating alarm and "firing the loyal heart."

And it is equally true that this is a Radical scheme, in its inception and progress, gotten up solely for campaign capital.

The man who is alleged to have applied for a pension is a resident of Williamsburg, S. C. one Robert Hanna, an ignorant and worthless fellow, who would think he had made a clear profit of \$4.75 if he had sold himself for \$5.00. This man was hired to sign the blank application, in order that the Radical Committee might make use of it as they are now making. A more shallow trick was never attempted. There isn't a mild lunatic nor a semi-idiotic person in the United States who does not know that no Confederate soldier can be pensioned, unless three-fourths of the States vote to amend the Constitution for that purpose. There is no citizen who is ignorant of the fact that the ex-Confederates in Congress have been more liberal to the Union soldiers than the Northern Radicals ever were. The generosity of "the brigadiers" in the matter of arrearages of pensions has no parallel in the history of any country, and the only reciprocity that it has elicited has been, and is, a vile torrent of calumny.

This miserable trick of buying up the signature of a worthless fellow to a worse than worthless paper, and hav-

ing previously advertised the performance—circulating the document as a means of creating anger and alarm among the ignorant Radical masses, is the lowest, the cheapest, the dirtiest and the most foolish thing that any campaign management has yet attempted. There ought to be decency enough in the Republican party to condemn the thimble-riggers who have set up this thin device.—*Washington Post.*

Why a Change Is Necessary.

Of course the Republicans do not take kindly to the idea of a change in the political composition of the Government. They represent human nature in its collective form, and it is not a part of that nature to voluntarily surrender power and place just because it is for the best interests of the country that it should do so. The corrective force of the popular will must be applied to assist their convictions and control their selfishness in the interests of the greatest good of the greatest number. We have given reasons of a political nature, that seem to us conclusive, why this change ought to have been made before, and why it should be made now with the least possible delay. But there are moral and social reasons as well why a change is desirable. The long lease of power which the Republican party has enjoyed, and which it has grossly abused, has failed to provide the young men who are coming forward upon the stage of action the necessary stimulus for independent and intelligent thought upon those great questions which it is the duty of the people to decide. The unbroken occupation of the leading places of responsibility, authority and public trust by one party for so long a time has impressed the young men too much with the idea of pre-emption of power by that party. Those that are living amid Republican associations, in the great majority of cases, accept the situation without asking questions, thinking it is easier than to reason out a political status for themselves.

If this is to continue a Republican form of government, it is necessary that the young men who have become voters, and we hope thinkers, in the twenty years that the Republican party has been in power, should see that this is a Government based upon competition, and not one in which a single party can become self-perpetuating. The young men of England have, through the political mutations of that country, been forced to scrutinize the issues of the day more closely than the young men of our own country have been. A change should be accomplished likewise to rebuke that spirit of ostracism which pursues a young man if he becomes a Democrat after having been trained in the undisciplined Republican belief. The young men of the Republican party have not been taught to think. They have been trained to believe, which is quite a different thing. Finding themselves in the fold they have not in most cases considered themselves called upon to examine the character of their charter. Ignorance is bliss with them. There are thousands of young men in the Republican ranks, of fine minds and scholarly attainments, who are as ignorant of the comparative merits of parties as they are of the authorship of the Junius letters. They have accepted the praises of their ancestral party with their catchism, and they know nothing of the character and purposes of their opponents, but to shiver when their own misleading demagogues sound the alarm bell. A change of Administration is needed to save the young men from political ignorance and political phariseism, and that change we are happy to believe is near at hand.—*Boston Post.*

They Would Never Take Garfield.

If the Republican Convention were to meet now to select a candidate for President, would it be possible for them to take James A. Garfield?

No; it would not be possible. In fact, Garfield is the very last man, excepting Schuyler Colfax, whom any well-informed Republican Convention would think of nominating.

The reason why James G. Blaine, the most popular Republican in the country, was rejected at Chicago, was the belief that if he were the candidate, the campaign would have to be one of defense and apology respecting his personal history and the alleged doubtful modes whereby at various times he has got gain.

But if Blaine had been the candidate, there would have been enthusiasm and zeal. Now there is nothing but apology on the part of the foolish Republicans, and silence and shame on the part of the intelligent. How can any self-respecting Republican say anything in defense of Garfield's bribe-taking in the Credit-Mobilier matter, when a Republican committee of Congress, after examining all the testimony and after hearing his own sworn denial that he had ever had the stock or received any dividends, reported that he had had the stock and had received dividends?

If the Republican National Convention could now select their candidate, they would never take Garfield; and there are thousands upon thousands of Republican voters who will also never take Garfield, but will either not vote at all, or vote for Hancock.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Don't Miss the Point.—Ask your Republican neighbor if he will vote for Mr. Garfield after you have satisfied him: 1. That a Republican committee of a Republican Congress in effect declared Mr. Garfield guilty of perjury in the Credit-Mobilier scandal, and the recipient of a bribe in the De Golyer patent-pavement scandal. 2. That Mr. Garfield was denounced by all the prominent newspapers of his party that now support him as besmirched and corrupt.—*N. Y. World.*

—The Cincinnati Enquirer begs the "boys" not to "give themselves away" by accepting a bet of \$10 that the better name fifteen States that will go for Garfield, and another of \$50 that Garfield will carry a majority of the remaining twenty-three. The "sinful game" is carried on by naming fifteen States that are sure to go for Hancock, and there remains only twelve for Garfield to carry. "Net earnings" to the man who offers the bet—\$40. So don't do it.

POLITICAL POINTS.

—General John A. Logan, according to the admiring *Tribune*, is "waking the echoes of the Green Mountains with his stalwart 'Western oratory.'" It seems as if it were only yesterday that we read in the *Tribune* a description of Mr. Logan's stalwart Western oratory beginning, "Pranced into the arena like a trick-mule into a circus ring General John A. Logan," and describing how, "raising aloft his trusty battle-ax, he smote the English language in the face."—*Exchange.*

—There are scores of Republican newspapers that still keep standing, in display type, at the head of their editorial columns, the alleged extract from Senator Hampton's Staunton speech, although the editors of those journals know that the Senator said nothing of the kind. They know that Senator Hampton has repeatedly said: "I neither used the words attributed to me, nor anything approaching them in meaning." The editors who persist in using this forgery belong to that class of men whom it were base flattery to call villains.—*Washington Post.*

—The negro exodus has begun again and the Kentucky papers say that the Republican managers in that State are driving great herds of their voting cattle over into Indiana. Fortunately there is going to be such an exodus of white voters from the Republican fold in Ohio this year and broke a leg. Nor did she fill the kettle of potatoes as full either after that. Mr. Donald lay helpless, and worried about the place he feared he should lose.

—Mr. George W. Vinton, of Moline, Ill., who in 1876 came within an ace of being the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of the State, has come out for Hancock because he "is disgusted with the recent corrupt tendencies of the Republican party management, and with the wholesale abuse of the South, which section he has lately visited." He says the ticket nominated at Chicago was "a compromise on one whom his own party friends have convicted of perjury and corruption, with a second whose only fame in the Nation is of having been discharged in disgust from the public service by the head of his own party." He is confident Illinois can be carried for Hancock and Iowa made a good deal closer than ever before. It will now be in order for the Republican papers to allude to Mr. Vinton as a forehead, a blasphemer and a horse-thief.—*Exchange.*

—The nomination of Mr. James E. English and a strong State ticket makes Connecticut safe for the Democrats this fall so far as the Presidential Electors and the State Administration are concerned, and make the work of securing the United States Senatorship and gaining at least one Congressman comparatively easy. Mr. English is a most successful and public-spirited business man, liberal, popular and staunchly Democratic, and his name is a tower of strength in Connecticut. It was under his leadership that the Republican power, omnipotent since 1855, was broken in the campaigns of 1866 and 1867, and it is proper that, now when the nominee on the National ticket is the author of order No. 40, the Democratic candidate in the State should be the Governor, who declared in his first annual message against Federal usurpations in time of peace and bayonet rule in the South, and rightly characterized martial law as the "primary of necessity, existing only where no municipal law is in force or where the success of military operations renders it for the time being necessary."—*N. Y. World.*

Reasons for Republican Defeat.

One of the strongest reasons for destroying the Republican party at the approaching election is that so long as that party retains power there cannot be a real reunion of the States. Every Republican newspaper, every Republican speech adds fresh evidence that the hope of the party is in alienating a Solid North from a Solid South, made solid by Republican misdeeds. During the years since the close of the war scarcely a number of any illustrated Republican journal has appeared that did not represent the Southerner as a half-starved, ill-dressed and ruffianly person, with a pistol in his belt and a bowie-knife in his hand. During those fifteen years every Congressional campaign at the North has found its Republican orators, journals and party platforms vilifying the "unrepentant South." The notion of punishing a whole section of the country because its inhabitants, although they obey the law, are not inwardly "repentant" would result, if carried to its logical conclusion, in an American Inquisition much more searching than that of Spain. It is time that this nonsense were finally exploded, for it is very vicious nonsense, and interferes with the development and progress of all the Southern States. Under President Hancock there will be an end of it everywhere, as under General Hancock there was an end of it in Texas and Louisiana. Business men know very well that we cannot afford to create a "black Ireland" at the South. If the talk of the Republican howlers is to be taken in earnest, a "black Ireland" is precisely what they wish to create in the South. If their talk is not to be taken in earnest, what is to be said of public writers and public speakers who stir up strife, and set in motion so fierce a passion as sectional hatred, without even the pretense of accomplishing any practical purpose? It is such considerations as these which are enlisting many Northern soldiers and discontented Republicans in the support of General Hancock. They have been waiting fifteen years to behold a perfect restoration of the Union, and they have grown weary of seeing every four years the same scarecrow brought out as a "gonfalon." The people of the United States outside of lunatic asylums are not to be frightened by such bugaboos as the "assumption of the rebel debt," "repudiation of bonds" and "pensions to rebel soldiers," or into supporting a party which seeks to array all the Northern whites and all the Southern blacks against all the Southern whites.—*N. Y. World.*

Our Young Folks.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

"Molly, put the kettle on—
Molly, put the kettle on—
Molly, put the kettle on—
We'll all take tea."

Thus sang the cheerful mother of the Donald family, as she set the kettle of potatoes over the fire to boil for breakfast. The kettle was a tight fit for so many potatoes, and Bonny, looking on with interest from his high chair by the fire, remarked:

"Full, mamma; ain't it?"
"Yes, laddie, full as it can hold—just like our house."

"How it spatters and boils over, mamma!"

"And our house spatters, and boils over with us, too, wee one."

Sure enough the Donald dozen did live in such a small tenement that it was a puzzle how they ever could all get packed into it at once.

But then early in the morning the father went out to his work; Alec followed to the shop, Jennie to the store, Nickie to sell morning papers, some to school and some to do errands, till Bonny and the baby would be left alone with the mother. Then, shutting the door after the last, she would say:

"Do you see how they all boil away, Bonny?" and she would sing merrily as she scrubbed, swept and cooked.

She did not sing so often after father Donald fell one day and broke a leg. Nor did she fill the kettle of potatoes as full either after that. Mr. Donald lay helpless, and worried about the place he feared he should lose.

"But I've worked for the house till it seems I could not work anywhere else. If they'd only promise to let me back again when I'm able, I'd bear the rest with an easy mind," said the sick man, getting fevered and flushed.

"I can't have you fret so," spoke his wife at last. She took down her bonnet and shawl. "I'll go and ask the master myself. I don't believe I'll refuse a woman, and you such a faithful hand. Bonny's so good he won't be any trouble to you, and I'll take the baby along."

So Bonny climbed up by the window, and watched his mother and the baby "boil away" like the rest.

Then Bonny played by himself a long while, it seemed to him. He built a church tower with his blocks, like the tower he could see shooting up above the low roofs. He changed the blocks into street cars, and dragged them up and down the window-sill. He thumbed his torn picture-books; he thumped his rag doll. Getting tired of all, he flattened his dear little soft nose against the pane, watching the people tramp, tramping by on the brick sidewalks, and the carts, drays, carriages, that clump, clumped over the stony street. He liked this, and crooned over to himself, contentedly, tunes that were no tunes, and words that he made up as he went along.

But time went on, and still his mother did not come. Bonny grew hungry, and crept down to ask papa about it. Papa was lying quiet and breathing heavily. Bonny had fairly sung his father to sleep.

It occurred to Bonny, as he tiptoed back, that there could be no good reason why he should not go and find his mother, or else Jennie, or Nickie, or Ted. Jennie's old red cape hung in the corner; quickly he threw it over his yellow head, and holding it fast under his chin with one hand, he lifted the latch and stepped forth.

He walked slowly and thoughtfully off in the direction he had seen his mother take, with short, nipping steps, like a meditative chickabiddy's. He had not a doubt that he should come to some member of his numerous family before long, but meanwhile he was thinking less of that than of the sights by the way. Two boys were racing velocipedes. To Bonny that was a splendid sight.

"I wish I had a velohorsipede," he whispered, with a pensive air.

On and on he plodded, blissfully bewildered, absorbed in these enchanting visions, until he found himself before a caterer's show window, tempting with crisp loaves of bread, daintily frosted cakes, and unspeakable cookies, tarts, jellies.

"Oh my! oh my!" cried Bonny, beginning at last to remember that he was nobody but a little hungry boy. "I'm hungry, I'm so hungry!"

While he stared with all his longing eyes, he heard these words spoken loudly right by his side, "Come on then; we shall be sure of a good dinner."

Bonny turned round. Two men in tall black hats were striding by, and one, as he spoke, clapped the other on the shoulder. The invitation was not meant for Bonny at all. But that did not make any difference to him. He simply received the idea that if he followed these two men he should get to a dinner. So he pressed sturdily after them.

It was really not long before the two tall hats were seen turning up some low, broad steps. The panting Bonny, lagging after, followed unnoticed through a wide door into a vast hall, all paved with marble. Quite confused and out of breath, Bonny suddenly stood still. Where he had lost sight of the two tall hats and the wearers of them he did not know.

"Seems like another out-doors," the child thought, looking up at the high ceiling; "but where's the dinner? There's a dinner; I smell it; it smells good. Seems to me I never did smell so much dinner in my life."

By this time he also became aware of a cheerful clatter of dishes and voices; and following the sound across the wide hall, he pushed open a great door that stood half ajar.

Sure enough, there before him lay table after table, adorned with spotless linen, and spread temptingly not only with flowers and fruit, but with plenty to eat.

How should little Bonny know that this was the day when the grand new Metropolitan Hotel first opened to the public? How should he know that here were all the mighty men of the city—merchants, editors, ministers even—with their wives, met together by invitation to celebrate the dedication dinner? You see, they had not invited Bonny; nobody expected him; so at first nobody noticed him as he slipped noiselessly in.

The tables seemed so full of people

that Bonny had to walk up the room to find a place. A queer hush fell on the clatter and the chatter. People dropped their forks. They watched this little figure with the sunny hair, the happy face, the shabby shoes, the tumbled check apron, that dragged after it the well-nigh forgotten red cape, and at last mounting into an empty chair, said, with a sigh of satisfaction, and in a very clear voice, "I want dinner, please."

Bonny glanced round him. He thought everybody looked pleased, and catching the eye of a lady who bent toward him, he smiled back a shy, friendly smile.

"This lady was the first to speak to him. She crossed eagerly over and said, 'May I sit beside you, dear? I knew a little boy once with yellow hair like yours.'"

Bonny never noticed that she had tears in her soft eyes now. "I like your hair best," he answered, half timidly, half frankly. The lady's hair was very dark, and she wore in it a splendid yellow flower.

"But, please, I am so hungry! May I have dinner?"

Before the lady could answer, a stout gentleman came hurrying up. "Well, well, let's see about this," he began, in a rollicking tone. "Shake hands, little stranger. So you came to my dinner, did you?"

Bonny dropped his head. He was rather afraid of the loud-voiced man; but the lady whom he was not afraid of said, reassuringly, "This is the man who gives the dinner, little one; this is his house; he'll be very good to you, never fear."

So Bonny looked up then, and replied simply, "I came; I was hungry, ain't I?"

The host cleared his throat, and said, heartily, while he patted Bonny's curls. "Well, I didn't expect you, that's a fact; but I'll give you just as good a dinner, for all that. A dinner?—I'll warrant you will; and upon my word, ladies and gentlemen, I rather think the Metropolitan Hotel is honored to have the chance."

Never, never had Bonny imagined such a dinner as he ate that day. The lady who sat by his side cut up the chicken, and helped him choose among the lavish dainties that the host kept insisting on having brought for him to taste.

Hungry? It seemed to Bonny that he never in this world could be hungry again.

His innocent heart ran over, and he told his new friend, the lady, all she asked him about his sick father, his tired mother, the little tenement that was like the kettle that all boiled away, and the big family that crammed it so full when gathered together. But one thing neither the lady, nor her husband, who filled Bonny's pocket with pennies, nor the host, could succeed in finding out from him.

This was where the little fellow belonged, and how to return him to his home.

Street and number he knew naught about. What was his name? "Bonny Laddie." His father's name? "Oh, John." What kind of work did his father do? "Oh, nothing; father is sick." He had no clear ideas associated with any calling except with Nickie's, as they found by questioning.

That Nickie peddled papers, and that Bonny would when he was bigger, he was very positive about.

"Well, then," suggested the host, "we'll try the newsboys. We'll just have Laddie standing by the door when they go past, and maybe he can pick out this brother of his from the lot."

The company sat for a long time round the tables. Bonny kept still, listening and wondering, though he understood little of the speeches and the toasts. Once all eyes were again turned toward Bonny.

A gentleman rose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to propose the health of the first guest of the Metropolitan Hotel, who, though uninvited, has given the patriarch of this palace the privilege of entertaining an angel unawares."

But Bonny answered nothing to the looks bent upon him. With one hand full of nuts and bonbons, the other in his heavy pocket, and a face of perfect peace, the little guest of the Metropolitan Hotel lay fast asleep in his chair.

He was roused awake again by the time the newsboys were crying out their evening papers.

"Come and watch for Nickie," coaxed the host; and with Bonny's small, warm hand in his own he stepped out on the broad granite slab in front of the hotel.

"That isn't Nickie—nor that—nor that," Bonny kept saying at first. "Oh, Nickie!" he shouted, suddenly; and, plunging forth into the street, tumbled against a small boy in big trousers and an overgrown cap, whose bundle of papers looked much fatter than he did.

Astonished Nickie, who had not been home since morning, could scarcely believe his senses at first, as he stared at his little brother through the dusk, the fog, and the rain-drops that now began to fall. However, he could answer all the questions that Laddie had been unable to satisfy, and in a very short interval a carriage had been summoned, the host had stowed away in it a capacious basket hastily filled with choice remnants from the feast, and Bonny Laddie was rolling toward his home in charge of the gentle stranger lady and her husband.

The stranger lady, promising Bonny to come again, made haste to go away, but before going she had time to wonder at something she saw. Why did Bonny's tired but blithe-looking mother give the lady's husband such a sad, almost fearful, look? Why did he seem confused, and going over to the sick man, said, "I will reconsider that matter, John. You may rest easy?"

Afterward she understood. When John's master had that afternoon curtly refused Mrs. Donald's petition, and let her go away disappointed and distressed, her patient waiting and her earnest pleading having been in vain, he had considered himself right, from the standpoint of his own interest. But then he had known nothing of the clean, crowded household, and nothing of this yellow-haired laddie who reminded him of another little yellow-haired laddie who had been taken from him.—*Ella M. Baker, in Harper's Young People.*

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