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These colors are tinted in one-pound cans, each can being sufficient to tint 25 pounds of strictly Pure White Lead. The desired shade; they are in no sense ready-mixed paints, but a combination of perfectly pure colors in the handiest form to tint strictly Pure White Lead.

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NATIONAL LEAD CO. Chicago Branch, State and Fifteenth Streets, Chicago

Democratic-Northwest AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

Some of the prophets appear to have been "shy" about 50,000 in the Alabama election.

The man who lives with a quarrelsome wife has no need of a joint political debate.

BETWEEN rain and the re-opening of the State dispensary, South Carolinians are in danger of being drowned.

The Cozzeples will probably change their motto from "keep off the grass" to, keep away from Washington.

THE Japs are doubtless acting on the theory that China is overpopulated and will be glad to get rid of some of its subjects.

STRIKE not; neither when the iron is hot, nor yet when it is cold. I have learned the value of this advice by bitter experience.—From unpublished soliloquy of Mr. Eugene Debs.

INDICATIONS increase that Mr. Thomas B. Reed will be the next Republican national convention what he now is to the House—merely an amusing clown.

BEFORE the summer of 1896 goes, McKinley will probably be glad to give some other Republican to claim the authorship of the McKinley tariff law.

THE man who slipped the muzzle off "Granny" Blair deserves to be compelled to hear him talk as long as it remains off, which should not be long at this season.

Now that the Alabama election is over the fellows who know everything in advance, but never tell it correctly, can begin on something else.

THE prize-fighters are not to blame for fattening at the expense of the public; it is the public which furnishes the fools to worship them, and the money to support them.

DON CAMERON is said to have made up his mind to invest some of his surplus wealth in a Republican Presidential nomination. It will cost Don his entire fortune to get the nomination, and then he would have no show of being elected.

MEMBERS of the "industrial" armies at Washington having failed in their attempt to "work" Congress, are now "working" the churches. These men are willing to do anything, except to work themselves.

Bountiful Crops in Indiana. Franklin (Ind.) Democrat, July 27, 1894.

This year will be memorable for its great harvest. The yield of wheat in Indiana will probably exceed that of any former year.

Just at this time it is especially inviting for one to drive into the country and visit some of the threshers at work.

We had the pleasure, one day this week, of witnessing five machines in operation. The first was John Baker's outfit on the farm of Cornelius Dittmars, whose crop of fifty-five acres averaged 37 bushels per acre, this being an exceptional yield in the county this year.

Improvements in farm machinery have been varied and rapid but none more forcibly impressed one than the scene here witnessed. There were no men on the straw stack and yet there had arisen a high level rounded stack of straw, more perfect in outline than could be made by hand. Ten teams were kept busy bringing the wheat to the machine and the "Farmer's Friend Stacker" was stacking the straw. We were told by Mr. Baker that the stacker was doing its work perfectly and enabled him not only to do more work in one day than by the old method, but gave better satisfaction to farmers. This statement was corroborated by every one with whom we conversed.

Passing on one mile further we came across George Banta's outfit. This is his fourth season and with each recurring year he finds the stacker more popular. Here it has been fully tested and the points of superiority demonstrated may be briefly summarized as follows: More work can be accomplished in one day; fewer settings of the machine are required; straw is stacked more evenly than by hand and turns water better; fewer hands are required and the labor diminished not only for the farmer but his wife as well; chaff and dust are entirely removed by the blower; the expense of threshing has been greatly diminished.

One man has been offered two cents per bushel less for threshing by the old method but refused, saying he preferred a Farmer's Friend over at two cents a bushel more for threshing.

The stacker, we are glad to know is the product of a Hoosier brain, the patentee being James Buchanan, of Indianapolis, where it is manufactured by the Indiana Manufacturing Company. All the leading separator manufacturers now use it. The stacker is aptly named "The Farmer's Friend." It is without question a wonderful invention and we speak of it because of its practical value and worth.

Mother Have You a Baby? If so, get from your druggist to-day for 25c a bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. Every baby often has distressing colic. Dr. Hand's Colic Cure gives immediate relief by removing wind from the stomach and quieting the nerves, giving restful sleep. Mother, think of the worry and anxiety this saves you. If your baby is teething Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for 25c, soothes and relieves all pain. Sold by all druggists.

KANSAS LETTER.

WAMEGO, Kan., Aug. 6th, '94.

From its beginning there is no state which has succeeded in getting itself so talked about, and consequently advertised, as has Kansas. Commencing with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and "Squatter Sovereignty," on through the border warfare, John Brown, Jim Lane and others leading, the drought of 1860, the quantrell massacre of Lawrence, the grass hoppers, the Prohibitionary law, hot winds, destruction of crops, the 80,000,000 bushel wheat crop of 1892, the Populist uprising, wiping out within less than two years the 82,000 majority for Harrison, the Legislative war, the Lewelling administrative force, and dozens of other events and vagaries, Kansas has managed to attract to herself the attention of the United States, if not the world. People in general think that Kansas are a lot of wild eyed, long haired, and idiotic lunatics, ready to father any new scheme however absurd, and go into any new movement, however chimerical, that like the natives of ancient Gaul, "they are always desirous of new things." They are thought to be ever on the go, roaming about the country making incendiary speeches, and punctuating their remarks with bullets. Mrs. Leese and Mrs. Diggs are thought to be representative woman, and the men of the east picture to themselves, the unhappy men of Kansas sewing on their own buttons, and cooking their own meals, while their wives go about the country, clad in a costume resembling the old Bloomers, and a bicycle suit combined, making speeches. Consequently when people come to Kansas they are much surprised at the true state of affairs and can scarcely believe their eyes. They find the women quietly attending to their social and household duties, intelligent, progressive, but not fanatic, and the men attending to their business, whether it be farming, merchandise, or professional; they think, talk and act like other men. There is nothing in their appearance to indicate that they are either fools, lunatics, fanatics, or anarchists. There is more refinement, education and native intelligence to the square are in Kansas, than in the east, wherever you may go. It is the progressive, wide-awake, intelligent people who have in years past, come to Kansas, and some of the ill advised schemes, which have Kansas so talked about, is only the natural outgrowth of the go ahead quality of the people. The same qualities which made them scorn the slow, conservative east, have rushed them into some things which were unwise, but which, nevertheless, were strongly indicative of the character of the men who settled the state, and have made it, in the short space of a third of a century, the best loved and the best cursed state of the union. True they have made many mistakes, many more, possibly than eastern people, but do you know, the nearer dead people are, "the fewer mistakes they make, and that those who never make mistakes are lying in the cemetery." The people of Kansas are very much alive, that all, and in their energy and enthusiasm, which are characteristic of them, are bound to make blunders, but they make and correct a dozen blunders and come out all right, while the people of the east are considering, whether or not to make a start. "Better wear out than rust out," is deeply impressed on the mind of every Kansan, and he lives up to his principles.

When as to congressmen Davis, Simpson and Senator Peffer. They do not look at all like their newspaper portraits and the cartoons in the comic papers. Davis is one of the gentlest, and most winning old gentlemen I ever met, kind, considerate, unaffected, and common sense, except when you strike him on finance. Even Jerry Simpson, from "medicine liquor," is not the wild cow boy sort of a person that the papers would have people believe, while Senator Peffer is a very quiet, dignified man, a thorough gentleman, and has a gentle bearing, quite at variance with some of his anarchistic utterances.

During the "legislative war," two years ago, one reading the eastern papers would have thought that the state was on the verge of revolution. And in reading the column headings of our papers, one could not help being seriously alarmed, until farther down he read of the members of the rival houses sharing lunches with each other, and the "speakers" of each rival branch of legislature, dividing their ham sandwiches and coffee, and when night came, lying down on the speaker's floor of the stand, under the same blanket, and none to molest or make afraid, sleeping the sleep of the just.

No, Kansans are not fanatics, nor lunatics, nor nihilists; the days of border ruffianism are past, the wicked city in the world is no longer in Kansas, peace spreads her white wings over the state, and people here live as they do elsewhere, if only better. So far the season has been very unfavorable, the spring was cold and late, so that the crops did not get a good start, and when the dry weather came on, the corn was not far enough along to stand it. Up to two weeks ago, the prospects for a very large corn crop were bright, but day after day with the thermometer standing at from 100 to 106 in the shade, and several days of hot winds fairly cooked the corn, and a great deal has been out to save the fodder. Wheat, only about 30,000,000 bushels. The straw of both oats and wheat was so short that it was cut close to the ground, in fact I passed fields which looked as if they had been shaved, take it all together the Kansas farmer has little to rejoice over this season. Yet he seems to keep up spirits. I heard one say, a day or two ago, that



THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

he was glad he was not going to have any corn after all, his hands would not get so husking it. Stock dealers are rushing off their stock because there will be nothing to keep it on. Last Monday more than 500 hogs were shipped from this station alone. Men who bought range cattle for feeding are in a bad way, the cattle are so poor that they will not sell, and feed is so high that they will lose money every time they feed them, some have bought heavily of range cattle, one man near here having some fifteen or sixteen hundred on hand.

There is one bright spot amid the gloom however, it is said that the apple crop is unusually fine and that apples will be both cheap and of a good quality. It is to be hoped that such is the case for it has been three years since there has been a large yield of apples, at which time they were so plentiful that one could have good winter apples put into the bin for fifteen cents a bushel.

Wamego is surrounded by a very rich farming country, and in good season is one of the best shipping points along the Kansas river. Over in Wauabunsee county, just across the river is a large community of rich farmers who are practically citizens of Wamego, getting their mail here and trading with the merchants of the town. These men bring a large amount of trade in the way of corn, wheat, oats, fruit, stock etc. each year, and add very materially to the prosperity of the town. Louisville is just three miles north of Wamego, and being a village of some five hundred people, takes that much trade away from our merchants; were it not for that, and Wamego could draw from six or seven miles north, it would be a that much better town financially. As it is I do not know of a more prosperous town of its size in the state.

Several business blocks, and good ones, are being erected, and several dwellings also, one of the latter is to cost some \$12,000. In these times it is counted a good place that can hold its own, let alone improve, but Wamego is not only holding its own, but is putting up perhaps \$35,000 of new buildings,—not a bad record for hard times.

When the troops from Ft. Riley went through here a few weeks ago, it created quite an excitement. It reminded me of war times, when all Napoleon and the surrounding country turned out to see the old sixty-eighth regiment start for the front. I can remember just how they looked marching down from Camp Latta, through town and on from Jones's liver stable to the depot. I was one of the small boys then, and helped cheer them on their way wishing all the time that I was large enough to go to war too. But I started to write about the regulars from Ft. Riley, not the veterans of the 68th.

They had been ordered to Chicago, and there were two trains of about forty cars each; both were mixed trains, consisting of cattle cars for the cavalry horses, flat cars for the artillery, and passenger cars for the soldiers. It may interest Debs to know that the officers rode in Pullmans. The whole train was at the depot to see them go through, and it looked like business sure enough to see the veterans of the famous seventh cavalry. The regiment of the Little Big Horn, and the Wounded Knee fight, with the batteries of field Hoctkiss, and galing guns. The engine was heavily guarded, as was the whole train, and the strikers would have molested it at their peril, for those men looked as if they would shoot to kill when ordered to do so.

It is wonderful what effect a show of physical force has on people. Not a man here but felt that the strike was practically at an end, when he saw those United States soldiers. It was tangible evidence to him that the government was in earnest, and meant to control at whatever cost. I heard more than one say "Well, I guess that mob will sing small" when the seventh gets to Chicago."

Kansas takes great pride in all that pertains to Ft. Riley, Gen. Forsythe, and the soldiers. They are regarded as belonging to the state, even though it is a United States post, and the people are proud of them accordingly. The last legislature passed a resolution recommending Col. Forsythe, to give him his proper title, to the constituted authorities for promotion to the next vacancy in the office of general, but the known hostility of Gen. Miles probably prevented the promotion.

It was wonderful to notice how party lines disappeared during the strike. Every where and from every body came commendation of President Cleveland. No man in the presidential chair ever received more moral support and such hearty compliments as did Cleveland from the Republicans of Wamego; and as it was here so it was every where. It goes to prove

that patriotism is not extinct, that country is above state, and fealty to it is above party prejudice. There were no Republicans or Democrats then,—all were Americans, and with but one object, to magnify and uphold the power of the government.

Saturday evening, Aug. 4th, I had my first opportunity of listening to Mrs. Annie L. Diggs, the famous populist orator. Her style is quite different from what I expected, being quiet and argumentive, rather than an appeal to ones prejudices and emotions.

Mrs. Diggs herself, is a tastefully dressed little woman, with a good, though not strong voice, is very pleasant in manner and evidently deeply in earnest. She has a refined face, full of intelligence and intensity. She is never at a loss for words, having a fine choice of language, is very grammatical, and is an educated person, and one fully posted on the questions of the day. Her speech was well received here, people of all parties commended it, and the lady herself. The meeting was held in one of the parks and was well attended and a very orderly one, almost as much so as a church service.

After Mrs. Diggs was through, Col. Fred J. Close, private secretary to Gov. Lewelling, spoke, but it being late I did not stop to hear him. The populists are hard at work and are bound to win if possible; the Republicans and Democrats both have full tickets nominated, and the result no one can tell. One thing sure Kansas will continue to do business at the old stand and her people will keep in juxtaposition to the band wagon all the time the procession is moving. C. L. E.

"Ten Acres Enough."

In no part of the country can the "Ten Acres Enough," idea be more fully carried to successful results than in the State of Washington. Ten acres, or less, covered with fruit trees, berry bushes and garden stuff, will make more than a living for a family. Fruits and vegetables can be grown on anything he undertook, "sho" and the Mariposa man refilled his glass.

"One day," he resumed briskly, just as the Nevada man was about to say something, "a new miner, who said he hailed from Chinese Camp, ambled into the gulch and made himself quite popular before night, treating everybody time and again at Red Ryan's saloon. As Marshal Seth thought it his duty to make the acquaintance of the strange pilgrim who was so well heeled apparently with dust, it wasn't long before Seth and the newcomer, who said his name was Dan Fletcher, were bucking against each other at poker."

"Now, sho, that was all right, but Dan, while they were playing, began to sell how he had made the pilgrimage all the way from Poor Shok to Angels and cleaned out every pocket sharp on the road. Seth, in his bilheaded way, said he reckoned if he had met Dan on that journey Dan would have had to take to the wilderness for want of clothes, he would have been so cleaned out."

"Then there was a hurricane of an argument, and finally Seth boasted that he'd put everything he had up against all Dan had and play poker until one or t'other was busted. Dan jumped at the offer, and arrangements were made.

"The game was to be played in a room at John Hanson's hotel, and each man's wealth was represented by 25 \$30 pieces, which they used as chips. Seth, as marshal, proclaimed a holiday in town until he had cleaned Dan out, then he promised a big burrah. The whole town was gathered around Hanson's place, and at intervals of an hour signs were hung out as to the game. One time it would be 'Seth is a hundred ahead,' and at another 'Even game, with Dan's ante up.' There was lots of betting on the result. Red Ryan wagered his saloon against a claim that Seth would win. And, sho, all the time Seth and Dan sat there flipping their cards like machines and not noticing anything outside of the game!"

After stopping to drink glasses with his interested audience the man from Mariposa took a fresh twist in his reminiscences.

"About 10 o'clock that night Dan was out \$300, and when some of the boys took up supper for the players for they hadn't eaten anything, you know, he growled out to take it away, as no man could play cards and eat and drink too. Seth was so stubborn that he wouldn't stop either, for fear Dan would think he was weakening. The boys set down the supper and left 'em. In the morning breakfast was put down alongside the untouched supper. All they wanted was half a dozen new decks of cards. They had worn out four packs. Sho! no mistake."

"Well, now, there's no use drawing out the agony on a thing that turned out so serious as that game. As anybody at Indian Gulch can tell you to this day, Seth and Dan played there for five days and for five nights, a seesaw and a seesawing, but each as stubborn as the other and determined not to give in. They hadn't touched the meals we took up to 'em, and they hadn't slept either. You may say it's impossible, but just go to Indian Gulch, and you can prove it. The two men were like skel-

tons, and soon was so weak that he could not deal the cards and swear at the same time. "On the evening of the fifth day some of us boys met at Ryan's unadvisedly in the interest of humanity to interfere and make Seth and Dan quit until they got into condition. But, sho, when we went up in the morning they were both stretched out on the floor dead. Yes, sir, dead. Each had five cards in his hand, and Seth was clutching his last \$20 as if he had just been calling Dan when he rolled over. "And he'd 'a' won, too," howled Ryan as he looked at the hands. Then Ryan wanted the match declared in favor of Seth, but the boys wouldn't have it. Bets were declared off and the game called a draw. Seth and Dan had used up 67 packs of cards, and their golden chips were worn as smooth as glass. "We buried 'em side by side that day, but now comes the strangest part of the whole thing, and to show you what stubborn critics they were,—that night there was a light in the room where they had been playing, and as sure as I'm here there at Dan and Seth as natural as life, a-fipping their cards and tossing their chips by the light of the ghostly candle. Maybe they didn't have that whole lot with themselves. Sho! I guess they did. Nobody'd go night it. Hansen went around crying almost and saying he didn't see why two stubborn galoots couldn't stay where they were planted instead of coming to haunt an honest man's house and ruin his business. But nothing seemed to interfere with the game. Every night for a week Seth and Dan sat up playing, while the whole Gulch gazed at the light in the window and shivered and swapped ghost stories. At last Ryan one night said he had a mind to see how the game stood, and he climbed up to peep in the window. Just as he did so we saw a flash of light shoot across the room, and three minutes afterward Hansen's place was in a blaze. "Ryan said that as he looked in the window Seth had caught Dan cheating and had thrown the candle at him. The place was burned to the ground, and Indian Gulch felt relieved to think that the ghosts were gone. "I should say so," gasped one of the auditors. "But sho as I'm here, gentlemen, there was a bluish blaze seen around the ashes of the burned building the very next night, and there Seth and Dan, looking as if they were made of chalk, were observed sitting on a pile of rocks that had been Hansen's chimney flipping their cards as lively as ever. "This was too much, and Indian Gulch was scared in good earnest. But some of us got together and decided that Seth and Dan must go. We dug 'em up and carted 'em five miles up a canyon and there buried 'em. We never saw them again in Indian Gulch, but soon afterward some prospectors came down from the hills and said that they had seen two ghosts sitting under a tree and playing. But, sho, gentlemen, where are you going?" "The shrieved old miner from Nevada turned as he followed the others in their hasty exit. "I did think," he said, "you'd have the decency to let them two cusses rest in their graves, but if you're going to yank 'em all over the country, why, go left alone," and the Mariposa man was left with the barkeeper. "Well, sho, I'm durned," muttered the narrator of Seth Cox's adventures. "Reckon I'll go back to the Gulch tomorrow, where the folks are sociable and mannerly."—San Francisco Call.

GAME.

"Speaking about stubborn people always reminds me of poor Seth Cox of Indian Gulch," said an old pioneer from Mariposa county as he leaned against the bar of a down town hotel last evening and toyed with a tumbler. "It's a's, though," he headed, glancing around inquiringly, "you fellows never heard of him."

A withered old miner from Nevada county hinted that "maybe he was related to the Bill Cox who was hanged at Red Dog in 1861."

This the Mariposa man disputed on the ground that Seth during his lifetime was too square a man to have even been a thirty-eighth cousin to the chap who had come to such an ignominious end at Red Dog.

"Why, sho!" he went on, turning from the Nevada man to the four other bystanders, "Seth was as square a man as I ever met in California. He would fight, if necessary, and would drink as much as the next man, and what more was wanted in those days?"

"But that ain't what I was going to tell you about. You see Seth had one fault, and that was stubbornness of the cussedest kind. All one had to do was to take a stand on anything, and Seth would as naturally take a hitch on the contrary side and outhold your hand somehow, even if you had all trumps."

"Seth was marshal of Indian Gulch, up our way, as far back as 1862, and so stubborn he carried things pretty much his own way. If they didn't go his way, they were not likely to go any way."

The man from the butterfly county passed to gaze through the bottom of his tumbler for a moment, and then resumed.

"Now, sho! Just to give you an idea of how stubbed in Seth was, I'll tell you of a little incident. He had a discussion with a miner about turkey buzzards, and just because the miner said they were stinking things Seth maintained that they were second to nothing in the poultry line. Well, the miner thought he'd take a fall out of Seth, and the next day brought him a turkey buzzard and dared him to eat it. Yes, wagged him \$20 on it. Did he win? Why, sho! "Seth ate the buzzard, and as he was picking the bones inquired if there was anybody else around who was anxious to pay him for eating one of the most delicious morsels in the world. That was Seth all over. He'd never give in on anything he undertook, 'sho" and the Mariposa man refilled his glass.

"One day," he resumed briskly, just as the Nevada man was about to say something, "a new miner, who said he hailed from Chinese Camp, ambled into the gulch and made himself quite popular before night, treating everybody time and again at Red Ryan's saloon. As Marshal Seth thought it his duty to make the acquaintance of the strange pilgrim who was so well heeled apparently with dust, it wasn't long before Seth and the newcomer, who said his name was Dan Fletcher, were bucking against each other at poker."

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FOR PUTTING A horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders, destroy worms, giving new life to an old or overworked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

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D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. Now it cost nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

PRESERVATION of clothes by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, is an established fact of a generation. It is not an experiment or a wild assertion, but absolutely true. Think carefully whether you prefer to save a cent or two on soap, or dollars on clothes. You can't do both. Buy Dobbins' Electric and look on every wrapper for the name of DOBBINS SOAP MFG CO., Successors to I. L. Craig & Co., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS!

NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Bebee Law the Henry County Board of Examiners will hold examinations for teachers in the basement of the Court House in Napoleon, Ohio, on the following dates, to-wit:

Table with 2 columns: Date and Day. Rows: 2d and 4th Saturdays of September, October, November, December, February, March, April, May, June.

Examinations will commence at 9 o'clock a.m. Evidence of good moral characters will be required of all candidates; that evidence to be a personal knowledge of the Examiners concerning the applicant, or certificates of good moral character from some reliable source.

MRS. SUE WEIESTEAD, Examiners. CHAS. H. HOLLDS, W. M. WARD.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY. Made a Well Man of Me. THE GREAT 30th Day.

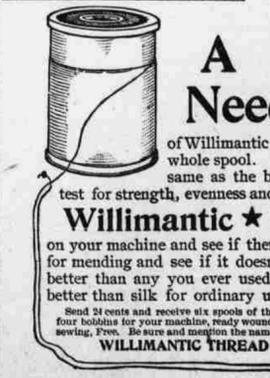
FRANCE'S REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all other remedies fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores nervousness, lost vitality, impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse, excess and intemperance, which while one is young, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but it is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off insanity and consumption. It is a safe and reliable remedy. It can be carried in your pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee. Write for circulars and the money. Circular Free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 89 River St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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