



If a man knew he was going to be hanged, he would certainly make every effort to prevent it. He would do everything he could and strain every nerve to the last minute to get himself out of his predicament. Men have been saved from hanging after the rope was around their necks. There are ways of dying that are not so quick that are even more certain. The man who neglects his health, and who in sickness refuses to take medicine, really has the rope of disease around his neck. He will die if he doesn't throw it off. A man who would struggle against hanging himself every day, yet neglects his health. He may be traveling straight toward consumption and pay no attention to it, and yet die by consumption is much more terrible than death by hanging. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. Consumption is likely to be caused by weakness and in its turn, it increases the weakness. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is an invigorating, strength-giving and flesh-making medicine. It increases the appetite, puts the digestive organs in perfect order, purifies and cleans the blood, and builds up firm, healthy flesh.

Democratic Northwest AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

1896 FEBRUARY, 1896

Calendar table for February 1896 with columns for Su, Mo, Tu, We, Th, Fr, Sa and rows for days 1 through 29.

INCIDENT RECALLED.

MORE LIGHT ON A RECOLLECTION OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

The Providential Appearance of a Bubbling Spring in the Midst of the Dying Soldiers, and How a Priest Saved its Blessing for Them.

The Ohio Patriot says an old soldier of Bayard, in Columbiana county, tells the following bit of history: "When I was confined in Andersonville prison during the war, union prisoners there suffered almost as much from lack of water as they did from food. Many of the men who died could have been saved if there had been plenty of good water. Many of the men who were christians prayed that God would send them water." The gentleman went on to say that on the night of August 14, 1864, a beautiful spring burst from the ground inside the stockade, the water of which was as clear as crystal and perfectly pure in quality, and in sufficient quantity for all needs, and that the spring is there to this day. A traveling man is telling this story around to many disbelievers. However, many old soldiers who were prisoners at Andersonville, testify to the truthfulness of the statement, among them being J. W. Gipner and Alexander McGraw, of East Liverpool, who remember the occurrence very distinctly.

The above is undoubtedly a matter of history and of fact. This incident was illustrated in the large lithographic picture of Andersonville prison, which recently purchased from Charles Liebenthal by John Mohr, and presented by that gentleman to Cooper post, G. A. R., at Defiance. Mr. Mohr, who was a prisoner at Andersonville, spoke of this very incident while he was looking at the picture that he afterward purchased. He says that the spring burst forth from the stump of a tree and ran in copious torrents to the polluted stream below. When this spring was discovered by the villainous governor of the prison, he extended the dead line around it to prevent the thirsting soldiers from taking any of the water and to make them suffer the more by seeing what they craved but dared not touch under penalty of being shot. This devilish order would have been carried out but for the determined interference of a Catholic priest, who made an eloquent appeal to the governor of the prison on behalf of the dying prisoners. The priest, in impassioned tones of fervent eloquence and righteous indignation, declared that the miraculous appearance of the spring was a blessing sent from God, and that any attempt to further deny the heaven-sent waters to the dying men would be an unpardonable sin under the circumstances. The good

priest's effort were availing, for the governor of the prison, cruel as he was, removed the dead line and the suffering boys in blue were permitted again to use the pure water which so opportunely gushed forth in their midst.

Ohio's Anniversary

To-day, February 19, is the anniversary of Ohio's statehood. The history of her admission to the Union is this: On April 30, 1802, Congress passed an act to enable the people of Ohio to frame a constitution and form of state government. A constitutional convention composed of delegates elected by the people, met at Chillicothe on November 1, and the constitution was ratified and signed by the members on November 29, 1802. On February 19, 1803, an act of Congress was approved for the due execution of the laws of the United States in the new state—and this date, marking the complete establishment of statehood, is deemed the birthday of Ohio.

The day is of interest, because of the recent action of the General Assembly in creating a centennial commission, to mature plans for a fitting celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Ohio's statehood, and report to the next General Assembly, two years hence. The occasion is one that should be thus commemorated. Our own was the first commonwealth carved out of the Northwest Territory, and the seventeenth state in the Union in numerical order.—Blade

VIVIAN MEREDITH.



At 20 we know much less than we think we know, though we make it very warm for any one who informed us of the fact. The world then is a great, beautiful kingdom where love is monarch and we his ministers. We think better of ourselves in these days than we ever thought before or ever will think again. We strut about a little space puffed with the idea of our importance, or stagger about drunk with our ambitious dreams. And then some bright morning we wake up to find that we were all wrong—that the universe wasn't made just for us, and that love after all is not—but this is not telling my story.

I was just 20 when I met Vivian Meredith, and as full of all the foolish and romantic notions that are common to that adolescent period as I could be. She was indeed a lovable girl. I met her first at a party given by my dear friend, Mrs. Horace Haberton, and on inquiring who she was was told by my hostess that she was a "poor young woman of good family, who wrote for the papers."

I was not poor and didn't write things for the papers, but I liked people of that description, especially when they looked like Miss Meredith, so I sought and secured an early introduction to her. She was as charming as she looked. Everything she did was well done. She danced well, she talked well and she danced well. I have before intimated to you that I was not literary. But I was fairly well off in this world's goods, and amply able to support some one who was literary. Then, besides I was 20. So the idea took sudden and violent possession of me to have for a wife a woman who wrote things for the papers, and who, placed beyond the necessity of scribbling for her daily bread, might yet follow her bent and make the name of "Jones" famous. And to my mind Vivian Meredith seemed just the person to do this. I thought of name—it was a pretty one, and I thought it would look well, with my surname suffixed, signed to a story or magazine article. Vivian Meredith-Jones! Pray think of it! With the hyphen between the Meredith and the Jones—I insisted on the hyphen—wouldn't it be the very perfection of literary cognomens?

The upshot of it all was that I fell in love—or thought I had—with the little blue-stocking. She was very gracious to me and so I began to hope. I thought that from feminine graciousness to love was not a far cry, and so I had not only hoped, but was elated. Such a thing may happen at 20, you know. She had a quaint little house down on Tenth street, where she lived with her mother and one servant and where after a while I began to be a frequent visitor. I found in the Widow Meredith a high-bred, delightful old lady, who talked with familiar ease of the most prominent of our old families, and musing over my cigarette, I concluded that I might do much worse in the way of family. Meanwhile the discovery began to dawn upon me that I was not the only one who was seeking Vivian Meredith with intentions. On several occasions at the house on Tenth street I had met another caller, a strong-faced, earnest-looking young fellow, Halliday by name. I found upon inquiry that he also was poor and "wrote things for the papers." Vivian was very gracious to him also and her mother treated him as quite a favorite. I liked Halliday, but I did not like their attitude toward him, so I told Alsbury about it. He was sort of a friend and mentor of mine. He was a worldly bachelor, 40 and withal cynical. He laughed at my apprehensions and said: "You are rich are you not? Halliday is poor. Everything is in your favor, for money



The coming Artist who knows enough to paint a popular subject.

Battle Ax PLUG

The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents and The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

Please Pay particular attention to these few lines—they may interest you. Pond's Extract is so universal a remedy that you know of it and its uses well, but so many crude imitations are on the market, that a warning against the use of anything but the genuine Pond's Extract is necessary. Pond's Extract is absolutely pure, antiseptic and anodyne, and may be used with safety and efficacy, externally or internally. Accept nothing but the genuine with buff wrapper and yellow label.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., New York.

will buy anything from a man's honor to a woman's love." And—well, on the whole, I believed him and thought he was very clever, and, in fact, felt rather sorry that I myself had not made the remark—it bordered so nearly on the epigrammatic. The spirit of it permeated the subsequent course which I pursued with the occupants of the house on Tenth street. Without being vulgar or ostentatious, I took every occasion to let them know that I was a man of wealth. Somehow at the time I felt ashamed about it and wondered whether my method of pursuit were worthy the object, but I did not change.

I brought my trap around to her door, drawn by a spanking team of grays, and took Vivian driving. I put at the disposal of her and her mother my box at the theater. I sent her, out of season, flowers that in their season were enormously costly. Sometimes she protested; at other times she received my attentions with a quiet grace that made my heart bound and then fall back twice the distance it had leaped.

Meanwhile the strong-faced and earnest Mr. Halliday was still in positive evidence. One couldn't help liking the fellow. He was such a man. He looked like one who might break steel bars with his hands if he only wanted to do so, and what was more he looked as if his life were clean, and I liked him in spite of myself. But because he was decent and noble and likable I couldn't consent to let him carry off Vivian, so I consulted Alsbury again, but he told me to keep up heart; that I was getting on awfully well; and that my course was the talk of our whole set.

Was I elated? Well, I was 20. Just then occurred the great Thornton reception, which we had all been looking forward to for a long time. I had hoped very much that Vivian would accompany me there. I had even presumed on her doing so, and my heart sunk when she regretted that she had made other arrangements.

She came with Halliday in a miserable hired coupe, and she wore only a few inexpensive flowers. But I could not help remarking, as did everyone else, how well Vivian and Halliday looked together.

Well, I suppose I was looking very dejected when Alsbury found me, but I had reason. He laughed at me and told me that I must expect some reverses, that I could not hope to carry off such a prize by one triumphant sweep; why, it was worth some few defeats to win such a girl as Vivian, and he prophesied that all would come right. I had great faith in Alsbury's good

judgment. He knew the world better than I, and I could depend upon his observations. But to me there was a look of most discouraging content upon Vivian's face when she danced and chatted with Halliday, and the total absorption in him which she displayed did not seem to indicate that any thought of me had any place in her life. So I grew desperate. What man of 20 would not, under such circumstances? I determined to settle it all for good, and with this end in view drove my span of grays around to her door next day and took her out for an airing.

Why should I receive pain in even an old wound by telling how I proposed to her and how she was surprised and sorry that I should have loved her, but she could never marry me? What's the use of giving her words? You no doubt heard the same or something very like when you were 20.

Of course, Halliday was the hindering cause, though she did not say so in so many words. I took a run over to London for a little while, and when I came back she was married to the poor young man who also "wrote things for the papers."

Alsbury was sensible enough not to condescend to me. He merely said: "Well, these things often happen in life. You'll get used to them by and by. You are young now, but after awhile you will be cynical."

I very much suspect that he had had a disappointment in his own life. Well, "I am not dead and I am not wed." I am 40 now well fixed. But I sometimes wonder what the output would have been, what new ambitions for achievement I might have developed, had God given it to me to realize the dreams I had at 20.

In Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and America, the five great continents, Shaker medicines are being used by suffering humanity for the cure of sickness and disease. Never was there such a universal demand never such wonderful results. Shaker Digestive Cordial, a cure for indigestion, prepared from herbs and roots, and is a natural remedy, which cures by aiding nature and not by fighting her. Shaker Digestive Cordial makes those fat, who have become thin by not digesting their food. It restores the spirits and the appetite of those who are dejected and lagged down from the wearing effects of indigestion. It relieves the symptoms of dyspepsia, and, after using for a reasonable time, finally cures the complaint. Sold by druggists. Trial bottle 10 cents.

The factories of Indiana furnish employment to 124,349 persons, the output being \$236,825,082.

WHY THE PATROLMEN MISSED.

An Old Time Hatch With Revolvers in the Tenderloin Police Station.

"The recent order of the police board that all patrolmen shall become proficient in the use of the revolver," said a retired sergeant, "reminds me of a little target practice that took place in the cellar of the Tenderloin station house on West Thirtieth street three years ago. There was quite a sporty crowd of patrolmen doing duty in that precinct in those days, and there was always a poker game in the off quiet. The game was run on the dead end of course and was played in a small room in the cellar used ordinarily for storing ballot boxes and other election paraphernalia. The boys smuggled a stove down there, and a poker table that was seized in a raid on a gambling house was corralled and placed in the room.

"Now, there were two wardmen doing duty in the Tenderloin, and as they had no regular hours they were able to play along with each patrolman without interruption. They were a couple of pretty slick fellows, and it was only a matter of time when they'd have all the money on the table. Eventually it got so that the patrolmen wouldn't play with them any more, and this source of revenue cut off, they hit on the idea of shooting at a target with revolvers at 25 cents a shot. Now, some of these coppers were crackjacks with pistols, and they seized the opportunity they offered to win back the money they had lost at poker. So one night a tomato can was set up at one end of the long cellar, and a lighted candle was placed beside it. Then the men began to shoot. Only two pistols were used, but every time a patrolman shot he missed, while the wardmen bored a hole in the can each time.

"Every night for a week the men would shoot, and always with the same result. The wardmen were winning about \$100 a night, when the game came to a sudden end. One of the patrolmen suddenly opened the pistol which a wardman had handed him to shoot with and found it loaded with blank cartridges. Then there was a howl, and the bad shooting of the platoon was explained. The other pistol, which the wardmen had been using, was loaded with \$2 caliber bullets, and as both were good shots of course they plumbled the can each time. The patrolmen threatened all sorts of things, but the wardmen only laughed and held on to the money they had won. There was no use kicking to the captain about it, for he'd have probably changed the pistol which mother's son of them for gambling in the station house, and so the patrolmen swallowed their loss and let the matter drop. But it was a long time before they got over it, and some of them are laying for a chance to get even to this day."—New York Sun.

Gravel Cured

(Philadelphia, Penn., Item.) A healthier heartier happier man than John J. Neill, of 2437 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, could not be found in a day's search. The fact that he is still alive is a constant wonder to his friends. In the fall of 1880 he began to suffer indescribable miseries from stone in the bladder. Consulting an eminent physician in Philadelphia, he was told that a surgical operation necessary. So much did he dread the result, for if unsuccessful it meant death, that he put off the evil day as long as possible. While in this frame of mind, he heard of

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Although disheartened, on July 1, 1893, he bought a bottle of it, and within a month had experienced an official result, and before he had finished the third bottle, the gravel was completely dissolved and his sufferings at an end. Dr. Neill feels that he owes a lasting debt of gratitude to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and for directions of the bladder and urinary organs, says "it will effect cure if one is possible."

WEIGHT POSSIBILITIES OF CARP.

If Well Fed and Treated, They Attain to Enormous Size. Big fish chivalries are always interesting. Attention is just now being bestowed upon the weight possibilities of carp. These fish are notoriously long lived, and provided they are not caught before they have had a chance of living long, and provided again, they have few enemies and sollicitous keepers to supplement their natural food supply regularly, it is only natural that they should grow to a relatively great size. Under normal conditions, of course, they do not exceed a few pounds, and as it is the normal conditions that prevail, discussion of what they might attain may be regarded by not a few as something of a futility. Still, they are sometimes placed in peculiarly favorable circumstances, and, as the question is really concerned with what weight they can reach, it is not such a futility after all.

We must go abroad for the biggest carp of which angling history has to tell. In a private pond in Saxony there used to be a pair of breeding carp whose united weight in Saxony measure (7 per cent heavier than English) reached 91 pounds. The male was 43 pounds and the female 48 pounds. By good living and attention they even exceeded this. In 11 years the male put on 9 pounds and the female 12 pounds. The pond which afforded a home for these creatures was a famous one. In one year 4,000 pounds of carp were taken from it to say nothing of tench and jack. In this same pond—which, by the way, covered 17 acres—the proprietor had lost several carp for breeding. Five of these weighed 103 pounds Saxon, and the largest of the five, a Spiegel carp, aged 16 years, drew in the scale 31 1/2 pounds English. The age of the two first alluded to could not be estimated. They were on the estate when it was purchased from another family, 60 years before.

We have never to our personal knowledge known a carp that exceeded 22 pounds to be caught in English waters. A brace which weighed 35 pounds was once presented to the late Lord Egmont. A curious thing about these big fish is their tameness. Mr. Pennell tells us he has seen carp in the garden ponds

Advertisement for ST. JACOBS OIL for Rheumatism, featuring a bottle illustration and text: "Pain often concentrates all its misery in its Misery in Use of ST. JACOBS OIL"

of Rotterdam eagerly following visitors about to be fed, while one immense fellow, with a side as broad as a fitch of bacon and an appetite that seemed insatiable, actually pursued him for nearly 100 yards along the side of the bank until his stock of bread had run out. This fish, he adds, must have weighed 15 pounds. Their rate of growth has been approximately computed to be 3 pounds during the first six years and 6 pounds before the tenth year.—Pall Mall Gazette.

BALLOONS IN WAR TIMES.

During the Siege of Paris 65 Ascended From the City and Only 3 Were Lost.

The last big European war taught the French more about ballooning than they would otherwise have learned in a generation. At the beginning of the war the government rejected many proposals from balloon makers to construct a number of war balloons, but when they were shut up in Paris they gladly turned to a generation to help them. They turned all their disused stations into balloon factories and sought the services of the few experienced aeronauts then available for the teaching of the use and management of the balloon to the people. During four months 65 balloons left Paris, of which number only three have never been accounted for. This is remarkable when it is remembered that no lights were allowed in night ascensions, and the balloons could only be sent up under cover of darkness.

One hundred and sixty persons, including Gambetta, were carried safely over the Prussian lines, and 2,500,000 letters were sent. The balloons also took with them pigeons, which were sent back to Paris with letters and dispatches. The messages were written and photographed down very small on exceedingly thin paper. This was rolled up, inserted in a quill and attached to the tail feathers of the pigeon. When it was received in Paris, the photograph was put under a microscope and the message read. One of the balloons, the Ville d'Orleans, left Paris at 11 o'clock at night and arrived near Christians 15 hours later, having crossed the North Sea in its remarkable voyage. Most of the ascensions were sailings, who were chosen because of their familiarity with the management and steering of boats at sea, and they proved very capable. During the entire siege balloons formed the only means of communication with the outside world for the imprisoned inhabitants, and nothing could have taken their place.

Since then ballooning has become an important branch of military study, and the course through which the ballooning corps has passed is becoming daily more scientific and severe. The war balloon must be compact, always ready for action and very strong. It is not large enough for two. It is always captive—that is, it is secured to the earth by a cable. It is seldom emptied of its gas, and a therefore always ready for action at a moment's notice. The equipment of a balloon corps, besides the balloon itself, consists essentially of two wagons, one large and heavy, somewhat resembling a lumber truck, and the other considerably smaller. The former is used to fasten the balloon to and is provided with large reels containing about 2,000 yards of twisted wire rope. The smaller wagon is filled with iron pipes containing gas and is technically called the gas wagon.

At the word of command the balloon, already inflated, is released and bounds upward to the height of several hundred feet, uncoiling the rope after it. The officer in the car takes in the windings of the surrounding country and a fieldglass. The position and arrangement of the enemy are marked down on the maps with different colored pencils, indicating cavalry, infantry, etc. These marked maps are then placed in a wooden box which is attached to a ring, which slides down the cable to the ground, where a mounted officer awaits it and carries the message to the general in command. Other means of communicating the information have been tried, such as by telephone and photography, but many officers still cling to this colored pencil method, which, they say, is very sure and effective.—Chicago Record.

A good reply was given to Mrs. Patti by the Prince of Wales, who had paid a visit at her magnificent castle of Craig-y-Nos. The weather was awful. The hostess in receiving her princely visitor stated to him that she had prayed fervently to heaven for good weather. "Oh," said the prince, "you must certainly have made a little mistake, for if you had sung your prayer instead of saying it, it surely would have been granted."

His Lip Gone.

M. M. Nicholson, who lives at the corner of Curran and Anderson Sts., Atlanta, Ga., had a cancer for years. It first appeared on his lip and resembled a fever blister, but spread rapidly and soon began to destroy the flesh. His father and uncle had died from cancer, and he sought the best medical aid in different cities, but it seemed impossible to check the disease. Several operations were performed but the cancer always returned. This continued for years until the partition in his nose soon became so bad that his entire upper lip were eaten away. All treatment having proved futile, he looked upon death as the only relief. "Some one recommended S.S.S.," he says, "and a few bottles afforded me some relief, thus encouraged I continued it, and it was not long before the progress of the disease seemed checked. I persevered in its use, and remarkable as it may seem, I am completely cured, and feel like I have new life. S.S.S. is the most remarkable remedy in the world, and everyone will agree that the cure was a wonderful one."

A Real Blood Remedy.

Cancer is in the blood and it is folly to expect an operation to cure it. S.S.S. (Guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real remedy for every disease of the blood.

Advertisement for SSS PATENTS, featuring a portrait of a man and text: "S.S.S. PATENTS. RESTORES VITALITY. Made a Well Man of Me. FRENCH REMEDY. Produces the above results in 30 DAYS. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores from effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretions Lost Manhood, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power of either sex, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, Insomnia, Nervousness, which unites one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a Great Nerve Tonic and Blood-Builder and restores both vitality and strength to the muscular and nervous system, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off insanity and Consumption. Accept no substitute. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, in plain wrapper, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money in every package. For free circular address ROYAL MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL. For Sale at Napoleon, O., by Dr. J. D. Humphrey, Druggist."

COMFORT, STRENGTHENING, HEALING.

"I do not find anything so comforting and strengthening and healing for the throat and chest in cases of severe cold. It cured me of a case of dry post-nasal catarrh, seven years ago. Nearly four years ago I had the Grippe and pneumonia, and left me weakly. I used Compound Oxygen and it put new life all over and through me."—Rev. Geo. BUCKLE, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

If you will learn more of the wonderful remedy which has produced such results as above described, send for book of 500 pages sent free. Address: DR. S. STARKY & PALEN, 1222 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., San Francisco, Cal., Toronto, Canada. Oct 24, 1912

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction. It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas; Relief immediate—cure certain. It Cures Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. Relief instant. It Cures Torn, Cut and Lacerated Wounds and Bruises. It Cures Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is Infallible. It Cures INFLAMED or CANKERED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable. It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetter, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects. Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' OIL, 111 N. W. 9th St., St. Paul, Minn.

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 date, to-wit:

Table of examination dates: 1st and 3rd Saturdays of September (do do do do October do do do do November do do do do March do do do do December 1st and 3rd Saturdays of February (do do do do March do do do do April do do do do May do do do do June Third Saturday in August Examination will commence at 9 o'clock a. m.

Evidence of good moral character will be required of all candidates; that evidence to be a personal knowledge of the Examiners concerning the applicant or certificate of good moral character from some reliable source. MRS. SUE WEINSTEAD, CHAS. E. REYNOLDS, W. M. WARD, Examiners.

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Of youth or age, from any cause, can be quickly cured unless the insanity stage is reached, by NEUROVINE TABLETS. Costs you nothing if it don't help you. Write for free sample.

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

FRENCH REMEDY. Produces the above results in 30 DAYS. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores from effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretions Lost Manhood, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power of either sex, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, Insomnia, Nervousness, which unites one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a Great Nerve Tonic and Blood-Builder and restores both vitality and strength to the muscular and nervous system, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off insanity and Consumption. Accept no substitute. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, in plain wrapper, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money in every package. For free circular address ROYAL MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL. For Sale at Napoleon, O., by Dr. J. D. Humphrey, Druggist.