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VOL. XVII. HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, MARCH 18, 1891. NO. 11.

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A Mountain Dream.

By JOSEPHINE A. BOWEN.

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CHAPTER I.

"Knight and I never get tired."

Yes, I will tell you the story. Throw a few more logs into the stove, will you? Cold out doors?

"Cold? I suppose so; thermometer 40 below, but I'm blest if I feel it much. Your mountain air is wonderful to me. Been living on it ever since I came west."

Oh, we soon get used to it, and then our only wonder is how we ever consented to live where the deadly damp and chill is like a chronic ague. No more of it for me. The valley states have their good features, of course—orchards and corn fields and all that—good to look at when there are no mountains in sight; but of what use would they be here? Plenty of fruit to be had if you want it. Gad, how I used to work when I was a kid! Wading through the black soil of Illinois, dropping corn as soon as I shed my dresses; then covered and hoed and plowed and husked until I got disgusted, cut the whole business and lit out.

"Wasn't cut out for a king of the soil, eh?"

King of nothing! If a boy wants a taste of Inferno let him live on a farm and have a Dutchman for a father.

"Granted; but perhaps you inherited from your good German ancestors the artistic talent which enabled you to get on so well after you did cut and run."

Well, may be so. At any rate I have no quarrel with the old man now. He likes his farm and his fat cattle—I like my den here in the mountains, and my paints and brushes. So here I mean to stay. Pile in some more pine, Jim. I tell you, you might freeze to death and never know it.

"Smooth way to pass over the range to Paradise. But I say, Gus, don't you ever eat here? I am as hungry as a bear."

Eat? Open that oven door and take a whiff. That is the finest roast of venison in Montana, and ranch potatoes which are a poem. Nearly done, old man. Here, let me set the table: Two plates, two knives, two glasses, and there you are—or would you like some coffee? Have it ready in three minutes. Talk about the refinements of civilization! I suppose you newspaper fellows have to have a printed programme with your grub, a napkin and a silver fork and all that sort of trumpery; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death. Supper is ready. Better keep your hat on.

"All right; that doesn't bother me any; but say, Gus, give me that yarn. That is what I am here for, and I have just two hours to get back to Helena."

You're going to stay all night or no story. I don't have a visitor often, I can tell you, and you don't give me the cold shake. Stay till morning, get a good snooze once in your life—you look as if you needed it—and I will see you over the range in time to catch the 9:30 train. Is it a go?

"Well, I guess so. I ought to be in Denver in thirty-six hours, but I will trump up some lie to satisfy the manager if I am too late for the Sunday issue. By the way, Gus, what a happy life yours is. Sleep as long as you please, dress as you please, eat when you are hungry and work when the fit comes on. Happy man!"

That's all right, Jim—for me. You would loathe yourself in a week, if you should try it. Don't quarrel with your destiny. You are a man of action—your place is in the world. I am a dreamer, a mixer of paints and—a failure.

"A failure, are you? If you could hear the comments on your picture and the stir it has made in Denver you would sing another tune, I swear. You would be as proud as a peacock—and, by the way, I was to ask you if she is for sale."

Who? Oh, my picture! No; not if I was starving. That picture is a part of my life, Jim. My heart's blood mixed the colors on that canvas, and when Helmer begged the loan of it for a month I did not suppose that he was going to place it on exhibition for a lot of idiots to gabble over.

"Of whom I am the chief."

Not at all, Jim. I know you have a heart, although you may not believe it, or I would never tell you the story of my "Mountain Dream."

"Well, proceed. I will admit the heart if you will get down to business—note book and pencil all ready."

It was away back in '70 that I built a cabin here, thinking that it would be a good studio for the summer. I had no notion then that I would occupy it more than a few months. I enjoyed it immensely for a time and set to work with a will, making sketches of the scenery. It was new and very fascinating work, too. The atmospheric effects were so different from anything I had ever experienced, the coloring so new, that I was in a sort of artistic frenzy for once in my life, and scarcely knew whether I ate or not.

I had been here about six weeks and had made a good many studies, which I meant to finish up when I returned to the east. I was in earnest and ambitious then, and had my dreams of fame and my hopes of the future as other men have, I suppose. I had seen no one with the exception of a few prospectors on the hunt for gold and silver. They minded their own business, as men soon learned to do in those days, and I was not bothered nor my privacy intruded upon. But one day as I sat busily painting I heard a step, a soft rustle and looked up to see a vision in my doorway. A young girl, but little more than 15 years of age, stood there with her hand resting upon the head of a great mastiff dog. The sight was so unexpected that for a moment I thought of optical illusions and rubbed my eyes, expecting the picture to vanish; but instead, it advanced, and the dog came and poked his cold nose into my hand, asking, after the manner of his kind, for notice and caresses. As for his mistress, she stood looking about her as a child might have done, and indeed she was but little more.

"Have you lost your way?" I asked her gently.

"Oh, no, sir," she said with a faint smile. "Knight and I never get lost. Do we, Knight?"

At the mention of his name the dog turned and stood by her, and I was glad to see that he would indeed be a reckless man who would dare molest her.

"Will you sit down and rest?" I asked, pushing one of my two camp stools toward her.

"Knight and I never get tired, do we, Knight?" she asked; but she sat down and put her arm around the dog's neck.

"Do you live here?" she asked.

I replied that I did, and fell to wondering where the child could have strayed from. She now caught sight of my work and drew near me with wonder in her eyes.

"You must be like God," she said, "to make mountains and canyons like that."

"You give me greater praise than I deserve," I said; "but here are some more pictures—will you look at them?"

I turned them for her, and it was a strange sensation to watch her face, filled as it was with wonder and awe.

"Do you like pictures?" I asked.

"I never saw any before," she said, "except black and white ones—little ones, you know, in papers and books. I liked them, but these! Oh!"— She clasped her hands and I saw that she was trembling. "I didn't think that anybody in the world could make pictures like these."

While she looked at them I looked at her, and my wonder grew as I gazed. She was a slender little creature, olive skinned, and with a great mass of dusky hair gathered into a braid which hung below her waist. Her features were delicate and regular, her eyes large, brown and full of the slumbering fires of unawakened womanhood; but her mouth was the feature that caught and riveted my attention. It was so unchildlike, so inexpressibly sad in the pathetic curves of the small red lips.

"Does your Knight like pictures?" I asked, trying to win a smile. The faintest ghost of one crossed her face.

"Yes, he likes whatever I like," she answered. "Knight knows as much as any of us."

I returned to my sketching in some embarrassment. Had she been, indeed, the child I at first supposed, to question her or amuse her would have been easy; but as it was I could only await her pleasure. Presently she came to my side.

"My mother used to say," she said timidly, "that if I prayed to the Holy Mother Mary she would hear me and give me what I asked for. Do you think she will?"

"I hope so, with all my heart," I answered, "but what do you wish for most of all?"

"To make pictures, as you do."

"You say your mother used to tell you so. Is she, then, no longer living?"

"She is dead. She died years ago, when I was a little girl, but I remember what she told me. My father has another wife now. She has Mexican blood; she is cruel."

"Not to you?" I said doubtfully.

"Yes, to me and everybody except Knight. She is afraid of Knight."

"I am glad of that," I replied; "but surely she cannot hurt you very much now. You are almost a woman and can defend yourself."

"She is large and strong and cruel. She shakes me," went on the plaintive voice.

"But your father—surely if he knew"——

"He knows, but he loves her."

"He loves you, too, I suppose?"

"He hates me," she answered in the same sad, level voice, "and so I run away when I can and stay all day."

"And when you go home?"

"They beat me sometimes."

In the interest and sympathy awakened by her confession I forgot my reserve.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Carol Cleaves."

"Cleaves!" I sprang to my feet in astonishment, for that was the name of a notorious outlaw, whose record was black with crime. And this lovely child, could it be possible that she claimed such paternity?

She looked at me wistfully. "I will go now," she said.

"Stay a moment," I entreated, in perplexity. Was there no way in which I could help her? I thought rapidly for a few moments. "Will you come again," I asked, "and let me paint a picture of you and Knight?"

Her eyes answered me; such a look of glorified surprise came into them. "Oh, will you? Can you?"

"I can and will, if you will come here a little while as often as convenient."

"I shall have to run away, but I will come."

"And if they are angry and punish you?"

"I shall not care, but they will never know where I am. If Mannella knew she would kill me. She said she would kill me if I ever spoke to any man."

"She shall not harm you," I boldly promised.

"Do you go out alone as often as you wish?"

"Yes; only when they have men at the house and want me to help."

"Very well, then. Come every day, if you can, and I will see if there is not some way that I can help you."

She laid her little hand on the head of her dog and they went away, the noble creature trotting by her side with a wise and protecting air that was almost human—or, shall we not rather say, if we reflect a little, superhuman?

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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DEFENDS HIS TOWN.

The Redoubtable Warwick Comes to the Rescue of His Town on the Memorable Road Question and Uses His Satire on all Sides.

MORE OF THE SAME KIND PROMISED.

ROCKPORT, KY., March 9, 1891.

EDITORS HERALD.—It is in defence and vindication of the whole town of Rockport that I ask space in the HERALD, that is always so quick to champion the right and condemn the wrong. Never in the history of the county has so large and respectable a number of citizens in the peaceful exercise of their common rights under the law, been confronted by such an out-burst of reckless and causeless abuse, remarkable for its extent, variety, character and implacable prejudices. It is hard to believe all this grew out of the business rivalries incident to our social system, which are salutary when under legitimate stimulation and moderated by the self-sacrifices and restraint which every good citizen owes to peace and order. There must be more. Behind and beneath the paraded animus, among the spirits who pull the puppet strings and set the automatons to gabbing and kicking, concealed by the bald pretext of public economy, the hates of politics and religion must smolder—hates deep and envenomed enough to start a bull-headed Dalrymple to Glenco. What crime are we guilty of, that we should forfeit the common rights of citizens, and who is to sit in judgment? Who works this calamity? WHO? Ah! That's the question that tears through the masque, unerringly placing responsibility where it belongs, and will yet make the guilty curse the day in which they were born.

If, with indignation and contempt, we resent the insufferably meddlesome and patronizing attempt to make us crawl in the dust, at the feet of our officious and self-appointed bosses, when we seek favors vouchsafed to us by the laws, this evidence of manhood and self-respect will surely commend us to the honorable, the brave and the true, and it is to the respect of these alone we aspire.

Now for a brief statement of facts which offorded this unbridled crusade against the town an opportunity to masquerade in the rather absurd role of "Watch-dogs of the Treasury," and, in this role, incite many of our old and tried friends to array themselves against us. How frail must have been those ties to be thus easily and unjustly torn asunder. Perhaps it is fortunate that their frailty was discovered to us, even at this late date. But we have an abiding faith in the eternal principles of right. Right in the end will prevail. There will be a reaction and the recoil will fall, with crushing weight, upon the chuckling and unscrupulous artist in the basement.

As is well known, Rockport practically had but one public road running into it, and that from the North. I doubt that there could be found another town in the United States with the same number of inhabitants, volume and character of business and amount of taxable property, so poorly favored with roads. That our county has such a town within her border, ought to, in some degree, touch the countr pride of every citizen, since the fact carries the tinge of shame to the court house. Southward for miles along the river, runs the new road, shortening the distance some two miles or more from a section of country which geographically is inseparably connected with this point. No more practicable, no more useful, no more beautiful road was ever opened in this part of the county, and the county court never did a more fitting thing than when it readily granted it. Along this road were well nigh a dozen farmers shut out from any outlet whatever to their mill, ferry, post office, shipping point, &c., &c. For years land owners had suffered this road to be used as a route to Rockport for that whole Green river bend, and it has been traveled, on an average, without a bridge or a levee, more than ten months in a year, and thousands of bushels of coal and corn and other farm products have been hauled over it. With two bridges and two culverts, all of which good men are ready to bind themselves to build for $800.00, the road could be traveled at about as high, if not higher stage of water as can the road from here to Hartford. Much more might be said in favor of its public usefulness and its practicability—but on these few uncontrovertible facts, I'm not afraid to rest the case before any competent tribunal, and defy ten thousand outsiders with the last dollar of their money to defeat it. But forgive this little burst of independence from the last flickerings of a subdued town, and let me go down upon my knees in abasing obsequiousness to deplore the frowns of our self-anointed road-gods, the stern, unrelenting sponsors of our poor little souls and bodies. Heaven only knows what the darkening future holds in store for us by reason of displeasure of these "one-hoss gods." I only know it's terrible "to be perked up in this awful uncertainty."

Now a statement is necessary to set aright those farmers whose land lies on this new road, and clear up some willful misrepresentations. Hampered and fretting under the great inconvenience and feeling, as tax-payers had a right to feel, that the county owed it to itself to see that their wants and needs, provided for by law, should be recognized, these farmers, in a peaceful and orderly way, took the first step in the process of securing their road, without ever dreaming of poking up the jealous and sensitive road gods. This was to start their petition. Among the many other places they went, was Reid, Haden & Co.'s store, never even suspecting the downward slant of the off eye of the highway deity—in fact it hadn't then slanted. Mr. M. J. Reid, as a member of that firm, with unimpaired constitution, believing that some of the remnants of a white man's liberty were left him, being of sound mind, in favor of good roads on general principles, knowing that for many valid reasons the town and county should have it; knowing that years before, Hopewell had tried to get the same road, but becoming discouraged about the right of way, had given it up, and knowing those farmers who were hemmed in, not only needed, deserved and were entitled to it, but that all h—l couldn't keep them out of it, he signed the firm's name to that deadly petition, not aware that the sacred right of petition had been abrogated by our new-fledged Hermes. Why, the cringing slaves of Russia are allowed that poor but sacred privilege. By the way, let me suggest, these are not the times, nor is this the land where upstarts can Lord Jeffreys it over peaceful citizens in the role of consummate bullies, and our worthy gods may as well know this now as later on. The next step was to lodge their petition in the proper office, but here they made a mistake. It was to make the motion in the name of Reid, Haden & Co. It was a mistake first, because they were not consulted, and second, because they were not land owners on the proposed road, and hence did not have that special legal interest that would give the motion weight, they having only that interest that they have in every other public road in the county. Thus the name of Reid, Haden & Co., became connected with the case. This is the criminal part they played in the matter, for which they have been roundly abused, but for which they care no more than the moon cares for the dog that bays it. The abuse of a road-god or any of his imps on the contrary is to be preferred to his praise. As for me, I rather like it. This is why I'm stirring them up now. Your lives will never be quite complete till you've heard one of them fall back on his pasterns and howl. Talk about Blaine twisting the British lion's tail, but he'll never know the full delights of menagerial experiments till he has given a powerful wrench to the caudated extremity of an untamed specimen of the Green river road god. But I shall never believe he's been put to his best voice till I see one blind-folded and backed up to a double-geared vise.

While the motion for a road is pending, is the time provided by law for the court to hear objections. Then is the time to defeat a road and collect cost from the party making the motion. But during this time, not a voice was heard against it. For months the motion lay neglected in the courts, still was heard not a rustle of the soft silver wings of our guardian angel, pulsed not was our blood the quicker by the rousing of a god from his lair, nor the starting of a drowsy ass from his noontide siesta. But at last the order was made and a commissioner appointed to cut out the road and it was not until then the ball opened, the band began to play and the Jumbos to go 'round and 'round. Too late, but still the howl came up from the wilderness and the welkin roared loud and long. What has happened since so remarkable for its unprecedented novelty—the long and futile effort to get a motion to discontinue, the complication on account of unaccountable prejudices, the necessity of some one standing for the county to oppose the motion to discontinue, all are matters with which I have neither time nor space to deal now. There was nothing new in the way the road was secured. It was opened just as all other roads are opened. Yet, after it was too late, we met with such a burst of resistence and resentment as would puzzle the casual and curious observer. If the laws regulating these things are unjust and unpopular, why not mob the Legislature? Rockport is in no way responsible for them, and by the way, it would show some little marks of intelligence to bear in mind these are some of the laws which Reid, Haden & Co. did not happen to enact, and that the resistence of constitutional laws in force, is considered by most men a crime. So it seems that Rockport and Reid, Haden & Co.'s offence has been the traitorous desire to afford better facilities for reaching the town, to all who desired to come. Not to force them to come. No. Thanks to our stars, our existence depends on no such extremity. We lived before, and by heavens, we could still live if all roads leading southward were running with molten lead. But are we to be bullied and damned for the treasonable desire for better roads, and is the attempt to bully us a reflection upon our own honor in arousing the hope that it could be done, or is it a reflection upon the judgment of those who attempt it? Some blame should attach, however, till we crush that hope.

Now, I want to pay my respects to a certain briefless barrister, who labors under the delusion that he is a lawyer, but whose real usefulness is in standing a living contradiction of Darwin's "Origin of Man," showing that while some may have sprung from the ape, some have degenerated into a species far more stupid and grotesque. I do not suppose there is an "ex-ape," and perhaps but one single, lonesome incumbent ass on the face of earth, so intensely stupid as not to readily see that, after the motion was granted, more than a year ago, Reid, Haden & Co. had nothing on God's earth to do with the question before the court. A year before, their legal connection by appeal had expired. Yet, on last Monday a thing, a sort of Guffy-Ringo understrapper, legal lackey and cat's paw, a pliant court house ram-rod and muzzle-loading aggregation of cheek, gall and astounding stupidity, a disgusting compound of McKenzie, Sop Hall, the "Roaring Meg" of the Londondery siege, and the drivelling twaddle of an idiotic Grub street garretier, rose in the court house and—and—well—proceeded to exhibit the different directions evolution takes in man's transition from the long suffering and sometimes blushing ape. Parenthetically, I fancy that if this meek revival of Jerusalem memories were haltered and led before his old grandmother, the very sight of him would strike the old hag with motherly revolt and she would shake her long bony fingers between his ears and cry out, "I'm d—n sorry I ever gave breast to the ancestry of such a strange looking brat, and lucky, indeed, is it for you, stupid as you are, that ages have crept between us, shifting maternal responsibilities, for if you were mine, by all the jelly from which my race sprang, Darwin would have to buck, gag and tie me with a two inch rope before I'd let you suck."

He rushed upon the rostrum and proceeded to marshal his ignorance with far more pomp and circumstance than the occasion justified. Why, his Spanish friend on the neighboring farm could have told him that a plain, every-day sort of flop-eared exposure would have been amply sufficient on that occasion. With that utter lack of perception of the fitness of things, and idiotic proprieties, he's liable at any time to turn a funeral into a mob of wild ebulitions. This occasion, you know, was a very ordinary one. There was no need of tearing his shirt there, to prove the tenets of that religion which holds that some kinds of men are going down and not up. But, not content with the ordinary, this wild ass of the desert, broke loose from his moorings and opened a performance that earned him a monument as big as the Rhodian Colossus.

But, dear reader, how often have I taxed you in these columns before, and grateful indeed are my recollections of your uniform patience and good will. In those bright fields for the ambitious, I sought not to catch beams of glory on my humble helmet. Mine was to profit and entertain you, and when I failed, as I often did, it was this unwieldy pen, and not the heart, that has beat many a response to your applause—applause the richest and sweetest reward of effort on earth. So let me now promise not to continue the delicate expression of respect for my lop-eared friend, till next week, when, if not providentially hindered, I shall proceed to Knight him for his gallant and prodigious feats of rampage, when there was nothing at all to ramp.

WARWICK.

P. S.—This Guffy-Ringo ram-rod reminds me of a general in the late war who led his command in a charge and never found it for three days afterward. Ram-rod charges with his point of issue, and never sees hair nor hide of it any more. He just keeps on charging, however, no difference what, so he's charging. Oh, I tell you, when you turn him loose among nice, legal questions, you've got the wildest of bulls in your china-shop and you've got to brain him on the spot, if you save your wares—but then, I like ram-rods, you understand. W.

Spreading for Leagues Around

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half submerged river banks, which give them birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with any adequate safeguard against the baneful influence. Yet such exist—potent alike to remedy or to prevent, pure in its constituents, and the professionably recognized substitute for the hateful drug, quinine. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but also as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia, and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and is also a superb appetizer. Use it systematically. fr

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Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.—34y1

Guying Her Uncle.

[Dunkirk Advertiser.]

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked: "Whose baby was it?"

"It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.

SUNRISE.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

Silence profound; then faintly
Low throbbings in the air,
A presence holy, saintly;
Hushed voices breathing prayer.
A wavering light uncertain,
A soft glow spreading wide,
A dusky, somber curtain
Drawn silently aside.
Pale rays of rare completeness
Far down the sky's dim lawn,
Moist lips of rosy sweetness
Upraised to kiss the dawn.
A sudden burst of rapture
From bird-throats swelling long,
Which echo elves recapture,
And flood the earth with song.
A richer color showing
A flush across the gray,
A deeper carmine glowing,
Night shadows rolled away.
A gleam of polished silver,
A glow of burnished gold,
A liquid mass of splendor,
A glory manifold.
A royal car suspended,
Hung swaying in the blue,
The grand coronation's ended,
And rose tints fade from view.

Oh, human heart, grown tender,
With thought beyond all speech,
This sunrise scene of splender
No human art can reach;
Revives hope's blessed story,
Bids faith ascend on high,
And view eternal glory
Where rose tints never die.

Not a Third Party.

[Springfield Free Lance.]

There is a general impression that the Alliance is a third party, and that its members renounce their political allegiance upon entering it. While this feeling may be justified by the facts in certain cases, it is not now a third party, nor does it seem that it ever will be profitable for it to adopt party organization. It is not a lack of party, but a neglect of duty by our legislatures that has stimulated our growth. While we have been feeding the world, other forms of industry have been perfecting an organization which give them an undue advantage, partly by what was done, partly by what was left undone in their interest. They have simply taken advantage of a law of human nature in providing that they should get the lion's share. If the farmer expects to change these unequal conditions let him remember that "God helps him who helps himself." But to receive help it is not necessary that he join a third party. There seems very little doubt that other forms of business have flourished and been well cared for without the direct intervention of a party organized solely in their interest. The railroads, banks, manufacturers and other representatives of the moneyed power, have not found this necessary. They made themselves necessary to the parties already existing. Strong as it is, the Grand Army of the Republic would be comparatively powerless as a distinct party. To be successful, a party must have a large membership, or receive more votes than any of its opponents. To do this, it must make a declaration of principles upon questions which do not properly come within the province of the Farmers' Alliance. It is not certain that it could get more votes than any other organization, but it is very certain that no party can be successful without the help of the farmers' ballots. There is nothing so alarming to our politicians as the loss of an election, and no candidate need expect support unless he accedes to our reasonable demands. There is nothing it needs so much as votes and it is safe to say that the party which does not recognize our principles will not be in a position to do us any harm. The justice of our demands and substantial unity of action will make the Order far more powerful than it can be if it becomes a party.

Mrs. Million's Ride.

When Mrs. Million goes to ride, she travels forth in state,
Her horses, full of fire and pride, go prancing from the gate;
But all the beauties of the day she views with languid eye,
Her flesh in weakness wastes away, her voice is but a sigh.

For Mrs. Million is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give her comfort. She envies her rosy waiting-maid, and would give all her riches for that young woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if some true and disinterested friend would advise Mrs. Million of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. $500 reward is offered by the manufacturers for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

There are many Cough Remedies, but only one "Certain Cough Cure." See that the trade mark "C. C. C." is on the wrapper and blown on the bottle. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. 10 4t

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by J. W. Ford. 42y1

It is quite the fashion now to take De Witt's Little Early Risers for liver, stomach and bowel disorders. They are small pills, but mighty good ones. Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. sell them. 47 1y

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by J. W. Ford, Hartford Ky. 42 1y

Catarrh, neuralgia, rheumatism and most diseases originate from impure blood. Cleanse it, improve it, purify it with De Witt's Sarsaparilla and health is restored, strength regained. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. 47 1y

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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