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VOL. XIX. HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1893. NO. 23.

S.S.S. CURES MALARIAL POISON

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so promptly, or so safely as Swift's Specific.

LIFE HAD NO CHARMS.

For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life lost all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then decided to try S.S.S. A few bottles of this wonderful medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever.
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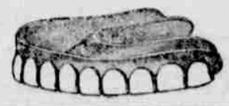
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists
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WATCH, Clock and Jewelry repairing done on short notice. Special attention given all mail orders. All work guaranteed. Terms most reasonable.

HARTFORD LONG AGO.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS BY A FORMER RESIDENT.

Characteristic Personages who Made our Old Town Popular---Queer Buildings Long Since Gone.

TALK OF INTEREST THEN.

May 26, 1893.

EDITORS HERALD:—The arrival of the HERALD with its interesting weekly budget of local news and its brief personal mention, on yesterday, set me to thinking of the good old town as I first knew it away back early in the fifties, when it was the center of a far larger radius of trade than at present. Then, as now, Hartford could boast of two hotels, and good ones at that, real fried meat taverns, the one at the corner of Union and Market Streets being presided over by that genial boneface Larkin Nall, "Old Pap," and the other at South east corner of Market Street by that nice old-time gentleman, R. L. Walker, "Old Mos." The public rooms of these hotels, each containing a bar, were the favorite resorts of the adult male population of the town of winter evenings, not for the purpose of drinking liquor, but to enjoy the hospitable stoves of "Old Pap" and "Old Mos," and to discuss among themselves the political questions of the day, in all their ancient, latest and various phases, such as the Missouri compromise and its binding effect upon all subsequent generations, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the Lecompton Constitution, the dred Scott decision, the compromise of 1850, the Wilmot Proviso, the Know Nothing question and Squatter Sovereignty. Many and fierce, often forcible and sometimes amusing—always entertaining—were these post prandial discussions, conducted by the ablest colloquial debaters of the town—and there were several gentlemen of real ability among them—which took place in the two hostelries aforesaid. Sometimes the disputants would become smartly irritated at their failure to convince and proselyte the entire crowd, and the followers of each—generally about equally divided—were sure to share the choler of their leader, but however angry the discussion, or however intense the partisan prejudice engendered thereby, all ill-feeling was banished at the close of the discussion, and good fellowship was pledged in an all-round bumper of Billie Fields.

Among the regular boarders at the Hartford House, or Nall's tavern were Wm. Rogers, who had charge of the tobacco stemmery as the representative of the Quigleys and who was by reason of his business connection, a man of no small consequence in the community; Philip Brooks, foreman for Rogers; Capt. Wm. Graves, who had the distinction of having crossed the plains and Rocies to California in '49; Joe Vaught, who was esteemed the best blacksmith in the Green River country and who was moreover the Beau Brummal of the town; James A. Thomas, (Uncle Jim) then regarded as a confirmed bachelor but was persuaded by an estimable young lady to join the benedicts some years later.

The Walker House then had for its most distinguished guest Uncle Jack Johnson, a bachelor of culture and refinement who is aptly described by the epitaph on his tomb in the Morton graveyard, which reads substantially as follows: "Sacred to the memory of John Johnson, a fine old Virginia gentleman." George Bennett, the blind grocer and confectioner, who kept in the little one-story frame on the corner where the HERALD is now published, was also a patron of the Walker House. George was a bachelor too, just and generous, and would have scorned to put sand in his sugar or manipulate his weights to the detriment of his customers.

Passing along up Market Street from Nall's corner or the Hartford House, at the time of which I write one would next come to the general store of Judge Jno. W. Crow. The building, a one-story frame with shed in front, stood with its side to the street, and had two front doors. The first door led into the store room where John Wayman Crow, affable and polite, was ever ready to wait upon customers, while in the other room, (counting room) entered from the street by the other door, or from the store room through a partition door, sat the grim visaged old Judge, keeping a close tally on John Wayman's sales, issuing law process as County Judge and sitting as a self-constituted censor upon the morals of the town. It is needless to add that the Judge was not popular with the younger set, but on the contrary was heartily disliked by the young men upon whom he was wont to obtrude his advice, which he spiced with so much cynicism as to make it too pungent for their taste. Bill Foreman, Tom Henderson, John H. McHenry, Jr., Bill Peyton, Dave Moseley or any of their set would walk a square out of their way at any time to avoid a lecture by the Judge. The trouble was that the Judge, who was really a kind-hearted old gentleman, could not, as the French would say, get the boys en-rapport with him.

Passing up the street from Judge Crow's store, David Thomas' saddlery shop was next reached—a one-story frame building standing with its gable to the street. Mr. Thomas was an industrious, intelligent man, devoted to his family and his business. Pete was generally to be found at his father's shop, and would frequently call out, "Papa, toodie wac," which being translated, meant that he wanted a chew of wax—beeswax—with which his father waxed his thread. John was apt to be engaged in more active devilment, for the intelligent execution of a great deal of which he was specially adapted. Ellis was yet in the nursery when his father died.

Just south of Thomas' saddlery shop stood a one-story frame building with its gable to the street occupied by Dr. Sam'l O. Peyton as a doctor shop, and which smelt loudly of the standard remedies of the day. There were no drug stores with wet end attachments or otherwise in the small country towns then, and every practicing physician kept a stock of drugs on hand, such as quinine, calomel, ipecac and other medicines of every day use, and the house in which they were kept was called the "doctor shop," because I suppose the doctor sometimes sawed off an arm or leg. While a physician by profession, and a mighty good one, Doctor Peyton was fond of politics as a diversion, in which he was quite successful, representing the old Second District three terms in Congress. He was a plausible, forcible and attractive speaker, a good electioneer and a good man. One of the first political debates I ever witnessed, was that which occurred in the old Union church between Dr. Peyton and the late John P. Campbell, of Hopkinsville, as opposing candidates for Congress in 1855, the year the Know Nothings were so bad in Kentucky, as Col. Phil Lee was said to have remarked. Know Nothingism, the Compromise of 1850, and the Kansas-Nebraska Bill were the principal questions discussed, and while I was a Know Nothing, because my father was, I really thought that Dr. Peyton got the best of the discussion. But it is getting late and I must stop for I guess you are tired and so am I. LEUMAS.

The White Rose Miracle---A Pastel.

[Douglass Sherley, in Truth.]

It was a night of wind and rain.

In the hushed stillness of a chamber, where Death stood at the door, languished a young girl. A cruel fever had wasted her strength, but spared her beauty.

Her breast was the home of charity; her soul the shrine of purity. She had never known the touch of shame or the breath of disaster. By her bed stood a vase filled with rare roses—deep red and spotless white. They were the gift of an anxious lover.

The young doctor came.

He bent over her form, felt the feeble pulse and watched the flower-like face.

"She will live;" he finally said.

The young girl in her delirium seemed to understand. She reached out and drew a white rose from the cluster and caught it in his coat.

Death stood no longer at the outer door, but skulking away left the good sentinels Hope and Health to guard the entrance.

* * * * * * * *

That self-same night, while fiercely raged the storm of wind and rain, another call brought this young doctor, in the name of humanity, to the bedside of a poor creature living in a house of shame. Her brow was stained with the mask of sin. Her face bore the signs of beauty half hidden by the deep traces of dissipation. Like a lily that blooms by a stagnant pool, the storm of temptation, the disaster of yielding, had beaten her down into the unclean water and polluted her purity and marred her beauty.

"Give me that white rose," she begged of the young doctor in a pitiful way.

He hesitated and gently refused.

"I know why," she cried; "some young girl unlike my wretched self, pure and sweet, gave it to you. But I must have it; I must brush it against my face, catch its fragrance and touch its cool white leaves—it will make me better!

He reluctantly gratified her whim. She caught the white rose in her hands, pressed it against her thin face, flushed with fever, clasped it above her bare breast, and then came the miracle. The touch of her flesh discolored the rose—it turned crimson with shame. There was brief convulsive moment—a tremor—a rigor—and she died.

From her face the flush of fever fled; a pallor, like a mantle of charity, overspread her features calm and beautiful in their final repose.

Death must have brought a message of forgiveness from the Great White Throne to the unhappy soul, for the rose lost its unnatural color and shone again in all of its whiteness with a freshness and new beauty on the breast of the young girl.

Completely Uprooted.

How many remedies there are which merely relieve without uprooting disease. The contrast with sterling medicines which such palliatives afford, not only enhances the dignity of the former, but serves to emphasize the folly of employing by-way measures when thorough ones are available. A marked instance of this is the effect on the one hand, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of chills and fever and bilious nettlent, and on the other of ordinary remedies in maladies of this type. By the Bitters malarial complaint in every stage, and of the most malignant type, are completely conquered and lose their hold upon the system. They are rarely, if ever, dislodged by the ordinary resources of medicine, although their symptoms may unquestionably be mitigated through such means. The same holds good of indigestion, biliousness, kidney complaint, rheumatism, nervousness and debility. By the Bitters they are cured when many remedies fail.

Hon. W. V. Lucas, Ex-state Auditor of Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and have no hesitation in saying it is an excellent remedy. I believe all that is claimed for it. Persons afflicted by a cough or cold will find it a friend." There is no danger from whooping cough when this remedy is freely given. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

POSTMASTERS WILL GO

BUT DEMOCRATS MUST EXERCISE REASONABLE PATIENCE.

A Perfect Agreement on the Money Question Will be Reached---John Chinaman Must Register.

VISIT OF THE PRINCESS.

[Washington cor. to the HERALD.]
WASHINGTON, June 3, 1893.

Among some of the Democratic Congressmen there has been more or less complaint that the administration was somewhat indisposed to disturb Republican office-holders before the ends of their terms for anything short of proven malfeasance. Stories have been told of how Postmaster-General Bissell insisted that every postmaster should serve four years; of how he had refused to listen to allegations of offensive partisanship; of how he had met many eager advocates with the querying formula, "what has he done?" and of how the other Cabinet officers have followed somewhat the same course. It was intimated further that this supposed policy came straight from the fountain-head. The most conservative and reasonable of Senators and Representatives have insisted all along, however, that the administration was anxious to better the public service to the betterment of Democrats whenever opportunity offered, and that delay in removals was more due to the crash of applicants and the consequent consumption of valuable time than to anything else. When seen recently by various Congressmen who wished Republicans removed because of offensive partisanship, the President, it is said, promptly confirmed this view of his intentions. In every instance he is understood to have said: "Prove that the man you name has been an offensive partisan and I will remove him as soon as I can find a good successor." It is further claimed that Mr. Cleveland has declared that every prominent Republican office-holder against whom similar charges can be sustained will be supplanted by a Democrat as fast as the cases can be reached. There is no reason to believe that all the members of the Cabinet are not equally willing to act as promptly. If the Democrats of the country will but exercise reasonable patience they will become convinced in good time that this is a simon-pure Democratic administration in all respects.

***

The Democratic leaders in Congress and the administration are believed to have come to a pretty thorough understanding as to the policy of the next Congress by which any danger of a split on the money question will be avoided, and united action on several important questions which will present themselves will be secured. This early agreement is the more important because of the generally accepted opinion now prevalent that Mr. Cleveland will convene Congress in special session during the coming month of September.

It is the belief of those who are well informed that a perfect agreement on the money question will be reached. It is the present understanding that the compromise proposition to dispose of the silver question by accompanying the repeal of the Sherman law with the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on State bank currency will receive the sanction of the administration, and that the members of Congress who are opposed to any contraction of the currency will concede something if they can get the State currency question thus adjusted. Briefly, there are several important broblems which the party leaders especially desire should be disposed of by the coming Congress as speedily as possible, and it is believed that Mr. Cleveland will dwell upon all of them in his first message. They are the repeal of the federal election laws, the repeal of the Sherman law, and of the tax on State bank currency, and a complete revision of the tariff, making a very decided reduction of duties all along the line.

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There has been a rumor here that the President has decided to recommend to Congress the imposition of an income tax on all incomes above $5,000 a year, but if such a decision has been reached it is thought that Mr. Cleveland has not yet taken his official advisers into his confidence, for it is said he has not even mentioned the subject to them. One Cabinet officer, speaking of the income tax proposition, said that the financial conditions of the country were by no means fixed, and there might be great changes before Congress meets. For this reason, if for no other, he thought it was improbable that the President should have already reached a decision in a matter of this particular nature, which could be greatly affected by subsequent changes in the financial situation.

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The United States Supreme Court having declared the Geary Chinese exclusion act constitutional, the administration has declared that the law will be enforced as far as the appropriation available will permit. The law which was passed by last Congress, provides that all Chinese shall go through a prescribed form of identification and registration, in default of which they shall suffer expulsion from the country. Secretary Carlisle, who is made responsible for the enforcement of the law, has declared that he will certainly enforce it as far as the means at his disposal will allow. It is estimated that there are about 110,000 Chinese in this country, and only about 6,000 are thought to have complied with the law. The deporting of the few who have been sent out of the country thus far has proved very costly. Only $16,000 remains of the appropriation for the present fiscal year to carry out this law, but $50,000 more will be available for that purpose on July 1 next.

***

Washington has been all agog over the recent visit of the Princess Infanta Eulalie, of Spain, who has been spending several days at the Capital on her tour of the country. She called on the President and was subsequently entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland at a state dinner at the White House.

Manufacturing Dynamite.

[New York Advertiser.]

Twenty-five million dynamite cartridges are made annually by three factories in France. This gives but an imperfect idea of the great extent to which this concentrated terror is used in the world's work, for it is made at many other places. A necessity to miners and excavators generally, it is also an aid to crime and has given a name—dynamite—to a class of revolutionists, but now there are materials for murderous bombs as much more destructive than dynamite as it is than gunpowder.

The pioneer dynamite factory at Isleton, Switzerland, is still in operation, and skill with long experience has reduced the danger to a minimum. In a large upright revolving cylinder of lead, cooled by a series of surrounding cold water pipes, the acids and the glycerine are thoroughly mixed, being admitted in due proportions by other pipes from above. The compound liquid, yellowish oily matter, is conveyed to the kneading pans in another department, and there mixed with a fine siliceous sand and farinaceous meal, after which it is perfect dynamite powder.

The cartridges, however, are made of another form of it called "explosive gum." This contains some extra ingredients, and is a sort of paste. One of the elements is gum cotton highly charged with nitrate. The most delicate work at Isleton is done by three women sitting at a table. One works a small bronze molder, that is, a small cylinder—the diameter of which is that of the intended cartridge. As the compressed powder, which, being of an oily consistence, now assumes comparative solidity, issues from this tube or cylinder in the shape of a sausage or of macaroni, it is cut by the woman on the left hand into equal lengths of about three inches. Each piece is then carefully taken up by the third woman, who wraps it in oiled cartridge paper which she fastens, closing both ends and covering it to exclude moisture. The tremendous little instrument is now complete.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Williams, Bell & Co., Hartford; R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam.

What's the Answer?

[Detroit Free Press.]

She was a bright mathematical scholar and pretty, and when she rattled at the stamp window and laid down a dollar bill, the handsome young clerk in a blue necktie on the inside was all attention.

"There's a dollar," she said, "give me four times as many twos as ones and the rest in threes."

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. She repeated her request.

"Certainly," he said, and began to lay out the stamps.

He worked at it ten minutes without success, she waiting patiently the meanwhile.

He wasn't busy with any one else, and she didn't seem to mind watching him calculate, so she gave him another five minutes.

Then a customer came in.

"Just keep the dollar," she said sweetly, "and I'll come around in the morning and get the stamps in the proportions."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Mathematically Considered.

Teacher—"You say, Jimmie, that your father bought a horse for $300 and sold him for $250; now how much did he loose?"

Jimmie—"About $600."

"Why, Jimmie, I'm surprised. There isn't another scholar in the class who could not have given a correct answer."

"There ain't one of them what knows anything about it. The horse kicked a $100 setter to death. He smashed a new buggy so the maker didn't know it. He broke pap's leg and cracked two ribs for our Jersey cow. Now let your other smarties figure that out and see what they get."

Dyspepsia.

Symptoms—Dizziness, headache, constipation, variable appetite, souring of food, distress after eating. German Liver Syrup is guaranteed to cure dyspepsia if faithfully used according to directions, or your druggist will refund the money to any person not satisfied after using the whole or part of the bottle. 50c and $1.00 per bottle at Williams, Bell & Co.'s drug store. Sample bottle free.

IN GOD'S ACRE.

KENTUCKY HILLSIDES DOTTED WITH CEMETERIES.

Each Farm Was a Resting Place of its Honored Owners for Generations Back.

OLD-TIME SUPERSTITIONS.

[Bowling Green Democrat.]

There is scarcely a farm of any size in Kentucky that has not a graveyard. In many instances these burying grounds are in a sad state of dilapidation. The wooden head-boards have rotted away, and only a low mound, beaten flat by the rains of many winters, marks the resting place of the dead. Perhaps from the foot of the grave springs a flower, not grown wild, but which was once planted there by tender hands that trembled with grief. If more pretentious marble marks the grave, time and bad weather have eaten out the letters chiseled on the stone, and now the dead has become nameless. The inclosing fence that once shone so white and ghastly to the belated farm boy and made him quicken his steps, has been washed of all its paint; the loose boards flap idly in the wind, and when the surrounding trees are rocked by a storm, the fence threatens to come down altogether. Indeed, the private burying grounds, which every family in Kentucky of any pretentions once had, are disappearing. In some cases, where there is an assurance of the farm remaining in the family, they are still used, but in the country now the majority of burials take place in the little city of the dead that surrounds every country church.

The family burying-ground was generally on the highest land on the farm, so that the drainage would be good. A shaded spot, whose ground rolled gently, was best liked. Another thing which was generally taken into consideration was that the ground selected be not suitable for farming purposes. The graves were dug by friends of the bereaved family. There were but few farmers forty years ago that did not know how to dig a grave. Usually two or three men went out the morning after the death to dig the grave. It was always dug on a line east and west, so that the head could be laid to the west. This was the result of a belief that had its origin in a far older one, that Gabriel would sound his trumpet from the east, and the chosen could rise quickly and without the inconvenience of having to turn around in their graves. So it was a sacred rule that the excavations be made to comply with this belief. For a man the grave was made three and one-half feet wide seven feet long and four feet deep. At the bottom of the pit, as is the custom now, enough earth was taken out to make a neat receptacle for the coffin. There were no hearses, carriages or heavy black crape used at funerals in Kentucky forty years ago. Nor did the pall-bearers wear gloves of any kind, if it was not cold. Unless the burying ground was some distance from the house, the coffin was carried to the grave by the pall-bearers, the members of the stricken family and the friends walking behind. Before the remains were taken away from the house a song was sung and if a man was present who was accustomed to praying in public, a prayer was said. At the grave the ceremonies were very short and simply. A song and a prayer, and the friends began to shovel the dirt on the box. A head-board of rough-hewn timber, from three to six inches wide, was driven in at the head of the grave, and a small stake was pushed down at the foot. In some cases this was the only thing that marked the grave of the deceased.

Though just as good and just as deserving people died in those days as do now, it was very seldom that sculptured marble gave the dates of birth and death and soothed the mourners with a scriptural quotation.

Generally, however, the narrow head-board was displaced with a wider piece, and one that had been smoothed with a plane. Sometimes a piece of stone was cut out of a neighboring cliff and roughly hewn to the shape of a tombstone. The initials of the deceased were cut in the stone. This was generally done with a file and was a very tedious job. The farmer put in his rainy days this way. In those days—forty years ago—wreaths of flowers were seldom, if ever, placed over the grave at the time of burial or afterward. However, flowers and evergreen trees were generally planted there. If, at the time of the interment, there was no fence around the burying ground, a rough rail pen was built about the mound. That prevented cattle from trespassing. A short time afterward this was displaced by a white paling fence. These fences were all alike and and some of them can yet be seen from the country roads in certain parts of the State.

The funeral was never preached at the grave forty years ago. Very rarely was a preacher present at a burial, for preachers were so few and far between in those days that it would have been impossible for one to attend them all. The family, after they had recovered from the first shock of grief, set the day for the funeral. It was seldom less than six months, sometimes a year after the death. The day selected was almost invariably Sunday. The preacher who was to deliver the funeral oration, spent the night with the family, and repaired with them the next day to the church, where a goodly crowd gathered, for the people had been notified of the funeral. After the sermon a big dinner was set at the house of the bereaved family, to which all the friends and the preacher were invited. But no visit was made to the grave on that day.

Even greater superstition prevailed in those days in regard to graveyards than does now. No one liked to go near the burying-grounds at night, and the country boy would go out of his way two miles to avoid the sleeping-place of the dead. Some farmers put this fear to use. Nobody lived in such deadly fear of the grave-yard at night as the negro, and nobody loved the luscious watermelon so well as the colored man. In the stilly night he would hie himself to his "mahstuh's" patch, and the next morning it would look as if a drove of cattle had been stampeded among the vines. So some of the farmers, in order to protect themselves from the voracious appetites of their slaves, placed their watermelon patches near the family burying ground. Though the slave loved watermelons "with a love that was more than love," he feared ghosts with a fear that kept him out of patches which were near tombstones.

When a person died in those days there was much inconvenience in getting a coffin, if the death happened in the winter time. Then the roads would be so muddy that it would be difficult to reach the neighboring town, where a visit had always to be made to obtain a coffin. Withal the family burying ground had a good many inconveniences—to the the living—and it may not be a bad idea that it is disappearing.

MR. T. E. C. BRINLEY

Has the following to say about the Electropoise and how it cures after-effects of La Grippe:

OFFICE BRINLY, MILES & HARDY CO.,
LOUISVILLE, KY., January 30, 1893.

GENTS: While attending the Memphis Fair some months ago, I was attacked with severe pains in my arms and legs, the effects of grippe of last winter. I met your agent there, Mr. Harbett, who is an old friend, and he insisted that I use the Electropoise at his office, which I did, with wonderful results. In a short time the pains left me, and I concluded to rent a 'Poise. When my rental time had expired I bought it, and would not part with it for any consideration. It is certainly a wonderful instrument, and it is more wonderful as to how it does its work, yet it does it. I think it is the duty of every man to make known to the afflicted anything that will be of any benefit to them, and the Electropoise certainly will. Very resp'y,
T. E. C. BRINLY.

Mr. Brinly is one of the oldest and best-known plow manufacturers in the country.

The diseases cured by the Electropoise are not confined to any particular class of ailments. By its use oxygen is absorbed through the pores and membranes, adds strength and vigor to the entire system, and will cure any disease where there is vitality to build on and a cure is possible. We invite all to call or write and get full particulars.

DUBOIS & WEBB, Room 10, Norton Block, north-west corner Fourth and Jefferson sts., Louisville, Ky. 1914

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Williams, Bell & Co., Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam.

$25,000 in Premiums.

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