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Pay the Printer
WHAT THEY HAVE LONG OWED HIM.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

Perhaps Your Subscription has
Long Been Due
Notice the Date Opposite Your Name.

VOL. XXI.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1895.

NO. 11.

SCROFULA

Min Delta Stevens, of Boston, Mass. writes: I have always suffered from hereditary scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking a bottle of SSS I was cured. I am now well, and I feel that it is my duty to advise you, as I feel that it is my duty to advise you, as I feel that it is my duty to advise you.

SSS CURED

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DENTIST

PATENTS

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"MORGAN, THE RAIDER."

HOW THE FAMOUS GUERRILLA CHIEF MET HIS DEATH.

Surrounded While Sleeping and Shot Through Pickets of a Fence While Endeavoring to Escape.

EXCITING REMINISCENCE

P. W. Hora, of Greenville, Tenn., near which place Gen. John Morgan, the famous guerrilla chief, met his death, has furnished a letter full of interest concerning that most interesting event of the late war.

Writing from Greenville to the St. Louis Republic, Mr. Hora says: This good old town is full of historic interest in many respects; but, perhaps, no spot within it is more interesting to the student of history than the old Williams property, where Gen. John Morgan was killed. Everybody has read, both in prose and in poetry, of "Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men." Most people know that Morgan was eventually killed at Greenville, Tenn., but very few people know the real circumstances that attended the killing. Each side has given its own version of the matter, and, as a result, many conflicting stories have been told. After investigating the matter carefully and impartially, and talking with numerous surviving eye-witnesses of the affair, I am fully persuaded that the real truth about this important episode in our own history lies, as usual, about half way between the extreme claims made by the opposing parties.

During the war, the Williams property was occupied by Mrs. Alexander Williams, a widow, and one of the wealthiest ladies in that part of the country. One of her sons—Joseph—was in the Union army, but Tom and William were both captains in the Confederate service. The former was captain of Company E of the Sixteenth Tennessee battalion, while the latter served under Morgan. The wife of Gen. Morgan, who was the daughter of ex-Congressman Ready of Murfreesboro, was a cousin of the Williams family, and consequently Morgan himself always regarded them as his folks and always managed to stop with them if he was in their part of the country at all. On Friday, September 2, 1864, he came down the country with a detachment of about 400 men and struck camp at Mount Bethel Church, not quite a mile from Greenville. About 4 o'clock that afternoon, attended by Capt. William Williams, and a small guard, he rode into town and asked Mrs. Williams if he might spend the night at her house.

"Of course, Gen. Morgan," she replied, "you know that I would be glad to have you and William stay with us, but this country is full of hundred day men and other Federal hush-hackers, and I wish very much you'd stay closer to your men. I'm afraid you'll get into trouble here."

Morgan hooked at the idea of danger, and said he had seen too many tight places to be afraid of a few hundred day men. Mrs. Williams protested against his stopping there that her son felt obliged to remonstrate with her. "Mother," he exclaimed, "you are so timid that you are hardly respectful to the General. You must remember that he is a desperate fighter, and a man fully able to take care of himself."

Finally Mrs. Williams ceased protesting and welcomed the General and her son into the house. Morgan felt so secure that he set out pickets on only a few of the roads around the town. The Knoxville road was picketed, but he got out on a few roads around the house itself, and then, in fancied security, set himself to enjoy the hospitable society of his hostess, and afterwards the indulgence of a night's sound slumbers. But in time of the night never knew what a night might bring forth any more than he does in times of peace.

We all know that in those days the mere name of Morgan, the raider, was a terror to all those who held Union sentiments, and sometimes to those who did not. He had the reputation of being an ardent admirer of horseflesh and an excellent judge of the same, but one who whose requirements were very easily satisfied when it came to appropriating the animals. The potency of his name and reputation often stood him in good stead and was worth more to him than companies of soldiers, but eventually it turned out to be the very thing that caused his destruction.

It so happened that near Greenville

there was a boy named Leady, about 14 years of age, whose father and older brothers were in the Federal army with Gen. Gilliam, near the place called Bull Gap, now better known as Rogersville. The boy's father was a stage driver, and the boy himself must have inherited his father's fondness for horses. In some way he had got possession of an old broken-down horse which had been condemned and left behind by one of the two armies that raided the unfortunate country alternately. At Morgan's approach the boy hid his horse in a timbered hollow in the mountains, but so great was his fear lest Morgan should steal so valuable an animal that he determined to take him clear out of the neighborhood. Without consulting anyone, he took a sack of corn, mounted his horse, and announced his intention of going to a mill about a mile from town. As soon as he had gotten well into the woods he abandoned his corn, and instead of going to the mill, started for the Federal forces near Bull Gap, where his father and older brothers were. This he did not with the remotest intention to betray Morgan or his men, but merely in his boyish anxiety to be near his father and brothers, so that his much-prized horse might be safe. He reached his destination late at night, and as soon as Gen. Gilliam heard of his arrival, he sent for him and began questioning him. From this simple-minded, 14-year-old boy the information was obtained which led to the death of the well-nigh invincible Morgan.

Gen. Gilliam was quick to act on the information he had received. Taking about 2,000 men with him, he dashed down the Rogersville road, thus evading the pickets, and in the faintest, earliest gray of that rainy Saturday morning, September 3, 1864, he swooped down upon Greenville, and before any one knew what was happening he had the Williams house surrounded. Some of the guards were asleep; others fell at the first fire. In a moment all was transformed from a scene of rest and peace to one of tumult and war. All was confusion. Gen. Morgan, accompanied by one of his staff officers, ran down the front stairs, through the hall, across the portico and down the steps into the yard. Bareheaded and barefooted, with only his shirt and pants on, he carried his boots in one hand and his pistol in the other. "They're on you, General," gasped Mrs. Williams. "Hide quick!" "Where?" "Anywhere! Under the church there!" There was a little Episcopal church just adjacent that had been erected through the generosity of the Williams family. It stood on wooden posts some little distance above the surface of the ground, and it was under this that Gen. Morgan and his staff officer first ran for shelter. The staff officer remained there and was afterward captured, but Morgan saw that he could be seen, and ran out again. He started through the vineyard and orchard and seemed to be trying to make his way to the stable across the alley, where his horse was kept. He was running along behind some boxwood trees that shielded him from observation by the Federals, and would probably have gotten through all right had he not been noticed by a woman in the second story a little wooden hotel that stood a little distance off, just where the Mason House stands at present. This woman was Mrs. Fry, the widow of Col. David Fry, a Federal officer.

"I see him! There he goes! There he goes!" she shouted, pointing her finger toward him. Two Federal soldiers were attracted by her words and gestures, and came running up outside the fence in a direction parallel to the one Morgan was taking. "Bang! bang!" went their pistols as they fired between the pickets of the fence at the fleeing chieftain, and Morgan fell forward on his face.

The two soldiers then kicked several pickets of the fence and carried the helpless body out through the opening thus made. By this time other soldiers had come up and a scene of tumultuous rejoicing was begun. The yet bleeding body was thrown across a horse and tied there—some say before the breath had ever really left it—and then the soldiers, catching hold of the horse's bridle, galloped up and down through the streets of the town. It was still raining and the streets were muddy. Splash! Splash! went the horse's hoofs in the mud and water, and the long Auburn locks of the dead man were splattered and bedraggled in them.

"Here's your d—n horse thief!" yelled some one, and then the crowd took up the cry. Morgan's guard had been driven off at the first onslaught, and the Union men made no attempt to follow. They had come after Morgan himself; they had gotten him; and now they were satisfied. Morgan's detachment of 400 at Bethel Church soon learned that their leader was dead and the force against them was an overwhelmingly large one. On learning this they became demoralized and scurried off pellmell without making any attempt at resistance. Morgan's body was paraded through the streets for an hour or two and was finally left on the depot platform. Later on Gen. Gilliam had it taken to the Williams residence, with the message to Mrs. Williams that as she had taken care of him in his life, she might now have the privilege of taking care of him in his death. When he was buried it was in Capt. Tom Williams' clothes.

It has long been a disputed question as to whether or not Gen. Morgan had surrendered when he was killed. Southern sympathizers have claimed that his killing was the brutal murder of a defenseless prisoner of war after he had thrown up his hands and surrendered, while Northern historians have asserted that it was a fair and square death on the field of battle and an act of bravery on the part of those who achieved it. In order to investigate this matter, I called upon Tom Clem, a negro, who was standing in one corner of the garden at the time and saw the whole occurrence at a distance of not more than twenty yards from it. Tom is a gigantic negro, of Herculean frame, and looks just very typical of the old-time negro serving man. He is honest and industrious, a property owner, and a man held by those who know him to be of unimpeachable veracity. I asked him to tell me all about the killing, and he recited all the events just as I had been told them by other people who know, and just as I have given them here.

"Tom," said I, "there is one special question I want to ask you. Had Gen. Morgan surrendered when he was killed? Had he thrown up his hands?" "No, sah!" "Nobody neber axed 'im to, sah." "Did he have a pistol in his hand?" "Yes, sah, but he wadn't use' it, sah. He was runnin' an' stoppin' over just this way, sah, so he couldn't be seen over dem boxwoods. He was shot through dem boxwoods, an' de bullet kem out under his chin, just like dis, an' he fell for'ard on his face on de ground, sah."

I claim that the facts as I have given them in regard to Morgan's death are correct, because they are in accordance with the statements of eye-witnesses, of the Williams family, and of all those who had some means of knowing about the matter and least, but not least, because they are in full accord with the paper written by Gen. Gilliam himself in his own hand now in the possession of Judge J. W. Sneed, of Knoxville, Tenn. This latter document ought to be a first authority on the subject.

BUCKLEY'S SANITIC SALVE
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, 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, Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam.

"Dan Don't Drink."
[New York Evening Telegram.]
Somebody asked Secretary Lamont to take a drink the other day. Before the Colonel would reply, somebody else told this story: "That makes me think of the last time I heard some one give the Colonel the same invitation. It was during Cleveland's first term. The Presidential party was in St. Louis, reviewing the parade. It was a cold, blistering day, the sort of weather which makes one draw himself up into the smallest possible space. Gov. Francis, who was doing the honors, looked at the President standing stolidly in the face of the wind while the parade went by. Going to Col. Lamont the Governor said: "Colonel, do you—think it would be right if I were to ask the President to—take a drink of—whisky? It is pretty cold, you know, and it would do him good." "Ask him to take a drink!" Lamont exclaimed. "Good heavens, man! you mean to say that you have been with the President twenty-four hours and haven't asked him to take a drink?" The Governor looked somewhat surprised, but at the same time relieved, admitted his guilt, and stepping up to the President, said: "Mr. President," the President, turning round, looked at him straight in the eye, which seemed to take the sand out of the Governor, who, blushing and stammering like a young man about to propose to his sweetheart, said: "Eb—Mr. President, do you know it is very cold to-day—eh—I thought it is pretty cold, just by preventive, you know, that somebody might think it wise to take a small drink of—whisky." "Where is it?" the President, in a very business-like manner, asked. "Right this way," said Gov. Francis, and beckoning at the same time to Lamont and the Mayor, he led the party to a room which contained a table, on which were four glasses half filled with whisky.

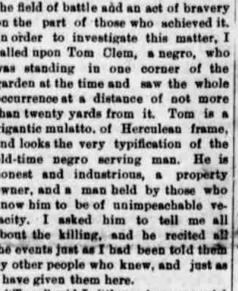
"The President looked at the glasses and said to Gov. Francis: "Who are these for?" "Who are these for?" "Why, one for Mr. President, is for you, one for Col. Lamont, one for the Mayor and one for myself." "The President took up one glass and emptied its contents into another. Setting down the empty glass he raised the filled one carefully to his lips, and looking at the red liquor with an expression of sweet anticipation, said, just before emptying his glass: "Dan don't drink."

NOTICE.
I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Organ and Whisky habits to buy one of my books on these diseases. Address R. H. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 325, and one will be sent you free.

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Good wages to sell our Nursery Stock. Apply for terms. We will have for Spring and Fall, 1895, an immense stock of Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, Apricot, Cherry, Grape, etc. Also small fruits, shade and ornamental trees, roses, etc. We make a specialty of wholesaling to large planters direct. We will sell to responsible parties and take note payable six, twelve and eighteen months. Write us for wholesale prices. Address: Southern Nursery Co., 5-9m, Winchester, Tenn.

ILLUSTRATED HUMOR.

Social Circles.

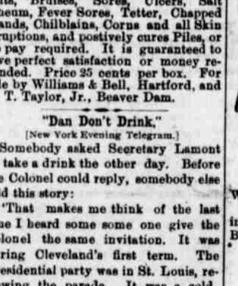


Things That Are Said.

"Why hadn't he?" "Nobody neber axed 'im to, sah." "Did he have a pistol in his hand?" "Yes, sah, but he wadn't use' it, sah. He was runnin' an' stoppin' over just this way, sah, so he couldn't be seen over dem boxwoods. He was shot through dem boxwoods, an' de bullet kem out under his chin, just like dis, an' he fell for'ard on his face on de ground, sah."

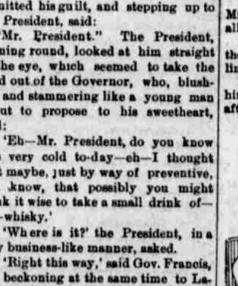
"Now, major, do your very best to come to us on Tuesday. I shall expect you. But if you can't come of course I shall not be disappointed!"

Looked That Way.



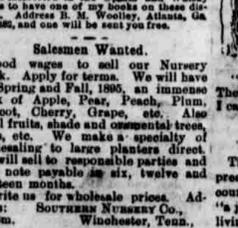
Little Willie—Are you tongue tied? Featherstone—Of course not, Willie. What makes you think so? Willie—Sister says she has been waiting for months for you to speak.—Brooklyn Life.

Didn't Dare.



Mrs. McAstor—I see you have yet Billy tied up close to yer windy this mornin', Mrs. O'Ginty. Mrs. O'Ginty—It's a mistaken you are, Mrs. McAstor. It's me close and all me wash that's inside ay the brute. Mrs. McAstor—An for the love of the holy saints why don't you cut the line? Mrs. O'Ginty—No, indeed! If I set him free I'very one in Harlem would be after plunderin' his contents.—Truth.

An Expressed Wish.



A Voice From Florida.

He—Oh, yes; my book is being translated into various European languages. She—Really? Well, I hope they'll translate it into English some day.

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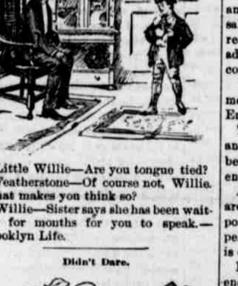


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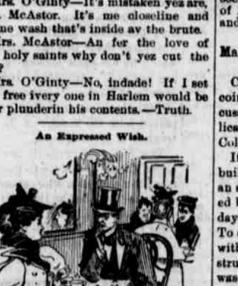
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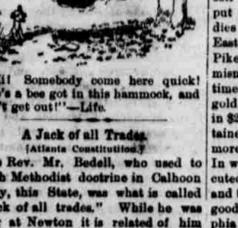
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A Voice From Florida.

He—Oh, yes; my book is being translated into various European languages. She—Really? Well, I hope they'll translate it into English some day.

that a young runaway couple seeking to get married came to the ferry at that place and called for their call and put them across the river. While doing so the young man inquired for a blacksmith, as he wanted some repairs made on his buggy. Bedell replied: "I am a blacksmith and will repair it." The young man next inquired for a hotel to stop at. Bedell replied: "Come with me; I keep the hotel and will entertain you."

The next inquiry was for the clerk of the court of ordinary in order to procure a marriage license. Bedell answered: "I am the clerk and can issue you a license."

He finally inquired for a minister to perform the marriage ceremony. The man of many occupations was equal to the emergency, and informed the would-be bridegroom: "I am a minister, and will perform the ceremony for you!"

Queer Contretemps. [Exchange.] People ordinarily suppose that secrets cannot be told unless some one deliberately tells them. But the most sacredly guarded secrets in the world are those kept under the seal of the confessional in the Church of Rome, and there is a well-known story of the way in which that seal was once broken, no one—in particular—breaking it. An illustrious French prelate was at a great banquet, in company with many members of the French nobility and many other ecclesiastics. The conversation turned upon the life-long experience of priests, their insight into the depths of human nature, and the strange secrets of which, in virtue of their office, they must become the depositories. To point his remarks, his Eminence said: "For instance, gentlemen, the first confession I ever received was that of a murderer."

At that moment, and while expressions of wonder, interest and horror were still upon the lips of his auditors, the door opened and a nobleman of the highest rank, a man well-known among them, entered the room. He saluted the company, and then paid his respects to the prince of the church, adding gracefully as he turned to the company: "You are perhaps not aware, gentlemen, that I had the honor to be his Eminence's first penitent."

The consternation of the company and his Eminence's state of mind may be imagined. Yet what had his Eminence told? And it is probable that most secrets are told in this manner. No one purposely tells them, but between priest and penitent they are told—and the murder is out.

Few people intend to betray confidences; but "remember," says the oriental proverb, "your friend has a friend, and your friend's friend is a friend."

It behoves us, then, to set a secret watch upon our lips, and be careful how we drop perfectly innocent halves of confidence, since we never know who may be coming around the corner with the other half to match it!

IT MAY DO US MUCH FOR YOU.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with several pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so-called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began the use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to the cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At the drug stores of Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

of the firm and the date of issue: "Clark, Gruber & Co., 1861." The reverse bore the design of a conventional mountain, the words, "Pike's Peak Gold, Denver," and the amount with the dollars abbreviated into a single letter "D."

Several thousand of each coin were struck and the mint had been in operation several months, though ran openly and without any attempt to hide, before the Government concluded that its monopoly on the making of money was being disregarded. But when it was found desirable to stop the individual coinage, no law could be found that covered the case. It seemed wrong, but while not so serious, it could not be allowed to continue. Other institutions of the same kind were operating in California, and the only way that presented itself was for the Government to buy up the individual mints and pass a law assuming the privilege to coin money solely for itself. Clark, Gruber & Co. thereupon sold the establishment in April, 1862, to the United States for about \$40,000 and the Denver mint in its present form followed. Up to that time no law to prevent counterfeiting had been passed in a form that covered this semi-aggression, but it came soon after in natural consequence.

Several of the Pike's Peak coins are to be found in private collections in this city. J. V. Dexter has a complete set in his remarkable coin cabinet, and besides the Clark, Gruber & Co. issues complete, he has a 50c gold slug stamped with its value and the name "Moffat & Co.," as another relic of the substitutes for the coin of the realm which passed in this country in the days of gold.

The old presses used by Clark, Gruber & Co. stand in the mint to-day, almost as good as the day they were put in. The dies are missing and the machinery may be a bit out of date, but if it was desired they could be started to work in a few days and would no doubt do good work. The old rolls used in the preliminary work of rolling out the bars are used in the mint to-day.

Dr. Bell's Fine Tar Honey is different from all other cough remedies, because by allaying the inflammation and giving tone, strength, vigor and vitality to the respiratory organs. Guaranteed by Dr. Wm. Griffin & Bro., Hartford; Jno. X. Taylor, Cromwell; J. M. Bagland, Rockville; V. D. Bullock, New Britain; Dr. J. Chapman, Cantonville; J. B. Maddox, Point Pleasant; A. S. Aull, Sulphur Springs; Keatrow Bros., Harrows.

Fence Rail Philosophy. [The Western Farmer.] "An' there were twelve men a standin' at the bar, and they all said they'd take sugar in their'n." These twelve men unconsciously represented the tastes of a large proportion of the human family. We are not advised as to the nature of the liquid connoisseurment that they were about to imbibe, but infer that it was strong; something which could be rendered palatable by the addition of a little sugar. Bear in mind, the sugar itself added no strength to the liquid, nor did it take away any of the stimulating or other qualities of the mixture with which these twelve men were about to irrigate their stomachs. The liquor remained as strong, its devilry stirring capacity was not diminished and by its being sweetened, but it was more agreeable to take, and left a pleasanter sensation behind, than if the raw material had been imbibed.

We wonder if these men carried their tastes into their other habits of life. We wonder if they sweetened the cup of life for their families by words of sympathy and encouragement, by little acts of tenderness and kindness. Surely the wife and mother whose life is beset by worries, troubles and annoyances, would appreciate a "little sugar in her'n." It might not materially lighten her troubles, it might not reduce the burden of care, but the strong raw flavor would be met and conquered without leaving a trace of its disagreeable nature.

In the ordinary transactions of life it pays to put a little sugar in them. The polite, attentive merchant may not have any better goods to sell than his plain, blunt matter-of-fact competitor, but all the same he will control more trade, because he remembers to put sugar in it in the form of little courtesies and attentions which cost him nothing, but have a considerable influence on his profit and loss account. We frequently hear of men who have the faculty of telling their friends very disagreeable truths without giving offense. How do they do it? They give the bitter, disagreeable draught with plenty of sugar in it. They do not weaken the effect of the dose, they only make it more palatable.

Pass the sugar, please!

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Silver-Plated Ware!

The Old Presses used by Clark, Gruber & Co. stand in the mint to-day, almost as good as the day they were put in. The dies are missing and the machinery may be a bit out of date, but if it was desired they could be started to work in a few days and would no doubt do good work. The old rolls used in the preliminary work of rolling out the bars are used in the mint to-day.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Standard of the English Language. The only dictionary of the English language that is complete, authoritative, and practical. It is the only dictionary that is a working dictionary. It is the only dictionary that is a dictionary.

SOLID SILVER FORKS and SPOONS

We invite the attention of persons desiring to furnish their tables with the best quality of sterling silverware. We have a large stock of solid silver forks and spoons, and also a large stock of silver-plated ware. We have a large stock of silver-plated ware, and also a large stock of silverware.

BE CURED AT HOME

Dr. Appleman, the widely known specialist, after years of study, has perfected his system of medical treatment that can be used at their homes at a price that is astonishingly low. Thousands are availing themselves of this golden opportunity. Direct testimonials are on file showing the efficacy of the treatment.

Dr. Appleman's Kidney and Liver Balm

Dr. Appleman has associated with him a full staff of expert specialists who carefully consider each case and prepare the proper remedies. Consultation and opinion free by mail. Treatment furnished at the low rate of \$2 to \$3 PER MONTH.

Write us freely and fully and enclose stamp for symptom blank. No. 1 CENTRAL, No. 2 FOR MEN, No. 3 FOR WOMEN. Address: DR. APPLEMAN MEDICINE CO., 572 E. 42d ST., CHICAGO, ILL.