THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

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If the woman at work should make answer to the other woman, she might, perhaps, say: "You never had to scrub and clean when your back ached so that it seemed that every movement would break it in two." It's bad enough for a woman to suffer. But when she must suffer and slave at the same time she reaches the limit of her endurance.

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"I have been ailing some time now, being troubled with female weakness," writes Mrs. Wm. H. Johnson, of Avondale, Chester Co., Pa. "Every month I would have to lie on my back. I tried many different medicines and nothing gave me relief until I began Dr. Pierce's medicines, using two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' These medicines have cured me. When I began your treatment I was not able to do very much, but now I do the work for my family of nine, and feel better to-day than I have for a year."

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LEE TURNER'S ABODE.

The "Quater House's" Latest Battle the Climax of a Bloody History.

A Minute Description of the Hell Hole by a Visitor to the Place.

The notorious Quarter House, whose long series of tragedies culminated in the one last Wednesday and its own destruction, was located three miles or more from Middlesboro, and there is the semblance of a road to within a mile of it—but it is almost impassible for any vehicle. The resort was on the right side of the Louisville and Nashville railroad's Mingo Mountain branch, and from the train the passengers could look over the stockade into the inclosure. But no train stops there, and Lee Turner had really more than one kind of tacit support in his vile business. But every man, woman and child that left Mingo, by train or on foot, had to pass and see this notorious place. It was taken as a matter of course.

It was the rampant and notorious vice of Mingo hollow. It had been kept for eight of ten years by the widely-known Turner brothers, who are both credited with some education and Lee Turner for villainous daring that certainly surpasses that of any modern outlaw in this country.

The "Quarter House" was said to be the best and strongest blind tiger in the country, and that is saying a great deal, for there are other log forts in the mountains and on the State line that are not to despised as places of defense. This one was constructed on the principle of the old blockhouse forts of pioneer days. It was built of great beech logs and boards, a collection of wooden buildings hard to enter. The main building, an oblong affair, had windows below, solidly shuttered, and the windows were mere portholes. The door was of heavy plank. The bar-room was inclosed on one side with a solid room of beech planks without a knot hole, and in this the gambling went on. The bar-room proper was built so that a man stood in one State and took his drink from a counter in another State; therefore not accountable, in mountain ethics, to either Kentucky or Tennessee.

The whole place was inclosed by a stockade or high board fence, twelve to fifteen feet high, built of solid beech boards one and shalt inches thick.

HAUNT OF THE VICIOUS ELEMENT.

This place was the haunt of the most vicious element for thirty miles around, especially on Sundays. After sundown on Saturday men and women came over the mountains and up and down the hollow to the Quarter House. They rioted all night and Sunday. By Sunday afternoon, in even moderate weather, the inclosure within the stockade would be black with rioters, "sleeping it off." The miners were said by Superintendent Ralston, of the Mingo Coal Company, to put from $10,000 upward into the pockets of the Turner gang after the 25th of each month or pay day. It is needless to say that these miners are and will be friends of Lee Turner, and that if he escaped out of the inclosure he will never be captured. The mines have a thousand hiding places and escape holes for a man like Lee Turner, and who "lived game," in the mountain parlance, and who will probably die as game as his dead followers did last Wednesday.

LEE TURNER.

Lee Turner is as careless and reckless a desperado as was ever depicted in romance. He always went boldly whenever he pleased, boasted of his vices and his debaucheries as if they were splendid deeds. He was handsome years ago, and still has power to attract young girls and women. Many of these he enticed to the Qurter House, others he sent for, and once he boldly snached up a young girl of sixteen in Middlesboro and carried her in front of him on a horse to the infamous resort. This was in the late summer of 1900, and the people of Middlesboro told a pitiful tale of how the distracted mother walked out to the stockade day after day and there wept aloud for her daughter until Turner came out and with dreadful threats and drove her away.

Lee Turner should be rich, but he has been recklessly extravagant. He is said to have been for some time contemplating a removal and may have a snug nest egg put away in another State. It is to be noted that the mountaineer law-breakers deride national law—the power of State alone appeals to their minds—and Lee Turner, who has the instinct of leadership, has so long defied the law, order and public sentiment in Bell county that his removal would seem like the coming of the millennium to those citizens of Middlesboro who have been forced to suffer in silence

FROM A WITNESS

A call at the "Quarter House" is thus described by a visitor:

"The terrible stockade made your heart beat in itself—it suggested so much Inside there was about an acre of horribly rocky and filthy ground and a dirty pig or two rooted or grunted in it. There were eight or ten whisky barrels and twenty beer kegs rolled out and constantly shifting positions. The log house looked formidable. The doors and windows were open, as it was a day of rest—Tuesday or Wednesday—when business is not brisk. There was first a flutter of red calico at one door, of Dutch blue at another—but only for a moment—then blankness. Dirty curtains hung at one or two windows. At the door was a neglected chicken coop. Inside the house proper was dirt and disorder, some rough chairs and pictures, cards, etc., for ornament. The very atmosphere of vice was over everything. The commonest object was horribly repulsive. When passing clear around the windowless board building, three or four men were discovered lying on the ground, dead drunk, faces upturned in the sun. One groped through a dark way to the bar. The process of taking a drink was not to be a public procedure, evidently. The bar-room was rough, sickening in smell and thick with stale tobacco smoke. It would not take any observer long to see enough of these species of vice or to convince any one that gilded vice is a little less repugnant than the savage, primeval article without any reservations.

"Lee Turner was afterward pointed out, riding on the public road near Yellow creek. He seemed a component part of a very lovely bit of mountain scenery—but a typical bandit bold, curious eyes he certainly is—and it can be believed that he fears no one and is answerable to no one."

The Mingo and other coal companies in the hollow will be delighted to have Lee Turner removed by any process—but it would have been unwise for them to attempt to remove him, as he could have called out, as his friends, 6so of their own men and a bloody battle would have been precipitated. From them comes the statement that at times, after paydays the ground within the stockade would be covered with drunken miners as thick as flies on a piece of well-used fly paper.

A PLACE OF DEATH.

The Quarter House is so called because it is one-quarter of the distance from Middlesboro to the Mingo coal mines. It is built on the Kentucky-Tennessee State line, half in Kentucky and half in Tennessee. Turner, it is said, had always paid Government license to sell whisky there, but it is claimed he did not have county or State licenses from either State. When Kentucky officers would go to arrest him, he would step to the Tennessee side of the house and when the Tennessee officers called he would be on the Kenfucky side. Officers of both States have never united in an attack upon the place to capture him. The house was built of huge logs and railroad crossties and it is said was lined inside with boiler plate. About the house was a heavy stockade. Portholes in the house and stockade made it appear as a fortress.

The Quarter House was built about ten years ago by "Wild Bill" Turner, brother of Lee Turner. When coal industries were being developed about Middlesboro, Lee Turner had a similar joint farther up in the mountains and there was considerable rivalry between the two brothers. They were finally bitter enemies.

When "Wild Bill" was killed, Lee secured the Quarter Hous. He fortified the property. "Wild Bill" Turner was murdered in the Quarter House while asleep, his head being shot off The theory is that the man who killed him was an enemy secreted in the house. Suspicion pointed to a certain man, but he was never caught.

It is estimated that at least sixty men have been killed or wounded at the Quarter House.

Lee Turner is not an illiterate man. He has a fairly good education and has seen some of the world. He is a lineal descendant of the Turner who led the fight against the Howards, and was also related to "Fiddling John" Turner, who recently died after killing 70 men. He is desperate and there is reason to believe he will avenge the killing of his men.

Bushwhacking is now expected from both sides.—Courier-Journal.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this Remedy.—Mrs J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by all druggists. m

BRAVE DEED

Of Two Kentucky Boys in the Early Days of the State.

In 1793 a small settlement was made by emigrants from Pennsylvania upon the banks of the Rolling Fork not far from the present site of New Haven, says the Bardstown Standard. Among them was a family named Williams, who had two sons, one aged about twelve years, the other fourteen. These boys were one day playing upon the banks of the stream not far from their cabin. They were engaged in the childish pastime of skipping stones along the surface of the water, sand soon noticed approaching them two men dressed as settlers. These men stopped from time to time to skip stones along the water, as if full of innocent sport, and this, together with their dress and the fact that no Indians had been seen or heard of in the vicinity, prevented any alarm on the part of the boys.

When, however, they had approached so near the boys that they knew the latter could not escape, they sprang quickly forward and soon had captured them. The captors proved to be two Chickasaw Indians. Taking the children in their arms, they turned into the forrest and made a rapid march, due south, of ten or twelve miles. They then halted, made a fire and camped for the night. Anticipating no trouble from the children, they set their rifles and tomahawks against the trees at their heads and lay down to sleep, each of them holding a boy in his arms. After lying quietly thus until the fire had burned to a bed of coals, the elder of the boys began trying to release himself from his captor's arms, and, as the latter seemed to be very tired and was sleeping soundly, the boy in a little while succeeded.

Unwilling to escape and leave his little brother in the hands of the savages, he walked to the fire, and, throwing on some wood to make a light, so that he might be able to see the exact position of the Indians and their arms, he stepped noiselessly to his brother and whispered to him to try and release himself. The latter did so, and both were now free. But they were afraid to depart, lest the savages should awake and missing them, follow and recapture them. The elder hurriedly whispered to his brother the plan he had conceived for dispatching the Indians. He would secure the guns and tomahaws, and sight a rifle at each of them, and leave it at rest, so that all the smaller boy had to do was to pull the trigger and that Indian would be killed. He would stand over the other with a tomahawk, and when he gave the word his brother was to fire and he would strike.

After placing the rifle in position the younger brother became excited and pulled the trigger before his brother was prepared. The report of the gun aroused the other savage, and he started to spring up, but the elder Williams struck him a heavy blow with the tomahawk. He had only used the blunt end of the blade, and the Indian was only stunned, but turning the weapon in his hand, he rained a shower of blows upon his head before he had recovered, and then ran off after his little brother, who had fled as soon as he pulled the trigger of the rifle. Before going a hundred yards the older boy left his hat upon a bush, being unable to regain it in the darkness.

Traveling rapidly from the time of their escape, they reached home a little after daylight, where they found their parents greatly worried at their unaccountable absence. They supposed that the boys had been drowned, scarcely giving a thought to any danger from Indians. When the boys told their tale to the assembled neighbors it was received with a great deal of incredulity, all insisting that if it was true the boys should lead them to the scene of the exploit. To this the boys readily agreed, and setting out, they reached the camp early in the afternoon. Here they found the savage who had been tomahawked, but the one who had been shot had disappeared. Following the trail of blood leading from the place, they soon came upon the other Indian. His under jaw had been entirely shot away, and, with his hands, arms and breast covered with blood, he presented a horrible appearance. The white men, repelled by his ghastly appearance, allowed him to make good his escape. The Williams boys were the heroes of the day.

They Agree With McKinley.

The statement by Representative Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, that there will be no modifications of the Dingley Tariff by revision of reciprocity that will work injury to a single American industry will doubtless elicit groans and denunciation from the anti-Protection crowd. Yet Dalzell's annoucement is in perfect accord with McKinley's famous Buffalo speech and with Roosevelt's recent message to Congress. McKinley advocated reciprocity on lines that would not impair the "now firmly established" Protective policy, and he supplemented this statement with specific utterances which Roosevelt and Dalzell have closely followed. And if a free trade party should even come into power, what a clamor there would be among its own supporters for exemption of their specsial interests, from injurious legislation! The country is prospering more mightily than ever before, and 75 per cent. of the demand for weakening the Protective system would melt away if the weakening process should become imminent.—Meadville (Pa) Tribune-Republican.

The Prosecution of the Gamblers.

The Paducah Democrat does not indorse any effort made in Louisville for the enforcement of the law, fearing, doubtless, that if the law is enforced and gambling is stopped that the Watterson campaign will collapse.

It refers to the attorney of the league, Mr. Kinkead, as "that pestiferous lawyer." Well, it is not the lawyer so much as the league which is pestering the political allies of the Democrat, and this work will be kept up even though it continues to annoy and disturb the Paducah Democrat.

Mr. Kinkead is conducting the cases with ability and zeal. Failure to secure conviction is not due to him; it is due to a demoralization of the public service, which these failures make plain to our people.

The last case against Wehmhoff was clear as evidence can make any case. The play was proven. The identity of the owner or manager was established. No evidence in defense was offered. The buncombe motion for peremptory instruction was made and refused. The Judge called especial attention to the fact that pool-selling was ipso facto disorderly, and no other disturbance had to be proven. Yet in twenty minutes a verdict of not guilty was returned and the accused Wehmhoff, off on a pleasure trip, was doubtless informed by wire of his "vindication."

Nevertheless, this labor has not been lost. Louisville is gradually awakening to the power of the criminal classes, and when fully awake that power will be destroyed. All things in time, and no undue haste.

Hereafter gamblers and pool-room dealers will, like other citizens, be required to give bond to appear, and be required to appear. That is some gain, for it proclaims the fact that the special privileges so long enjoyed by this class are to be destroyed. Perhaps after awhile even the blindness of the police will be cured and their eyes opened.

In the meantime Mr. Kinkead is doing his work well, and the men most familiar with his task are making no complaint of him.—Louisville Evening Post.

Hurrah for West Virginia. In that State no woman need live with her husband if he is a habitual drunkard, for the Supreme Court of the State has decided that, if after marriage, the husband becomes a drunkard the wife is justified in deserting him. For this cause, furthermore, the wife is entitled to her dower, althought at the time of his death she be living apart from him. In the opinion Judge Dent says: 'No woman is compelled to live with the worst of all brutes—a drunken brute— to the peril of her health and life, but she has a right to leave him and live apart from him until he furnishes her indubitable evidence of reformation."

All who use Atomizers in treating nasal catarrh will get the best result from Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price, including spraying tube, 75 cts. Sold by druggists or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

New Orleans, Sept. 1, 1900.
Messrs. Ely Bros.:—I sold two bottles of your Liquid Cream Balm to a customer, Wm. Lamberton, 1415 Delachaise St., New Orleans; he has used the two bottles, giving him wonderful and most satisfactory results.
Geo. W. McDuff, Pharmacist.

To Assist the Sugar Trust.

The Cuban sugar planters prospered under the stiff exactions of the Spaniards, and were able to pay a round duty for the privilege of entering our markets. There is no reason why they should not get along as well under existing condition as they did formerly, and they will. The truth of the matter is that the sentimental plea has not been invoked to help the people of Cuba, but help the Sugar Trust and people connected with it who have made preparations for controlling the plantations of the islands in the event of the reciprocity scheme proving successful. Havemeyer virtually announced this intention when he declared that Congress would remove the duty from Cuban sugar, and confessed that the assessment of several millions on sugar stocks to carry out the plot.—San Francisco Chronicle.

If the Democrats can't find a better issue that "tariff reform" they would better go to "shawin' gum."—Moravian Falls (N. C.) Yellow Jacket.

MAIL SACKS

Had Been Systematically Robbed For Two Years at Elizabethtown.

George Upton, a middle-aged man of Elizabethtown, formerly a well-to-do citizen of that place, was arrested last Friday morning by Postoffice Inspectors S. C. Kyle and S. A. Susong on a charge of robbing the government mails. He was brought to this city and given an examining trial before Commissioner Cassin. He was held under $1,000 to answer to the federal grand jury.

Upton seems to have got in a dangerous hole. He admits the charges against him, and does not endeavor to explain. He is accused of having committed a systematic robbery covering over two years of time. Yet in all he has secured comparatively little booty.

His operations have been devoted to Elizabethtown. It is the custom for the night Louisville & Nashville train, en route to Bowling Green, to dump at the Elizabethtown depot all the mail pouches directed to the small stations between this city and Bowling Green. The morning train takes up the bags and carries them on to the proper destinations.

For several years Upton has been a loafer at the Elizabethtown depot. He was at one time worth considerable sum of money, but he lost it, and is now, and has been for years, penniless. He has aided in small jobs about the depot. He has carried the mail bags in and out of the waiting room and thus has been enabled to rifle many of the bags. Table cloths, trinklets of jewelry, bits of laundry and other packages have been missed from the mails at various times. Never once until a month ago was poor Upton, the depot loafer, suspected. At that time Inspectors Kyle and Susong went to work on the case. At first they did not know where the robberies were being committed. They investigated and determined that the work was being done during the nights that the mail bags lay in wait at the Elizabethtown depot. A little further investigation and they decided that the hitherto unsuspected, apparently guileless, Upton was the guilty man.

Last Friday morning the postoffice officers took the early train for Elizabethtown. Upton was hanging around the depot as usual. They arrested him and questioned him severely. At first he denied the charges, but under the stress of questioning he broke down. He told everything, how he had opend the mail bags that were not locked, only bound by straps. In all the two years he has not secured more than $100 worth of stuff, it is thought. He was placed aboard a return train and brought back to the city. A charge of robbing the United States mails was preferred against him and in the afternoon he was taken before Commissioner Cassin. He was held under $1,000 bond to answer. Of course he could not furnish the bail and he went to jail.

Upton is known all over Hardin county, an acquaintance gained during his prosperous days.—Louisville Commercial.

A Hunting Episode.

Two hunters who were shooting in New Jersey were not equally matched as regards skill in shooting.

One of them bagged many birds, while the other did not get a feather.

"What ho," said the first, "but you are a punk. Why don't you practice with a pop-gun? You could not hit a barrel if you poked the end of your fowling-piece in the bung-hole."

The other said nothing, but gazed sadly on his empty bag and enviously at the birds his companion had slaughtered.

As they were about to start for home they met an affable stranger who asked: "What luck?"

"I have killed 23 birds," said the good shot, "while this lobster here has not killed one. Isn't he a chump to carry such a heavy gun all day?"

"Well, I am not so sure," said the affable stranger. "I am a game warden and this is the closed season. Those birds will cost you $10 apiece."

A bird in the game bag is sometimes worth a whole bunch in the bushes. —Judge.

How the Mistake Was Made.

Several years ago Green R. Kellar, the popular editor of the Carlisle Mercury, attended a ball at Paris, and was so impressed with the beauty and charm of the ladies present that he decided to give the affair a great write up in his paper. It happened that the same week an "ad" of a sale of Jersey heifers was handed in, and in the make-up the two articles got mixed. The followed is the way a portion of the article read:

"The floor was perfect and the music was all that the dancers could wish for. The chivalry and the beauty of the Bluegrass had gathered in the ball room. Among the ladies were some of the fairest flowers of Kentucky, in fact, a finer looking lot of young heifers never got together in one lot. They were models in shape, in size, are kind and easy to handle."

It is not necessary to state that Editor Kellar was placed in a very awkward position and it was many months before the "fairest flowers" would accept the explanation.—Ex.

He Lives in a Tree.

It is strange that a man, in a land of plenty, should choose a tree for an abiding place, but such is the case with Andy Bartlett, an old colored man.

Last summer he began to live in a big sycamore on the farm of Deputy Sheriff W. H. Mackey, on Lee's creek about two miles south of Dover, and has continued to live there during the cold winter months, although he has been importuned by his brother and by friends to live with them, but he stoutly refuses to leave the hole in the tree, where he has nothing but an old horse blanket to keep him warm.

He is abled-bodied and when asked why he did not go to work, replied that he had quit work as it seemed that he could not please anyone. He keeps a gun by his side and lives on what little game, etc., he can gather up, cooking his frugal meals on a fire he builds by the side of the tree.

Another strange thing connected with this story is this fact: Mr. W. S. Osborne, whose farm adjoins the Mackey place, owns a Scotch Terrier dog, of which he and his family are very fond, the dog always receives the best treatment and is allowed to remain in the house by the fire day and night. A few weeks ago the dog left his home and joined the old negro in the tree. The dog would go home to get something to eat and as soon as he had finished would return to the tree, and often would start toward the tree with a large piece of bread in his mouth, as if he might be carrying it to his newly-made friend. Mr. Osborne sent one of his hands after the dog and told him to whip him and bring him home. He got the dog nearly home and turned him loose, when he wheeled and returned to the tree at once.

The dog kept this up until Mr. Osborne's daughter came home on a visit to her parents a few days ago. Since that time he stays at home contentedly.—Dover News.

A Darkey's Prayer.

A white minister was conducting religious services in a colored church, North Carolina recently. After exhorting a bit he asked an old colored deacon to lead in prayer, and, according to the Roanoke News, this is the appeal which the brother in black offered for his brother in white. "Oh Lord, gib him de eye of de eagle dat he spy out sin afar off; glue his hands to de gospel plow; tie his tongue to de line ob trut; nail his ear to de gospel pole; bow his head way down between his knees, and his knees way down in some lonesome, dark and narrer valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made; 'noint him wid de kerosene ile ob salvashun and sot him on fire."

This paper and The Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean $1.53 for one year. "Special deal."

An Iowa newspaper says the ladies of a prominent church in a certain town advertised to give an ice cream sociable and that all the ladies would wear bloomers. The whole town turned out, including a hundred old sinners who had not been inside of a church since they were christened. The ladies kept their word, but the bloomers were large red roses pinned at their belts.

The Democrats in Congress have practically decided to adopt a go-as-you-please policy and oppose everything the Republicans favor. That will save them the trouble of thinking.—Cleveland Leader.

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An Ideal Mother.

Mark Twain is accredited with being very reticent concerning his family and in the only known instance where he has written about them he said: "The mother of my children adores them—there is no milder term for it—and they worship her; they even worship anything which the touch of her hand has made sacret. They know her for the best and truest friend they have ever had or ever shall have; they know her for one who never did them a wrong; who never told them a lie nor the shadow of one; who never deceived them by even an ambigous gesture; who never gave them an unreasonable command nor ever contented herself short of an obedience; who has always treated them as politely and considerately as she would the best and oldest of the land, and has always required of them gentle speech and courteous conduct toward all, of whatsoever degree, with whom they came in contact; they knew her for one whose promise, whether for reward or punishment, is gold and always worth its face to the uttermost farthing. In a word, they know her, and I know her, for the best and dearest mother that lives—and by a long, long way the wisest!"

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Ingenious Treatment by Which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

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It is now generally understood that Drunkness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxatants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "Home Gold Cure" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of Drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men.

Wives cure your husbands!! Children cure your fathers!! This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but is a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of drunkards have cure themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "Cure" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe to-day that discontinued drinking of their own free will. Do not wait. Do not be deluded by apparent and leading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "The "Home Gold Cure" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than others costing $26 to 50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of one dollar. Address Dept. 1, Edwin B. Giles & Company, 2330 and 2332 Market street, Philadelphia.

All correspondents strictly confidential.

The Democrats keep hopping up and declaring that the tariff is the mother of trusts. Now the SugarTrust is clamoring for the removal of the tariff on surgar. Don't it beat thunder that the Sugar Trust wants Congress to kill its mammy?—Moravian Falls (N. C) Yellow Jacket.

If there is any question that the grand old Demooratic party will not try to make capital out of it has not yet been discovered. From the tariff question to caring for small-pox patients, from legislating for our new foreign possessions to providing for needed city improvements, it is always the same. Patriotism is subordinated to partisanism and public interests to poiitical capital.—Indianapolis Journal.

Babcock, of Michigan, is scared because some agitator has asserted that the tariff is the father of trusts. He ought to remember '93, and that a tariff for revenue only is the father of bu'sts, at least it was in this part of the Federal domain.—Sheffield (Ala) Reaper.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know it.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

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