THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

C. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.

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—BY—

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1880.

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A discovery which cures by the natural process,

ABSORPTION,

all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs and Nervous System, when nothing else can. It is comfortable to the patient, positive in its effects, and the first cure for those painful and much dreaded maladies,

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While its cure of Gravel, Dropsy, Catarrh of the Bladder, Brickdust Deposit, Painful Urinating, High-Colored Urine, Nervous Weakness and Pain in the Back seems more like miracles than cases of natural healing.

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or victims of wasted or prostrated energies, caused by irregular habits, the abuse of nature, and mental or physical over-exertion find their greatest relief in the use of DAY'S KIDNEY PAD which strengthens and invigorates, of natural healing.

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We say positively, and without fear of contradiction that DAY'S KIDNEY PAD is the only certain and permanent cure for every form of this prevalent and distressing complaint.

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suffering from nervous and physical debility, loss of memory or vitality imparted by the errors of youth or too close application to business or work may be restored and manhood regained.

Avoid all kidney medicines which are taken into the system by way of the stomach; it is an old treatment well tried and proven inefficient, though sometimes effecting apparent cures of one complaint they sow the seeds of more troublesome and germain of disorders. The price of our PAD brings it within the reach of all. Bitter will assert and say many unscrupulous medical doctors' bills, medicines and plasters, which at best give but temporary relief. It can be used without fear or harm, and with certainty of a permanent cure. For sale by druggists generally, or sent by mail free of postage, on receipt of the price. Regular price, $2 Address DAY KIDNEY PAD, Toledo, O. Owing to the many worthless Kidney Pads now seeking a cure on our reputation, we deem it due the afflicted to warn them. Ask for DAY'S KIDNEY PAD, and take no other.

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Though Shaking like an Aspen Leaf

With the chills and fever, the victim of malaria may still recover by using this celebrated specific, which not only breaks up the most aggravated attacks, but ameliorates the system so effectually that a permanent cure is effected by its use. Ask your druggist for it.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

ARM AND HAMMER BRAND. CHURCH & CO'S BI-CARB SODA. ABSOLUTELY AND CHEMICALLY PURE

AND

SALERATUS

Which is the same thing.

Impure Bi-Carb Soda or Saleratus (which is the same thing) is of a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, examined by itself, but a COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & CO'S "ARM AND HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference.

See that your Saleratus and Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL SIMILAR SUBSTANCES used for food.

Housekeepers who prefer bread made with yeast, will improve its quality, make it better and prevent it from souring, by one-half teaspoonful of Church & Co.'s Saleratus, a household article to be used in this with sour milk, in preference to Baking Powder, saves twenty times its cost.

Each one pound package contains valuable information and read carefully.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.

Auld Lang Syne.

Again around the festive board
We met for social cheer,
Each heart with precious memories stored
Of many a distant year,
We come a votive gift to lay
On our fraternal shrine,
And tributary honors pay
To days of auld lang syne.

The autumn days no sadness bring,
With golden harvests rife,
No gloom shall tinge the song we sing
In our autumnal life.
We've delved and planted in our sphere,
'Neath heaven's propitious shrine,
And bring our sheaves in triumph here
From seeds of auld lang syne.

With hearts that pledge anew,
In Friendship, Love, and Truth,
The fealty we have kept in view
Since days of distant youth,
And pledge each other with a glow
That never will decline,
As long as life's warm tide shall flow,
For days of auld lang syne.

MY FIRST CIGAR.

'Twas just behind the woodshed,
One glorious summer day;
Far o'er the hills the sinking sun,
Pursued its westward way.

And in my lone seclusion,
Safely removed afar,
From all of earth's confusion,
I smoked my first cigar.

Ah, bright the hryish fancies
Wrapped in the cream of blue;
My eyes grew dim, my head was light,
The woodshed round me flew.

Dark night closed in around me,
Rayless without a star,
Grim death, I thought, had found me,
And spoiled my first cigar.

I heard my father's smothered laugh,
It seemed so strange and far;
I knew he knew, I knew he knew
I'd smoked my first cigar.

Song of the Order.

I will sing you a song of the Order,
Of the "Fellows Old and true;
Sing of the band the pride of our land,
And the noble deeds they do
How from South to North, they are marching forth,
And spreading from coast to coast;
And here, and there, and everywhere,
Swarms this gallant and noble host.

Not like a frenzied array,
Is the onward march of this band—
Not with sword and shell, like a host of hell,
To pillage and sack the land!
Truth is the sword they carry,
And the weapon that they wave;
And love for the Lord and man, the word,
And the motto of the brave.

With hands that are ever ready,
With hearts that are true and strong,
With feet that are pressing upward,
Thus do they march along;
With flags that are never trailing,
With lights that are never dim:
Hark! hear you that song, as it floats along?
That is their rallying hymn!

FROM ROY.

We are still whoopin' 'em up for the SOUTH KENTUCKIAN. Not long since a gentleman approached us while rusticating at Crofton and demanded our day-book. We, of course, handed it to him, and he took it and wrote his own subscription on a page. We didn't say much, but have loved that great man ever since.

Charlie, the gals all like an agent, didn't you know it? Well, agents seem to like them, too, and who can blame us, for a gal will haul out the cider from under the bed, and drag the biggest water melon from the closet, when the old man will snarl and swear he's broke all the time.

We are sorry to learn that some of your correspondents are offended at some fun we got off not long since in the Kentuckian. To those whose feelings are really wounded we would fain make the "amende honorable," so in our humble manner we respectfully lift the brim of our old cap to the whole crew. We have always made it a point in life to wound no ones feelings, intentionally, under the guise of a *nom de plume*, and we supremely hate the man or woman who will insult or malign a fellow creature in such a manner. We have always tried to behave ourself decently in church, contribute a dime occasionally to the preachers and treat our neighbor as ourself. We have never thought that should our neighbor steal our coat we would give him another, from the simple fact that a neighbor would be pusillanimous and mean who would exact it; and then again we haven't got but one coat, besides the one we own in cahoot with the governor, and he might object. We have ever made it especially to keep our vest pulled down and our chin carefully wiped off, although owing to constant financial troubles we have never been able to take the good advice of the lamented Horace Greeley. In jogging along through the uneven pathway of life, we have managed to make a good many friends and a few enemies. To the former we would give our love, to the latter let there be peace between us forever.

But we have noticed that the man who has all friends and no enemies is not worth his weight in shucks—is a nonentity—a nondescript article as it were, and to keep a man going, to keep him diligent and ever on the alert he must have enemies. There is no man who has two grains of common sense but what can get along in this big world if he will attend strictly to business, be prompt, keep an eye on lightning rod agents, pay for his grub, and strike when the iron's hot. Any young man starting out to battle on the rugged sea of life might do well to write the above maxim beneath his hatband. But by all means, young man, keep sober, and don't forget home in the wild turmoil of the world's battles. Don't root out those fond and endearing recollections which are wont to cling round you of the halycon days of boyhood, when the mind was young and pure, when the conscience was guiltless and the soul was as white and immaculate as the driven snowflake from heaven. Ah! don't try to forget those youthful days when, in the fullness and the greatness of your generous heart, you would call your little schoolmates around you, while you deliberately cracked a walnut and ate all the kernel yourself. Don't do this young man, as you hope for success in life—as you hope for the love of friends—as you hope for heaven. Roy.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

PITTSBURG, CAMP CO. TEXAS,
September 8th, 1880.

DEAR SIR:—Being a native of your State, and having in the past enjoyed reading your valuable paper, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines from this point.

I arrived at this place on the 24th of April, was kindly welcomed by some of the warm hearted citizens of Pittsburg.

Pittsburg presented a very picturesque appearance at that time, which won my admiration from the first. It is one of the most moral little towns in Eastern Texas. The locality at and around is high, level and healthy, well timbered and watered, having iron, copper, alum, sulphur, and pure water, mostly well water. Pittsburg has 820 inhabitants, has twelve dry goods houses, two hardware stores, six family groceries, four saloons, four cabinet and four blacksmith shops, one market house, two livery stables, two warehouses, one steam mill, two hotels, two churches, (preaching twice a month at each,) one gunsmith, four wagon shops, two barbers, one tinshop, one picture gallery, one saddlery, two shoemaker shops, also a good brass band and string band, one confectionery, printing office, publishing a weekly paper, good Sabbath schools; also a good high school, which is under charge of Prof. Harris, with several assistant teachers; music taught by Misses Fannie and Gracie Danforth. Our town affords five lawyers, and six practising physicians. The Red River, East line, and Texas St. Louis Railroads cross at this point, eight daily trains due. Pittsburg is improving rapidly. The buildings are mostly cottages, but little plastering; all seem to admire the substantial old way of ceiling and papering, which is very comfortably finished up.

The greatest objection I have to Texas is the heated sand, which is almost shoe mouth deep in our streets. Why, one could not tell what our slippers were when we had waded through. It is very warm here at this time. Have had good seasons, crops are splendid through this portion. The worm has injured cotton to some extent. The soil produces well, can raise everything in the way of vegetation. Stock in this portion is not so good as it is farther west. The nearest prairie lies fifty miles west of us.

The Texans seem to enjoy those old camp grounds. I contemplate attending a camp meeting at Chalybeate springs, which will commence the third Sunday in this month. Major Penn, the great evangelist, will hold a meeting at this place, commencing the 30th of this month. The Methodists are the strongest here; I suppose chickens will be in great demand around here during the camp meeting. I would be ever so glad to hear the sound of brother Redford's voice echo there.

I will add, all you young men that are seeking homes elsewhere be sure and come to Texas, we would greet your smiling faces on our streets with pleasure.

Please pardon, you know it is our year.

Respectfully, N. J. C.

SAND LICK.

The bran-dance and barbecue at Kelly existed only in the imaginations of Roy and Nemo.

Zip and West did not pull wool as appointed. Owing to press of business West desired further time, and proposed a change of location which was effected. The long expected discussion will come off at West Mt. Zoar on the 18th of the present month at 7 P. M., at which time Zip promises to address the audience whether West appears or not.

The crowd at Kelly on the 11th, was entertained by a short talk by Zip, Will and West respectively, and two brief but most excellent speeches by Roy, one of which is considered the master piece of his successful career. He but added another sprig to his already luxuriant wreath of laurels.

The Carmell meeting has closed at last.

The cool spell of weather during last week scared the tardy farmers considerably. More than two thirds of the tobacco crop is housed, and much of it is cured enough to strip.

The customary fall emigration has begun.

Sore eyes are universal throughout our beat, and chills are common, house hold appendages just at present.

Plenty of stock for sale. Come all ye venders, and recruit your corals!

Ah "Joe!" It doesn't necessarily follow that one should always be "homeless." Sand Lick is not altogether untenable.

We have not seen Zip since his coming among us, but have heard him bray once or twice. A certain exquisitely sweet brunette has woven her enchantments so inextricably around his heart that he invariably strays t'ther way every time he goes browsing.

Ah Roy! don't be on with the new before you're off with the old love. Brown eyes and Auburn tresses faintly glimmer, as the angelic vision of golden locks, laughing orbs and surphic form float down upon the enraptured waves of his imaginative mind. Roy, you have our best wishes may you be happy, and may you remaintre to this your only (?) love.

Some frost was to be seen at B. F. Hiser, on the morning of the 14th.

SELIM

Cured of drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use o Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remain a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; I know of a number of others that have been cured at drinking his. It."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ills.

CHRONICLES.

BY TIMOTHY, THE SCRIBE.

Concerning the Circus of Mogynness, which is called the Puff, and Certain Things Therein Contained.

1. Now it came to pass that the time was come which was prophesied by the men of the newspaper, saying, Behold the Exposition is at hand, even the circus of the man Mogynness, which is called the Kunnell;

2. Get ye, therefore, ready shekels of silver, and put scrip in your purses that he who keepeth guard at the door of the house of Mogynness turn not from ye with scorn; yea, that he may entreat ye kindly, and turn ye in even unto the abiding place of the monster of ages.

3 Also that he who keepeth guard shall say unto ye, Enter into the palace of the Mogynness, which is called Kunnell, and ante up an half shekel thereto.

4. And the time was come.

5. And it came to pass that there was much people of the tribe of Blowhard lying around about the City of the Falls, and unto certain thereof sent Mogynness, saying, Come unto me and I will put money into your socks, and ye shall blow for me with your trumpets.

5. And this shall be the manner of your blowing: Great is this city; great is the exposition thereof; and great is the whale of the Exposition; great also is the great hairy mammoth thereof; and greater than these is he which hath my salary of twelve thousand shekels in the year runnelh.

7. Even Mogynness.

8. And if there be any thing which floateth the bosom of the mighty deep which is greater than these, by the beak of the scared woggly bird, then is the Kunnell greater yet than that

9. And it was so; and the blowing of the tribe of Blowhard was great; insomuch that the people did say, Bismillah, this man shall be called also Puff; and it was so.

10. And Kunnellpuff sent abroad unto the people, saying, Be chesm, this circus is the boss, even as he had said aforetime.

11. And the time was come.

12. And it was so that much people Good shop the street Pobellic over against the house of the Exposition, crying aloud, Go to, let us enter in unto the show of Kunnell Puff, for there be wondrous things to look upon.

13. And he who kept watch at the door raised up his voice and said; No man passeth into this place until he first giveth up of his shekels; and it was so; and every man anted with haste.

14. And unto Asaph, the collector, gave they lucre and gat them within the palace of Kunnellpuff.

15. And Bartholomew, which the same is a man of war and a sonofsum, came unto the Exposition, and unto the entrance, he spake unto the watcher thereof, saying,

16. Enterath any man this place on his shape? And he who watched said, Not so, my lord; and Bartholomew went his way, and seized upon Sambo, the son of Ham, and borrowed from him an quarter, and gat him within the palace of Mogynness.

17. Also came Timothy, the scribe, saying. By the tail of the sacred jackass, the scribe hath looked upon the circus of John, the son of Whallen, and of Nellis, the son of Borden, yea and upon the maidens of the tribe of Hikickah, and behold it was good.

18. But his eyes have not beheld the circus of Mogynness; therefore goeth he into this concern and standeth beneath the light of the lightning.

19. And Timothy gat him within the palace of Mogynness, he and certain other sons of Sheitan, and browsed them about, and looked upon the things which were in that place.

20. And while they did look, one came unto them and crooked his finger, and winked with his eye; and the sons of Sheitan tumbled unto his racket, and went after him, and came unto a place, and behold, Romeo sat upon a couch and Juliet sat upon his knee; and Timothy said, It is not the legitimate, but verily it is good.

21. Then spake he who winked, Go we now and look upon the tribe of Marionet.

22. And when they had looked upon the same, then looked Timothy about, and lo! there was in that place much people of the Yncass, and of such as say, The circus is of Sheitan; and they did snort.

23. Then gat Timothy unto another part of the palace of Mogynness Puff, and looked upon the great beast; and the beast was greater than an ox, yea, and looked nerce, so that Timothy was like to have fallen down.

24. And over the mouth of the beast was written a legend; and this is the manner of the legend which was written over the mouth of the beast: All hope abandon ye who enter here. And Timothy fled from the presence of the beast, and from under the lightning, saying:

25 May my grub be seasoned with dirt if the undersigned be not better pleased to look upon Juliet, who sitteth upon the knee of Romeo.

29. And Timothy beheld as it were a great multitude of such as look not upon the circus of the ungodly; and Timothy drew nigh unto the multitude, for he said within his heart, It is kismet, and Allah decreeth that mine eyes shall behold yet again him that is fired out of the big gun unto the woman who haugeth upon the bar.

27. Yet was the soul of Timothy bowed down, for he of the big gun abode not in that place, and in his stead reigned there one who did shoot with the artillery of the uncircumcised.

28. And Timothy sat him upon a bench and wept, and would not be comforted, saying, Cursed be Mogynness Puff, that he giveth not unto this people the variety show of the Brickbat, yea, may his liver fall so drop, that he hath not the men or Borneo which were here aforetime."

29. Bismillah, all these things, and more, hath a man at the garden of the Knickerbocker and at the place Buckingham.

30. Then came unto the scribe, saying, Lord of my life, be not cast down, for this Exposition surpasseth all others; and Mogynness himself hath said it. Bashustun, thy friends are here, even the dogs which do fantastic tricks before high Puff, and Punchandjudi, and divers other things which thou hast not yet looked upon.

31. But Timothy tumbled not unto the racket of that one, for his heart was exceedingly heavy; yea, in the bottoms of his boots seemed it to lie.

32. And Timothy gat him forth from that place, and sat him on a curb stone and wept; and when one said unto him, Why weepest thou? then answered Timothy unto that one thusly:

33 May the rice be seasoned with the snuff of the Scotchman if thou knowest not why these tears.

34. Behold, thy servant doth weep at the iniquity of him who runneth the shebang of which he saith, It is the Exposition; for if one saith within his heart, I will look upon that which is made of this people, then is he that one scooped.

35 And if one saith, By the bones of the Great Hairy, let us hie unto this place and look upon the circus which is there, then is he also scooped.

56. For there is neither the one thing nor the other, and he who engineereth the machine giveth not unto this people a good thing of one kind or of another kind.

37. Verily, it were better that we have the circus or the Exposition, that he who hath shekels may ante thereof, and choose between them.

38. If a man say unto thee, Behold this is an exposition of the handiwork of this people, question thou him; Shew unto me. I pray thee, that man of much talents which hath made the dogs therein, or the men of Borneo, and divers other things. Go to; unto thy servant give a rest.

39. And Timothy arose and departed from that place, and as he came by way of a certain street, one came unto him and spake, saying, Sawest thou the pictures of which the tribe of Blowhard says, It is the gallery of art? And Timothy answered unto that one, Yea, verily; but it is not good.

40. Then said that other one, Go thou by day; for the weird light is not good, bismillah, when thou hast looked upon the art by day, then wilt thou say It is very good.

41. Then came another one unto Timothy, saying, Has thou looked upon the art? And Timothy answered unto that one, Yea; and that one thrust his tongue into his cheek, and put his finger unto his eye, and drew down the corner thereof, and opened his head and chinned unto Timothy thus.

42. Son of Ebiff, thou hast looked upon many things afore the night was come, and they were good; not so with the pictures thou sawest; therefore he who would discover their beauties which are hidden goeth by day to look thereon;

43. And that one winked with his eye and gat him away with speed.

44. And Timothy hied him unto his tent and laid him upon his bed and poudered upon the things which he had seen and heard; yea, and wrote thereof in his book;

45. Saying, Great is Mogynness Puff and great is his circus.

46. Selah.—*Sunday Argus.*

Who Murdered Morgan.

"I know how Morgan was killed," said Thurlow Weed, "and where and when he was killed, and who killed him. It was a dreadful murder."

"How do I know?" he asked, repeating my question. "I know because the criminals themselves confessed it to me before they died."

"Is it possible?" I said. "Will you tell the public about it?"

"Yes. I have told it partially before It was in 1834, about five years after the sudden disappearance of Morgan, that on my trial for fleeing the Masons, two men volunteered to be my witnesses. One of these men was John Whitney."

"I think," Mr. Weed said, "the other was the man who had charge of the old fort where Morgan was confined by his captors."

He went on:

"I invited them to eat some oysters with me after the trial, and while we were at the table John Whitney consented, in reply to our urgency, to make a clean breast of it about the murder of Morgan. He declared the terrible secret had been a burden on him day and night, and then he told who the men were who left the Lodge one dark night to put Morgan out of the way, lest he might reveal the secrets of the Order. He said he was one of the men. The others were Colonel William King, Garside, Howard and Chubbock. They went to the fort, bound the prisoner hand and foot, laid him in a boat, carried him to about the middle part of Niagara River, where it was two miles to either shore, and there, tying weights to his head and heels, they flung him overboard. When he had told the story, Whitney said he felt relieved. The other witness turned to him and said, 'John, Weed can hang you now.' 'Yes,' said Whitney, but he won't. I thought much about my duty to the public, but it was obviously impossible to convict him unless he would say solemnly in Court what he said to me.

"It was nearly thirty years afterward when I met John Whitney in Chicago, when I was there at the Convention in 1860. He came to me and said he wanted to make a careful confession for me to write down, to publish after his death. There was nobody else he dared to trust it to, he said. I agreed to commit his dreadful secret to paper as soon as the Convention adjourned. The hour it adjourned he was waiting for me at my hotel. I was in the depths of disappointment, and was busy with a hundred things, and I told Whitney that I should come back to Chicago shortly and would then attend to it. We exchanged letters after that, but he died suddenly, and I never saw him again.'

"The Chicago papers," I said, "ought to look up his relatives or friends there, and see if he left any document or told his secret."

"Yes," he replied, "it would be well. It is strange, by the way, that every one of those five murderers are dead, and all but one died violent deaths. Colonel King committed suicide, and Garside was kicked to death by a horse."

To mothers whose children are weeping.—Sweet and balmy slumber secured for the little ones, and coughs and colds rapidly banished by the use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

GIVEN AWAY.

List of Premiums to be Distributed to our Subscribers at our 2nd Annual Distribution.

Encouraged by the success of a similar undertaking last year, we have determined to distribute a number of valuable premiums among our subscribers next fall. Every cash subscriber will get a ticket in the distribution and have an equal chance at the premiums.

Those who have already paid for the paper can get tickets by showing receipts.

We have selected the premiums with care and offer nearly three times as many as we did last year. As will be seen from the list below there are thirty prizes, ranging from eighty dollars down.

1. A No. 1 Two-horse Wagon, made by M. C. Forbes $80
2. A No. 1 White's Sewing Machine ..... $50.
3. An elegant Silver Tea-set of six pieces from J. M. Howe, $50.
4. One gents' Saddle, made by J. A. B. Johnson ..... $20.
5. A genuine 3 oz. Silver Watch, Waltham movement, from Jas. L. Wahl ..... $20.
6. South Bend Chilled Plow from Winfree & Hart ..... $15.
7. Oliver Chilled Plow, from C. G. Shanklin ..... $13.
8. Improved Dexter Cotton sheller, from M. Gregory & Bro. $12.
9. Silver Butter Dish, from Robert Mills, Jr. ..... $10.
10. Solid 18 karat Gold Ring, from Jas. L. Wahl ..... $10.
11. Extra Large Farm Bell, from Winfree & Hart ..... $10.
12. Double Plow, manufactured by Moore & Edmunds ..... $10.
13. Silver Cake-basket, from Robert Mills, Jr. ..... $8.
14. Set of Table Spoons, from J. M. Howe ..... $5.
15. Gold Pen and Holder, found; Mathowe ..... $5.
16. Carving Knife and Fork, from C. A. Thompson ..... $5.
17. Tin Chamber Set three pieces, from C. A. Thompson ..... $5.
18. Walnut Baby Cradle, from A. W. Pyle ..... $5.
19. Fine Riding Bridle ..... $5.
20. Box best 5c Cigars, from J. W. Lander ..... $5.
21. Silver Goblet ..... $4.
22. Silver Goblet ..... $4.
23. Nickle Plated Clock ..... $3.
24. Good Riding Bridle ..... $3.
25. Good Riding Bridle ..... $3.
26. Gold Front Sleeve Buttons ..... $2.
27. Weekly Courier-Journal one year ..... $2.
28. Weekly Courier Journal one year ..... $2.
29. South Kentuckian one year ..... $2.
30. South Kentuckian one year ..... $2.
31. Farmer's Home Journal one year ..... $150.

About Lying.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?" asked a Galveston lawyer.

"I was lying down on the sofa."

"Where was your husband?"

"He was lying down on the back gallery."

"And your children—where were they?"

"They were lying down on the bed, last asleep."

"Any other member of your family lying down?"

"Well, if my brother-in-law was here I expect he would be lying down in the Court-House. He is a lawyer, unless he has reformed recently."

Wicked for Clergymen.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article made of valuable remedies known to all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."

Rev. ——, Washington, D. C.

So Romantic.

Oh, girls, here is the loveliest story you ever heard, about the way Ulysses Grant, Jr., and Miss Flood fell in love. The young lady went botanizing one afternoon—as all young ladies do who don't know the difference between a hollyhock and a hay mow—and "Buck" accompanied her. In trying to obtain a bit of wild geranium for the young lady, he was poisoned with ivy, and Miss Flood cured him with some salve which an old lady gave her. Isn't it too dreadfully romantic for anything?—*Paducah Enterprise.*

Telegraphic from Toledo, O.

Mr. Editor: Say to your readers that Day's Kidney Pad is extensively used here by our best citizens, and is effecting most wonderful cures. It is the best Kidney remedy ever sold in this locality.

W. K. West, Druggist.

He was from the country, and was parading Galveston avenue with his sister on his arm, when his elbow accidently struck against a lady who was walking with a gentleman. The latter was furious at the insult offered the lady, threatening due vengeance, when the young man from the country said to his companion: "Sall, let him punch you and we will call it even."

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING.

Dr. Ruth and Wife—From the Wilds of the West—Out do the Famous Carver.

New York World.

The visitors to the Brooklyn Driving Park yesterday afternoon had a novel display set before them in the rifle and pistol shooting of Dr. Ruth and Mrs. Ruth. Dr. Ruth is a Western man, wears his hair long under a broad-brimmed white hat, and has a velvet shooting jacket after the style of Western riflemen. He is tall and free in his motions, tossing his representing-rifle about as if it were a mere wand. Mrs. Ruth is a lady with a very much tanned complexion and the carriage of a backwoods woman. Yesterday she wore a sort of Gainsborough hat, and when handling the pistol or rifle did not even take the trouble to remove her lace mits. There was a fair-sized crowd present, including a number of ladies. Captain L. C. Bruce, the celebrated rifle-shot; C. L. Wingate, the Secretary and one of the cracks of the Fountain Gun Club; T. G. Banks, and other expert shooters, were present, and watched the performance narrowly.

Mrs. Ruth began the banging and the hitting by aiming with a pistol at glass balls, and they were shattered in almost every case. With the pistol held sideways there was a miss or two more, but generally every shot told. When the pistol was inverted and the aim taken below instead of above the line of fire there was no apparent loss in the percentage of hits. When the ball was hung by a string and set swinging Mrs. Ruth stood eighteen yards off and made a clean break on her first shot. The rifle was then handled through the same series of shots, and the usual want of grace with which all women handle guns was apparent. When the balls were thrown up in the air Mrs Ruth stood a good distance off and shattered a dozen out of the fifteen, and this feature when encored was finally as good.

While the lady shooter chatted with the lady spectators Dr. Ruth began to show his ability as a snap shot. The sights of the rifle seemed to be of no special assistance to him, for when they were covered by a cord he used the weapons on balls placed on a stand and again at the glass spheres thrown into the air with wonderful effect. Some balls were thrown on the ground a dozen yards off, and the Doctor, aiming at the ground below a ball, would send it spinning up into air, and then rapidly unloading and loading his piece, would hit the ball on its descent. This double shooting drew out plenty of applause. Again, when the balls were thrown up the rifle was given a turn about after the manner of a ball handle and it fell into position soon enough to enable a breaking shot to be made on the ball. Ball thrown from side to side were hit, whether coming from the right or left. When need of breaking glassware, Dr. Ruth picked up a fragment of glass, and stepping off a dozen paces, held it off in his fingers, while Mrs. Ruth, picking up a small bore rifle, took careful aim and the glass was shattered into powder. With an ordinary visiting card held in his mouth and turned so as to show a side, Dr. Ruth permitted his wife to put several bullets through it, the pair joking meanwhile with each other, the shooter telling the target to draw back his nose a little, as it was too shining a mark and distracted her sight. Dr. Ruth wished to put a glass ball on his head and allow his wife to break it with a bullet, but she declared that she was tired of standing in the sun, and the very ordinary William Tell trick was omitted. A loaded cartridge was laid on a bit of plank some yards off, and Mrs. Ruth fired a bullet at it and exploded it. Dozens of other and similar ways of testing the quickness of sight and the steadiness of nerve of the shooters were improvised, and generally it was found that anything fired at was hit almost every time.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—A new era is dawning upon the life of woman. Hitherto she has been called upon to suffer the ills of mankind and her own besides. The frequent and distressing irregularities peculiar to her sex have long been to her the "direful spring of woes unnumbered." In the mansion of the rich and in the hovel of poverty alike woman has been the constant yet patient victim of a thousand ills, unknown to man—and these without a remedy. "Oh Lord, how long?!" in the agony of her soul, hath she cried. But now the hour of her redemption is come. She will suffer no more, for Dr. J. Bradfield's Female Regulator—Woman's Best Friend—is for sale by all respectable Druggists throughout the land at $1.50 per bottle. In another column of this newspaper will be found some interesting particulars concerning the Female Regulator and other information highly important to women. For sale by Hopper & Son.

A Plea for the Soap Agent.

[Danbury News.]

Be kind to the soap agent. He has a father, perhaps, and a mother, who knew him in his innocent youth. Perhaps even now, in some Western village, fond hearts are beating for him and sweet lips breathe love's dearest prayers for his welfare. Therefore lay him down tenderly, fold his hands peacefully on his breast and close his eyes gently as you put him to rest under the branches of the weeping willow, where the birds carol all through the summer days their softest songs. But plant him deep—plant him deep.

Mistakes Should Be Corrected.

Particularly the practice of taking medicines into the system by way of stomach for diseases of the Kidneys. It is an old treatment, well tried, and proven inefficient. The true method is absorption, as proven by the great success of Day's Kidney Pad.

Workingmen! Look to your interests and save doctor bills by using Dr Bull's Cough Syrup.