The Richland Beacon.

"Libertas et Natale Solum."

VOLUME XIII. RAYVILLE, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1881. NUMBER 46.

PRICKLY ASH

BITTERS

The majority of the ills of the human body arise from a derangement of the **Liver,** *affecting both the stomach and bowels. In order to effect a cure, it is necessary to remove the cause. Irregular and Sluggish action of the Bowels, Headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Pain in the Back and Loins, etc., indicate that the Liver is at fault, and that nature requires assistance to enable this organ to throw off impurities.*

Prickly Ash Bitters *are especially compounded for this purpose. They are mild in their action and effective as a cure; are pleasant to the taste and taken easily by both children and adults. Taken according to directions, they are a safe and pleasant cure for* **Dyspepsia, General Debility, Habitual Constipation, Diseased Kidneys, etc., etc.** *As a* **Blood Purifier** *they are superior to any other medicine; cleansing the system thoroughly, and imparting new life and energy to the invalid. It is a* **medicine** *and* **not** *an* **intoxicating** *beverage.*

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR PRICKLY ASH BITTERS, and take no other. PRICE, $1.00 per Bottle.

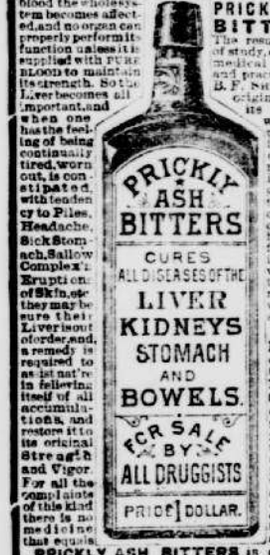
MEYER BROS. & CO., - SOLE PROPRIETORS,
St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.

THE LIVER AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

IT has become a well established fact that the larger portion of diseases to which the human family is subject arise in the first place from some derangement of the Liver. This organ is not only the largest, but at the same time one of the most important. The venous blood, on its return to the heart, passes through this organ, and in its passage the impurities as also the secretions which are necessary for digestion as well as for a cathartic to assist in the removal of waste material, &c. are eliminated. From this it is easily seen that the Liver is liable to get out of order to a greater or less extent, and when this occurs it is impossible for it to properly fulfill its office of removing all objectionable matter from the blood but allows it to pass through, carrying with it the poisons of which it should have been relieved.

With impure blood the whole system becomes affected, and no organ can properly perform its function unless it is supplied with PURE BLOOD to maintain its strength. So the Liver becomes all important, and when one has the feeling of being continually tired, worn out, is constipated, with tendency to Piles, Headache, Sick Stomach, Sallow Complexion, Eruptions of Skin, etc., they may be sure their Liver is out of order, and a remedy is required to assist nature in relieving itself of all accumulations, and restore it to its original Strength and Vigor. For all the complaints of this kind there is no medicine that equals

DR. B. F. SHERMAN'S **PRICKLY ASH BITTERS.** The result of years of study, experience and medical research and practice of Dr. B. F. SHERMAN, its originator, and, its success wherever used is sufficient guaranty for its merit. Drastic Purgatives—that class of remedies can have but one effect—that is by their violent action to derange and weaken the system. Prickly Ash Bitters acts direct on the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, & Bowels, in a mild yet effective manner, and is as pleasant to the taste as any cordial, and is as easily taken by children as adults.



PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is a medicine of rare merit, and not an intoxicating beverage, and being purely vegetable in its composite can be used at all times with beneficial results. It is not claimed as a cure-all, but for derangements of the organs mentioned, it is a specific and as a BLOOD PURIFIER ranks above all other preparations. Ask your druggist for it, and give it a fair trial. If he has none on hand, ask that it be ordered for you.

MEYER BROTHERS & CO.
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY, MO.

An ant town in the Allegheny mountains consists of 1,600 or 1,700 nests, which rise in cones to a height of from two to five feet. The ground is riddled in every direction by subterranean passages.

There are 16,000 oystermen in Virginia.

"The topic of universal interest at Washington," telegraphs the Chicago *Tribune* correspondent, "has been the discoveries of the autopsy. However excusable the errors of diagnosis made by the attending surgeons, it is none the less true as a fact that they have treated the case from the start in entire ignorance of the true character of the injury. It is almost incredible that a group of intelligent and experienced surgeons, having a large familiarity with gunshot wounds, should have gone on exploring, cleansing and dressing a burrowing abscess for eight or ten weeks, while the gunshot wound which they were supposed to be treating was left entirely alone to the curative powers of unassisted nature. From day to day we had bulletins more or less explicitly stating the vicissitudes of the so-called wound. Dr. Woodward was putting his microscope onto the pus and taking photographs of the interesting aspects thus brought to light. The catheter was going up and down, now four inches, now twelve, now only three or four, and the wound was said to be healing to suit. The granulations were reported upon, and the nature of the healing, whether from the ball outward or otherwise, was discussed and announced by the doctors in charge time upon time and with great confidence. The latest and most ingenious appliances of science were brought into requisition, and the location of the ball supposed to be ascertained with reasonable certainty and accuracy. Dr. Bliss claimed that the Bell experiments had been entirely successful, and that they had verified the united theory of the doctors that the ball was located in the iliac region. Its position was stated in half and quarter inches, except that it did come out later than the depth of the ball from the surface was not so nicely understood. And now it appears that the ball was half way across the body, in quite another direction, and that the path of the bullet was almost at right angles with the long abscess which they were treating in its stead. But the autopsy upsets more than the doctors immediately concerned in the case. In many particulars it makes the criticisms of outside physicians as ridiculous as the statements of those in charge. For instance, many claimed, with warmth, that the ball was not encysted, and was a constant source of irritation and danger. Now it appears that the ball was completed encysted and the wound practically healed. The great consolation in it all, and the one which will protect the doctors in charge from a fierce howl of indignation all over the world, is the apparent certainty that the wound as now understood was necessarily mortal. Had it been simply in itself a comparatively slight injury, and one which, under prompt, intelligent and correct treatment, could have been successfully coped with, one can hardly conjecture the effects of popular grief and rage. But it is evident that the President was fated. The only wonder is that he lived so long."

In the early days of California women and babies were extremely rare and one night at the theater in San Francisco when a baby set up a cry during the playing of the orchestra an excited miner rose in the gallery and yelled: "Stop them fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years." Judging by a scene at Tucson, A. T., a Sunday or two ago, there is as great a dearth of babies there as in the younger days of San Francisco. Col. Dean found a richly-dressed Mexican baby lying on the grass, evidently abandoned by its mother, and crying at the top of its voice. He laid claim to it, and was soon surrounded by persons anxious for the prize. A Mexican lady offered $20 for it. An American lady bid $50. A hundred others wanted the baby raffled off, declaring their readiness to take tickets at any price. But the Colonel concluded to adopt the baby himself, and did so at the expense of being denounced as a selfish man who would give none of his fellow-mortals a chance.

DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY

Established 1847 at 12 N. 8th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE Physicians in charge of this old and well known institution are regular graduates in medicine and surgery. Years of Experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases have made their skill and ability so much superior to that of the ordinary practitioner, that they have acquired a national reputation through their treatment of complicated cases.

IMPRUDENCE or EXPOSURE Producing affections of the blood, skin or bones, treated with success, without using Mercury or Poisonous Medicines.

YOUNG MEN and those of middle age who are suffering from the effects of a disease that unfits its victims for business or marriage, permanently cured, at moderate expense.

PATIENTS TREATED by Mail and Express, but where possible, personal consultation is preferred, which is FREE and invited. List of questions to be answered by patients desiring treatment mailed free to any address.

(Persons suffering from a Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)

DR. BUTTS, 12 North 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WITHERED ROSES.

Withered rose-leaves in an urn—
Everywhere our glances turn,
Time old graves uncovers.
Many a dainty, perfumed note
Hands long cold once warmly wrote,
Hidden here by lovers.

Ah! the many hearts, now cold,
Ah! the memories, sweet and old,
This quaint room discloses.
All the warmth is chill to-day;
All the life has passed away;
Naught is left but roses—

Roses, withered now and dead,
All their ancient sweetness fled
With their ancient splendor.
As I bend above, I feel
A vague fragrance from them steal
Like a mem'ry tender,

Of their older pleasant days,
When the sun's rich golden blaze
Kissed their cheeks to glory.
Ah! the pain these mem'ries give!
Ah! the pain that one must live
When our life's sweet story

Holds no more the golden joy!
Of what use a valued toy,
When its charm is broken?
Of our life when youth is o'er—
Of the past which comes no more,
Are these flowers the token.

When the sun has lost his light,
When the fall of winter's night
Our autumn-tide o'ercloses—
Call we then the memories sweet—
Of the so-cherished moments fleet—
Ashes of youth's roses.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

A BOLD BACKWOODS BOY.

Jad was eleven years old and little Chlo, his sister, was two years younger. But this was a great many years ago when their father, Mr. Dunlap, had just moved into a township in the western part of Maine, which was then a wild, uninhabited region, save where here and there an adventurous settler had planted his little log hut in the heart of the wilderness, and laid bare a few acres of the forest as a nucleus of the future home of himself and thriving family—almost always a small colony in itself.

Ah, who can tell what homesick moments and longings for the old associations our pioneer fathers and mothers endured, coming, as did many of them, from wealthy States and pleasant surroundings. There must have been a mighty attraction in the wild, free life of the backwood man and a genuine love of the simple and homely joys of the rough hearthstone, to have held them in these rude homes, almost isolated, as they were, from the world. But they lived in anticipation, looking eagerly forward to a future of plenty, when the wilderness should become cultivated and fruitful through their first persistent and hardy efforts.

With an energy characteristic of the first settlers, Mr. Dunlap pushed his way on through toil, hardships and many privations, at first felling and clearing a patch large enough to put up a log cabin for his family, then by degrees cutting farther and farther into the primitive forest, till now quite a large tract lay open to the sun, a part of which was under tolerable cultivation, the rest laying black and still smoking from recent burnings.

As before stated, Jad was now eleven. He was a dark-faced, sinewy lad, tough as a thong, inheriting much of his father's pluck and endurance. Whatever he undertook to do he was pretty sure to carry through.

In these unsettled regions wild animals were numerous, especirlly the wildcat, lynx and glutton, or wolverine. These creatures often come into the clearings, and their frequent depredations became a great pest to the settlers.

There was also an abundance of smaller game to be had for the trapping, and this fall Jad was anticipating no end of enjoyment in the warm Indian summer days, trapping for "musquash" (muskrat) and mink along Renny brook, which ran past the clearing half a mile away in the woods. His father had helped him make his traps, and on his very first visit he was greatly elated by finding a sleek and glossy mink in one of them. This piece of good luck had set Jad half wild, for mink skins brought a high price at the "big settlement," twenty five miles down the country, where his father always went to do his trading.

Jad watched his traps eagerly as a miser watches his money bags. But with all his vigilance, what was his dismay to find, one morning, in the trap farthest up stream, that a mink had been caught and taken out by some wild beast and devoured. The tail and little featherly clumps of fur lay scattered about the trap. Dire vengeance against the wild marauder at once possessed his heart.

Little Chlo was a keen sympathizer in his troubles. She was also his companion in this trapping expedition, in which it was her duty to carry the bait—sometimes a squirrel, oftener a trout caught from the brook.

"What d'you s'pose got him?" asked Chlo, as Jad stood looking ruefully at the tail, which he held between his thumb and finger.

"I don't know, unless 'twas a glutton, or a wildcat. Pa says they are always nosin' round to get the bait out of traps and what's caught in 'em. Confound him! Seven dollars gone down his throat!" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

"It's too bad," cried little Chlo. "Can't you catch him?"

Jad thought a moment. His father had a steel fox-trap. He would set that and have the thief. Leaving Chlo, he hastened to the house, got the trap and raced back to the brook. It was set at last to his satisfaction, and baited with a squirrel, which he had brought along to bait his mink-traps with. He drove a stake down through the ring in the trap-chain, so as to hold whatever was caught.

Two days passed and not a mink had been near, but the bait was gone out of the steel trap, and also from two of the mink-traps. With his usual perseverance, Jad rebaited them and waited. The bait was again eaten out of most of his mink-traps, and, what was more exasperating, another mink had been caught and eaten.

Jad's patience now nearly gave way, and he was tempted to tear his traps up. But on second thought he resolved to try once more. He would bait only the fox-trap.

Jad did not visit it the next morning, as usual, for he was obliged to finish harvesting the potatoes. But after dinner, his father having gone to assist at putting up a log cabin for a newly-arrived settler, some two miles distant, Jad and Chlo set off for the brook, hatchet and fishpole in hand.

As they neared the place where the fox-trap was set they heard the chain clinking.

"I bet my head we've got him!" Jad cried excitedly, dashing through a clump of cedars.

And, sure enough, there he was. A big, round-headed wild-cat!

At Jad's sudden appearance the creature bounded and leaped frantically to free himself; but the stake was a strong one.

After cutting a stout green club three or four feet in length, Jad stuck the hatchet beneath the strap which he wore for a belt, and going as near as he dared attack at the creature with all his might. He missed, however, and the cat darted round to the other side of the stake, bringing up with a sudden jerk, where it crouched, growling low and watching the boy with fiery eyes and ears laid back.

"Oh, don't go so near him, Jad!" cautioned little Chlo, retreating across the brook. "He'll fly at ye 'fore ye know it!"

"Let 'im fly!" cried the now-excited boy. "He's going to get his head cracked 'fore I'm done with 'im! Take that, ye sneakin' thief!" he added, venturing up and bringing down the club, with a quick blow, just grazing the animal as he again jumped to the other side.

Then round and round the stake they flew, Jad thumping the ground, trap, anything but the cat, which adroitly kept out of his reach, all the time furiously snarling and spitting. It was hard telling which was pursuer as they gyrated about the stake amid a perfect whirlwind of dead leaves.

But in an unlucky moment Jad's club got under the trap chain, and bringing it up suddenly he threw the ring over the top of the stake. With a bound the creature was off, the chain rattling after him and catching under roots and stones.

There was not a second to lose, and the boy gave hot chase. They ran on for fifty rods or more; then, seeing Jad so close upon him, the cat scratched up the trunk of a hemlock, trap and all, and from the branches glared at the panting and excited boy.

Jad's courage was now up to the highest pitch, and throwing down his club he began to climb the rough trunk.

"Don't go up there, Jad, for pity's sake, don't!" implored little Chlo, now coming up all out of breath.

"Yes, an' let him go off with pa's trap on his foot, wouldn't ye? Just like a girl—'fraid of her own shadder!" cried Jad scornfully. "I tell yer, he's got to pay for them mink with his skin—see if he don't!" and he climbed on laboriously, giving vent to his indignation in threats which he meant to put into execution.

Reaching the lower limbs, Jad grasped the hatchet firmly, ready for an assault. As he came within a yard of the cat it kept clawing and making attempts to leap down upon the boy's head, all the time growling fiercely. Throwing the hatchet back over his shoulder as far as he could reach, Jad struck at the big head in the crotch of the tree just above him. But the creature dodged the blow. He again struck and missed; but the next time he was fortunate enough to hit the cat on the head, fairly knocking it off the limb to the ground, where for a moment it lay stunned and motionless.

Jad slipped quickly down the trunk, thinking the victory now won. But the animal, recovering itself, set upon the boy with true feline grit, and the next moment they were engaged in a lively tussle, while little Chlo ran back and forth shouting for help at the top of her voice.

The woods resounded with the confused medley. Jad now found that he must fight for his life, and with another desperate blow he again stunned the creature, and, before he could recover, the resolute boy dispatched him.

Dropping the hatchet, Jad threw himself on the ground, panting and exhausted. Poor little Chlo now came timidly forward, trembling and casting frightened glances at the animal, as if she half expected it would even now leap upon her.

"Oh, Jad!" cried the little girl, seeing the boy's tattered frock, "you must be awful hurt! And, oh, see your arm!"

"No, I ain't hurt, neither," declared Jad, stoutly, sitting up, "not much, anyway. That's only a little scratch!" regarding his arm ruefully.

It was a pretty big one, however. Binding some birch withes firmly about the creature's hind legs, Jad, with little Chlo's assistance, dragged him to the house.

"My patience alive!" cried their mother, running to the door, as she caught sight of the children. "Jad Dunlap! you venturesome boy, where did you get that wildcat?"

"He got into our trap, an' then ran off up a tree with it, and Jad clim' up after 'im," little Chlo hastened to explain. "I told him not to," she added, seeing the gathering reproof in her mother's eyes.

"And you got well scratched," said Mrs. Dunlap, turning Jad about and eying his bleeding arm. "I guess 'twill learn you to let wildcats alone!"

"He won't eat any more of my mink, anyway," muttered Jad.

He did not get much sympathy from his father, either, who chided him severely for his want of prudence, and bade him be more cautious in the future about attacking such animals.

It took a long time to heal up Jad's lacerated arms and shoulders, and it was a number of days before he got over the soreness and lameness enough to visit his traps. However, Jad was not troubled again that fall, while two more mink were added to his little pile of furs, which he sent on his father's load down to the "settlement" not long after.

THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN—BY A JILTED MAN.

Women are sadly ruled by the law of compensation. Those who are good are never pretty; those who are pretty are never good.

To a man, truth is what he knows; to a woman, truth is what she believes.

The only perfect woman a man ever knows is his mother.

All intimate friendships among women have the same basis, and always exist between those who resemble each other in figure—they can borrow each other's dresses.

Women invariably fear death—and I don't wonder.

The Boise City (Idaho) *Statesman* heard of the death of a friend and blocked out a half-column obituary that threw the office devil into a fit of weeping and drew such a flood of tears from the eyes of the case-hardened compositors that the floor of the office had to be mopped up three times during the setting in type of the article. The next day the editor received a communication from the dead man denying that he had meandered up the flume as stated, and asking for a correction. His letter was published in full in the next issue headed: "A Card from a Corpse." This is Western humor.

The oldest German opera, a musical play, composed by Johann Gottlieb Staden, of Nurnberg, has been published for the first time by a firm in that old Bavarian city. Staden was organist to the Grand Duke of Brandenburg in 1602.

PLEASANTRIES.

Spell fat with four letters—O B C T.

A spirited business—Manufacturing whisky.

Circus mules are educated because they exhibit brayin.

Funny items should never be consigned to the grave.

"The old man eloquent"—When he comes home a trifle off.

The Philadelphia *Son* thinks the dressmaker is a pattern woman.

A lawyer should never burn coal. He gets along better with Coke than Blackstone.

The man who invented corsets was foolish, for he might have known they would all go to waist.

"Water melon-choly scene," said the small boy when the farmer's dog chased him out of the patch.

A homely young girl has the consolation of knowing that, if she lives to be 40, she will be a pretty old girl.

"I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of a 4-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

A little heat that can't be beat, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little sneeze, and you're the doctor's pride; $17.25 for ten visits.

An ambitious young writer having asked "what magazine will give me highest position quickest?" was told, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

Carlyle, being once asked the difference between a natural fool and an educated fool, replied, "Just about the difference between you and me, I suspect." The questioner was never able to determine what kind of fool he was.

"I saw a big boy and a little fellow quarreling over some marbles to-day," said John. "Did you?" asked his father. "I hope you interfered to stop their quarreling." "Yes, yes," said John, "I took the little fellow's part."

An old man, with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon, entered an Austin avenue drug store and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of red-hair restorer. That was the color of my hair when I was a boy."—*Texas Siftings.*

HURRY UP, SIS.

Dearest, delay not,
Long have I waited;
Sighed for the coming
Of kisses belated;
Fragrant as rosebuds,
Pure as the dew;
Dearest, delay not,
I'm waiting for you.

"Just keep your bottle of whisky in your closet, and, when the girl brings you your hot shaving-water in the morning, you can mix your toddy quickly, and not a soul will know a thing about it," said the M. D. The plan worked well until the old man's daughter thought he must be going insane, because he wanted to shave five or six times a day.

Of course, no newspaper can exclude all criminal things from its columns—that we do not propose to do. There are criminal acts which can be classed as news, but we do not propose to adopt the practice of putting out drag-nets and hooks and grappling-irons to drag the bottom of every foul pool, hunting for putrid morsels of crime. We will leave that for those who are fond of such business.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A pleasant call—"Come here, Hildebrand, my love," said a fond New Haven mother, as her spindle-legged youngster appeared just inside the gate. "Hildebrand! I should say so. How came you to tie such a homely boy to such a high-priced name?" asked a blunt-spoken caller. "He may be homely, but he's mine, thank you. I didn't have to marry a widower with four great overgrown boys, as you did." This treading on corns, meaphorically, doesn't pay.—*New Haven Register.*

Keeley's motor is now known as "the tramp," because it won't work.

Silverman's Lottery Ticket.

A special from Helena, Ark., October 5th, says: "Night before last an attempt was made to assassinate Simon Silverman while on his way to this city. Five shots were fired at him from behind a tree, with no other effect than to frighten the horse ridden by Silverman, which threw its rider without injuring him. The cause of this attempt on Silverman's life is owing to the dispute about the ownership of the lottery ticket which won the $15,000 prize in the Louisiana State Lottery Company, Silverman claiming it to be his, and a Mrs. Clark claiming that she had bought it of Silverman, who afterwards purloined it from her. The ticket was taken from him at the muzzle of the pistol, and he has instituted suit for the money. It is supposed that the attempt on his life was made to keep him from prosecuting the suit."—*New Orleans Picayune, October 10.*