GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

EVENING, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

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FRIDAY EVENING NOVEMBER, 20, 1885.

Turkey should be driven out of Europe this time. Asiatic civilization is played out there.

However weak the homeopathic doctors' pills, the homeopathic doctor-bills are as potent as those of the old school.

Smallpox in Canada makes that country an inhospitable shore for unvaccinated bank cashiers. They are afraid to break out.

Riel doubtless deserved his fate; but, as statesmanship, his hanging seems at this distance to have been a bloody British blunder.

The autopsy of the late John McCullough's brain reveals that his insanity was due to blood poisoning from disease of the cerebral arteries. There were neither tumors nor abscesses.

The entire navy of King Thebaw has been captured by the British steamer Kathleen. This navy was one man-of-war, and when the British fired upon it the crew jumped out into the water. The brave Burmese tars were surprised, not to say shocked.

Rev. Arnett, the newly elected representative of Greene county, is spoken of as a candidate for the speakership of the house. But it is not customary to put an entirely new member into that responsible position; and Mr. Arnett must not think it a discrimination if he don't get there.

Dakota will knock this winter again for admission into the Union. But her people now want to be admitted as two states. By this division they endanger their chances. If Dakota could not get in as one state because she was republican, how does she hope to get in as two republican states?

The pope, to whom had been referred the dispute between Spain and Germany as to prior title to the Caroline Islands, has decided in favor of Spain. This lets old Mr. Bismarck out of a predicament in which he knew he was wrong but was too high-mighty in his mind to acknowledge it.

Mr. Joseph P. Smith, representative of the Cincinnati Graphic, was in town yesterday with a view to giving a Graphic description and illustration of some of the typical features of this "typical city." Mr. Smith is an experienced journalist, and what he says of us will be in good shape and reliable.

In an address before the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, in New York, Stewart L. Woodford said of trades-unions: "They have demonstrated the power and the manhood of labor, and I think we should be profoundly grateful for their existence. They mark, as nothing else can, the power of labor."

The Dayton Democrat thinks it makes a point on John Sherman by stating the fact that 140,000 unsuppressed republicans did not go to the polls at the last election in Pennsylvania. They did not go because they knew the republican majority of that state would be monstrous enough without them.

Dr. C. B. Jones appears to be a decided success in the superintendency of the Orphans' Home at Xenia. He has shown that the institution can be efficiently conducted without any of the mean little tyrannies which characterized the so-called Major Shaw. The doctor is a democrat and a gentleman.

One of the signs of the expected war-storm in Europe is the fact that European capitalists have recently been investing largely in American securities. This is one of the ways of accounting for the great rise in prices and great volume of transactions in New York of late. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

The superintendent of the Toronto insane-asylum, who is considered the best expert on insanity in Canada, and who examined Riel at his trial, says now—after the hanging—that Riel was a full maniac, and had been an inmate of two asylums. If this doctor had given publicity to some of his expertness a few days ago, it might have been of importance.

They are fighting for prohibition in Atlanta under the local-option law of Georgia. But they are not doing it by a third party, or on party lines, or on the color line. As a special to the New-York World puts it—

"Here are the prejudices of race, born of hundreds of years, swept away. The barriers of party are broken. Democrats are on both sides, republicans are on both sides, and white and black are on both sides."

War Bulletins.

"The Servs are indignant at the news scattered over the world yesterday to the effect that they had been smartly whipped at Dragoman Pass. They admit that they had a mighty hard tussle there, but claim that they repulsed the Bulgars and held their positions. But the general information and opinion confirm yesterday's news and put the Servian loss even greater than at first reported. The fact that the Servian invaders appear to be backing at various points on the general line of previous advance, rather than marching forward to Sofia, and that these points are where they struck the Bulgars and the Bulgars struck back, shows that displeasing things are happening to them unexpectedly.

But it seems that the Servs have resumed the offensive before Slivnitza, and that sanguinary fighting was going on there at the latest intelligence. The fact that they have *resumed* the offensive would look like an admission that they had been on the defensive some hours before.

Yet it is probably true that these unofficial accounts from both sides are not strictly historical. The press reports, however, agree that the Servs are checked in all directions except at Widdin, and that the carnage has been even greater than these reports have represented it. Widdin, too, which had been captured by the Servs *in a war-battle-in*, is believed to be still held and obstinately defended by the Bulgars, and it is thought that, if it has been taken, the Bulgars do not yet know it.

But the important news is that Prince Alexander has acceded to the demand of Turkey on which she conditioned her coming to his assistance, and has withdrawn from Roumelia and so notified the sultan. Yet the Balkan conference is urging the Turk to delay the proposed entry of his forces into Roumelia, representing that such an advance would precipitate an immediate intervention of Russia. But the Turkish mobilization is complete and ready for active service; and it is not quite clear how the sultan can refuse his assistance to Bulgaria, consistently with his conditional promise, since the condition has been complied with. If the war widen, the beginning may be looked for soon.

But Brother Downs, of the notoriety of Taber v. Taber, has come to misfortune at last. He was yesterday dismissed from his pastorate by formal action of his late church. His sympathizers were unanimous in their indignation, and they have organized another congregation for him and resolved to build him a new church. "If ever there was a time when such men should stand together," &c.

Old man Morosini declares through the newspapers that he will never, never forgive his beloved and darling daughter for having run away with and married a despicable loafer. Well, we do not know that the public cares four cents whether he does or not. Nor perhaps she, either. She has her scamp left—a Hullskamp.

There was a bitter contest for the U. S. senatorship in the Oregon legislature; and Mitchell, the successful man, was elected by the rally of democratic voters to him against his opponent, whom they disliked personally. But Mitchell is a republican, and the banking the democrats are doing on him will not yield returns.

The British General Prendergast, who had captured and garrisoned the Burmese town of Minhla, has met with an unintentional victory. His ammunition stored there accidentally ignited, and exploded and burned up the whole town.

—An Englishman has a full suit made of rat skins. It took 670 skins.

—The Legislature of Brazil has passed a bill for the gradual freeing of the slaves of the empire.

—A Corsican boy learned 40,000 words, and could repeat them backward and forward without a mistake.

—Nine million acres of land in Germany are devoted to the cultivation of the potato. The product last year amounted to 23,000,000 tons.

—The following advertisement appears in a Geneva journal: "For the blind. Excellent pension, family life, good service, and delightful view of the lake of Geneva."

—A tomb has been discovered at Tanagra, with its walls covered with encaustic paintings of great technical skill, supposed to be as early as the third century B. C. They represent domestic utensils, a loom, a horse, a landscape with houses, etc.

—A wine merchant in Hamburg has bequeathed 1,000 thalers per annum, the interest of his capital, to the baldest man in the city, with the proviso that should a man turn up with no hair at all on his head he is to take the entire capital.

—Every woman servant in Prussia who completes her fortieth year of unbroken service in one family is presented by the Empress Augusta with a gold cross and a diploma bearing the Imperial autograph signature. During the past eight years 1,156 servants have been thus honored.

—Another large river, the Kasai, has just been discovered in Africa. Its length is unknown. Four hundred miles above its juncture with the Congo it is six miles wide. Thousands of hippopotami inhabit its waters. The banks of this noble river are thickly populated by a handsome, warlike people.

—At the Luther Festival last November it was decided to erect a monument to the great reformer at Berlin. For this purpose designs were invited from architects and sculptors, and in response to this forty-seven sets of drawings have been sent in to the committee, some of them showing great talent and exquisite taste.

—A watchmaker in Newcastle is said to have completed a set of three gold shirt-studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The three studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt-bosom; and the watch contained in the middle one is wound up by turning the stud above, and the hands are set by turning the one below.

—A remarkable defense was set up a few days ago before the Yarmouth (England) magistrates in a case of short weight. The defendant, a tobacconist, was found by the police to be possessed of a pair of scales loaded with a sheet of lead, which of course acted against customers. He explained that he had a daughter "of rather prepossessing appearance" who served in the shop, and who "while talking to customers" had acquired the habit of invariably giving overweight. The lead was therefore used to balance this undesirable practice, and the defendant "always allowed for it when serving himself."

—The Russians have made Jericho a delightful winter resort, and the injunction to go thither is no longer disrespectful. The beautiful spot, around which cluster some of the most sacred associations of the Christian world, will probably become a fashionable watering place if access to it is facilitated by the opening of the proposed railway route between England and India, through Northern Africa from Tangier to Cairo, and thence along the Euphrates Valley and the Persian Gulf, quick trains covering the distance between London and Bombay in nine days.—*Paterson (N. J.) Guardian.*

—The mechanism of the human hand is most perfect. The hand of a man or woman, with its wonderful checks, balances and lightning-like pliancy, is of itself enough to crush forever an atheistic thought. Its adaptability to use is something which staggers credulity. It is that agent of the mind which executes that which the mind conceives, and there seems to be no limit to its executive powers. The slightest mutilation of this agent impairs its usefulness, because its muscular and nervous vitality is weakened. In fact, such mutilation as is recommended, or of any other part of the human organism, is a positive crime.—*N. Y. Mercury, Latest Piano-Playing Idea.*

A short time ago a little girl in Alabama wrote a note to the emperor of Austria, congratulating him upon the happy recurrence of his birthday, which was also her own. Last week she received from the emperor a four-leaved clover in gold, with a diamond dewdrop in its center, and inscribed: "From the imperial majesty, Emperor Francis Joseph I., to Charlotte Pollak."

A strip of Arabian paper dating from the ninth century, and containing a woodcut with ornaments and initials, has just been found among the papers of the Austrian Archduke Barner. This relic shows that the art of woodcutting was probably of Arabian origin, or that it was, at all events, known to the Arabs in the ninth century.

"More than 200 trees have been labeled in the public garden and in the common," says the Boston Advertiser, "and, although it is said that Philadelphia pays $1,500 to give this lesson to her children, we may at least feel sure that Boston's modest appropriation of $250 has been well spent and makes a fair beginning."

Lieut. Gen. Sheridan is not quite five feet four and a half inches in height.

HEART AND HEAD.

I loved her in the early spring,
When bluebirds mate and robins sing;
My heart cried haste! oh, speak! make haste!
My head made answer, haste is waste!

I dropped the corn, I sowed the wheat,
The summer came with blossoms sweet
And all the time my heart cried haste,
And head made answer, haste is waste!

I stacked the grain, I sheared the sheep
I reasoned that my love would keep;
My heart's loud cry of haste, oh, haste!
Was silenced still by haste makes waste

The ground is covered o'er with snow,
Another wed her weeks ago!—
My mocking heart cries haste, make haste!
And mocking head, oh, haste makes waste!

—*Jennie E. Dowe, in Century.*

"THAT MITT."

Miss Alice's Cunning and Successful Device.

CHAPTER I.

Eugene Sylvestre, tall, well-proportioned, blonde and mustached, stood with watchful, albeit rather sleepy-looking eyes, near a crowded corner of State Street in our busy, bustling, well-bepraised city. He was leaning, with a languid grace, peculiar to his kind, against one of those æsthetic posts impressed of late years into the postal service of our country, and as he leaned there he softly hummed a verse of which the only audible words were "good night, ladies."

The young and talented gentleman here introduced *was* a gentleman, courteous, brave and kind, and one of fortune's favorite sons. He was also the city editor of *The Morning Scoop emup*, most brilliant and influential of our city journals, and he was in that particular place at this particular time in patient search after that thing which his soul loved—an item.

The sun was shining with almost southern intensity, and Sylvestre, who, I should have told you, was of southern birth, had only to close his eyes a little more than usual and stand near one of Italia's palatial pomological emporiums to be transported, Aladdin-like, to his childhood's home, had he so willed it.

In the throng of pedestrians and the hurrying of vehicles this cynical young man saw nothing that to his intelligent eye was more than an oft-told tale. He continued his observations from force of habit, or, rather, from that instinct born with the rightful member of the fourth estate. He stood "as one who slept and dreamed; all things to him unreal seemed," when, lo! one of those fortunes that favor the brave. A rustling of silks, a tapping of tiny boot-heels, a gay but subdued chime of charming laughter, a bewildering glimpse of scarlet lips and eyes that suggested black velvet and black diamonds, all those distracting things in fact that have disturbed the peace of men since Lilith, first beloved, dawned on Adam. It was but a moment, and the vision had passed him before our hero had fairly opened his eyes. His mind was for once rippled, and like some "inspired idiot" it feebly intermixed girls and hours and other mythological absurdities. Had he, the ubiquitous reporter for long, long days and weeks, who had worn out innumerable pairs of shoes tramping the city from end to end until his present dignity was fairly won—*could* he have dwelt within knowledge of that thing of loveliness and failed to make her his by right of discovery? Out with the thought! She must be a stranger, perhaps a Peri from the gate of Eden wandering disconsolate.

In fact, the passers by were two very good-looking Chicago girls (they would have been rare beauties elsewhere), but, by the bow of Cupid, *one* had he seen, and only one, and she had fired his Southern soul. He started forward in time to catch the last glimmer of silk as she passed into the dry-goods palace on the corner, then with a sigh was sinking back into his old, restful position (Sylve-tre was born tired), when, oh, rapture! there at his feet lay a dainty kid mitten!

"'Sdeath!" ('Sdeath, oh, uninitiated into the mysteries of newspaperdom, is the customary ejaculatory utterance of the well-formed newspaper man of the nineteenth century.)

"'Sdeath!" he ejaculated. It was *hers*. Instinct told him that. He seized it with even more avidity then if it had been an item, and with heart exultingly beating, he hastily followed the ladies into the busy hive, where people were packed "like pickles in a jar." Upstairs and in the basement: glowering at the cash-boys and forgetting to smile on the lady clerks, from aisle to aisle, he pursued his fruitless search, forgetful of the fact that it was a corner store with doors on two streets. Exhausted with such labors and the heat of the day, he muttered a—vocabulary word, and reluctantly abandoned the search, pocketed his precious "find," and betook himself to his office, here to seek forgetfulness in his accustomed way.

The next morning in the columns of the paper whose staff he so brilliantly ornamented, appeared conspicuously this legend:

WANTED—The lady who yesterday lost on State Street, near ——, a red stitched, fur trimmed, fleece-lined kid mitt will confer a favor on the finder by sending the other one to X 63, *Daily Scoopemup.*

CHAPTER II.

Pretty Miss Alice Ringham, in her own especial room next morning, sitting bolt upright, with a stare of astonishment, read the above modest request. Alice was a child of wealth, fashion and refinement, but she had a brother, and in her moment of surprise, we regret to say, her language was modeled in that of this near relative. She said, with emphasis, too: "Well, he *has* a gall!" Suddenly she leaned back in her chair, and peal after peal of laughter floated musically around her beautiful room. How successfully this fair fisher of men had baited her hook and caught her fish will be seen further on. Having laughed to her heart's content, she mused a moment, then rose, attired herself to go forth conquering and to conquer, and went, as she said, "to beard the lion in his very den."

An hour later Mr. Sylvestre's unmanageable heart thumped more fiercely than ever, and he felt more limp and feeble than in all his life before, as he was confronted in his sanctum by yesterday's vision of beauty. He bowed deeply and presented her a chair. She seated sweetly and accepted it. Then a pause. He, with expectant look, trying to appear at ease, heard his heart beating like muffled thunder, and was positive she did. His cheeks were aflame, and his hand shook as he fumbled aimlessly among the papers on his desk. She was the image of high-bred repose. It seemed to him that years of silence were intervening; in fact only the proper interval had elapsed when she said, in her cattiest tone:

"There was a very extraordinary article in your paper this morning."

"Advertisement," he corrected; then flushed to the temples at his asinine rudeness and indiscretion. If he had betrayed himself, however, she did not appear to see it. She innocently attributed his knowledge of her meaning to his newspaper perspicacity. He felt the perspiration running down his back and wilting up his celluloid collar, but she was as cool as the biggest one in a "lodge of cucumbers."

"Yes, the advertisement," she meekly assented; "did you not think it a very strange one?"

Yes, he did.

"I was on State street yesterday," she continued, in her soft tone, looking straight at him, "and I dropped the 'mitt' referred to; at least, this one bears a resemblance to that as described." She laid it before him.

"Yes, that is its mate," he exclaimed, when——

"How do *you* know?" she asked, looking suspiciously at him; but this time he was prepared, and had his little lie quite ready, if necessary, as it was.

"O, I saw the other when the fellow came last night."

"The fellow? It was a man then."

"Ye—yes—oh—yes. Some fellow picked it up. I saw it when he came in," rubbing his chin and looking anywhere but at her.

"O yes, of course you would see it then. How stupid I am!" with a smile; then, as he deprecated such self-slander:

"O yes, I am. I sometimes do the most ridiculous things. You could scarcely believe them. As I don't wish to shock you, though, I won't enlighten you," looking innocently at him and reading his silly, adoring soul as if it were the page of an open book. He began to say something, when she again spoke:

"Perhaps the man left it with you?"

"O no; but perhaps I can get it for you." And at this moment it was lying fairly soaked with perspiration just squeezed up as closely as he could get it to the heart that was framing those tremendous—well, say deviations from truth. Sylvestre had never realized until yesterday that he had a heart, but now he had real serious thoughts as to whether it might not jump out of his throat, where it was at present chiefly located, he thought, and follow her departing footsteps.

More of their talk we need not repeat. Half the men in town and all the girls can fill it out satisfactorily. She arose to depart, and gave him graciously her card, for he was to come and "report progress." He sat down and lost himself in a blissful reverie, and she went home, "walking on air," and all that warm day went singing and "carrying on" about the house until she made her mother "actually nervous with her fidgeting."

CHAPTER III.

Six months later, after a brilliant and fashionable wedding at a brilliant and fashionable church, and a charming wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sylvestre, comfortably ensconced in their own luxurious home on Michigan Avenue, once more hold sweet converse anent "that mitt"—that fortunate "mitt." He, after the manner of men, has been telling her, perhaps for the hundredth time, how fortunate it was that that fellow who found that "mitt" had come to *The Scoopemup* to advertise it, and so given him the precious opportunity. Here we will draw the curtain kindly, and resume further on.

Mrs. Sylvestre, *loquitur*. "And dear, dearest Eugene, do let me say further that it was a mit-*ten*, not a 'mitt.' None but a man would have called it so. And still more, my dear Eugene, did it never occur to you that a 'fur-trimmed, fleece-lined kid mitt, was wonderfully warm for a hot summer's day?'

"Did it not, dear Eugene," with a mocking tone impossible to imitate, "ever seem possible that a lady might by accident have had such a mitten in her shopping-bag and chosen to drop, not the handkerchief—that is the sultan's privilege, dear Eugene—but the mitten, to the man of her choice; enter a store by one door and leave it by another to prevent pursuit, and—but listen while I tell you a little fable with an application: A young fox was once roving hither and thither, when she saw a goose. Her heart longed for that goose exceedingly, and she planned with subtlety to capture it. She——"

"You don't mean, Alice"—he began, a curious expression dawning all over his face.

"Yes, I do," laughingly defiant; "I wanted Mr. Sylvestre, and ——"

"You dropped that mitt purposely?"

"With a mixed and settled purpose, sir!" with a flashing but somewhat tearful eye and sweeping courtesy.

"Well"—a silence; then: "Woman *is* fearfully, and ——"

"Unfathomable, dear Eugene, unfathomable!" briskly; then coming nearer, dropping her head on his shoulder, and raising her eyes as girls can, she whispered: "It *was* wrong, and I *am dreadfully* ashamed, but are *you* sorry?"

"Never! never." But before these ungrammatically impetuous young people we will a second time kindly draw the curtain.—*Chicago Times.*

Itching, Mange and Cracked Heels, and Treatments for Their Cure.

A very slight eruption of the skin will sometimes cause violent itching. There are various forms of this disease, but they are only varieties of the same condition. Treatment: Changes in diet, according to the condition of the horse, will often cure a simple case without any medicine. If it does not yield to this, let the animal be sponged daily with a weak lye of saleratus water, into which throw a little sulphur and sassafras, equal parts. Dose, one ounce daily. The covering of the body, which may be needed in consequence of sponging, should be linen, instead of flannel.

Mange is a disease to which man, as well as a great variety of animals, is subject, although when occurring in the former it is generally denominated itch. It is known to be a highly contagious disease, and therefore an infected animal should be located by himself. Various opinions are entertained regarding its nature. The most popular opinion is that it is dependent on the presence of animalculæ—minute insects—but men of practice are of the opinion that the mites, as they are called, are the effect and not the cause; that they are generated in the metamorphosis of the cuticular tissues. Poverty and insufficient food have been assigned as among the causes of mange, but this can not always be the case, for it often occurs in horses that have been well fed, and it occasionally occurs in dogs that eat a large quantity of animal food. It probably originates more frequently from deranged digestive organs than from any other cause. Uncleanliness, without doubt, may give rise to it, but it occurs in dogs that have the very best care and attention as regards cleanliness. Treatment: Before making any application to the skin let the animal be sponged all over the body with lime-water; after the skin becomes dry anoint it by means of a sponge with pyroligneous acid, four ounces; spirits of turpentine, one ounce; linseed oil, three ounces, and sulphur, one ounce. Mix and shake up well on using. Medicine: Take two ounces each of sulphur, cream of tartar, sassafras and powdered mandrake, and rub them together in a mortar. Divide the mass into twelve parts, and give one night and morning in the fodder. It is necessary also to make some change in the diet, and by all means avoid musty grain and ground meal while treating the disease.

Cracked heels is a very common affection among horses in this country, and is often attended with considerable lameness. It may be considered in the light of local plethora, or congestion of the capillaries. If they have existed any length of time, an offensive discharge sets up, and the surrounding skin becomes tender and the limb tumefied; sympathetic fever then sets in, the animal loses his appetite and falls off in flesh. Cracked heels may be treated on the same general principles as grease or scratches. It is necessary at times, in order to keep the edges of the crack in contact, to apply a soft pad wetted with balsam, and encircle the parts with a narrow roller. To relieve pain, apply a tent moistened with sulphuric ether.—*Philadelphia Record.*

CENTRAL BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

NO. 88 EAST MAIN STREET.

Our stock is now complete for fall and winter trade, consisting in part of Men's and Boys' Kip, Calf, Waterproof, Warm Lined Boots and Shoes and Rubber Boots, Arctics, &c. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Calf, Goat and Kid Button Boots. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Calf, Goat and Kip Lace Shoes. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Croquette, Sandals and Warm Lined Rubbers and Rubber Boots. All goods warranted, and bought direct from manufacturers.

No Middle Men. No Rents to Pay. No Clerk Hire.

Leather and Rubber Boots and Shoes Repaired. Custom Work to Order.

RICE & CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

We put on sale this week a bargain counter TO CLOSE ODD LOTS AND SIZES at half usual price.

FOR THE BLOOD

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

DR. N. S. KNIGHT, of Marion, Mass., says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valuable tonic for enriching the blood, and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

DR. R. M. DELZELL, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of anæmia and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satisfactory."

MR. WM. BYRNS, 26 St. Mary St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me in a case of blood poisoning, and I heartily commend it to those needing a purifier."

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

LADIES' HAND BOOK—useful and attractive, containing list of prizes for recipes, information about coins, etc., given away by all dealers in medicine or mailed to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp.

Father, Mother, and Three Sisters Dead.

Mr. David Claypool, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms of the New Jersey Senate, and now Notary Public at Cedarville, Cumberland Co., N. J., makes the following startling statement: "My father, mother, and three sisters all died with consumption, and my lungs were so weak I raised blood. Nobody thought I could live. My work (shipsmithing) was very straining on me with my weak constitution, and I was rapidly going to the grave. While in this condition I commenced using Mishler's Herb Bitters, and it saved my life. Because it was so difficult to get it in this little place, and I had improved so much, I stopped taking it for a time, and the result is that I have commenced going rapidly down hill again. Somehow, Mishler's Herb Bitters gives appetite and strengthens and builds me up as nothing else does, and I must have a dozen bottles at once. Use this communication as you please, and if any one wants to be convinced of its truth, let them write me and I will make affidavit to it, for I owe my life to Mishler's Herb Bitters."

The secret of the almost invariable relief and cure of consumption, dysentery, diarrhœa, dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney and liver complaints, when Mishler's Herb Bitters is used, is that it contains simple, harmless, and yet powerful ingredients, that act on the blood, kidneys, and liver, and through them strengthens and invigorates the whole system. Purely vegetable in its composition; prepared by a regular physician; a standard medicinal preparation; endorsed by physicians and druggists. These are four strong points in favor of Mishler's Herb Bitters. Mishler's Herb Bitters is sold by all druggists. Price $1.00 per large bottle. 6 bottles for $5.00.

Ask your druggist for MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS. If he does not keep it, do not take anything else, but send a postal card to MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., 2 Commerce Street, Philadelphia.

EPITHELIOMA!

OR SKIN CANCER.

For seven years I suffered with a cancer on my face. All the simple remedies were applied to alleviate the pain, but the place continued to grow, finally extending into my nose, from which came a yellowish discharge very offensive in character. It was also inflamed, and annoyed me a great deal. About eight months ago I was in Atlanta, at the house of a friend, who so strongly recommended the use of Swift's Specific that I determined to make an effort to procure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The influence of the medicine at first was to somewhat aggravate the sore; but soon the inflammation was allayed, and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My general health has greatly improved. I am stronger, and able to do any kind of work. The cancer on my face began to decrease and the ulcer to heal, until there is not a vestige of it left—only a little scar marks the place where it had been. I am ready to answer all questions relative to this cure.

MRS. JOSIE A. MCDONALD.

Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1885.

I have had a cancer on my face for some years, extending from one cheek bone across the nose to the other. It has given me a great deal of pain, at times burning and itching to such an extent that it was almost unbearable. I commenced using Swift's Specific in May, 1885, and have used eight bottles. It has given the greatest relief by removing the inflammation and restoring my general health.

W. BARNES.

Knoxville, Iowa, Sept. 8, 1885.

For many years I was a sufferer with cancer of the nose, and having been cured by the use of S. S. S., I feel constrained by a sense of duty to suffering humanity to make this statement of my case. With the fourteenth bottle the cancer began to heal rapidly and soon disappeared, and for several months there has been no appearance of a sore of any kind on my nose or face, neither is my nose at all tender to the touch. I have taken about two dozen bottles S. S. S., and am soundly cured, and I know that S. S. S. effected the cure after every known remedy was tried and had failed.

ROBERT SMEDLEY.

Fort Gaines, Ga., May 1, 1885.

I had heard of the wonderful cures of Swift's Specific, and resolved to try it. I commenced taking it in April, 1884. My general health was much improved, yet the cancer which was in my breast continued to grow slowly but surely. The bunch grew and became quite heavy. I felt that I must either have it cut or die. But it commenced discharging quantities of almost black, thick blood. It continued healing around the edges until February, when it was entirely healed up and well. BETSY WOOD.

Cochesett, Plymouth Co., Mass., July 13, 1885.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable, and seems to cure cancers by forcing out the impurities from the blood.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned if the purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY. Made in every respect, and the price reasonable as other. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, remember it has Ball's name on the box.

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Our Embalmers are graduates with diploma. All calls promptly attended, day or night. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Finest turnout in the county.

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WITH DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are *double thick* on the ball, and give DOUBLE WEAR. *Most economical* Rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot and the PRICE NO HIGHER. Call and examine the goods.

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is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

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Cured My Cough

before the first bottle was used, and rapidly recovered my health." A. J. Davis, Atchison, Kans., writes: "This spring I took a severe Cold, which settled on my lungs. In three days it became most difficult and painful for me to breathe. As soon as possible I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was promptly relieved and cured by its use."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.