

St. Jacobs' THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directly in 11 languages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE. Are your Kidneys disordered? "Kidney Wort cured me from the kidneys, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." H. W. Beveridge, Michigan, Jan. 1883.

Are your nerves weak? "Kidney Wort cured me from the nerves, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." H. W. Beveridge, Michigan, Jan. 1883. Have your Bright's Disease? "Kidney Wort cured me from my Bright's Disease, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." H. W. Beveridge, Michigan, Jan. 1883.

Are you Constipated? "Kidney Wort cured me from my constipation, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." H. W. Beveridge, Michigan, Jan. 1883. Ladies, are you suffering? "Kidney Wort cured me from my suffering, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." H. W. Beveridge, Michigan, Jan. 1883.

KIDNEY WORT THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

HOP PLASTER. This porous plaster is absolutely the best ever made, containing the virtues of hops with camphor and castor oil. It is used for all kinds of sprains, bruises, cuts, and other injuries.

LAME BACK. This plaster is used for all kinds of back pain, including rheumatism, neuralgia, and other ailments.

30 DAYS TRIAL DR. DYES' VOLTAIC BELT. Before and After. Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days Trial. To men only, young or old. This belt is used for all kinds of nervous debility and other ailments.

THE DAILY BULLETIN. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: DAILY EDITION. Daily, one year by mail, \$10.00. Daily, one month, \$1.00. Daily, one week, \$0.25. Published every morning (Mondays excepted).

OUR TICKET. FOR PRESIDENT. GROVER CLEVELAND, of New York. FOR VICE-PRESIDENT. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana. FOR GOVERNOR. CARTER HARRISON, of Cook County.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. STATE'S ATTORNEY. We are authorized to announce that Mr. Angus Lusk is an independent candidate for State's Attorney of Alexander County, in the approaching November election.

CIRCUIT CLERK. We are authorized to announce Mr. Alexander H. Irvin as an independent candidate for reelection to the office of Circuit Clerk, in the coming election in November.

WHY? Turn the rascals out. Why? Because they are responsible for Assassination, Star route frauds, St. Domingo jobs, Presidential thieving, Carpet bag rascalities, Back pay salary grabs, Credit Mobilier infamies, Railroad land grabbings, Indian bureau swindles, Black Friday rascalities, Robeson navy swindles, Sanborn contract frauds, Pension bureau swindles, Belknap post trader steals, Freedman bank swindler, Sales of speakers' railings, Boss Shepherd ring frauds, Harrington safe burglaries, Electoral commission frauds, Landauet Williams scandals, Babcock-Grant whisky frauds, and Little Rock and Fort Smith jobbery.

There is a woman residing on Croghan street who has been owing a down-down farm a matter of \$14 for three or four years past. One collector after another has worked every sort of game to get hands on the money, but in vain. To one the window was "up the lakes"; to another "gone South for her consumption"; to a third "would pay next week," and soft talk or threats failed to reduce the amount by one single cent. The other day a collector, noted for his cast-iron cheek and silver-plated perseverance, took the bill with the understanding that he was to have half for collecting. He gained admittance to the house under pretense that he was a census-taker, and when he inquired for the widow was told to wait up stairs. He had ascended about half way, when a voice commanded him to stop, and he discovered the widow and an old bureau at the top step. The widow was behind the bureau, being evidently about to "tote" it down stairs.

Our Master Frankie was in a brown study. He had been taken to the parlor to see his new aunt, the wife of his uncle, who was only recently married, and this was her first visit after the wedding tour. Master Frankie behaved with great propriety during the interview, but had gone away so grave and thoughtful that his mother was disturbed by such an unusual state of affairs. "Why, Frankie, what are you thinking about?" said she. "Don't you like your new auntie?" "Not much," replied the matter-of-fact youngster. "And why not?" "Because she is not pretty, like you, mamma."

THE BLAINE GARGLES HAVE FOUND ONE CHANCE THAT THEIR KNEELING KNIGHT LET SLIP, and they are shouting themselves hoarse, saying: "Any way, he didn't make anything out of the salary grab." It is a sorry spectacle when the backers of a candidate for the highest office in this great nation loudly felicitate themselves that once in his life their standard bearer skipped a chance to make money out of the people. Gen. Logan, by the way, will hardly thank the organs for dragging this question of salary grabbing into this campaign. —Cairo News.

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THE DUDES' CIGARET. It kills, but "There's Millions In It." "Have you any cigars, Mr. Drug Store Man?" a dude asked a North side drug store. "Any kind you wish." "I'll take a package of Mignonet Bonquet."

"Well, we haven't any by that name, but here is the next thing to it. These are called 'I'll never forget my sweetheart.'" "I'll try those," said the thin-legged young man, and as he balanced a shining pair of glasses upon a long and prominent nose he gave several puffs at the sample of the new brand, glanced admiringly at the pale face reflected behind the cloud of smoke in the looking-glass, and went his way, gayly whistling the air to the latest love-song.

"You have no right to complain," said the proprietor, "trade would not be half so good for you if the dudes did not smoke. You might as well tell the women to stop eating morphine and dispense with cosmetics. Suppose they did, what would become of our occupations? We might have to turn in and do what those men are doing out there—scrape the streets. It's all for the best. The dude smokes cigars, and while he does he patronizes the tobacco case. After awhile he gets a cough and goes to the doctor, and he comes to us with a prescription. It thinks he has a fatal disorder, and so we get the best of him again."

"That may be so," said the clerk, dejectedly, "but in the meantime he has married a rich girl and is prepared to lead a life of ease while more sensible men are rolling pills." "If you want to catch onto a rich girl," said the proprietor, "you oughter go and hire out as a coachman. In that case you'd have to get used to a couple a la Carlisle, that is until you could stand in with the family and find out where the old man kept his Havanas."

"You don't mean to infer that dudes are the only people who smoke cigars, do you?" a reporter asked. "No; they are the largest customers. Some are consumed by young boys and women. The dude and the cigar stem made for one another, and the trade in them—I mean cigars—depends upon the crop of dudes. In Chicago there must be large numbers of these silly young men, for the annual sale of cigars is immense. A wholesale dealer told me recently that at least 100,000,000 of them were sold by the firms he could name on his fingers' ends. It is a question whether the dude was called out by the cigar or whether he originated the cigar. The first cigars were made for the trade about ten years ago, up to which time the tobacco and papers of which they were made were sold separately, and those who smoked them made them for themselves. Since then machinery has been invented by which they can be made in large quantities. Since the goods began to be sold in ready-made packages the trade has shifted, it appears, from the confirmed smokers over to dudes and beginners, the old smokers preferring cigars, because they are made of better tobacco and have none of the poison contained in the cigar-paper. This enters into the blood, makes the face pale, settles upon the lungs, and gives birth to a hacking cough."

He Didn't Collect the Bill. There is a woman residing on Croghan street who has been owing a down-down farm a matter of \$14 for three or four years past. One collector after another has worked every sort of game to get hands on the money, but in vain. To one the window was "up the lakes"; to another "gone South for her consumption"; to a third "would pay next week," and soft talk or threats failed to reduce the amount by one single cent. The other day a collector, noted for his cast-iron cheek and silver-plated perseverance, took the bill with the understanding that he was to have half for collecting. He gained admittance to the house under pretense that he was a census-taker, and when he inquired for the widow was told to wait up stairs. He had ascended about half way, when a voice commanded him to stop, and he discovered the widow and an old bureau at the top step. The widow was behind the bureau, being evidently about to "tote" it down stairs.

"What do you want?" she asked. "Them—well—I called, madam, to—to—" "To what?" "About a—little bill, madam." "Can't pay this week." "But, madam this bill has stood for several—" "Can't pay it, I say, and I'm getting awful tired of holding this bureau!" "Madam, the bill is for \$14. If you could pay me half-to-day I would call next—" "While our house aims to deal in the most lib—" She let go of the bureau, and his first jump landed him in the hall. He was about a second ahead of the furniture as he shot out the open front door, but it caught up with him on the step and took a heel off his boot and rolled him over on the grass. He thought the bureau would stop there, but it didn't. It pursued him down to the gate, bumping his back at every jump, and he thought he was half a mile away before the knobs and casters quit whizzing past his ears. —Detroit Free Press.

The Market. MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 6, 1884. The cold wave booked for last week missed connections and is loafing around up north where it could do the least good. This section is enduring a stretch of weather that would be considered unendurable even in August.

FLOUR—Nothing doing. Stocks are full but orders are light. HAY—Quiet and dull. There is no speculative demand. CORN—The market is well supplied with new corn by country wagons. No old corn offering.

MEAL—Quiet and unchanged. BRAN—The demand is light and supply good. BUTTER—Strictly choice is in steady demand at fair prices. EGGS—The demand continues good at 14c for fresh receipts.

CHICKENS—Receipts find ready sale at quotations of last week. FRUIT—Apples are in good demand. Dried fruit is overstocked and dull. Quotations have made a large drop, and there is no demand even at present low prices. VEGETABLES—Potatoes are in good demand. Onions sell readily, and cabbage finds good sales at quotations.

Sales and Quotations. NOTE.—The prices here given are for sales from street hands in round lots. An advance is charged for broken lots in full orders.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various commodities including Flour, Hay, Corn, Wheat, Meal, Bran, Butter, Eggs, Turkeys, Chickens, Apples, Potatoes, Tropical Fruit, Onions, Cabbage, Wool, Lard, Bacon, Salt Meats, Salt, Beans, Cheese, Besswax, Tallow, Furs, Hides, and Tobacco.

RATES OF FREIGHT. Grain, Flour, Pork, etc. Rates for various destinations including New Orleans, Memphis, etc.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine. Simple, Strong, Swift, & Sure. Perfect in every particular. Never out of order. J. C. CARSON, Cairo, Ills.

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER. NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. 30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK. CHICAGO, MASS., ATLANTA, GA. FOR SALE BY J. C. CARSON, Cairo, Ills.

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Weak Nervous Men. FINE MARRIAGE GUIDE. 100 PAGES. Elegant cloth and gilt binding. Sealed for 50 cents in postage or currency.

FREE! RELIABLE SELF-CURE. A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U.S. (now retired) for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, etc. Price \$1.00, by mail, 50 cents.

DO YOU KNOW THAT LORILLARD'S CLIMAX PLUG TOBACCO. With Red Tin Tare, is the best! Is purest; is never adulterated with glucose, barytes, molasses or any deleterious ingredients, as the case with many other tobaccos.

LADIES who are tired of Calicos that fade in sunshine or who will find the RICHMOND PINKS, PURPLES, "GRAYS," AND "QUAKER STYLES," perfectly fast and reliable. If you want a home print, try them. Made in great variety.

Practically a New Creation. "Bloss" is a Caprice. Blossoms are the plasters of other days. Bloss is new and made perfect. —Dr. H. P. SPECIAL NOTICE! We want the active, energetic and trustworthy person, either male or female, to sell in the U.S. to sell our goods. We offer a permanent position and good pay to any party who can come to us well recommended. We do not desire to employ a person who is not desirous to respond to those who are willing to work, and who are willing to pay for their goods, and who are willing to pay for their goods, and who are willing to pay for their goods.

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