L. S. L.

Capital Prize, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith towards all parties, and we authorise the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

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Commissioners.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in The Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

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Notice—Tickets are $10 only. Halves $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000....	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000....	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000....	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000....	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000....	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000....	20,000
50 do	500....	25,000
100 do	300....	30,000
200 do	200....	40,000
500 do	100....	50,000
1000 do	50....	50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Approximation Prizes of	$300.....	$30,000
100 " "	200.....	20,000
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2,179 Prizes amounting to		$535,000

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accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its **universal applicability.** Everybody needs such a medicine.

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SHE
A History of Adventure

By J. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XXV.
THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

I did as I was bid, and in fear and trembling felt myself drawn over the edge of the stone. I sprawled my legs out, but could touch nothing.

"I am going to fall!" I gasped.

"Nay, let thyself go and trust to me," answered Ayesha.

Now if the position is considered, it will be easily understood that this was a greater demand upon my confidence than was justified by my knowledge of Ayesha's character. For all I knew she might be in the very act of consigning me to a horrible doom. But in life we sometimes have to lay our faith upon strange altars, and so it was now.

"Let thyself go!" she cried, and, having no choice, I did.

I felt myself slide a pace or two down the sloping surface of the rock, and then pass into the air, and the thought flashed through my brain that I was lost. But no. In another instant my feet struck against a rocky floor, and I felt that I was standing on something solid, and out of reach of the wind, which I could hear singing away overhead. As I stood there thanking my stars for these small mercies, there was a slip and a scuffle, and down came Leo alongside of me.

"Halloo, old fellow!" he called out, "are you there? This is getting interesting, is it not?"

Just then, with a terrific yell, Job arrived right on the top of us, knocking us both down. By the time that we had struggled to our feet again Ayesha was standing among us, and bidding us light the lamps, which fortunately remained uninjured, as did the spare jar of oil.

I got out my box of Bryant & May's wax matches, and they struck as merrily there in that awful place as in a London drawing room.

In a couple of minutes both the lamps were alight, and a curious scene they revealed. We were huddled up in a rocky chamber, some twelve feet square, and scared enough we looked; that is, except Ayesha, who was standing calmly with her arms folded and waiting for the lamps to burn up. The chamber appeared to be partly natural and partly hollowed out of the top of the cone. The roof of the natural part was formed of the swinging stone, and that of the back part of the chamber, which sloped downward, was hewn from the live rock. For the rest, the place was warm and dry—a perfect haven of rest compared to the giddy pinnacle above, and the quivering spur that shot out to meet it in midair.

"There," said She, "safely have we come, though once I feared that the rocking stone would fall with ye and precipitate ye into the bottomless depths beneath, for I do believe that the cleft goeth down to the very womb of the world. The rock whereon the stone resteth hath crumbled beneath the swinging weight. And now that he," nodding toward Job, who was sitting on the floor, feebly wiping his forehead with a red cotton pocket handkerchief, "whom they rightly call the 'Pig,' for as a pig is he stupid, hath let fall the plank, it will not be easy to return across the gulf, and to that end must I make a plan. But now rest awhile and look at this place. What think ye that it is?"

"We know not," I answered.

"Wouldst thou believe that once a man did choose this airy nest for a daily habitation, and did here endure for many years, leaving it only but one day in every ten to seek food and water and oil that the people brought, more than he could carry, and laid as an offering in the mouth of the tunnel through which we passed hither?"

We looked up wonderingly, and she continued:

"Yet so it was. There was a man—Noot he named himself—who, though he lived in the latter days, had of the wisdom of the sons of Kor. A hermit was he, and a philosopher, and skilled in the secrets of nature, and he it was who discovered the fire that I shall show ye, which is nature's blood and life, and also that he who bathed therein and breathed thereof should live while nature lives. But like unto thee, O Holly, this man, Noot, would not turn his knowledge to account. 'Ill,' he said, 'was it for man to live, for man was born to die.' Therefore did he tell his secret to none, and therefore did he come and live here, where the seeker after life must pass, and was revered of the Amahagger of the day as holy and a hermit. And when first I came to this country—knowest thou how I came, Kallikrates? Another time will I tell thee—it is a strange tale—I heard of this philosopher, and waited for him when he came to fetch his food, and returned with him hither, though greatly did I fear to tread the gulf. Then did I beguile him with my beauty and my wit, and flatter him with my tongue, so that he led me down and showed me the fire, and told me the secrets of the fire, but he would not suffer me to step therein, and, fearing lest he should slay me, I refrained, knowing that the man was very old and soon would die. And I returned, having learned from him all that he knew of the wonderful spirit of the world, and that was much, for the man was wise and very ancient, and by purity and abstinence and the contemplations of his innocent mind had worn thin the veil between that which we see and the great invisible truths, the whisper of whose wings at times we hear as they sweep through the grass air of the world. Then it was but a very few days after I met thee, my Kallikrates, who had wandered hither with the Egyptian Amenartas, and I learned to love for the first and last time, once and forever, so that it entered into my mind to come hither with thee, and receive the gift of life for thee and me. Therefore came we, with that Egyptian who would not be left behind, and, behold, we found the old man Noot lying but newly dead. There he lay, and his white beard lay on him like a garment," and she pointed to the spot near where I was sitting; "but surely he hath long since crumbled into dust, and the wind hath borne his ashes hence."

Here I put out my hand and felt in the dust, and presently my fingers touched something. It was a single human tooth, very yellow, but sound. I held it up and showed it to Ayesha, who laughed.

"Yes," she said, "it is his without a doubt. Behold what remaineth of Noot and the wisdom of Noot—one little tooth. And yet that man had all life at his command, and for his conscience's sake would have none of it. Well, he lay there newly dead, and we descended whither I shall lead ye, and then, gathering up all my courage, and courting death that I might perchance win so glorious a crown of life, I stepped into the flames, and behold! life such as ye can never know until ye feel it also flowed into me, and I came forth undying and lovely beyond imagining. Then did I stretch out mine arms to thee, Kallikrates, and bid thee take thine immortal bride; and behold, as I spoke, thou, blinded by my beauty, didst turn from me, and throw thine arms about the neck of Amenartas. And then a great fury filled me, and made me mad, and I seized the javelin that thou didst bear, and stabbed thee, so that there, at my very feet, in the place of life, thou didst groan and go down into death. I knew not then that I had power to slay with mine eyes and will, therefore in my madness slew I with the javelin.

"And when thou wast dead, ah! I wept, because I was undying and thou wast dead. I wept there in the place of life so that had I been mortal any more my heart had surely broken. And she, the swart Egyptian, she cursed me by her gods. By Osiris did she curse me and by Isis, by Nephthys and by Hekt, by Sekhet, the toe lion headed, and by Set, calling down evil on me, evil and everlasting desolation. Ah! I can see her dark face now lowering o'er me like a storm, but she could not hurt me, and I—I know not if I could hurt her. I did not try; it was naught to me then; so between us we bore thee hence. And afterward I sent her—the Egyptian—away through the swamps, and it seems that she lived to bear a son and to write the tale that should lead thee, her husband, back to me, her rival and thy murderess.

"Such is the tale, my love, and now is the hour at hand that shall set a crown upon it. Like all things on the earth, it is compounded of evil and of good—more of evil than of good, perchance—and writ in letters of blood. It is the truth; naught have I hidden from thee, Kallikrates. And now one thing before the final moment of thy trial. We go down into the presence of death, for life and death are very near together, and—who knows what might happen which should separate us for another space of waiting. I am but a woman, and no prophetess, and I cannot read the future. But this I know—for I learned it from the lips of the wise man Noot—that my life is but prolonged and made more bright. It cannot live for ay. Therefore before we go, tell me, O Kallikrates, that of a truth thou dost forgive me, and dost love me from thy heart. See, Kallikrates; much evil have I done—perchance it was evil but two nights gone to strike that girl who loved thee cold in death—but she disobeyed me and angered me, prophesying misfortune to me, and I smote. Be careful when power comes to thee also lest thou also shouldst smite in thine auger or thy jealousy, for inconquerable strength is a sore weapon in the hands of erring man. Yes, I have sinned—out of the bitterness born of a great love have I sinned—but yet do I know the good from the evil, nor is my heart altogether hardened. Thy love, O Kallikrates, shall be the gate of my redemption, even as aforetime my passion was the path down which I ran to evil. For deep love unsatisfied is the hell of noble hearts and a portion for the accursed, but love that is mirrored back more perfect from the soul of our desires doth fashion wings to lift us above ourselves, and make us what we might be. Therefore, Kallikrates, take me by the hand, and lift my veil with no more fear than though I were some peasant girl, and not the wisest and most beauteous woman in this world, and look me in the eyes, and tell me that thou dost forgive me with all thine heart, and that with all thine heart thou dost worship me."

She paused, and the strange tenderness in her voice seemed to hover round us like a memory. I know that the sound of it moved me more even than her words, it was so very human—so very womanly. Leo, too, was strangely touched. Hitherto he had been fascinated against his better judgment, something as a bird is fascinated by a snake, but now I think that all this passed away, and he realized that he really loved this strange and glorious creature, as, alas! I loved her also. At any rate, I saw his eyes fill with tears, and he stepped swiftly to her and undid the gauzy veil, and then took her by the hand, and, gazing into her deep eyes, said aloud:

"Ayesha, I love thee with all my heart, and so far as forgiveness is possible, I forgive thee the death of Ustane. For the rest, it is between thee and thy maker; I know naught of it. I only know that I love thee as I never loved before, and that I will cleave to thee to the end."

"Now," answered Ayesha, with proud humility—"now when my lord doth speak thus royally and give with so free a hand, it can not become me to lag behind in words and be beggared of my generosity. Behold!" and she took his hand and placed it upon her shapely head, and then bent herself slowly down till one knee for an instant touched the ground—"behold, in token of submission do I bow me to my lord. Behold," and she kissed him on the lips, "in token of my wifely love do I kiss my lord. Behold," and she laid her hand upon his heart, "by the sin I sinned, by my lonely centuries of waiting wherewith it was wiped out, by the great love wherewith I love, and by the spirit—the eternal thing that doth beget all life, from whom it ebbs, to whom it doth return again—I swear.

"I swear, even in this first most holy hour of completed womanhood, I swear that I will abandon evil and cherish good. I swear that I will be ever guided by thy voice in the straightest path of duty. I swear that I will eschew ambition, and through all my length of endless days set wisdom over me as a guiding star to lead me unto truth and a knowledge of the right. I swear also that I will honor and will cherish thee, Kallikrates, who hath been swept by the wave of time back into my arms, ay, till the very end, come it soon or late. I swear—nay, I will swear no more, for what are words! Yet shalt thou learn that Ayesha hath no false tongue. So I have sworn, and thou, my Holly, art witness to my oath. Here, too, are we wed, my husband—wed till the end of all things; here do we write our marriage vows upon the rushing winds which shall bear them up to heaven, and round and continually round the rolling world, with the gloom for bridal canopy.

"And for a bridal gift to thee my beauty's starry crown, and enduring life and wisdom without measure, and wealth that none can count. Behold! the great ones of the earth shall creep about thy feet, and their fair women shall cover up their eyes because of the shining glory of thy face, and their wise ones shall be abased before thee. Thou shalt read the hearts of men as an open writing, and hither and thither shalt thou lead them as thy pleasure listeth. Like that old Sphinx of Egypt shalt thou sit aloft from age to age, and ever shall they cry to thee to solve the riddle of thy greatness that doth not pass away, and ever shalt thou mock them with silence.

"Behold! once more I kiss thee, and by that kiss I give thee dominion over sea and earth, over the peasant in his hovel, over the monarch in his palace halls and cities crowned with towers, and those who breathe therein. Where'er the sun shakes out his spears, where'er the lonesome waters mirror up the moon, where'er storms roll, and heaven's painted bows arch in the sky—from the pure north shrouded in her snows, across the middle spaces of the world, to where the amorous south, lying like a bride upon her azure seas, breathes in sighs made sweet with myrtle bloom—there shall thy power pass and thy dominion find a home. Nor sickness, nor icy fingered fear, nor sorrow, and pale waste of form and mind hovering ever o'er humanity shall so much as shadow thee with the shadow of their wings. As a god shalt thou be, holding good and evil in the hollow of thy hand, and I, even I, I humble myself before thee. Such is the power of love, and such is the bridal gift I give unto thee, Kallikrates, royal son of Ra, my lord and lord of all.

"And now it is done—and come storm, come shine, come good, come evil, come life, come death, it never, never can be undone. For of a truth, that which is, is, and being done, is done for ay, and cannot be altered. I have said—Let us hence, that all things may be accomplished in their order;" and, taking one of the lamps, she advanced toward the end of the chamber that was roofed in by the swaying stone, where she halted.

We followed her and perceived that in the wall of the cone there was a stair, or, to be more accurate, that some projecting knobs of rock had been so shaped as to form a good imitation of a stair. Down this Ayesha began to climb, springing from step to step like a chamois, and after her we followed with less grace. When we had descended some fifteen or sixteen steps we found that they ended in a tremendous rocky slope, running first outward and then inward, like the slope of an inverted cone or tunnel. The slope was very steep, and often precipitous, but it was nowhere impassable, and by the light of the lamps we went down it with no great difficulty, though it was gloomy work enough traveling on thus, no one of us knew whither, in the dead heart of a volcano. As we went, however, I took the precaution of noting our route as well as I could; and this was not difficult, owing to the extraordinary and most fantastic shape of the rocks that were strewn about, many of which in that dim light looked more like the grim faces carved upon mediæval gargoyles than ordinary bowlders.

For a long period we traveled on thus, half an hour, I should say, till, after we had descended for many hundreds of feet, I perceived that we were reaching the point of the inverted cone. In another minute we were there, and found that at the very apex of the funnel was a passage so low and narrow that we had to stoop as we crept along it in Indian file. After some fifty yards of this creeping the passage suddenly widened into a cave, so huge that we could see neither the roof nor the sides. We only knew that it was a cave by the echo of our tread and the perfect quiet of the heavy air. On we went for many minutes in absolute awed silence, like lost souls in the depths of Tartarus, Ayesha's white and ghost like form flitting in front of us, till once more the cavern ended in a passage which opened in a second cavern much smaller than the first. Indeed, we could clearly make out the arch and stony banks of this second cave, and, from their rent and jagged appearance, discovered that, like the first long passage through which we had passed in the cliff before we came to the quivering spur, it had to all appearance been torn in the bowls of the rock by the terrific force of some explosive gas. At length this cave ended in a third passage, through which gleamed a faint glow of light.

I heard Ayesha give a sigh of relief as this light dawned upon us.

"It is well," she said; "prepare to enter the womb of the earth, wherein she doth conceive the life that ye see brought forth in man and beast—ay, and in every tree and flower."

Swiftly she sped along, and after her we stumbled as best we might, our hearts filled like a cup with mingled dread and curiosity. What were we about to see? We passed down the tunnel; stronger and stronger the light beamed, reaching us in great flashes like the rays from a lighthouse, as one by one they are thrown upon the darkness of the waters. Nor was this all, for with the flashes came a soul shaking sound like that of thunder and of crashing trees. Now we were through it, and—oh, heavens!

We stood in a third cavern, some fifty feet in length by, perhaps, as great a height, and thirty wide. It was carpeted with fine white sand, and its walls had been worn smooth by the action of I know not what. The cavern was not dark like the others; it was filled with a soft glow of rose colored light, more beautiful to look on than anything that can be conceived. But at first we saw no flashes, and heard no more of the thunderous sound. Presently, however, as we stood in amaze, gazing at the wonderful sight and wondering whence the rosy radiance flowed, a dread and beautiful thing happened. Across the far end of the cavern, with a grinding and crashing noise—a noise so dreadful and awe inspiring that we all trembled, and Job actually sunk to his knees—there flamed out an awful cloud or pillar of fire, like a rainbow, many colored and, like the lightning, bright. For a space, perhaps forty seconds, it flamed and roared thus, turning slowly round and round, and then by degrees the terrible noise ceased, and with the fire it passed away—I know not whither—leaving behind it the same rosy glow that we had first seen.

"Draw near, draw near!" cried Ayesha, with a voice of thrilling exultation. "Behold the very fountain and heart of life as it beats in the bosom of the great world. Behold the substance from which all things draw their energy, the bright spirit of the globe, without which it cannot live, but must grow cold and dead as the dead moon. Draw near, and wash ye in the living flames, and take their virtue into your poor frames in all its virgin strength—not as it now feebly grows within your bosoms, filtered thereto through all the fine strainers of a thousand intermediate lives, but as it is here in the very font and seat of being."

We followed her through the rosy glow up to the head of the cave, till at last we stood before the spot where the great pulse beat and the great flame passed. And as we went became sensible of a wild and splendid exhilaration, of a glorious sense of such a fierce intensity of life that the most benyant moments of our strength seemed flat and tame and feeble beside it. It was the mere effluvium of the flame, the subtle ether that it cast off as it passed, working on us, and making us feel as strong as giants and swift as eagles.

We reached the head of the cave, and gazed at each other in the glorious glow, and laughed aloud—even Job laughed, and he had not laughed for a week—in the lightness of our hearts and the divine intoxication of our brains. I know that I felt as though all the varied genius of which the human intellect is capable had descended upon me. I could have spoken in blank verse of Shakespearean beauty, all sorts of great ideas flashed through my mind, it was as though the bonds of my flesh had loosened, and left the spirit free to soar to the empyrean of its native power. The sensations that poured in upon me are indescribable. I seemed to live more keenly, to reach to a higher joy, and sip the goblet of a subtle thought than ever it had been my lot to do before. I was another and most glorified self, and all the avenues of the possible were for a space laid open to the footsteps of the real.

Then suddenly, while I rejoiced in this splendid vigor of a new found self, from far, far away there came a dreadful muttering noise, that grew and grew to a crash and a roar, which combined in itself all that is terrible and yet splendid in the possibilities of sound. Nearer it came, and nearer yet, till it was close upon us, rolling down like thunder wheels of heaven behind the horses of lightning. On it came, and with it came the glorious blinding cloud of many colored light, and stood before us for space, turning, as it seemed to us, slowly round and round, and then, accompanied by its attendant pomp of sound passed away I know not whither.

So astonishing was the wondrous sight that one and all of us, save She, who stood up and stretched her hands toward the fire, sunk down before it, and hid our faces in the sand.

When it was gone, Ayesha spoke.

"Now, Kallikrates," she said, "the mighty moment is at hand. When the great flame comes again thou must stand in it. First throw aside thy garments, for it will burn them, though thee it will not hurt. Thou must stand in the flame while thy senses will endure, and when it embraces thee suck the fire down into thy very heart, and let it leap and play around thy every part, so that thou lose no moiety of its virtue. Hearest thou me, Kallikrates?"

"I hear thee, Ayesha," answered Leo, "but of truth—I am no coward—but I doubt me of that raging flame. How know I that it will not utterly destroy me, so that I lose myself and lose thee also? Nevertheless I will do it," he added.

Ayesha thought for a minute, and then said:

"It is not wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. Tell me, Kallikrates, if thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also?"

"Yes," he answered, "I will enter, even if it slay me. I have said that I will enter."

"And that I will also," I cried.

"What, my Holly," she laughed aloud; "methought that thou wouldst naught of length of days. Why, how is this?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered; "but there is that in my heart that calleth me to taste of the flame and live."

"It is well," she said. "Thou art not altogether lost in folly. See, now, I will for the second time bathe me in this living bath. Fain would I add to my beauty and my length of days, if that be possible. If it be not possible, at least it cannot harm me.

"Also," she continued, after a momentary pause, "is there another and a deeper cause why I would once again dip me in the flame. When first I tasted of its virtue full was my heart of passion and of hatred of that Egyptian Amenartas, and therefore, despite my strivings to be rid thereof, hath passion and hatred been stamped upon my soul from that sad hour to this. But now it is otherwise. Now is my mood a happy mood, and filled am I with the purest part of tought, and so would I ever be. Therefore, Kallikrates, will I once more wash and make me clean, and yet more fit for thee. Therefore, also, when thou dost in turn stand in the fire empty all thy heart of evil, and let sweet contentment hold the balance of thy mind. Shake loose thy spirit's wings and take thy stand upon the utter verge of holy contemplation; ay, dream upon thy mother's kiss, and turn thee toward the vision of the highest good that hath ever swept on silver wings across the silence of thy dreams. For from the germ of what thou art in that dread moment shall grow the fruit of what thou shalt be for all unreckoned time.

"Now prepare thee, prepare even as though thy last hour was at hand, and thou wast about to cross to the land of shadows and not through the gates of most glorious life. Prepare, I say!"

[Concluded next week.]

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Owen & Moore's Drug Store.

Northern Outrages.

Boston Herald: Our Senator Hoar is being some what rallied by those who recognize his sensitiveness on the subject of the treatment of the colored race on account of the late difficulty at Asbury Park in New Jersey. Here is an outrage, apparently, but Mr. Hoar cannot be expected to attend to everything of this character. These matters have to be subdivided, and Mr. Hoar's speciality in dealing with them relates solely to their political aspect. In this point of view northern outrages are not half as interesting as are southern ones.

Trouble Ahead.

When the appetite fails, and sleep grows restless and unrefreshing, there is trouble ahead. The digestive organs, when healthy, crave food, the nervous system, when vigorous and tranquil, gives its possessor no uneasiness at night. A tonic, to be effective, should not be a mere appetizer, nor are the nerves to be strengthened and soothed by the unaided action of a sedative or a narcotic. What is required is a medicine with invigorates the stomach, and promotes assimilation of food by the system, by which means the nervous system, as well as other parts of the physical organism, are strengthened. These are the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bittres, a medicine whose reputation is founded firmly in public confidence, and which physicians commend for its tonic, anti-bilious and other properties. It is used with the best results in fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and uterine weakness, and other maladies. June4,4t

JAS. G. BLAINE and the Hon. Mr. Hale, United States Senator from Maine, rode on the 7th inst., from London to Edinburg, in a railroad car decorated with flags and the Maine coat of arms. Senator John Sherman will have to scratch his head to get up a card that will trump that play.

What Ma Said.

Bobbie was at a neighbor's and in reponse to a piece of bread and butter and politely said, "Thank you."

"That is right, Bobby," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say 'Thank you.'"

"Yess, ma told me I must say that if you give me anything to eat, even if it wasn't nothing but bread and butter; but if you want to hear me say it again you've either got to put jam on it or give me some cake."

A Tennessee exchange says that a man was murdered in his office last week for reading in his presence a patent outside newspaper, and concludes the article making the bloody announcement thusly: "We allow no man to live who reads a newspaper in our presence that is not printed at home."

We think several of our Tennessee exchanges would be improved by adopting a patent outside.

Lebanon Register: It is said that there are on exhibition in New York city a genuine mormon elder with three wives and just an even dozen children. His favorite wife is known as "Jane W.," another as "Emma No. 2," and the third as "Ann Eliza." The elder had been arrested under the Edmunds bill, and had served three months in prison.

GEN. FAIRCHILD, Capt. Tuttle, and the Rev. John Rhey Thompson, would make a very drawing card. We have been looking for some shrewd yankee to bring them around for exhibition in the South. It would pay like hot cakes, especially if the showmen would allow them to make a speech apiece on the Confederate battle-flags.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Owen & Moore's.

LAPS McCORD and the American have tackled the question of the difference between "revolution" and "secession" greatly to the edification of their readers. We think it another case of a destinction without a difference.

WONDER how long it will take the average politician of the pungerboard variety to make up his mind on prohibition? Whenever anybody says they are certain either for or against it, forthwith comes an open letter from the alarmed politician to his constituents to inform them that statement was premature.

The Beginning of the End.

The beginning of disease is a slight debility or disorder of some of the vital organs, the stomach, the liver or the bowels usually. There are dyspeptic symptoms, the liver is troublesome, the skin grows tawney and unhealthy looking, there are pains in the right side or though the right shoulder blade. The climax is often an utter prostration of the physical energies, perhaps a fatal issue. But if the difficulty is met in time with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is always effective as a remedy, and it should be resorted to at an early stage, there will be no reason to apprehend those injurious subsequent effects upon the system, often entailed by entirely cured diseases. Far better is it, also, to employ this safe remedial agent in fever and ague, and other malarial complaints, than quinine and other potent drugs, which, even when they do prove effectual for a time, ruin the stomach and impair the general health. jy9,4t

ALBERT TURNER, colored, who murdered Miss Bowman at Louisville, and who parted his hair in the middle, just before he adjusted his last necktie used these memorable words: Good bye, boys, one and all, meet me in heaven."

Now, for one, we have only to say that if there is any sound logical argument against capital punishment, it is because such utter and shameless profanity and sacrelege is enacted on such occasions as revolts the common sense of mankind. We think if Albert, the fiendish black murderer and ravisher of an innocent white girl, goes up that way, we would prefer the other route.

"POOR John—he was a kind and forbearing husband!" sobbed John's widow, on her returned from the funeral.

"Yes," said a sympathizing neighbor; "but it is all for the best. You must try to comfort yourself with the thought, my dear, that your husband is at peace at last."

TO THE LADIES.

MRS. A. BUCK

Wishes to call the attention of the ladies to her elegant stock of new style

Hair Goods!

She has fitted up a room over Buck's Barber Shop on Franklin street, where she will be pleased to see the ladies, and will take pleasure in showing her stock.

Thanking the ladies for past patronage, she hopes, buy impartial dealing, to merit a continuance of the same.

ap9-3m MRS. A. BUCK.

CHAS. G. SMITH. ALEX. R. GHOLSON.

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YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.