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Perfectly harmless, contains no Arsenic or Quinine and can be given to the most delicate person with perfect safety.
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In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 13, 1887.
CAPITAL PRIZE \$300,000
100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each
—Three \$10. Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

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1 Prize of 100,000 is 100,000
1 Prize of 50,000 is 50,000
1 Prize of 25,000 is 25,000
2 Prizes of 10,000 are 20,000
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25 Prizes of 1,000 are 25,000
100 Prizes of 500 are 50,000
200 Prizes of 200 are 40,000
500 Prizes of 100 are 50,000
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BY USING THE GENUINE
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Send us the outside wrapper from a box of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, with your address, plainly written, and we will send you, by return mail, a magnificent package of Chromatic and Oleographic Cards.
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—AND—
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Mexican Mustang Liniment

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Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Stings, Bruises, Blisters, Corns, Sprains, Scalds, Stitches, Sift Joints, Backache, Galls, Sores, Spavin, Cracks, Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof Ail, Screw Worms, Swinney, Saddle Galls, Piles.

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY 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. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident. The Housewife needs it for general family use. The Cannier needs it for his teams and his men. The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench. The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Hunter needs it—can't get along without it. The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard. The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply aboard and ashore. The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance. The Stock grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble. The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers. The Blackwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer. The Merchant needs it about his store among employees. Accidents will happen, and when come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once. It is the best of all. Buy a Bottle in the Factory. It is immediate in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. See a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

FORESHADOWED.
A week of labor done!
The hour of sunset, and the night grows chill,
And clouds hang o'er the sun,
And throw their purple blackness on the hill.
The river, silent, gray,
In placid calm reflects serenely,
Each shrub and leafy spray
That on its margin grows so wantonly.
A week of labor done!
And so perchance life's labor soon will be—
How will the record run
When mirrored in the everlasting sea?
Will clouds obscure the ray
That shines afar? What mystery! How prone
Are we to court delay!
How can the soul go forth in doubt, alone?
Behold! a tiny rift
Divides the dark overarching cloud. At last
A glory seems to lift
The burden from the night—the chill is overpast.
The hills in rosy light
With pinnacles of cloud aflame are seen,
Heaven's towers grow bright
Within the bosom of the cold, gray stream.
Across the western sky
In vivid gold, through pearl and crimson bars,
The day is seen to die
Unveils the mystery beyond the stars.
—H. S. Brooks in Springfield Republican.

A SAILOR'S YARN.
In 1865 I was one of the crew of the American bark Henry Castle, which made a voyage to the Java Sea and called at several of the larger islands. One day, while the ship was lying in the outer harbor of Samarang, Island of Java, two of us pulled the captain ashore in the gig. We landed him on a rocky point, from whence he took a short cut across to the town, and were ordered to wait there until his return. My shipmate, whose name was Thurber, stretched out for a nap as soon as the captain had gone, while I got out on the point to have a look around. The water was pretty deep alongside the boat, and by and by, full of a sailor's devilry, I picked up a large rock and heaved it into the water with a great splash. I calculated on seeing Thurber start up in alarm, but he only laughed at my effort. Then I set out to wet him with a splash, and flung five or six other rocks as large as I could handle. I was hunting for yet another, and had my back to the boat and the water, when something brushed past my head. I made a leap aside and wheeled around. In the two seconds thus occupied I decided that Thurber had thrown some missile at me, and I laughed as I turned about.
The laugh, however, died away in a shout of terror. An octopus with a body as large as a beer keg had risen to the surface and partly pulled itself on the rocks, and its half dozen terrible arms were flying about like so many whip lashes. It had flung one of them at me and missed its aim. Although I was now thirty feet away, it continued to fling three or four feelers in my direction, but none of them could reach within fifteen feet. The two longest arms were from fifteen to eighteen feet long, and the shorter ones from eight to ten.
If I could have restrained myself for a few minutes the monster would no doubt have sunk beneath the waters again, but the awful stare of its great eyes, the sight of the terrible beak, the squirming of those horrible feelers as they tried in vain to touch me, made me cry out loudly. I might have known that I could make no headway against the monster with the means at hand, but, acting on the impulse of the moment, I picked up a good sized rock and flung it with certain aim at the pulchritudinous body. It was at this moment that Thurber rose up in the boat to see what was going on. The creature didn't see him at first, being entirely occupied in trying to get me into its clutches. I believe Thurber could have pushed the boat off and floated away in safety, but he also acted on the first impulse. Lifting up one of the heavy oars he dealt the octopus a heavy blow, no doubt inflicting severe injury. He was raising the oar for a second blow, when I saw three or four feelers whip through the air at once and fasten to him, while the creature emitted a hissing sound like the blowing off of steam. The man uttered a scream of fright and terror as the feelers caught him, and sank down in the boat and clung to a thwart with a clutch of despair.
Mind you, everything had taken place in a moment, and I wasn't to be blamed for not knowing exactly what to do. However, I perhaps accomplished all that could have been done under the circumstance. I hurled rock after rock at the creature, striking it fairly several times, but it refused to let go of Thurber. It kept two of the feelers ready for me, and once, when in my excitement and anxiety I approached too near, one of the feelers came so close to catching me that it struck my foot. The screams of my poor shipmate were terrible to hear, and they alarmed the crews of several vessels half a mile away. Two boats put off for us, but they had not passed over half the distance when the octopus put forth his strength and jerked Thurber from his hold and overboard. The water at that point was twenty feet deep, and it was apparent that there was a sort of cave or recess in the rocks, which was the home of the creature. We rolled more rocks down, got a long pole and thrust it down, and after an hour's work got hold of the sailor's body and brought it to land. There was a terrible gash in his back, made, no doubt, by the beak of the octopus, and wherever the cups of the feelers had taken hold there were livid spots and blisters, but neither the blood had been sucked out nor any of the flesh eaten. I do not think any effort of ours saved the creature into giving up the dead. It had retained its hold until certain that life had departed, and had, perhaps, clung to it the longer for our attempts. The natives said that my heaving the stones into the water had annoyed the octopus and brought him up for a fight, and that but for my action we should have seen nothing of him.
For over four years I was mate and master of a small schooner plying between the Spice Islands and Singapore, in the interest of an American trader. I do not think I made a single trip without seeing from one to a dozen of the horrible devil fish. One day in the Branda sea it fell dead calm, and a current drifted us close in upon an island to the north of the Lesser Timor. We let go the anchor in a little bay, and when the schooner brought up she was in twelve feet of water—and within fifty feet of the beach.

The island was about three miles long by one broad, and covered with forest and underbrush. It was charted as uninhabited, except occasionally by pearl divers or wreckers, and as the weather bode fair to hold pleasant no anchor watch was set. As the weather was hot the sailors slept on deck, there being one white man and five natives. Everything passed off quietly until just in the gray of the morning, when a terrible commotion on deck roused me out. It seemed that the schooner had crawled up the low side of the schooner, perhaps to gratify its curiosity, but seeing the sleeping men had, perhaps, also to gratify its curiosity, flung a feeler at one of them, and taken such a hold of his hand and arm that he awoke with a shout of pain. The others were also aroused, and seeing what had happened they seized whatever weapons were at hand and made the octopus release its hold. I came on deck just as it fell into the water alongside, and the splash was as heavy as if a man had fallen overboard. A portion of the feeler which had grasped the sailor had been broken off by the blows. There were three or four feet of it, and for a time it squirmed and twisted about the deck like a snake. It had touched the man's flesh only in one spot on the back of the hand, but he made as much ado over it as one would a bullet in the leg. It was a horrible wound, however. The flesh was puckered up and blistered, and the spot where the cup had taken hold looked like an erysipelas sore. It was a long four weeks before the wound healed, and the scar left closely resembled that of a burn.
I had the sailor in the cabin dressing his hand, and it was twenty minutes after we had benten off the octopus, when there was another cry from the deck, and I heard the men run forward and tumble into the fore-castle and slide the cover. More from instinct than any thought of danger I closed the cabin door, then the skylight which lighted the cabin. There was a slide door in the fore-castle bulkhead communicating with the hold, and also one from the cabin. After two or three minutes the sailors came climbing over the cargo—we being about one-third full—and I let them into the cabin. I never saw a more frightened lot of men, and I could not at first believe the story they told. They said that when the octopus fell into the water he swam off in the direction of a rocky reef on our port quarter, and distant about 200 feet. After a few minutes the men noticed a considerable commotion in the water, and this gradually approached. All at once they made out five or six octopuses at the vessel's side, and before they drew back and ran away the monsters were throwing their feelers over the low bulwarks.
"There's one of 'em, sir—there's one!" shouted the mate at this moment, and we turned to the skylight to see three or four of the horrible feelers playing over it. At the same moment the schooner was canted to port with a sudden pull all of three, streaks, or with as much force as a strong puff of wind would have exercised in the open sea. At this movement all the natives broke out in a yell of fright, and, as I sternly rebuked them, one of them exclaimed:
"Oh! Captain, the devil fish has come aboard, and not one of us can escape!"
There was no longer any doubt that we were beset by the creatures. There was not a second in which the feelers were not playing over the skylight, and others could be heard fastening to and dragging things about the deck. As the entire affair was afterward put in writing, sworn to by every man on board, and left with the representative of the British government at Surabaha, Island of Java, I shall not hesitate here to state particulars. The noise on deck might be likened to a row between four or five men. Everything movable was being moved and flung about. My skylight had a steel wood frame and heavy glass, and the feelers found very little to grasp. The noise made as the cups fastened to the glass by suction and let go again was like the snap of a pair of pincers. Looking from the bull's eye in the stern I could see that the water was all in a commotion, although there was not a breath of air outside.

I had a dozen muskets, as many axes, several cutlasses, and nine or ten cutchets in the cabin. This was the schooner's regular armament, for we were continually among suspicious people. I let the men take their choice of weapons, and then divided our force and sent half the number back to the fore-castle, from which they could open the attack at a signal. Then I carefully slid back the door of the companion to get a look on deck. The sight was one no man could ever forget. If there was an octopus on the port rail there were a dozen, and if there was one feeler twisting and squirming around the decks there were forty. They were twisted about everything and pulled at everything. Every coil of rope was off its pin and being dragged and whipped about in the wildest fashion, and from the motion of the schooner one could not but think the monsters were trying to capsize her. I did not have more than thirty seconds' time to glance around before three or four feelers shot at me at once, and I closed the slide not a second too soon to avoid them.
It was death in its most horrible form to put foot on the deck, and I sent word to the men in the fore-castle not to attempt any movement. I was in hopes that if we remained quiet the creatures would tie themselves out and go away after awhile, and we spoke in whispers and moved about as softly as possible. They had come aboard of us about 6 o'clock in the morning, and at 10 o'clock were still there, though for the last half hour the noise on deck had been less. This was accounted for by the fact that almost everything movable had gone overboard. There was not at that time a belaying pin, capstan bar, stick of fire-wood, oar or loose rope left on board. The scuttle butt, which no sea sweeping over us could dislodge, had been wrenched from its fastenings and rolled from stem to stern a dozen times. Blankets which the men had brought up the previous evening had been rent and torn in all sorts of shapes as the horrid arms pulled at them. The tarpaulins had been torn from the hatches and dragged about, and had not the hatch covers been securely hooked they would certainly have been wrenched off.
Shortly after 10 o'clock I slid back the door to see another look. It seemed as if some of the creatures were gone; at

least there were not so many arms twisting about. Lifting my head until I could see along the port rail, I discovered the beaks of only two octopuses. Others were in the water alongside, however, and had their feelers over the rail, some clinging fast to shroud or mast, while others were carefully moving about. A breeze had come up, and I was angry and impatient at the delay, but I restrained myself to wait for another half hour. By that time the creatures had deserted us entirely. From the commotion in the water on the rocky reef, I had no doubt that it was the den or nesting place of the creatures, and that they had returned after venting their anger on us as far as possible. Such a rifle raffle I never saw before or after on a vessel's deck. We could not put to sea in such shape, but I had to threaten the men with a pistol before I could get one of them to enter the yawl and pick up the stuff floating about. We worked swiftly and as silently as possible to make good the damage, keeping a man on the lookout all the time, and we were a thankful body of men when the anchor was finally up and we were clear of the bay.
As to the strength of an octopus, I will tell you what four or five of us once saw at one of the spice islands. There was a yawl floating astern of a small trading schooner anchored off the beach. I was on the schooner talking with the captain, and his crew of five men were all on deck, when an octopus rose on the port side of the yawl and flung three of his tentacles into it. We saw everything from the first move. The arms, sliding about, found nothing to lay hold of, and then, as if the octopus was indignant at his ill luck, he capsize the yawl in a twinkling. The water was not over twelve feet there, and, getting a hold on the rocks, he pulled the yawl astern until he broke the painter, which was a new inch rope. The strength displayed in that movement was equal to that of a draught horse, but he was not using more than a third of his power.—New York Sun.

The Condoer of South America.
"If the governments of Chili and of other South American countries had paid a bounty of \$5 a head for dead condors thirty years ago, as I understand they do now," said the representative of a New York leather house, "I could have made a fortune in the course of a few months, and had a heap of fun doing it. Condors were plenty, all along the Chilean coast, at any rate, as far back as 1851, and during the few months that I was in that country I found out a good deal about them, and could have made \$100 a day.
"The appearance of a hawk circling about in the air over a poultry yard will not fill a brood of chickens with more terror and excitement than will the shadow of a condor on the wing carry to a herd of cattle feeding on a Chilean plain, as the great vulture sweeps down from his eyrie in the pathless Andes to seize his prey. The condor, unlike other members of the vulture family, doesn't wait for something or somebody to die in order that he may have his dinner, but if he don't find a ready-made carcass convenient on the plain when he is hungry he proceeds at once to provide the carcass himself. The herds of cattle that pasture on the undulating plains lying between the impenetrable wall of the Andes and the Pacific's white crested line of snow offer the condor unrivaled facilities for carcass making, and, as he is in a state of chronic hunger, this king of the feathered race levies constant tribute on the grazing herds. Thirty years ago it was no uncommon sight to see a thousand of these winged freebooters hovering over the plains, each one ravenous and determined as a dinner robber from the scamping, terror-stricken, bellowing herds below. The condor was then, as he is now in a less degree, the greatest enemy the stock raiser in that portion of South America had to contend with, and it was his persistent and destructive raids on grazing cattle that made him an outlaw with a price on his head, to be relentlessly hunted even among the many crags and cloud capped craters where he makes his home."—Ed. Mott in New York Mail and Express.

Making Stone Type.
An inventor has completed experiments which, he asserts, show the practicality of making stone type. They are, of course, of large size, to substitute wood letters. The material is an artificial stone, pressed into molds and then hardened, afterwards being polished on the surface. There will be no warping and no expansion or contraction, and each foot will be exactly the same as that preceding. The inventor predicts a great future for the material.—Boston Budget.

Penitentiary Kinds of Leather.
The use of kangaroo skins for leather has come rapidly into fashion within a year or two, and those animals, which were once regarded as a nuisance in Australia, are now prized and sought for. Porpoise leather is also a commodity largely in demand, and a man or woman wearing a costly pair of shoes cannot well be sure, nowadays, whether the material came from the Australian bush, the South seas or the back of a Texas steer.—New York Sun.

Zulu Hymn and Tune Book.
Rev. C. W. Kilbon, of the Zulu mission, has been in this country some two years preparing a hymn and tune book in the native language, which is now ready for shipment. It includes about 250 hymns, and, owing to the peculiarity of the language, both hymns and tunes have had to be largely reconstructed.—Public Opinion.

The Smallest Manuscript.
One of the smallest manuscripts in the world to be sold.—For sale, a grain of rice, with the whole first chapter of the Koran written on it; given to an English officer in 1812 by an American gentleman, who received it from an Arab sheikh, whom he had cured of a dangerous fever in the desert.—London Times.

A deer hunter in the Florida pine woods recently shot a buck that carried a brand put on him eleven years ago, when he was caught by a settler, branded with his cattle brand, and turned loose.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, where there is no love.—Lord Bacon.