

THE CHRONICLE.

COLFAX, - - - LOUISIANA.

THEY MET A-MAYING.

O, the earth was fair, O, my love was fair, When she and I met a-maying.

In her white and green, With the blue between, When Love and I met a-maying.

It was hand in hand, Through the meadow land, That Love and I met a-maying.

O, the happy day! O, the pleasant way! We've trod since we met a-maying.

THE WIDOW WICKETT'S WINDOWS. Mr. Tibbetts was riding slowly along the road, thinking for once in a way what a brief life this was and how quickly we left it behind us.

One person would grieve for him, and that the very one who would be benefited by his death. Years ago Mr. Parkman had picked up in the streets of New York, on a cold winter night, a poor little Italian boy, who had been sent by his padrone to scrape the violin on a bleak corner.

"I want to give everything to Ludovico," he had said to the lawyer. "He deserves it, and I love him. My nephew, Ralph Varner, would pounce upon everything if I left no will. No, I should make one even if I had never found this boy. I should leave all to some charity. Ralph is a brute—rich, greedy, contemptible. Ludovico will carry out my ideas and do good with his money."

"I may live for years," said the old man, "and Ralph would make no bones of destroying the will. He's a bad fellow—a very bad fellow."

But at the door Mr. Parkman's man had told him that the doctor had said his master's hours were numbered; that he would not see the next sun rise. No wonder Mr. Tibbetts felt that this was an uncertain sort of world.

But the boys down in the hollow beside the road on which his horse slowly trotted, who were making the most of a holiday and some fire-crackers and other gunpowder play-things, such as one might fancy Satan had invented for his offspring, were troubled with no grave thoughts or solemn emotions. The black figure of the lawyer, long and lean, seated on his quiet old horse, instead of awakening awe in their small bosoms, aroused them to deeds of mischief. Suddenly an invention resembling a bomb shell, though smaller and less destructive, hurled through the air, hit Mr. Tibbetts in the small of the back, and exploded. Mr. Tibbetts started; the horse reared, and in a moment more Mr. Tibbetts was on his back in the hollow, the horse a mile away up the road and the will sticking in the solitary gooseberry-bush that decorated the Widow Wickett's front door yard.

Now the Widow Wickett was one of those people who are always wretchedly poor, no matter what is done for them, and though she had more given her than any other person in the town, she always had broken panes of glass in her window and was always patching them up with pasteboard, tin pans and straw-hats.

Toddling out shortly after the accident, of which she heard nothing, being down cellar at the time, she found a fine piece of stiff parchment sticking in her bush, and as it was just the size of two panes of glass, appropriated it at once, fastening it well on with many tacks. As she could not read writing, the names upon the sheet never struck her eye, and as for the red tape, she used that for a shoe string immediately.

Meanwhile, down at the hotel to which he had been carried, Mr. Tibbetts came to himself, found he was not greatly injured, expressed his opinion of his boys in general, and waited for his clothes, which were being brushed for him.

"And, by the way," cried Mr. Tibbetts, suddenly, "bring me the document in the waistcoat pocket, William. It's very valuable."

William could not turn pale; he was the color of charcoal; but he stared at Mr. Tibbetts.

"For de Lord, massa, your watch, an pocketbook, an penknife, an card-case, an handkerchief, is all dere was in de pockets," he said. "Dere wasn't no document dar."

"A paper—a parchment," explained Mr. Tibbetts.

"Sartinly. I is aware what a dockyment am, sah," replied William, with proper dignity; "but dar wasn't none, sah."

Vain search was made on the road, in the hollow—everywhere. The will was gone. Sure as he was from his fall, Mr. Tibbetts had himself driven back to the Parkman mansion. He arrived there before the sun set, but old Mr. Parkman was already dead; and all rewards that were offered failed to bring the will to light. The Widow Wickett never read the newspapers.

The law had its course. The nephew came into the property. The two old servants, who had been well provided for by their master, sought other situations. Ludovico was left without a penny; but he had a good education, and Mr. Tibbetts offered him a place in his law office, on a salary that saved him from starving—a better salary than he would have given any other boy. Some-

how he felt himself responsible for the boy's changed fortune; and he never quite gave up hope about the will. But six months passed; a year—two—and nothing was heard of it.

Now, Mr. Tibbetts had charge of the New Note property, and as every one knew the Widow Wickett's house was upon it. She owned the building, but not the land, and paid a modicum of ground-rent. Mr. Van Note being very "close," it became every year some one's painful duty to extract that small sum from the Widow Wickett. It was worse than it would have been to extract her few remaining teeth.

Ludovico was set at the work this time, and being young and sympathetic, came out of it quite crushed and miserable. At the tenth visit a little pile of the dirtiest bills and crookedest coin procurable lay at his elbow, and the widow thus held forth:

"There's your money. Now you've extorted it out of me, take it. It was give me by a good lady to put the glass in my windys and save me from rheumatics agin the winter; but no, I've got to suffer now. I hope you'll think of that when you're warm as toast in your feather beds and blankets—yah!"

"Indeed it's not I. I couldn't ask it of you," said Ludovico, almost in tears. "Look here!" said the widow. "See my panes. Two windys. Twelve panes in each. Three whole in the lot. This them boys broke, and this cracked unknownst, and this my elbow went through; and when the stove-pipe fell it went through these four; and this is them boys again; and I put a bit of stick that give under it, is the way it was them. The cat was on the sill under it at the time. Ah, well! the Coryner'll have me this winter."

Ludovico went away with a swelling heart. "I was rich!" he said to himself. "If I were ah!" as my dear old friend intended I should be, I'd not oppress the poor."

"There, sir," he said, heaping the money to Mr. Tibbetts, "the wretched old soul has paid it, and now she can't have her window-panes put in. She'll die of cold. How cruel Mr. Van Note is."

"O, Widow Wickett's panes. We all know about them," said Mr. Tibbetts. "They're her stock in trade. Why, lad, they're always out."

"Always! all these bitter winters!" sighed Ludovico.

Then an heroic thought possessed him. He would take the money he had saved for a coat and go to the glazier and buy nine panes of glass and some putty and himself mend the Widow Wickett's windows. And when office hours were over away he sped, carried out his good intention, and appeared at the Widow Wickett's door with his hands full of glass and smiles of benevolence on his face, and announced his intention.

The widow was horrified. The broken windows brought her half her income in charitable gifts from pitying strangers, but she was obliged to submit, and pretend to be grateful. She sat in her rocking-chair, ruefully looking on, while Ludovico extracted the old hats and pans, and ripped off the parchment, and threw the whole outside the window into the door yard where the gooseberry bush grew. Happily he worked, and soon the windows were all restored to their original condition.

"The Lord's blessin' on you," whined the widow, meaning something else.

"O, don't mention it," said Ludovico, politely. "You musn't wash them until to-morrow, or they'll fall out. Good-by."

Mrs. Wickett never washed anything, but she began to meditate on doing it instantly; and Ludovico marched away. He would have no coat, but his conscience would not trouble him.

"O, if I were rich, how good I would be to the poor!" he said.

At this instant something hit his heel sharply. A blessed breeze had impelled one half of the parchment he had taken from the widow's window after him. He stooped and picked it up. The first thing that struck him was his own name. He looked at it closely. It was part of a will—in his favor. Back flew the boy; the widow was just cramming the other part under her tea-kettle, but he snatched it from her without a word, and rushed away. Mr. Tibbetts saw him coming, and his prophetic soul saw a great revelation in the boy's pale face.

"What have you got there?" he shouted.

Ludovico answered: "The Widow Wickett's window panes."

A few days after the widow was in court, explaining how she came by such window panes.

And so the boy came to his own, and really is the rich man he dreamed of being as he dabbed the putty against the frames of Mrs. Wickett's window; and that old lady is well provided for by the gratitude of the young heir, who has bought her house for her, furnished it, and settled on her an income beyond her wants; but she keeps an empty snuff-box in her pocket, and amiable strangers are often heard to mention that they gave a few pennies just now to a poor old soul, who never could save enough for her one luxury—a pinch of snuff.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Colored People and the Republican Party.

The colored people of New England are waking up to the fact that they do not belong to the Republican party, and they do not propose to be used much longer for the special purpose of giving the Republican party predominance in the affairs of the Republic.

The city of Newport, R. I., has a citizen, Mr. Geo. T. Downing, one of the most intelligent colored men of the country, who publishes his views in the Providence (R. I.) Journal, and boldly takes the position that the Republican party owes fully as much to the colored people as the colored people owe to it, and that, as there is at issue between the two great parties no question in which the colored man is specially interested, he is at liberty to join whichever one his present circumstances show to be best disposed toward him, irrespective of any sentiment of gratitude for past favors.

Mr. Downing maintains that whatever help was given to the negro by "the Republican party" was given for the party's own aggrandizement and profit, and not for any philanthropic desire to free the slaves. "Undoubtedly Mr. Downing's view of the subject is correct. Doubtless there were men in the Republican party who wanted the slaves emancipated, but the great mass of the Republican party were not imbued with any such sentiment. With them emancipation was a war measure and not a peace nor a humanity matter. The Union was on one side and slavery on the other side. If the Union could be saved by getting rid of slavery, amen. If the Union could be saved without getting rid of slavery, amen again. Is that so? In a letter written by Abraham Lincoln August 22, 1862, to Horace Greeley, the President said: 'I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the National authority can be re-established, the nearer the Union will be the Union as it was. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.'

Such is the language of the great leader of the Republican party. Emancipation for the good of the slave, emancipation in the cause of humanity; emancipation, owing to the crime and curse of slavery, form no part of the Republican idea. It was emancipation for the salvation of the Union, nothing upon the well-being of the slave. It is not surprising, therefore, that intelligent colored men have come to the conclusion that they owe the Republican party nothing, and that the Republican party owe the colored people much—in point of supremacy, everything. It is well said that "without the negro vote not one branch of the National Government would be under Republican control. The slim majorities in both Houses of Congress depend upon the colored voters so entirely that an even division of these voters between the two great parties would have left a far larger balance on the Democratic side than now exists in favor of the Republicans. In the White House sits a President elected by the faithful devotion of the colored people to a phantom benefactor, whose real form was long ago laid in the grave with Lincoln, Greeley and Sumner." Intelligent colored men are everywhere beginning to realize the fraud of Republican professions of love for the colored people, and they are breaking away from its embrace, and the day is not distant when the Republican party will find out that the colored people fully comprehending its mean treachery and false professions, will turn from it with loathing.—Indiana State Sentinel.

The Republican Party from a Republican Standpoint.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says: "Two years ago the country gave the Republican party another chance. It sees how that chance has been used. It sees the party leadership given to Robeson and Keifer. It sees an extravagant and in great measure inefficient session. It sees tariff reform dodged and Civil-service Reform laughed at. It sees the offensive and despicable tax on office holders enforced, with new zeal, by the chosen ringleader of the Republican Congressmen. It sees the public money wasted by affidavits to catch votes in doubtful districts and the public offices handed over as patronage to the Camerons and Logans. All this in the reputable man among the party leaders either ascending or cowed into silence."

This is a strong indictment, and coming from such a source extremely significant. It is a frank and fearless Republican acknowledgment that all Republican talk about reform is sheerest bomb. The party is incapable of reform; has not a drop of reform blood in its veins, never has had and never will have. It went into power twenty-one years ago on a platform every plank of which was so to speak saturated with reform. What professions and promises were that floated Lincoln to the Presidency? How the Democratic "Augsan stables" were to be cleansed and fumigated! How all the rogues were to be punished and all the honest men to be rewarded! What care was to be exercised in the selection of public servants, and how scrupulously watched and guarded was to be the expenditure of public money! How industrious and incorruptible were to be the Republican Congressmen, and how much as Caesar's wife ought to have been every Republican official! How the country and the world were to admire and applaud the great, glorious and beneficent change from Democratic sin to Republican righteousness! Well, the history of twenty-one years is before us, and speaks for itself loud enough to wake the dead. In no single department of Government from highest to lowest has there been the slightest improvement, and there is no department of Government from highest to lowest which has not deteriorated in its management in one way or another. The cost of Government has increased enormously, and it is well known that a very large

portion of this cost is the result of shameless extravagance, culpable neglect, or worse. How many rings were there during the sixty years of Democratic rule? How many have there been under Republican rule? What Democratic Congress had a Credit Mobilier scandal? What Democratic President patronized and protected a nest of whisky thieves? What Democratic Secretary of War matched Belknap?—or what Democratic Secretary of the Navy matched Robeson? Was it a Democratic Administration that kicked out Bristow and defended Babcock? Was it a Democratic National Convention that nominated for the Presidency a man who denied under oath what was proved upon him, and for the Vice-Presidency a man who was dismissed from a custom-house "for conduct prejudicial to the interests of the Government?"

No wonder our Massachusetts namesake is disgusted and discouraged by the principles and practices of its party. It is rotten without and within, and "there is no health in it." Fairly and fully tried it has been found wanting in every particular, and to-day its greatest energy is displayed in hunting up some "moral issue" to hide a swindle, or in crushing every honest and earnest effort for reform. With such chiefs as Robeson and Keifer, Conkling, Cameron and Logan, what is there to hope for in the future except a record as bad as in the past? It has already lived too long for the country's good, and "nothing will grace its life like the ending of it."—St. Louis Republican.

The Dorsey Letters to Garfield.

Mr. Stephen W. Dorsey, the Secretary of the National Republican Committee and now under indictment for theft, is very impatient under the imputation that his letters to Garfield were impertinent and intrusive, and that he had no right to give him advice in any form it might to him seem fit. He consented "to take a laboring oar" in the campaign at Garfield's particular request, who also sent his friends to overcome Dorsey's objections. "Our relations," says Dorsey, "had for many years been of the closest description. In Washington, when we were in Congress together, he came to my house nearly every day, and the association was most intimate and satisfactory. He was constantly seeking my views, and I wrote to General Garfield," endeavoring to persuade him not to take MacVeagh into his Cabinet.

Mr. Dorsey "willingly and gladly" furnishes copies of the letters showing the means and style which he adopted to prevent what Dorsey deemed little less than an outrage. He said to Garfield: "It will be a grievous mistake; that MacVeagh has been for a number years a paid lobbyist of the Pennsylvania Railroad; that he has debauched the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and robbed that State of millions of dollars; that he debauched the Legislature of Louisiana to turn Packard out and have Hayes remain in; that he is a bribe-taker and bribe-giver trying to shield his own criminality behind the holy look of his heavenly-turmed eyes; that the only good thing about him is his being the son-in-law of Simon Cameron; that he is a forger between two armies, invariably adhering to the one with the largest commissary." Dorsey urges that if Garfield wants the minority represented in his Cabinet, he ought to have the respectable minority there. He should therefore appoint a Democrat—the representative of the minority who almost defeated him. He believes that it would be one of the wisest things Garfield ever did and that the time is soon coming when a President will "invite an eminent member of the minority to a seat in his Cabinet." "If I were you," says Dorsey in closing, "I would distinguish my Administration and create an era in politics by putting some leading Democrat in my Cabinet instead of a leading idiot. Advice is very common and you have lots of it. Wisdom is very rare and I have none of it; and 'so," says Dorsey humbly, "what I have to say I leave for that kindly consideration you have always extended to my suggestions."

Mr. Dorsey evidently does not regard the memory of Garfield so tenderly that he cares to defend it from the consequences of Dorsey's own letters. For, unless Dorsey slanders MacVeagh, which we suppose he would not admit, the letter shows that in spite of the "kindly consideration" always given to Dorsey's suggestions, a bribe-giver and bribe-taker, a debaucher of Legislatures and a hypocrite, a corruptionist and idiot was deliberately given a seat in Garfield's Cabinet. But no one need be misled by Dorsey's political magnanimity. He is not the kind of man, ever to want to see the day when eminent members of the minority shall be taken into the Cabinet of a victorious Administration. It only shows that he was so desperately opposed to having MacVeagh in Garfield's Cabinet, that he preferred to see even a Democrat there. Whether this profound aversion to MacVeagh had anything to do with his fear of Star-route exposures is not absolutely certain, but it looks that way. However, Dorsey resents the profoundly contemptuous manner in which his relations with Garfield are spoken of. He insists that he was fully justified by his previous acquaintance with Garfield and his management of the Presidential campaign to talk to him as he pleased.—Detroit Free Press.

The following item from the Swainsboro (Ga.) Herald would seem to indicate that Southern editors have their interpretations in the noble work of molding public opinion as well as their brethren of the North: "The editor who can write a 'leader' on a hot day in August, within fifty feet of where storks hatch on an Emanuel County jackass haying as though he had socked into his lungs all the air in three adjoining counties, will surely reap his reward, not here below, but in that blessed land where there are no muzzling donkeys to molest."

Some boys were bathing in the Severn, in England, and when in mid-stream one was seized with cramp and sank, but returned to the surface twice. His comrades endeavored to rescue him, and appealed to a boatman who was rowing up the stream to assist them. The fellow replied that he had something else to do than pull fellows out of the water, and rowed on. The youth was drowned.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Of 6,237 teachers in the Sabbath-schools of the United Presbyterian church, only fifty-six are not professors of religion.

A Chickasaw Indian proposes to pay half the cost of Testaments to supply the school children of his tribe. He is not a professor of religion.

The increase in the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church South since the war has been 500,000, and the increase in all the colored denominations of Methodists has been 900,000.

The Cumberland Presbyterians have among the Indians thirteen ordained and licensed preachers, seven candidates, forty ruling elders, twenty-nine deacons, twenty-four organized congregations and 527 communicants.

Bishop Paddock, of Massachusetts, discourages the confirmation of very young children. He thinks children should not be confirmed until they reach the age of fourteen, though he will not refuse those of twelve, "our blessed Lord's age at His first Passover."

During the year 1881 there attended the schools of England 4,045,382 children; of whom 1,268,250 were under 7 years of age, 2,573,801 between 7 and 13, 157,584 between 13 and 14, and 45,727 above 14. The increase in the number of scholars amounted to 149,538. The average attendance increased 4.09 per cent.

In the city of Riga, Russia, is a flourishing Sunday-school kept by the Baroness von Halm. It is composed of German children, of whom five hundred attend, and others who are willing to attend are at present excluded for lack of room. As the scholars attain a certain age, they are obliged to leave to make room for others. There are about fifty classes in the school.

Mexico is said to be a great field for mission work. The Protestant congregations in that country are twice as numerous as they were five years ago, the present number of church members being over 10,000. There are 239 native helpers, and about 19,000 people who go to church. The Mexican is not naturally a profoundly devout person, yet those who have become church members are said to give quite as good evidence of leading a Christian life as members of churches in other countries.

FUNGENT PARAGRAPHS. —It is fashionable now for young ladies to take boxes of candy to the hotel tables. It shows a growing fondness for taffy.

A Kansas joker who filled a cigar with powder and ruined a friend's eyesight, doesn't feel as cunning as he did before he shelled out \$5,000 damages.—Detroit Free Press.

Said Mr. Moriarty, in explanation of his battered appearance: "Ye see the horse I was driving was a mule." And Mr. Finnegan replied: "Ye need say no more, Dennis!"—Boston Post.

They have got one of the first Napoleon's veterans in jail at Portland, and every effort will now be made to run down Washington's last body-servant and chain him to a post.—Detroit Free Press.

A man seven feet seven inches high committed suicide recently. He said he had lived long enough in this world. He was probably in destitute circumstances, though we don't see how a giant could be "short."—Norristown Herald.

A lawyer was cross-examining a high-spirited woman, who was evidently a match for any man, while her husband sat sheepishly listening. The lawyer was pressing a question urgently, when she said with fire flashing from her eyes: "You needn't think to catch me, for you tried that once." "Madam, I have not the slightest desire to catch you, and your husband looks as if he was sorry to die."

While a tourist was in Palestine he took a sail on the Sea of Galilee. After visiting the different places of interest he returned to the landing and asked: "How much for the trip?" "Ten shekels," responded the smiling boatman. "Ten shekels!" echoed the traveler. "Why that is an outrageous price!" "Well," replied the skipper, "that's what they've been paying ever since the sea was here." "Thunderation," growled the voyager, "I don't wonder that Peter tried to walk it."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"Do you think so, darling?" "Yes," said the girl, passing her plate for merrily and smiling archly as she spoke. "Kisses and embraces and fair words are very pleasant things—sweet lips and warm arms and loving eyes—but truth and sincerity and loyalty and purity are very much fairer and rarer." "You are right," replied her husband, looking at her with loving tenderness, "you are right, sweetheart, and I will not deceive you any longer." "What do you mean?" she asked, a look of horror passing over her face. "There is but one piece of pie," said George W. Simpson, "and I shall tackle it myself."—Chicago Tribune.

A Wonderful Recovery. One week ago last Monday the Herald chronicled the fact that a little girl named Ada Warden, twelve years old, had fallen from a window in her residence on Tremont Street, to the ground, a distance of sixty feet, and that there was a slight chance of her ultimate recovery from her injuries. The fact that the child could have sustained an unbroken fall of sixty feet, striking at its completion on a brick walk, and not be killed outright, was in itself marvelous, but the rapid recovery of the little one, and the fact that in five days it was up and dressed and as well as ever, borders on the miraculous. Dr. Perry, who attended the child, says that perfect quiet and nature were the agents that brought about so happy a conclusion; but the child's mother, who is a very devout woman, clings firmly to the belief that it was the hand of God. A reporter visited the scene of the accident, and saw the child, who took him to the room from the window of which she fell, and with a barely perceptible shudder, she pointed to the sill upon which she stood when she lost her footing. A glance down is enough to make one's head swim, and how the child could have had the courage to step from the window sill to another three feet away, as she had done several times before falling, is a thing which no one but a child can explain.—Boston Herald.



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