

THE CHRONICLE.

COLFAX, - - - LOUISIANA.

A LOVELY SCENE.

We stood at the bars as the sun went down behind the hills on a summer day.

Far from the west the faint sunshine glanced sparkling off her golden hair.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood, I see her standing peacefully now.

DR. AND MRS. MORTON.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton had finished Ufin, and were discussing some private theatricals, which, followed by a ball, were to take place that evening at the mess-house of the -th.

"You know, dear, that it is the very last of the season, and every one will be there."

"And you know my rooted objection to these entertainments, Ada; why do you urge me?"

"Then when shall I ever have an opportunity of showing off that lovely pink and silver cloak you got from Madras on my birthday?" pouted the young wife.

"Ah! that is a deeply important matter!" laughed the doctor. "We must see if we can't get up a dance in our own bungalow, little woman," continued he somewhat inconsequently.

"But that won't be a ball and theatricals to-night; and by that time Daddaboy, Rungabee and the other Parsees will have their shops filled with the new-fashioned cloak, while as yet mine is the only one in the cantonment. I really do think, William, that you might let me go. I am sure I sit patiently enough through these solemn dinners and scientific reunions of which you are so fond."

"Well, well, as it is the very last of the season, I suppose I must be amiable for once; but—"

"O, that's a dear good disagreeable old thing!" said his wife, giving him a kiss; and, without waiting to hear more, in a flutter of delight she left the room.

When left to himself the doctor pondered their late conversation, and felt by no means satisfied with his share in it. Still, having consented, he determined to do so with a good grace; and, on Mrs. Morton presently re-entering to look for something, he said: "By the way, dear, when shall I order the palanquin for you?"

Still continuing her search, she replied absently: "O, any time. I shall only want it returning; the Hills will call for me going."

Dr. Morton was taken aback. "So," he exclaimed, "you had arranged to go with—or without—my consent!"

With a little start, she answered somewhat confusedly: "Well, I thought you would be sure to give me leave, William, and—"

"As you have chosen to act so wholly independently," interrupted her husband, angrily, "I withdraw the consent I unwittingly gave. The house shall be closed at the usual hour, and if you do not happen to be at home at eleven o'clock, we do not sleep under the same roof this night." And in high displeasure Dr. Morton left the house; nor did he return for a couple of hours, during which his mood had more than once changed.

The first irritation over, he felt that it was hard upon his pet to deny her the pleasure to which but the moment before he had assented. How could he bear to spend the long evening opposite that disappointed wistful little face? It began, too, to dawn upon him that "the whole cantonment"—which, in India, where private life is more distinctly public property than in any other corner of the world, stands for our esteemed old friend, Mrs. Grundy—might, as has ever been his wont, put an unkind construction on motives it did not understand; might hint that he was not so much standing by his principles—which, in fact, he had yielded—as avenging his own offended dignity.

The result of all which cogitation was that if, on his return home, he should find that she had accepted both disappointment and rebuke in a proper spirit—much, indeed all, depended on that—she should go with her friends to the ball; or even, in the very probable event of their having already called, he would show his magnanimity by taking her himself. Just then a carriage drove swiftly past him; he recognized it to be the Hills', and in it—could he credit his senses?—all radiant with smiles, wrapped in her new cloak, sat his wife, who, in merry defiance, kissed her hands to him as they passed.

Both ball and theatricals were delightful and none enjoyed them more than the volatile and fascinating Mrs. Morton. In the gaiety of her spirits she confided to one after another of her dearest friends her husband's threat; and to one or two who expressed some fear that he might carry it out she laughingly replied that she did not think that that would be at all likely; but in the event of anything so improbable, she had still her palanquin, in which she could rest till gun-fire, when, of course, the house would be opened.

I am told that nowadays palanquins are in as little request in India as sedan-chairs in England; but in Dr. and Mrs. Morton's time—for know, O reader, that my story is founded on fact—they were, except in the evening drive, the most general mode of carriage. In the verandah of every house one or more might always be seen, with their bearers at hand, ready for instant service by day or by night.

It was past two o'clock when Dr. Morton heard, coming down the compound, the moaning monotonous cry of the bearers who carried their mistress to her home. Placing the palanquin in the verandah, they called loudly for admission, striking the door with their hands, in no small wonder that it had not, as usual, been thrown wide at their approach. Expectation of the coming triumph had driven sleep from

his pillow; and he now turned his head with a grim smile, for his revenge was at hand—the little rebel should learn a lesson never to be forgotten.

To the bearer's voices was soon added that of their mistress'; indignantly, entreatingly, coaxingly she called in turn. She reminded her husband that their verandah was overlooked from the road. "Let me in, I beg, I entreat of you, William. It will be gun-fire in a couple of hours, and if seen here I shall be the laughing-stock of the whole station. O William dear, do let me in!"

To which her husband answered sternly: "We shall not rest under the same roof this night;" and he chuckled to himself, for he only intended to keep her waiting a few minutes.

For a moment Mrs. Morton seemed irresolute; then, having said a few words to the head-bearer, she cried aloud in a passionate burst of sobs: "I will die sooner than submit to such humiliation;" and, followed by her servants, she rushed away.

There was a long wailing cry—a shriek a heavy splash. Good Heavens! could it be—could it be possible that his impetuous wife had thrown herself into the well? Hark to those wild cries, as the bearers run hither and thither with loud exclamations and calls for help. Paralyzed with fear, the husband could with difficulty open the door; then, rushing out, he would have flung himself into the still rippling water, in a mad attempt at rescue, had not a bearer hung upon his arm, as, in broken English, he tried to explain that his mistress was safe.

"Then, where is she? What is all this row about? Who has fallen in? What are you all yelling for?"

"For Mem Sahib tell: 'Throw big stone down well; then too much bobbery make; run this way, that way—plenty great tamasha. Mem Sahib make big cry, then Mem run away.'"

Dr. Morton knew himself outwitted, for doubtless his wife had taken advantage of the door she had thus succeeded in opening. Ah, well, though vexed at the trick, he was by no means sorry that the conflict was at an end, and that they should both pass what remained of the night in peaceful rest. He dismissed the bearers and returned to the house, but to find it shut! The door was closed, and obstinately resisted all efforts to open it; while a voice from the window at which he had himself so lately spoken said: "We shall not sleep under the same roof this night."

The doctor, with an uneasy laugh, first treated the situation as a silly joke, then expostulated, then stormed; but all without avail or even notice. He called to the ayah to open the door; but her answer was that she was locked in Mem's room, and Mem had the key under her pillow. He stamped at first with anger, but soon with cold, for his night pyjamas offered slight protection against the chill morning air. At length, seeing the palanquin he got into it. The lovely cloak was lying on the cushions; he drew the hood over his head, its delicate hues in striking contrast to his sunburnt face and dishevelled hair, and dragging it round his broad shoulders with an angry tug, settled himself to sleep.

The gun had fired, the "assembly" sounded, but still the doctor slept on. Nor was he roused by the sound of horses' hoofs, as a bevy of ladies, unescorted except by servants, rode up to the door. They would be joined in their ride by their husbands after parade; and then, after a final round of the course, assemble at the house of one or other of their party to chota-hazzar and a lively discussion of absent friends.

In much surprise they waited a minute or so before the closed and silent house; then, with significant glances, one after the other slid from her saddle, determined to solve the mystery. Ah, there it is! A little corner of the cloak worn the night before by Mrs. Morton peeped out of the closed doors of the palanquin; 'twas evident that the poor little thing had been obliged to seek that shelter. "What a shame!" They would speak to her, they would comfort her, and O, what a laugh they would have against her! They grouped themselves round the palanquin, bending low to peer in; and one on either side drew back the sliding doors as—

Dr. Morton, still half-asleep, slowly opened his eyes. Most effectually was he awakened by the startled exclamation with which the visitors hastily retreated to their horses, which they were just in the act of mounting as the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Morton appeared in her riding-habit. They immediately rode away, to the infinite satisfaction of the recumbent but impatient doctor, who was in mortal fear that fresh complications might arise through his unexplained absence from duty bringing messages of inquiry.

At the meeting of husband and wife we would rather not play fly in the corner, but take for granted that there was the usual amount of tears, recrimination and hysterics, in which—for this occasion only—a torn and crumpled fabric of pink and silver took an active part; the sight of it from time to time stimulating Mrs. Morton's grief and eloquence, while her husband, who, smarting under the expose of the morning, had entered on the fray with unusual spirit, soon found himself vanquished, limp and utterly dismayed, as his own inconsistent, tyrannical and selfish conduct was contrasted—not for the first time—with the patient endurance of his long-suffering wife.

Neither of this, nor of the reconciliation that followed in natural sequence, shall we make record; but we must of the pleasing fact that, at the very next concert, Mrs. Morton, leaning on her husband's arm, appeared in most excellent spirits, her cloak, this time of amber and gold, being admired by all beholders.—London Society.

The ministering hand of gentle woman has been felt again, this time in Pawtucket, R. I. A child in one of the schools there whistled. The teacher asked who it was, and failing to find out flogged the whole school, with one exception, a girl who chose to be turned out instead. There were fifty-eight scholars, and fifty-seven of them got five blows apiece with a rattan.—Boston Post.

Twenty-five years ago a young Philadelphia wife nearly cried her eyes out because she could not afford to scrape from her walls the unsightly, old-fashioned paper, full of peacocks and pelicans and things, and put a nice, neat, new style in its place. Now her married daughter is weeping because she can't afford to put the peacocks and pelicans back. Life is full of trouble.

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Thomas Jefferson.

More fortunate than many eminent law-givers in their days, who had ancient errors, prejudices, and abuses embodied in customs and ordinances and perhaps sanctioned by superstition, against which to contend, the lot of Mr. Jefferson was cast in that which was strictly a formative period—a time when the organic basis of a nationality was to be prepared, the foundations of its civil polity laid, and the elements of its political future determined. It was here that the intellectual forces of a master spirit could be brought to bear more immediately upon the integers of the situation and a more distinct impression on them produced. Probably no other man saw with the prophetic clearness of Mr. Jefferson the great civil, political and material future in store for the Caucasian race upon this continent, or was more impressed with the importance of so adapting the institutions of the coming great commonwealth as to allow the fullest freedom to the mental and physical powers and faculties of its constituents.

Thus it is that we not only owe a debt to Mr. Jefferson, but owe it in such a manner that some mental estimate of its nature and extent may be obtained. The ideas of Mr. Jefferson, as embodied in the Declaration of Independence and elsewhere, were to the American what Magna Charta, at its period, was to the English people—a revelation. At their utterance, as at a touch from the wand of a magician, the inner consciousness of man became pregnant and new thoughts were born. Moreover, as these grew older, errors, fallacies and illusions, the relics of past misrule, passed out of their memories, and, like persons suddenly awakened, they cast their eyes around, first with inquiry and then with intelligence. To the people of the emancipated colonies, Mr. Jefferson was the apostle of liberty; and if his convictions had been allowed to prevail unimpeded and unadulterated, our institutions would have been more symmetrical, and the future of the American people better assured.

Mr. Jefferson was a man eminently adapted to the time in which he lived; but, broader and more flexible than others, he was one capable of responding to the demands of all times and circumstances. A patriot and a statesman, resolute to resist encroachment and combat error; a philosopher sagacious to comprehend the profoundest problems of human nature, and a politician equally wise in counsel and in action, to formulate and to execute, there is no personage known to American history to whom the title *pater patrie* more properly belongs. Human liberty was the object of his unmixt devotion and of his untrifling exertions; liberty pure and unadulterated—liberty without licentiousness; perfect freedom of thought and action, subject only to such restraints as are in all countries, civilized and enlightened, demanded by considerations of public policy, morals, and religion.

Still there are some who believe little in Mr. Jefferson. Detraction loves a shining mark, and falsehoods begotten during a heated term in politics, become traditional along with their contemporary events. Naturally Mr. Jefferson had his maligners—those who invented falsehoods, and those who, through party and personal prejudice, misinterpreted facts and misjudged refuse. The same qualities which inspire friendship in an ally provoke enmity in an antagonist, and few men had firmer friends or bitterer enemies than Mr. Jefferson. He was accused of all for which politicians are wont to arraign each other; of insincerity, of instability in matters of opinion, and of double-dealing in affairs. But the effect of these are worn away as in the light of better knowledge there is a more correct appreciation of his character; and when the final verdict of history shall be pronounced, few of the great men of the world will stand higher than the author of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America.—American Register.

Struck a Vein.

The Ohio Radicals are in distress. They need a candidate. Now, candidates abound in Ohio as mosquitoes do in New Jersey or alligators in Florida. All the Ohio men and many women, are chronic candidates for office. It is the chief industry of the State. But to find the right candidate in this particular instance, one who can prate on temperance in the same breath that he lauds the native proclivities of the Germans, is the supreme trouble. In this sore perplexity the Radicals have struck a vein. They have cast their weather-eye upon the man. His name is Rutherford B. Hayes, his residence Fremont. This individual is said to have once been President of the United States. He certainly occupied the seat to which another was lawfully elected. If nothing less, his salary account, the money of which was invariably drawn in advance, as if in fear of an accident, and hoarded with miserly care, will attest the fact. By all means trot him out. John Quincy Adams was a rightful President and died a commoner. Andy Johnson was President by virtue of the Constitution and died a Senator. It will not detract from the dignity of a notorious fraud to pass the gaudium of public approbation or opprobrium in imitation of the noted precedents. Risen through infamy, and retired to oblivion under which he is said to smart, the ex-President *de facto* by the grace of Eliza Pinkston, can not better test the degree of repugnance which all respectable people feel for him than by courting a nomination for office, even in his native State. The Radicals of Ohio want a hypocrite; they can not find a better.—Omaha Herald.

The Sherman (Tex.) Courier is authority for the statement that among the Chickasaw Indians it is customary to release convicts under sentence of death on parole of honor until the day of execution. It is a tradition among the tribe that no one, under such circumstances, has ever failed to appear at the time and place appointed for the execution.

A boy sixteen years of age has petitioned a New York court to appoint for him a guardian who may institute in his name a suit for divorce from a girl whom he was forced, by threats and undue influence, to marry against his will.—N. Y. Tribune.

An Obnoxious and Degrading Policy.

"President Arthur has given the whole weight of the Administration in support of the Virginia coalition," says the Washington organ of Mr. Mahone. Fairly construed, that language means that the President of the United States has made a special and great effort, as President, to foment and keep up a party quarrel growing out of a local question in the State of Virginia. It means that the President of the United States "has given the whole weight of the Administration" to a matter with which a President has no more legitimate business than he would have with a political affair in Canada or Mexico. For there is nothing in the Constitution or in the laws passed in pursuance thereof that requires, authorizes or permits any official meddling in State politics by a President of the United States.

We do not believe the President will regard with unmixed gratitude the declaration that he has so strangely misunderstood the duties and obligations of his great office. The Post, it should be borne in mind, is not making this charge against the President. It is simply taking the unmistakably plain words of the *Republican* and making just application thereof.

On the 14th instant our neighbor made a loud and eloquent demand for "free conventions, free elections and free Legislatures." On the next day it said, as above quoted, that the "whole weight" of the Administration had been used to build up Mahoneism in Virginia. What sort of "free conventions" are possible to the people of a State in which the "whole weight" of the Federal Administration, including an army of officials (ostensibly hired, to perform public, non-political duties, but actually employed to pack primaries and "set up" conventions), is thrown into the scale?

The people of Virginia, like those of Michigan, know what such "free conventions" are. They have tested the desire of the Administration to promote freedom of political action. They have seen, as the central Administration organ declares, "the whole weight of the Administration in support of the coalition," and they have seen the knife at the official neck of every Federal officer who would not work in the traces with Mahone. They have seen relentless proscription personified by Mahone, clothed with "the whole weight of the Administration," hunting down and trampling out opposition. The people of the whole country have heard of the doings of Mahone as deputy of the Administration; have heard these things with regret, disgust and indignation, but they did not expect the central organ of the Administration was going to rise up and boast of such local and unwarranted use of the Federal executive power.

It is worse than folly to talk of "free elections" in a State thus dominated. The verdict of a jury, every man of whom had ten thousand dollars of the defendant's money in his pocket, as an argument for the defense, would not be a greater mockery of justice than the farce in Virginia last fall was of a free election. Large sums of money, paid as salaries to department officials, and handed over to the Hubbell committee by those officials, "for fear of what might befall them in case they should refuse," (see President's last annual message), were sent into Virginia in aid of the coalition. Troops of Federal officers, leaving their official work, went over and over the State, telling the Republican negroes that the President desired them to vote for the Mahone candidates. In short, "the whole weight of the Administration" was given in support of the coalition—"given without color of lawful authority, in direct and palpable violation of the right of the people of a State to have a fair and free election.

"Free Legislatures" are as impossible as any other ingredient of local self-government in a State where the Federal machine—"the whole weight of the Administration"—is brought to bear on local politics. There is no freedom in the nomination of candidates for the Legislature and no free choice at the polls. When such a burlesque on the name of Legislature meets, the boss is on hand—as was Boss Mahone at Richmond—to control its action; to control it, not as an influential citizen of Virginia, but as the accredited representative of the Federal Administration, with honors and emoluments for those who will do his bidding.

The *Republicans* ought to be able to understand that its policy of administrative control in State affairs has been condemned, most signally condemned and trampled into the mire of public contempt in all the States where intelligence generally prevails among Republican voters. The people in the night of their righteous wrath, have decreed that the Administration must and shall keep its hands out of the State elections. The present Chief Magistrate of the United States has, in a very graceful manner, shown that he fully understands and accepts this decree. If Mahone and his organs are counting on a future like the recent past, they are leaving the most important factor out of their calculations. "The whole weight of the Administration" will not be thrown into the Virginia contest this year or next.

The vote for Grover Cleveland against Secretary Folger was a lesson that is not forgotten.—Washington Post.

It is not often that a man digs his own grave and buries himself, but John Tyler, an old grave-digger of Fayetteville, N. C., did it one day last week. He was engaged in his gloomy work, and had reached a distance of over seven feet. It is supposed that he was stooping down when the side of the excavation caved in and fell upon him. He was old and feeble, and was probably unable to move after falling on his face. When he was discovered the earth and rocks covered him to the depth of three feet, and life had been extinct for some hours.

L. S. Welton, of San Francisco, Cal., committed suicide at sea, on the voyage from San Blas to Mazatlan. He was sitting with his leg over the railing of the schooner, and was observed stabbing himself in the neck. He instantly jumped overboard, and as he fell he cried out, "One hundred and thirty Kearney street." His body was secured by a lasso being thrown over his neck, and when caught a huge sea tiger had its teeth in his back.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A blind man, for fifty years occupant of a Connecticut almshouse, has such a remarkable memory that he can repeat any sermon he hears almost word for word.

A man at Dayton, O., makes a living by furnishing horse-thieves a dye that will blacken a white spot on a horse for three months or longer. He gets five dollars a pint and asks no questions.—Cincinnati Times.

A piano stool fell three stories through an elevator shaft at Meriden, Conn., and struck a boy on the head. The boy sustained no injury except a slight scalp wound; but the iron legs of the stool were broken by the fall.

A woman attempted to cross the railroad tracks in front of an approaching train in Jersey City and was saved from death by a man who put his own life in jeopardy to do the humane act. She afterward upbraided her rescuer for tearing her dress. And still she had sense enough to refuse to give her name.—N. Y. Herald.

The New York man who wanted a warrant for the arrest of a man who had called him a thief, was asked what he wanted that the magistrate should do unto the offender. "Make him prove it," was the response. "All right," said the magistrate, "but if he proves it I shall have to lock you up." The warrant did not issue.

Mary Cunningham died at Washington the other night in the arms of her lover, John Callaghan. He had spent the evening with her and was on the point of leaving her when she entreated him not to go. Immediately after giving utterance to this entreaty she gasped for breath, and reeling, was caught by Callaghan and died before assistance could be rendered.—Washington Star.

Over 5,000,000 base ball bats were used in this country last year. A Pennsylvania paper asserts that had each been converted into a hoe-handle, a hoe attached, and the same used as energetically as were the ball clubs, potatoes might have been cheaper now. This is a pretty theory, but if the potato-bug had gone to work with his usual assiduity the base-ball statistician might have been left on the field.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A Japanese woman who had lived in American since childhood returned to her native land. She writes back to the *New York Independent* from Tokio that she has quickly regained facility with chopsticks and is convinced that skill with them is hereditary. She found the men of that city more polite, as a rule, than Americans. She became perfectly familiar with the Japanese language within a month, though she supposed she had entirely forgotten it.

A story is told of Justice Huddleston, of London, a prominent English Judge, illustrating his propensity for "stuf-hunting." Going out to dinner recently, he learned that a certain noble Duke was to be of the party. As he encountered the butler in the hall he slipped half a sovereign into his hand, saying: "I have a few special words to say to the Duke; contrive that I sit next to him." "Thank you," said the butler; "his Grace has just given me a sovereign to place you at the other end of the room." The Duke knew his man.

Ovation and Triumph.

The word "ovation" from which many timid writers appear to have been frightened by a persistent course of ridicules, not always, nor often, justly bestowed, was used with propriety whenever it signified a minor triumph, or anything that could, by a reasonable feat of imagination, be so designated. It is true that we do not sacrifice a sheep when we applaud a victorious General, a fine fiddler, or a favorite singing woman; but the story of historic words survives their literal matter-of-fact signification, or language would be dry and colorless, indeed. When this noun "ovation" is uttered in any connection with imperial progress—when a sovereign, at some rare climax of popular esteem, receives the homage of the nation in its one undivided voice—then, indeed, the word is out of time and tune with the event. It is precisely an Emperor, Empress, or head of a State, who can not be said to receive an "ovation," this being an award of praise distinctively reserved for meritorious subjects of the empire. Over and over again, after his Italian battles Napoleon III. was said in print to have received "ovations;" and the accolade was repeated years after when the Emperor William entered Berlin in such triumph as surely precluded the idea of any minor sacrifice. Had pagan rites been revived at that time, no simple, silly sheep, but Jove's own chosen shape and symbol—the majestic bull—would have bled on the laurel-wreathed altar. It was a Triumph with a capital T.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Lady versus Woman.

The term lady is not objectionable in itself if it be strictly construed. As defined in its primary sense by its derivative it means one who takes care of, or looks after bread, and may thus be properly applied to any woman who is the head of a family. A lady according to the best authorities is the female head of a household who looks after domestic affairs. In the simplest acceptation of the term it is often applied to the Virgin Mary, who is frequently referred to as "Our Lady."

So long as lady is applied with its original meaning in view it is an acceptable term. But its secondary meaning has come to be the generally acknowledged one. A woman when she is called lady in this country feels that a compliment has been paid her, because she takes the word to mean a female of social distinction, remembering that in England it is the feminine of lord, and that no woman is called a lady unless her husband is not of lower rank than a knight or whose father was a nobleman or not lower than an earl. In this country the word has no such meaning, and women should be preferred, because there are no distinctions of rank here. A woman is a woman in a republic like this. No prouder title can be given her. She is not compelled to be a lady according to red tape ideas, to be a good, noble woman, fit for companionship with the best men that ever breathed. Her breeding may be fine, her manners perfect and her education of the most superior character, yet she is neither more nor less than a woman.—Harriette [Pa.] Patriot.

Our Reporter's Vacation Notes.

During his ramble this season, our Mr. M. has taken upon himself the task of satisfying our readers that whatever goods are manufactured in our goodly city of Bayou Williams, are of as high a grade and as fine in quality as can be produced in any spot on the globe. Especially is this so when the skilled Pharmacist of many years' experience resolves to extract from the finest botanical specimens of the vegetable world the most potent cure for those special diseases, such as Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, E. L. case. In proof of his assertions that his medicine is the best, he relates an interview with an acquaintance, given him while sojourning temporarily at her residence. She says: "About a year I suffered severely from Rheumatism in my limbs, and Neuralgia in the head, which I endured two or three months with as much patience as possible, being under the treatment of an excellent doctor, and trying many kinds of medicine without any marked effect. At last a medical friend advised me to try Hunt's Remedy, because he attributed my severe suffering to the bad condition of my kidneys, which were not performing their proper functions, and I commenced taking it, and in a few days the neuralgia had departed, my headache had entirely disappeared, the swelling in my limbs and joints had gone, and I have not had a touch of it since. More recently I was troubled with impurity of the blood, which showed itself in severe eruptions on my face. I again resorted to Hunt's Remedy, and after taking it a short time was completely cured of that complaint. Hunt's Remedy has proved very beneficial to me in attacks of sick headache, which it always alleviates, and I notice the improvement as soon as I take it. Hunt's Remedy has strengthening elements, for it has made me feel much stronger, and has been very beneficial to my general health. I most heartily recommend it to all sufferers like myself. Mrs. L. G. TAYLOR, No. 128 Pearl Street."

Great Frauds.

ALBERT G. MARK, of Cottage Home, Ill., says: "I have been prostrated for three or more years with kidney disease; at times I was not able to put on my boots; my wife has often pulled them on for me. I was not able to do that all the time, but I never knew what it was to be without pain in my back until I commenced using Hunt's Remedy. Since I began to take Hunt's Remedy I have been free from all pain, and take pleasure in saying that it is the best medicine that I ever knew for Kidney and Liver disease."

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For the cure of Eye troubles, such as Redness, Swelling, and other troubles that attend them. A perfect cure for all the troubles that attend them. A perfect cure for sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia.

LIST OF DISEASES

ALWAYS CURABLE BY USING MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

For the cure of all the troubles that attend them. A perfect cure for all the troubles that attend them. A perfect cure for sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia.

THE BEST OF ALL

LINIMENTS

For the cure of all the troubles that attend them. A perfect cure for all the troubles that attend them. A perfect cure for sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia.

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