"I Have Suffered"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me.

I used two bottles!

Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. H. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop Bitters I was afflicted With inflammatory rheumatism For nearly Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any Good ! ! ! Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope

"You may have abundant success"

"In this great and"

Valuable medicine:

Anyone! * * wishing to know more about my cure?

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington D. C.

I consider your Remedy the best remedy in existence For Indigestion, Kidney —*Complaint*

"And nervous debility. I have just Returned

"From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more Good than anything else;

A month ago I was extremely "Emaciated ! ! !"

"And scarcely able to work. Now I am Gaining strength rapidly, "Flesh ,

And hardly a day passes but what I am complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop Bitters. G. Winkilde Jackson, *Wilmington, Del.*

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

OUR VILLAGE BELLE.

She was our village belle,
Hear me tell
How she flirted with the teacher
And the single village preacher
And the swell,
She said she was sixteen.
Was I green?
Sev'ral slender streaks of gray
Did adorn her hair did stray
Could be seen.

And to the church she often went,
Most intent
On all the preacher said
And keeps prayer-book head
For the sake
Of the pretty girl who sat
Then she'd glance across the aisle
At the style
That the village swell would fling,
And (what) would he (do)
And the smile,
And then behind her fan
She would scan
The maiden's beautiful face
As his face rose over his book,
Then and was.
But she had a rival in these times,
Woe is me!
For my father wooed another,
And I have seen mother
It is she!

SONG FOR BABIES.

An Incident that Suggested a Popular Comedian's Newest Song.

"You want to know how I came to write that song, eh?" said W. J. Scanlan to a reporter who had received a hint of some pretty incident in that connection. "I'll tell you:

"Last Christmas week I was playing an engagement at Haverly's Theatre, Brooklyn. On Christmas day there was a heavy snow storm and the theatres were comparatively deserted. While on on my way to the hotel after the matinee my attention was attracted by a little girl about 6 years of age, who was leaning against a city lamp-post, sobbing as if her heart would break. Just at that moment the lamplighter lighted the lamp and passed on.

"The child did not even notice him. The picture will ever linger in my mind—that slight, childish figure, scantily clad, with the snow falling on it, and reflected by the dim light, on that cheerless Christmas day.

"I approached and asked: 'What are you crying about?'

"She answered between her sobs, 'I'm crying because Santa Claus didn't—didn't—come to our house last night.'

"I understood it all—poverty and no Santa Claus.

"'Well, don't cry, little one. He may come. The day is not over yet.'

"What an expression of joy lit up her face as she quickly replied, 'Oh, sir! do you think he will?'

"'I am sure of it—where do you live?'

"'Just around the corner, sir.'

"I took her hand and said, 'Come, I will go with you.'

"On our way I asked, 'Have you any sisters or brothers?'

"'Yes, sir! I've got a little sister Annie—she's only four, and Tommy, he's two, and the baby. Annie and me hung up our stockings last night, but Santa Claus didn't come!' And bursting into tears she added: 'Oh, sir! Wasn't he mean?'

"'There, don't cry, my child. I know Santa Claus and I'll tell him to bring you something nice to-night.'

"She stopped and said: 'This is where I live, sir.' She led me through an alleyway to a small tenement house, up three flights of stairs, opened the door and I followed her into the room.

"There was the pale faced mother with her child in her arms.

"I explained to her privately what had happened, and what I wished to do. During our conversation she told me that her husband was a coal-heaver, on one of the ocean steamers, and that she expected him home in a few days. I gathered the little ones around me, and seated with the baby on my knee I told them to go and hang up their stockings and I would see Santa Claus and tell him to fill them. In an instant off went shoes and stockings, and the children danced into the other room to hang them up.

"As soon as they were out of hearing I said to the woman: 'Leave the door open and keep the children in this room until I return.'

"She answered: 'I will! Heaven bless you, sir—I will!'

"I went to a toy store near by, filled a basket with toys, candies and pop-corn. I then stopped at corner grocery and filled another basket with provisions and the largest turkey I could find. Thus loaded down I returned to the coal-heaver's home. I slipped into the front room, filled the stockings, placed the basket on the floor, and passing through the hall knocked at the door of the room where I had left the mother and children.

"As soon as I entered, the little ones crowded around me.

"'Did you tell Santa Claus?'

"'Yes, children, he has filled your stockings. He must have been here by this time.'

"Off they scampered, the mother following, and I made a hasty exit. Shouts of laughter greeted my ears; even the baby screamed with delight. In they came, the children with stockings in hand, filled full of candy and popcorn, and the woman with the turkey on one arm, and the baby on the other. The poor mother, with tears in her eyes, said: 'You're so good, sir. What's your name, sir?'

"'My name—"Peek-a-Boo."'

"'That's a funny name, sir—write it down, please, so I can tell my husband when he comes back.'

"I did so.

"'What shall I tell Santa Claus, children?'

"And the child I met on the street answered: 'Tell him he's a mighty good, sir, because you made him come.' They knew he would bring something for the babies.'

"A merry peal struck on the door for the babies—a good day for a new song. I closed my office, it was after six o'clock. I bade the mother and little ones good-by, and hurried to my hotel. It was nearing theatre time, I had only half an hour to eat my dinner, but I enjoyed my Christmas turkey."

Romances of Banditti.

Mexican brigrands are waking up to the fact that their occupation is zones rapid travel lays bare lives and methods that distance and inaccessibility have hitherto enveloped in a veil of romance. Yet the old atmosphere still lingers protectingly about a few, which accounts for the fact that Churcho el Poto, the notorious bandit, who was captured at Queretaro the other day was made prisoner, while the less famous ruffians were all shot. He has as many friends in Mexico as the James Boys had in Missouri and, has escaped the clutches of the law and baffled pursuit again and again, until he won the name of "The Mysterious Man," he has been imprisoned in the past and escaping scot-free, as he will probably do in the future. One of the secrets of his popularity is that his code of honor allows no Mexican to suffer at his hands; while he has robbed fortunes from unfortunate travelers he has always spared his own countrymen and has specially delighted in preying upon Spaniards. His methods have often been original and fearless, yet he has also played the common role of garroter and burglar. The one tender pulsation in the black heart of this ruthless robber beats in unwavering faithfulness and tenderness love for his daughter, a beautiful girl 18 years of age, whom he is educating in Buenos Ayres, ignorant of the true character of her absent father, and upon whom he levies almost all the money that comes into his hands by his system of "forced loans."

More romantic than Churcho el Poto is the fierce Lucas, can gather about a gang of wreckers who were pursued and shot less than a month ago in the State of Durango. The leader of the band was well known to the Mexican public by sight and through a record of daring deeds and bloody crimes. Young and boyish in appearance, handsome, dashing and so brave and beloved by the peasantry of eighteen departments that the mystery of this chief was never betrayed nor suspected. The other day the rurales tracked them down, sent eight bullets through the Captain's heart and destroyed the whole band, not even leaving one to tell the story, which all will long to hear, as I did when I learned that the handsome bandit boy was only a bit of successful theatrical, for when his sodden sombrero was removed and the bullet-burnt blanket thrown aside, a shapely form was revealed and the astonished soldiers learned that the leader of their foe was a woman. San Francisco Chronicle.

Revival Methods in Texas.

Brenham Banner.

A protracted meeting was being held on Kuykendall Creek, at a colored church in the Mackey settlement, last week. A wild Irishman, who owned a trained white pigeon, was in the settlement and was helping the colored preacher to convert sinners and save souls, without the knowledge of the congregation. The manner of procedure was thus: There was a flue hole in the roof. When the preacher would come to the right point in his sermon he would say: "Come forth, Holy Ghost." Mr. Wild Irishman was on the roof and, putting his hand down the hole, he would turn the white pigeon loose. It would fly about the room and return to its owner. On the third night, when the Holy Ghost was called for, the Irishman said, in a sepulchural tone and with the rich brogue of his country: "Upon my sowl, the cats have caught the Howly Ghost, and it can't appear." This gave the thing away, and so incensed the colored seekers after religion that they tried to mob the Irish gentleman.

Midnight in Marseilles' Cemetery.

Cor. New York Times.

Late at night I drove with my courier outside the city to the cemetery, St. Pierre, to see the burial of three cholera patients whom I had observed in the Pharo Hospital in the afternoon. The route led through the poor quarter, and at every corner bonfires were blazing to purify the air. The whole population was sitting out on the steps of tenements or on benches portled enjoying the fires and the currents of air created by them. The country road beyond the barriers brought us to the gates of the cemetery, where the petite concierge, who was better still for 5f., led us walking down a spacious road, lighted here and there by lanterns lying on the ground, to a place where the night's burials were to take place. Soon the hearses appeared, then followed the others. After a brief burial service, intoned by a pale young priest, who looked badly startled, three boxes were hurriedly lowered into a trench, perhaps five feet deep, twenty feet long, and a goodly quantity of lime shovelled on top. It was a ghastly sight, and there was plenty of room for more coffins. It was a weird and saddening sight. There stood the blanch-faced priest, intent on his holy calling, surrounded by a gang of swart, bare-chested, brigandish-looking laborers, who bore the somber coffins. For a background there stood the tall white houses. The dead still wore their tawdry trinkets, and the whole was lighted up to the picture by Rembrandt by the fitful glare of three lanterns. Those gaping trenches were big enough to hold hundreds of thousands. A concierge showed me a burial permit. Across the face of this document was written "Cholera—urgent," and there was a requisition for some disinfectant. I went back to the central part of the city, and it was gay enough. Bands were playing and cafe lamps were gleaming. People in throngs were walking in the streets, laughing merrily, and many heads were poked out of the windows of the houses. It was hard for me to believe that I had just visited the hospitals, and had witnessed death, or that the terrible scenes at the cemetery were realities and not mere phantasms of my imagination.

Some say to themselves: "I do this or that, therefore I am amused; I have paid so many pieces of gold, hence I feel so much pleasure;" and they wear away their lives on that grindstone.

MY FRIEND.

C. E. MEADE.

Not the one with honied words,
Whose heart is filled with wiles,
Who grasps my hand with feeble grip
And stabs me while he smiles;

Nor yet the one whose serious mein
A crafty nature hides,
Who doubts from off a forked tongue
Like oily liquid glides;

But he with honest, ruddy face,
A clear and steadfast eye,
That looks with candor into mine,
And never acts the lie,

Who frankly tells me of my faults
In straight and honest way,
And makes me feel that mortal man
Is more than common clay.

QUEER PHASE OF LUNACY.

A Young Man who Will Remain Just Where He is Put.

There is confined in the Otsego County House, says the Utica, N. Y., Observer a young man whose peculiar symptoms puzzle the superintendent and the attending physicians. A number of years ago he was convicted, under the name of John Ward, for larceny, and sent from that county to the Reformatory at Elmira. After several years he became insane, and was sent back to Auburn, and thence he was sent back to Otsego county last June. When Mr. Burnside went after him they told him that he would need no watching, that he could leave him anywhere and would find him in the same place when he returned, be it one hour or one day from the time he left him. At the first stop the train made after starting for home, Ward got up and, upon being asked what he was going to do, he said he was going to stop there. Mr. Burnside restrained him and from that time to this not one word has passed his lips and he has made no move as though he knew what was passing around him. Upon arriving in Utica Mr. Burnside, for fear he might try to escape, took him to the Station House, and locked him in a cell, after which he went out and procured a lunch and took it in to him. Ward reached out and took the lunch from his hand and when he returned five hours after wards his food holding it in the same position he left him. He will do nothing of his own volition and has to be dressed and fed. You can take him out and stand him up against a tree and he will stand there till you come there him again; sit him in a chair and he sits there until you help him up. He appears to be in good health, but as he seems unable to swallow his victuals at times, he is evidently weak. He is about twenty-four years old and very prepossessing. He shows no signs of insanity, visitors almost invariably taking him for a visitor to the institution. The doctor and the superintendent both agree that there is nothing put on about it, but that it is a peculiar phase of insanity, and the saddest part of it is that no one knows where he belongs of where his parents reside. He is undoubtedly educated, his hands are small and look as if he had never done any out door work, and his face shows him out at once to be far above the tramp fraternity. All who have seen this case have pronounced it the strangest one on record.

A Memory of Kennesaw.

Atlanta Ga. Constitution.

Away to the left this morning, purpled and silent in the August sun, stands Kennesaw. Peaceful to-day are the wooded slopes up which twenty years ago, the captains of the Federal army led their soldiers; and rich are they with the red rain of that awful day.

Had one looked out of this window in June, 1864, he would have seen that crest, above which the noonday haze pulses now so quietly, quake with the red, intermittent flash of Johnson's artillery. There lodged in the clouds was entrenched the Napoleon of our day, nerved for the last struggle of his marvelous retreat. Along that majestic front was the flower of the South, waiting to do battle for their homes that stretched at their feet and for their families that lay expectant within the gates of their gods. Through those woods, the deep stillness of which is now broken by the songs of birds or the bells of grazing cattle, plunged corps after corps of the Union armies, swarming gallantly to the crest, but beaten back as waves from a granite cliff. In the deep recesses beyond the mountain sits New Hope Church, that famous rural sanctuary, through whose quiet shade Grandbur's Texans rode like destroying angels, darkening with human blood the soil upturned by the plow of cool veined countrymen to-day. Around the right of the mountain Sherman swung his shattered but countless battalions, until they rested on the Chattahoochee. Down the mountain-side faltered the gray army, and into the valley fluttered the stars and bars. The last grand barrier was passed. The armies that were beaten on the mountain marched across the river without challenge or hindrance. Atlanta was doomed when the enemy passed Kennesaw. With Atlanta's fall fell McClellan's hope of carrying the country, and the North turned to Lincoln with revived courage. The fate of the Republic was perhaps decided in the foot-hills that cluster dimly about that mountain. And yet there it stands, peaceful this morning and dumb. Who can read the secrets of its eternal hearts? About its base have lived peoples of which even traditions are lost, and on its crests may yet be fought battles by peoples of whom no living man has dreamed, and decided by agencies of which we cannot conceive. For all that, Kennesaw is historic in our generation. It was the theatre of one of the grandest tragedies of modern times, and healed as are its scars of war, and lost as is the roar of battle amid the ineffable stillness of this August day, it still serves to catch the attention of an editor who turns absent-mindedly from a droning bore, and leads him to "snuff the battle from afar off." "Which," as a forgotten philosopher has remarked, "is very much the best way to snuff it."

A Popular Brand.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Man with business air drives up to the gate and calls the farmer.

"How are you, sir? I want to buy a large quantity of first-class fodder."

"I've got plenty of it."

"Bright and well cured?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never been rained on, eh?"

"Never has been damaged."

"Well, I'll take all you've got. I'll sent after it to-morrow."

"He must own a big livery stable in town, says the farmer when the man drove away.

"Oh, no," replies a bystander. "He is the manufacturer of a popular brand of smoking tobacco."

Some Definitions.

Philadelphia Record.

Jealousy—The homage paid by inferiority to merit.

Anger—The reaction of others' faults upon ourselves.

Consolation—Ridding ourselves of sympathy when it becomes burdensome.

Charity—A service that the receiver should remember and the giver forget.

Forgiveness—The gift that only you can bestow upon your enemy.

Fashion—A decree that enhances beauty, but makes homeliness the more conspicuous.

Coquette—The mirror that receives all images, but preserves none.

Money—To the wise a convenience, to the fool a necessity.

Lawyers—The heirs of intestates.

Counter-irritant—A lady on a shopping excursion.

Death—The dealer who sweeps in the bone chips.

Success—The veneering that can hide all baseness.

Sleep—The thief that robs us of our time, giving us health in exchange.

Russia—The source of the Nihil.

To-morrow—The unborn.

Yesterday—The dead.

Mankind—Pieces in a game of chess played by Destiny.

Carefulness—The core of economy.

Music—The master-key that turns the wards of the heart.

Clouds—The curtains of light, as sorrows are of joy.

Temptation—The test of soul.

Heiress—A capital wife.

Woman—Never perfect. Who'd have the night all stars?

Conversation—The idle man's business and the business man's recreations.

Stars—Jeweled beads in the rosary of heaven.

Fool—One who shows his folly and doesn't know it.

Wiseman—One who knows his folly and doesn't show it.

Critic—A censor who revenges his own failures on others' success.

"Over and Over Again."

Repetition is sometimes the only way to impress a truth upon the mind. Accordingly take notice that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," (the original Little Liver Pills) continue to be wonderfully effective in cases of sick and nervous headache, constipation, indigestion, rush of blood to the head, cold extremities, and all ailments arising from obstruction of the bodily functions. Their action is thorough yet gentle, and the ingredients being entirely vegetable, they can be taken with impunity into the most delicate stomach. All druggists.

There is among men such an intense affectation that they often boast of defect which they have not, more willingly than of qualities which they have.

Old Inveterate Strictures

of the urethra, speedily and permanently cured by our improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms, two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical association, 663, Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

What has become of those personages who made so much noise in the world? Time has made one step, and the face of the earth is renewed.

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

It is strange that thought should depend upon the stomach, and still that men with the best stomachs are not always the best thinkers.

Sportsmen all through this section of country, say the Parker Repeating Breechloading shot gun is the best and truest they ever handled. See advertisement in another column. Peck's Sun.

Self-love is a balloon, filled with wind, from which tempests emerge when pricked.

Sweet Gum.

The exudation you see clinging to the native gum tree in the hot summer months scientifically combined with a tea made from the old fashioned mullein which has mucilaginous principles adhering to the lungs, presents in Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein a pleasant and effective cure for Croup, Whooping-Cough, Colds and Consumption. Sold by all druggists at 25c and $1.00 a bottle.

It is sweet to die young, it is sweet to render to God a life still full of illusions.

"I have been dreadfully troubled with disease of the kidneys and liver during the past six months. Hunt's (Kidney and Liver) Remedy has made me a new man." Isaac W. Fairbrother, Providence, R. I.

The ambitious do not belong to themselves, they are the slaves of the world.

Why suffer longer from Catarrh, Hay-Fever and Cold in the Head? A sure cure in Ely's Cream Balm. It is not a liquid or snuff, and is easily applied. Fifty cents.

I recommend to those suffering with Hay Fever Ely's Cream Balm. I have tried nearly all catarrh remedies and give this a decided preference. It gave me immediate relief.—C. T. Stephens (hardware merchant), Ithaca, N. Y.

How many coward passions hide themselves under the mask of puritanism.

"Huckleberries."

The soldiers, in the late war established the fact that the huckleberry was much more efficacious in chronic bowel troubles than the blackberry. Dr. Bigger's Huckleberry Cordial, the GREAT SOUTHERN REMEDY, will restore the most chronic suffering from the effects of teething, and cures Diarrhœa, Dysentery and all bowel affections. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents.

In love, if constancy gives some pleasure, constancy alone gives happiness.

PILES Itching or Bleeding, relieved and permanently cured by Otis's Ointment. Get the genuine. 25 cents and 75 cents at druggists or by mail. J. W. OLE & CO., Prop's, Black River Falls, Wis.

Evil is so common in the world that it is easy to believe it natural to man.

Those persons who do not need Iron, but who are troubled with Nervousness and Dyspepsia, will find in Carter's Little Nerve Pills a most desirable article. They are mostly used in combination with Carter's Little Liver Pills, and in this way often exert a most magical effect. Take just one pill of each kind immediately after eating and you will be free from Indigestion and Dyspepsia. In vials at 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

There is more merit in subduing a passion than in avenging an injury.

NOTICE: In another column will be found an article in which all (whether they will or no) are interested. Neglecting to read it may prove a very serious as well as an expensive affair. We refer to the advertisement of Prickly Ash Bitters. A knowledge of its merits and the benefit you or your family may derive from using it will save not only health but many dollars otherwise expended in "Doctors' bills."

The increasing sales of Piso's Cure attests its claim as the best cough remedy.

To love is to ask of another the happiness that is lacking in ourselves.

YOUNG MEN—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The greatest evidence of demoralization is the respect paid to wealth.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN *Station D., New York.*

Love, which is such a little thing, is still the most serious thing in life.

When you visit or leave New York City, visit Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and $3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite said depot. Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars; $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

In this advanced century a girl of sixteen knows as much as her mother, and enjoys her knowledge much more.

"Rough on Tooth Ache." Ask for it. Instant relief, quick cure. 15c. Druggists.

Entire and Absolute Success.

Mat. John C. Whitner, of Atlanta, well and favorably known all over the United States as a General Insurance Agent, says: "I used this remedy before the war on a large plantation in a great number of cases, always with absolute success."

Treatise on the Health and Happiness of Woman mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Box 28, Atlanta, Ga.

Carbolines.

In every banner unfurled to-night
The motto strong for which we fight,
Of all the oils that e'er were seen
There's none that beats our Carboline.

"ROUGH ON PAIN." POROUS PLASTER, for backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, &c.

Pure Cod-Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the sea shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

Chapped Hands, Face, Pimples, and rough skin, cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York.

"ROUGH on DENTIST." Tooth Powder. Pure, Smooth, Cleansing, Refreshing. Preserves teeth. 15c.

DR. JAQUES' GERMAN WORM CAKES never fail to destroy worms and remove them from the system.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SPRAINS and BRUISES are permanently relieved by Uncle Sam's Nerve and Bone Liniment. Sold by all druggists.

PURIFY THE BLOOD with Allen's Daylight Liver Pills. They act directly on the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, being mild and cleansing, but never griping or painful.

SAVE YOUR HARNESS—by oiling with Uncle Sam's Harness Oil, which will make it soft and pliable. This is the best oil ever made for leather. Sold by all harness makers.

DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP is just the medicine for mothers to have in the house for the children. It will cure coughs, colds, sore throat, and regulate the bowels. Do not fail to give it a trial; you will be pleased with its charming effect. Sold by all druggists.

WHEN HORSES AND CATTLE are spiritless, scraggy and feeble, they need treatment with Uncle Sam's Condition Powder. It purifies the blood, improves the appetite, cures COLDS and DISTEMPERS, invigorates the system, and will keep the animal in a healthy, handsome condition.

STOP THAT TERRIBLE COUGH.—Every case of consumption commences with a cough, occasioned by having taken cold, which if allowed to run its course will soon work its way into the air passages and then to the lungs. If not checked by some such valuable cough remedy as ELBERT'S EXTRACT OF TAR AND WILD CHERRY, which is unrivalled for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Save dangerous spells of sickness and expensive doctor's bills by taking this valuable medicine in season. Ask your druggist for it.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, $1.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

The majority of the ills of the human body arise from a derangement of the Liver, affecting both the stomach and bowels. In order to effect a cure, it is necessary to remove the cause. Irregular and Sluggish action of the Bowels, Headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Pain in the Back and Loins, etc., indicate that the Liver is at fault, and that nature stands in need of assistance to enable the system to throw off impurities.

Prickly Ash Bitters *are specially compounded for this purpose. They are mild in their action and effective as a cure; are pleasant to the taste and taken easily by both children and adults. Taken according to directions, they are a safe and pleasant cure for* **Dyspepsia, General Debility, Habitual Constipation, Diseased Kidneys, etc., etc.** *As a* **Blood Purifier** *they are superior to any other medicine, cleansing the system thoroughly, and imparting new life and energy to the whole system. It is a medicine and not an intoxicating beverage.*

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR PRICKLY ASH BITTERS, and take no other. PRICE, $1.00 per Bottle.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR

All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

RUPTURE

Cured without Surgical Operation or detention from business at the Vienna Rupture Institute, St. Louis. This Institute is chartered by the State of Missouri. Dr. Smythe's book, containing likenesses of persons before and after cure, mailed for 10cts. Persons treated start home same day. Address Dr. F. T. SMYTHE, Pres. Vienna Institute, 1105 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

LOOK SPORTSMEN! $23 FOR $13 AS PER SPECIAL OFFER

The Parker Repeating Breechloading Shot Gun.

Equal in Capacity to 4 Double Barreled Shot Guns. Shoots 8 Rounds with one Loading. 3 Patents.

The question has long been asked, Why cannot a *Repeating Shot Gun* be made on a similar principle as the Winchester and other *Repeating Rifles*? After years of experimenting we have solved this difficult problem, and we now offer, as a result of this great achievement, *the Parker Repeating 8 Shot Breechloading Shot Gun*, pronounced by all sportsmen who have used it to be par excellence the *greatest discovery* yet made in firearms. It will supersede all other shot guns, and is even now causing a stampede among gunners, will *astonish* at sight. *Description:* The Magazine holds 8 *Rounds*, can be loaded in 30 seconds, and the 8 Rounds *fired consecutively in 15 seconds*. It is *Breechloading* with *Automatic Shell Ejector*, which throws out the fired shell and *reloads itself* at the same time as the *Simple Lever Movement*. It also has the Patent Magazine Cut Off, and can be instantly converted into a *Single* loader if desired. The *Locks, Mountings* and *Steel Plates* are made of the very best *Steel*, and *Case Hardened*. The *Barrels* are of unrivaled *Steel*, long, and made of the *Finest Rifled Steel* and guaranteed *U. S. Government Proof*. Stock is of selected Walnut, oiled and polished. The ammunition can be *Primed* from dealers. Its parts are so substantially connected it will never get out of order. The action is so simple even a boy can comprehend and handle it with *perfect safety*. We caution gun buyers against freelance firms who deceitively advertise and offer inferior goods, at any price, and unsafe to shoot.

We send with each gun our warranties as follows:

Read Our Warrantee. *The Parker Magazine Repeating 8 Shot Breechloading* Shot Gun, as offered by us, we warrant to be as represented in Cut and Reading, and also to be made of the finest materials, and hand made. If found otherwise, we will refund money or satisfactorily exchange for other guns. Signed, Parker & Co.

We will offer a limited number of these excellent guns at $13.00 each (as first cost), as per special and limited coupon offer. Our reason for doing so are cash, as we want to quickly and immediately place and distribute this season a certain number over the United States. Our experience is, one single gun, when shown around and handled by a sportsman, will sell dozens in his vicinity. This is our main reason in making this offer, knowing as we will know duplicate orders at our *Regular Rates* will follow the sale of one *gun sold this way*. This is where we make our profit, as no sportsman will hesitate to invest $13.00 for this *example* of all shot guns, when he sees it. It sells itself, and shows double the price.

WEIGHT 7½ TO 9 LBS. BORES 12 & 16. ACCURATE REPRESENTATION.

WE CHALLENGE THE ARMOURERS OF THE WORLD FOR ITS EQUAL IN RAPIDITY OF ACTION, BRILLIANT EXECUTION, ACCURACY, BALANCE & COMPACTNESS. LIGHT RECOIL, PRECISION AT LONG RANGE. HEAVY OR LIGHT SHOOTING.

Our Special and Limited Offer. Upon receipt of this coupon and $13.00 before Nov. 25, 1884, we agree to securely pack and box *free of all charges* and ship to any *one address* in the United States *One Parker Magazine Repeating 8 Shot Breechloading Shot Gun*, with one dozen *Loaded Shells free*. But after Nov. 25, 1884, and up to Jan. 1, 1885, the price will be $15.00. After Jan. 1, 1885, the standard price will be $23.00. Only one gun will be sent to any one person at $13.00. Our object is distribution, and to get the gun at this price you must *cut out* this coupon and return it to us with your order.

We will send C. O. D. with privilege to examine, but on account of trouble of shipping, freight, and delays of C. O. D. we charge $1.00 *extra to Coupon Offer*. Not a single gun has been returned, they give such good satisfaction. *This for cash is high pressure. Testimonials are easily procured.* "The test of the pudding is in the eating." We will furnish the names of hundreds of purchasers who will gladly answer any inquiry about the merits of this firearm. We extend an invitation to sportsmen to call and examine this, the Coming Shot Gun. Money can be sent by Registered Letter, Money Order, Express or by Check and Draft. Address all orders to PARKER & CO., 4th floor, Row, 98 Chambers St. (near Broadway), New York.

This Advertisement will not appear again.

So as to give our entire attention to the sale of this Repeating Shot Gun, we will close out our stock of *Fine Double Barreled Breechloading Shot Guns* at prices from $22.00 upward, worth double.

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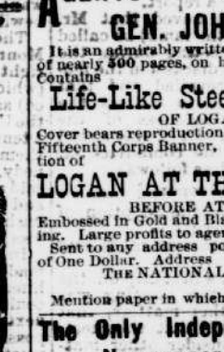

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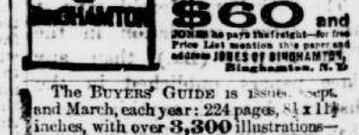

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