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For Over Thirty Years!**
RESULT OF USING
AYER'S PILLS

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills for over thirty years have kept me in good health, never having had a sick day in all that time. Before I was twenty I suffered almost continually—as a result of constipation—from dyspepsia, headaches, neuralgia, or boils and other eruptive diseases. When I became convinced



that nine-tenths of my troubles were caused by constipation, I began the use of Ayer's Pills, with the most satisfactory results, never having a single attack that did not readily yield to this remedy. My wife, who had been an invalid for years, also began to use Ayer's Pills, and her health was quickly restored. With my children I had noticed that nearly all their ailments were preceded by constipation, and I soon had the pleasure of knowing that with children as with parents, Ayer's Pills, if taken in season, avert all danger of sickness."—H. WETSTEIN, BYRON, Ill.

AYER'S PILLS
Highest Honors at World's Fair.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla Strengthens the System.

DON'T PUT IT OFF.

The Roseborough meeting continues at the Presbyterian church, this city, with unabated interest. Large crowds are in attendance nightly and the church has not been large enough to accommodate the crowds. Rev. Roseborough is a forcible and fluent speaker and makes most earnest and sincere appeals. Below are a few of his characteristic expressions:

We hear a great deal about broad people nowadays. Yes, Christ said, "broad is the way to hell."

All who intend to go to heaven stand up. I don't mean that you will start to-night.

I am glad that the majority of us are going to heaven. I don't know where the other fellows are going. Maybe they don't want to tell.

What a tendency in poor human nature to place the blame upon someone else, ever since that old scene in the garden.

The reason you do not believe in Christ is not on account of a deficiency in the evidence, but because you love sin. Watch out what you love.

You have heard enough preaching to have saved the continent of Africa.

I would rather my son was in jail than in some company.

If the devil can keep you in a state of indecision he's got you.

I may do this and I may do that. Yes, but it's mostly "may."

I would rather a man preached to me who hadn't been in the gutter. I don't like these reformed preachers.

Hostility to a good cause is better than indifference.

You can't miss heaven but once. Be careful.

I can't give up my dance, I can't give up my dram. You will give it up some day and you won't get anything for it, either.

"Intend" don't go. What we want is "attend" your business for a year and see what you have.

The devil tells you that you can't live a Christian for 20 years. Never mind him. Twenty minutes at a time will do.

Don't talk indiscreetly. It is not what you say, but how you say it.

I have more respect for Ingersoll than for one of these milk and cider men. Be something.

Yes, your wife is a member of the church and you are a brother-in-law to the church, but there are no brothers-in-law in heaven.—*Paris Appeal.*

TALMAGE, in a telegram to a Washington paper relative to his acceptance of a call to the co-pastorship of the First Presbyterian church of that city, says: "The printing press is the front wheel of the Lord's chariot." The doctor has an appreciative conception of the value of printer's ink.

Answering the Farmer.

By invitation I made a speech not long ago at a farmers' barbecue in a neighboring county, and I spread myself in encouraging our people to keep up with the age, and pictured the innocence and honesty and independence of a farmer's life in multitudinous language. I was cheered and congratulated of course, and when I got through, an old grizzly fellow came up with brass bound spectacles and says to me:

"My friend, you speak mighty well; you talk like a lawyer, but I would like to know if you can tell me what kind of a calf will make the best milk cow?"

"A heifer calf," said I, and the crowd just yelled.

I got the grin on the old man, and so says "let me ask you a question and you may ask me another, and the man who can't answer his own question must treat to the cigars."

"All right," says he. "Now go ahead."

Said I: "How does a ground squirrel dig a hole without leaving any dirt around the top?"

He studied awhile and then in a triumphant tone called on me to answer.

"Why," said I, "he begins at the bottom."

"Well but how does he get to the bottom?" said the old man, as though he had me.

"I don't know," says I; "I never did know; and as it is your question you must answer or pay."

The crowd yelled again and the old man brought the cigars.—*Bill Arpin Sunny South.*

She Called no Names.

Boarder—Free silver is simply a scheme of people who don't want to pay what they owe.

Landlady—I am surprised that it is not a little more popular in this vicinity.—*Pack.*

FLORIDA AND SOUTHEAST.

If you have any intention of going to the Southeast this fall or winter, you should advise yourself of the best route from the North and West. This is the Louisville & Nashville railroad, which is running double daily trains from St. Louis, Evansville and Louisville through to Nashville, Chattanooga, Birmingham, Atlanta, Montgomery, Thomasville, Pensacola, Mobile, Jacksonville and all Florida points. Pullman sleeping car service through. Specially low rates made to Atlanta during the continuance of the Cotton States exposition, and tourist rates to all points in Florida and Gulf coast resorts during the season. For particulars as to rates and through car service, write

Geo. B. HORNER, Div. Pass. Agent, St. Louis, Mo.
C. P. ATMORE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky.

Little Ethel (horrid)—We've invited too many children to our tea party. There isn't enough for them to get more than a bite each. Little Bot (resignedly)—That's too bad. We'll have to call it a reception.—*New York Journal.*

The Cautious Bride.

Bride (in railway train)—Now, my dear, you must remember not to act as if we were just married. It would be perfectly horrible to have all these strange people know it; sit up a little closer; I want to fix your necktie. It's all crooked. There's some dust on your coat. I'll brush it off. How white the stuff is! It must be from that rice. One corner of your mustache points up and the other down. It looks too funny for anything. Wait, I'll fix it. I'm tired too death, sit up closer, so I can rest my head on—no that won't do; I must pretend to read a novel, and—I don't know, perhaps you'd better go in the smoking car. All the old married men do.

Groom—Well, I'll go my darling, if you think best.

Bride—Yes, you must go. Help me off with this glove, dear. You must go and stay real long—ten or fifteen minutes.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Miss Cozygirl—Jack Softleign told me last night that I ought to accept him because he was willing to prove his love for me. Her Friend—What did you say? "I said I couldn't see it in that light." "Then what did he say?" "Nothing. He just turned the light out."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A lot of goods for a little money can be had at W. C. Gaston's, whether you take a fine gold watch, gold ring, clock, chain, charm, or anything in his well-selected stock.

ETHAN ALLEN'S SWORD.

The Famous Blade He Carried at Ticonderoga.
The sword which Col. Ethan Allen carried when he demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of the great Jehovah and the continental congress" is, by gift and inheritance, the personal property of a young newspaper man of Jackson, Mich.—Hannibal Allen Hopkins.

The sword is an old-fashioned blade, sleeked and venerable, twenty-seven inches long, and slightly curved. The handle measures seven inches, making the total length of the weapon thirty-four inches. The handle is of bone or horn. The mounting is of silver, washed with gold, the latter being partially worn off. A dog's head of silver forms the snuff of the handle, and from this to the guard runs a silver chain. On one of the silver bands of the scabbard the name, "Ethan Allen," is engraved in large letters; on another band, "E. Brasher, maker, New York," and on still another, in script, "Martia Vosburg, 1775." Why this name appears no one knows.

There appears to be no reason to doubt that with this sword Col. Ethan Allen backed up his demand for the surrender of the fortress at Ticonderoga May 10, 1775. In a "Memoir of Col. Ethan Allen, containing the most interesting incidents of his private and public career, F. P. Allen, Jr., Plattsburg, N. Y., 1834"—of which but one or two copies are in existence—are found Ethan Allen's own words describing the use of this sword on that occasion. At the time of the assault a British sentry made a pass at one of the American officers with a bayonet and slightly wounded him.

"My first thought," says Col. Allen, "was to kill him with my sword, but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head, upon which he dropped his gun and asked for quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanding of him the place where the commanding officer kept."

The sentry showed the way. Col. Allen says of the British commander of whom the surrender of the fort was demanded:

"He asked me by what authority I demanded it. I answered him, 'in the name of the great Jehovah and the continental congress.' The authority of the congress being very little known at that time he began to speak again, but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head again demanded the immediate surrender of the garrison, with which he then complied."

The fort, the garrison and about 100 pieces of cannon were the results of this bloodless battle in the gray dawn of that eventful morning.

"The sun," adds brave Ethan Allen to his account of the victory, "seemed to rise that morning with superior luster and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled on its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl and wished success to congress and liberty and freedom to America."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

HISTORICAL SHRIEKS.

Many Yells That Have Turned the Tide of Battle.

The question has often been asked, "Who was the most loud-voiced man of history?" The answer usually is that it was Stentor, of whom Homer says his voice was as loud as that of fifty other men combined and from which we get the phrase "Stentorian-voiced;" but we have record of two historic "shriekers" anterior to Homer. We read in the book of Jasher where Simeon and Levi fought against the twelve men of the city of Sarton, and that Levi beheaded one man with his own sword. In chapter 38, verse 41, of the book referred to, the story is related in the following words: "And the sons of Jacob, seeing that they could not prevail over the twelve, Simeon gave a loud and tremendous shriek and the eleven remaining men were stunned by the awful shriek."

In chapter 39, same book, verse 19, we find the following account of the battle of the sons of Jacob with the inhabitants of the city of Gaash. It seems as though the battle was both in front and in the rear, and that the warriors on the wall were throwing spears and hurling stones upon the sons of Jacob. What next occurred, as related in chapter and verse above cited, is recorded in these words:

"And Judah, seeing that the men of Gaash were getting too heavy for them, gave a piercing and tremendous shriek, and all the men of Gaash were terrified at Judah's cry, and men fell from the wall at the sound of his powerful shriek, and all those that were without as well as those within the city were greatly afraid of their lives."—*St. Louis Republic.*

THE JOKE Oozed Out.

When the Judge Told It the Pin Was Not Apparent.

In one of our southern courts a woman by the name of Sarah Moony brought suit against a neighbor for some trifling offense. When the case was called the complainant had failed to put in an appearance. Finally, after a reasonable wait, one of the lawyers present rose and addressed the judge:

"Your honor, I move that the court proceed without ceremony."

At this sally all laughed, the judge especially.

The worthy magistrate related the incident to his wife that evening as something "very funny, very funny, indeed."

"I had a case to-day," said he, "in which the plaintiff was a woman named Mary Moony. On her falling to appear a lawyer rose and moved that the court proceed without ceremony."

"Well," calmly remarked his wife. "Well! Why, don't you see? It's one of the best jokes I ever heard," and he told it all over again. "Really, James, I fail to see the point." The judge suddenly stopped laughing, scratched his head and said: "I'll be hanged if do, either, now, but it sounded very funny in court this morning, and all the lawyers laughed, too."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Don't Waste Your Money

By buying your Hardware of other dealers without giving W. D. Vaughan an opportunity to show you his splendid stock and quote you prices.

A Coal or Wood Thief

is pilfering in your bin, and you permit it. A cooking stove that has to be overfed to be coaxed to cook at all, and dumps its fuel without digesting it is a downright robber.

Majestic Steel Range

saves food and fuel enough in two years to pay for itself. All parts unbreakable—steel and malleable iron. It's heat can't escape. A quick and even baker. You can learn all about the Majestic Cooking Range at our store. The Majestic is such a saver that it pays to discard a cast iron stove for one.

Superior Cook Stoves,

Guaranteed to give satisfaction; fire-back warranted for 15 years. Consumes less wood than any other stove on the market.

Repairing of all kinds promptly and neatly executed by a competent, practical workman. Respectfully,

W. D. VAUGHAN, Keytesville, Mo.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Andrew F. Owen and Eva C. Owen, his wife, Millard F. Courtney and Sue O. Courtney, his wife, and Caswell Courtney, by their certain deed of trust dated the 19th day of September, A. D. 1888, and recorded in deed of trust book "Y," at page 398, in the office of the recorder of deeds within and for Chariton county, Missouri, conveyed to the undersigned, O. F. Smith, as trustee, all their right, title and interest in and to the following described real estate situated, lying and being in the county of Chariton in the state of Missouri, to-wit: All of the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section five (5), in township fifty-three (53), in range eighteen (18); and the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section thirty-two (32), in township fifty-four (54), in range eighteen (18), except 1 26-100 acres reserved on the section line between sections 32 and 33, 54-18 to wit: Commencing at a point on the section line at the southwest corner of Hugo Bartz's yard, thence north 10 8-100 chains, thence west 1 26-100 chains, thence south 10 8-100 chains, thence east 1 26-100 chains to the place of beginning, and also excepting a piece of ground in front of the mill, commencing at the section corner to sections 32 and 33, 54-18, on the south boundary of said sections, thence north 4 chains, thence east 4 chains, thence south 4 chains, thence west 4 chains to the place of beginning, containing 1 60-100 acres, which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of two certain promissory notes in said deed of trust described, and, whereas, said notes have become due and one of said notes remains unpaid, and, whereas, said Caswell Courtney, one of the makers of said trust deed and notes, has been deceased more than nine months and the said Andrew F. Owen and Millard F. Courtney as the surviving partners of the late firm of Owen & Courtney, of which said Caswell Courtney was a member, have in charge the above described real estate and desire that the same may be sold in order that the affairs of said former partnership may be wound up and finally adjusted and settled between said surviving partners and the legal representatives of said deceased partner. Now, therefore, with the consent of said surviving partners of said firm, and at the request of the legal holder of said unpaid promissory note secured by the deed of trust aforesaid, and in pursuance of the terms of said deed of trust, I will on

Saturday, the 2nd day of November, 1895,

between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the east front door of the courthouse, in the town of Keytesville, Chariton county, Missouri, expose to sale the above described property at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of satisfying said debt and paying the costs and expenses of executing this trust.

O. F. SMITH, Trustee.

A splendid quality of brick are constantly kept for sale at Beazley's brick-yard, Brunswick, Mo.