

A SPECIFIC —FOR— La Grippe, for Colds, Coughs, AND LUNG TROUBLES, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Two years ago, I had the grippe, and it left me with a cough which gave me no rest night or day. My family physician prescribed for me, changing the medicine as often as he found the things I had taken were not helping



me, but, in spite of his attendance, I got no better. Finally, my husband,—reading one day of a gentleman who had had the grippe and was cured by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,—procured, for me, a bottle of this medicine, and before I had taken half of it, I was cured. I have used the Pectoral for my children and in my family, whenever we have needed it, and have found it a specific for colds, coughs, and lung troubles."—EMILY WOOD, North St., Elkton, Md.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Highest Honors at World's Fair.
Cleanses the System with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PARIS SIGHTS.

They are Free as Air—The boulevards—How Napoleon's Memory is Cherished—Visiting Picture Galleries.

PARIS, FRANCE, Nov. 5th, 1895.

The real sight of Paris may be inexpensively seen, that is to say, the sights that are worth the while of an American's seeing, for no American need cross the ocean to look upon gay forms of vice. The French seem to believe in their motto, and to believe that the treasures of art and science should be free to the poor and rich alike. For this reason the state maintains and opens to the public, store-houses of these treasures that are visited daily by thousands from all classes. Cathedrals and churches have cut and emblazoned on their walls, those fine words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and are always open. Picture galleries of priceless paintings from the hands of the masters of art are housed in elaborate structures—in themselves works of art—built for the convenience of the visitor as well as for the safe-keeping of their pictures and sculptures; and they, too, are shown free. Museums with myriad objects of all ages and countries, and illustrating all sciences, are likewise placed so that they may be best seen, and are likewise free. Annual subsidies of hundreds of thousands of dollars are given by the legislature to theatres, so that the very best musicians, actors and singers that France produces are presented to the Parisian and to the visitor at low prices. Above all, perhaps, the inimitable boulevards are all outdoors, and have no roof but the sky. These boulevards are the first and last of one's studies. They show the life of the city, for they are great arteries through which passes the city's blood. At the first glance they are broad, well-paved, tree-lined streets, with wide side-walks upon which are placed chairs and tables at the entrances to cafes. And these outside eating and drinking places are so numerous that the more important boulevards are well-nigh lined with them leaving room only for shops gay with the showiest and richest articles the world affords. The boulevards have produced a being called the "boulevardier," whose life is passed in these streets. He may be seen here in the morning, seated at one of those little tables, drinking a glass of coffee, eating bread and butter and reading a newspaper. Later on he is there yet, drinking absinthe and having a mere substantial meal. And at six or seven o'clock he is there with his wife, eating dinner and drinking red wine. Midnight will usually see him there again, now having a glass of black coffee with some brandy in it. And if he has not something import-

ant to attend to, the greater part of the day will be spent there, always with the inevitable glass before him. French people do not seem to drink much, but they appear to be always drinking, and will sit as long over a minute glass of brandy or coffee or wine or absinthe as a German will over a huge mug of beer. At seven or eight o'clock the boulevard is at its best. The cafes are then crowded with men and women; shiny waiters go darting in and out with food and drink; there is quick talk and laughter and the clink of glasses; the shop windows are blazing with light; the side walk beyond the tables and chairs is filled with a moving crowd and the street itself is alive with cabs and carriages darting up and down, each driver cracking his whip like pistol shots and calling to unwary pedestrians. At this hour a long boulevard presents a scene of indescribable liveliness that does not subside until after midnight.

Paris is the apotheosis of Napoleon. What would France and Paris be without the memory of that vast and energetic genius? The city's streets bear the names of his victorious battles; her squares and fountains are adorned with the statues of his generals; the walls of her galleries are covered with pictures of his battlefields and of memorable scenes from his life in peace; her museums sacredly preserve not only the baton, the jeweled sword and the diamonded crown of the emperor, the saddle and pistols, hat and coat of the general, the death robe of the exile at St. Helena, but even the faded clothing that belonged to the little corporal; she rears columns and monuments made from the melted metal of cannon that he captured; her galleries again and her museums contain numberless works of value that his restless armies pillaged from the ancient treasure-house of Europe; her arsenals keep as curiosities old implements of war captured and sent home by those armies; the very form of the city was the inspiration of Napoleon; he projected and in many places completed or began those features that make her so beautiful; her wide streets, spacious squares, her palaces, bridges and parks. It is now common to disparage Napoleon's memory and to belittle his work, but when Paris forgets him she will be a changed city.

The great man's dust reposes in a tomb according to his wish, "on the banks of the Seine, amidst that people whom he so much loved." This tomb is a splendid and solemn affair. A high, gilded dome covers it and the approach is through an architecturally simple portal. One enters a large apartment in the center of which is a circular opening surrounded with a marble rail. Standing at this polished rail he sees below, the stone that contains in its hollow heart the emperor's ashes. The stone is a single huge block of dark red granite, brought from Finland, cut into the form of a sarcophagus, and highly polished. It stands on a pavement of rich mosaic that contains the names of six great battles and is surrounded by noble figures of victory in white marble. Straight above towers the dome painted by master hands, and windows admit a faint light from the very top. Above on either side are chapels, in one of which Joseph Bonaparte is buried. In another Jerome. Everything is in marble and granite; there is no elaborate or useless ornamentation; all is gravity, simplicity, solemnity, all is in keeping and unites to inspire the visitor with awe, and recall to his mind the the object of the mausoleum. There may be more magnificent and gorgeous tombs, but there could hardly be one more imposing or satisfactory. It is such a one as Napoleon himself would have conceived and built.

At the Luxemburg galleries we were pleased to greet some old acquaintances in the way of pictures that were at the World's Fair. They gave us that pleasant sensation that homesick travelers feel when they meet a friend from home or get a long letter. The other galleries—those of the Louvre—overpowered and amazed us. Fancy a collection of sculpture and paintings, several times in extent that at Chicago in 1893, and with the important difference that these are all master pieces, almost all demanding careful study. We were simply lost and wandered through with guide or compass, sick

of seeing so much uncomprehended beauty. Finally landing in a room wherein are grouped the cream of masterpieces, we spent that day and parts of others there. Raphael, Murillo, Paul Veronese, Michael Angelo—those are the names on the canvases. With all reverence for what the world has united to consider its greatest paintings, we sat and gazed and studied, attempting to see the greatness of the pictures, and getting a dim glimpse now and then of the inspiration that our books assured us was there. We left those pictures with the conviction that the ordinary visitor who seldom in everyday life sees a good painting, would were it not for what he has read, pass those immortal canvases with a glance and retain nothing of them in his memory.

It was much the same story with the sculptures, with one exception (and that proves the rule). Through acres of figures from Greece and Rome, assuredly beautiful we strolled without emotion. But the Venus de Milo gave us a shock. She is regarded as the very greatest treasure of the whole vast collection. She deserves it. She really impresses the ordinary beholder among thousands of works, no one of which is poor. The figure is larger than the human form, for it represents a goddess. One foot shown under the drapery is large and well-shaped; the hair is drawn back into a simple knot; the exposed breasts convey nothing of sensuality; the forehead is low, the nose large and firm, the lips beautifully moulded, while the full roundness of the cheek is a marvel, and the expression a most striking combination of beauty, and majesty without haughtiness, pride, self-eloquence, or condescension. One thinks that he has seen faces that resemble the goddess but never one just like it, and he remembers her as a real and beautiful personage rather than a block of cold stone.

There are two reasonable things which everybody should do; take good care of one's health and if lost, regain it quickly, and to this everybody will agree. And there are a great multitude of people who are agreed that for both purposes Simmons Liver Regulator is the best helper. "I am troubled with torpid liver and nothing gives relief so quick like Simmons Liver Regulator"—R. R. Stange, Lake City, Fla.

OF UNUSUAL INTEREST to every reader of this paper, is the announcement made elsewhere in this issue, by THE ST. LOUIS *Globe-Democrat*, unquestionably the greatest of American newspapers. The mail subscription price of the Daily and Sunday *Globe-Democrat* is reduced at one blow, from Twelve to Six Dollars a year, placing it within the reach of all who desire to read ANY daily paper during the coming great national campaign. The *Weekly Globe-Democrat* remains at one dollar a year, but is issued in semi-weekly sections of eight pages each, making it practically a LARGE SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER. This issue is just THE THING for the farmer, merchant or professional man who has not the time to read a daily paper, but wishes to keep promptly and thoroughly posted. It is made up with especial reference to the wants of every member of the family, not only giving ALL THE NEWS, but also a great variety of interesting and instructive reading matter of all kinds. Write for free Sample Copies to GLOBE PRINTING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

HANNIBAL is reported to have a new sensation in the person of an unknown fiend, who is called "Jack, the Kicker." A number of the most prominent young ladies of the city while walking along the streets after nightfall have been insulted by him, and several have been kicked almost into insensibility. He accompanies his assaults with very insulting language. The young ladies are becoming very timid and fear to venture on the street without an escort.

Sent to His Mother in Germany. Mr. Jacob Ebbesen, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co., at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by W. C. Gaston.

Brid, the grocer, will not be under sold.

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

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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.

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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,

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For coal keep fire 24 hours with doors closed. A stove that you can regulate the heat with perfect ease.

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Four different styles, with top draft and ash pan.

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Both upright and horizontal. Champion stoves of the world.

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Perfectly air tight. A stove so simple that a child can regulate the heat.

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Sheet iron, beautiful designs, and give perfect satisfaction.

Best line of General Hardware, Cutlery, Queensware, etc., to be found in Keytesville.

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Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats and Misses' and Children's Caps and Baby Hoods

For the Next 30 Days.

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Will buy and sell or exchange lands for parties on the most reasonable terms and will also furnish reliable information as to the location, improvements and quality of any tract of land in the county. We now have the following lands listed for sale, and can give you some good bargains:

- No. 1.—150 acres, 6 1/2 miles northwest of Keytesville, well improved and in high state of cultivation; good dwelling and all necessary out buildings; good orchard of 70 trees. Plenty of good water for all purposes; convenient to church, school-house and post-office.
- No. 2.—50 acres, 3 miles south of Indian Grove; good buildings and fence; orchard of 40 trees; all in a high state of cultivation; frame barn, 30x40 feet; title perfect. Will be sold at a bargain.
- No. 3.—640 acres, 8 miles southwest of Sallisburg; good dwelling and all necessary out buildings; well supplied with water; 1000 acres of timber; 1000 acres in blue grass pasture and timber; stream running across eastern portion. Post-office on part of the farm. Will be sold at \$25 per acre; most all in grass; about three acres of timber; price, \$30 per acre, cash.
- No. 4.—40 acres of good timber land, 2 miles northwest of Muscle Fork; plenty of good timber on this tract; will be sold cheap.
- No. 5.—80-acre farm, 7 miles northwest of Keytesville, 60 acres in cultivation, 20 acres timber. Good comfortable dwelling and all necessary out buildings; well supplied with water; title perfect. Will be sold at a bargain.
- No. 6.—100 acres, 7 miles northwest of Keytesville, well improved; new dwelling and good barn; all in cultivation; well fenced; time given on part of the purchase money.
- No. 7.—850 acres, 5 miles southwest of Sallisburg; good dwelling and all necessary out buildings; well supplied with water; 1000 acres in blue grass pasture and timber; stream running across eastern portion. Post-office on part of the farm. Will be sold at \$25 per acre; most all in grass; about three acres of timber; price, \$30 per acre, cash.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited. Call and see us. Office in court-house.

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