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**DR. H. J. WHITTIER,**  
10 West Ninth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

**ROME REACHED.**

*A Dreary Wheel Over the Desolate Campagna—A First View—  
Points in the Forum.*

Rome, Dec. 20, 1895.

The morning after the day of the storm, we rubbed the rust off our bicycles, oiled up, and noted with pleasure that our steamed Falcons were in no respect injured. For the last three weeks we had suffered little from punctures, and we were now riding toward Rome on air that we had pumped into our tires at Paris.

We got back to the coast and kept to it for the next 125 miles. There is not much to be said of the route. It is a barren, windy, dismal waste. Here and there were small, dingy, squallid towns to which the inhabitants were just beginning to return after an enforced absence during the summer months to escape malaria. Occasionally, close to the sea, and on high ground there were towns that seemed to be habitable the year round, and that gave evidence of thrift and progress. Such is Civita Vecchia, the sea port of Rome. It is a name that is famous enough in history, but like so many such names it now designates only a small town preserving few traces of former importance.

South of this town we wheeled into an ancient road built by Marcus Aurelius, and maintained with the same care that marks all the roads we have seen. Italian may be far behind Americans in many of the things that we are accustomed to regard as civilization, but in the matter of roads, they are so vastly in advance, that we can afford to overlook some of their shortcomings. They are, of course, dirty in their ways of living, and behind the age in their implements of work, but when they want to go from village to village, they travel upon roadways, which at their very worst put to shame the best of our pikes.

At a town some 25 miles from Rome our road left the shore and we started across the Campagna. This extended region that lies from 20 to 30 miles north, south, east and west forms a fit environment for the great dead city. It is a vast, slightly undulating plain. At one time densely peopled, possessed of large and prosperous towns, the home of the race that subdued all its neighbors in Italy, built Rome and conquered the world, it is now a gloomy and monotonous half desert, given over to desolate sheep herders, fever-stricken and miserable. Even these wretched beings leave the Campagna in winter, withdraw to the mountains, and venture back only when the weather gets cool. We saw here and there a lonely hut, and occasionally a flock of poor looking sheep tended by a brigandish looking man with no hat, his hair matted over his head and face and with a nasty, dirty brown cloak about him. Once or twice we noted small herds of cattle watched by lank, fierce dogs that we cared not to have ought to do with. But for miles the white roadway lay through stagnant

swamps, and we hurried over it, not wishing to be caught by nightfall in such inhospitable quarters. Stories of the robbers who until a time very recent infested these places recurred to us, and we could imagine no reason in the desolation and loneliness why they should not be lurking amid some of the half submerged ruins, ready to pounce upon chance travellers.

All pilgrims to Italy count it an epoch in their lives when they first get a glimpse of Rome, and exceedingly varied are the emotions. When out of a confused mass of buildings, we could identify the soaring dome of St. Peter's we were excited, thrilled, awed. It was ten miles away at least, but it stood out plainly, more towering and majestic at this distance, because of its vastness than upon a nearby view. Here at last was one goal of our long and arduous trip. We now wheeled slowly along in the soft evening air, forgetting the decay and ruin about us, and breathing more deeply perhaps than at any subsequent time the atmosphere of past grandeur. Soon we came upon the squalid suburbs, and passing by many a winding and dirty street reached an ancient gate that admitted us into the city.

Pushing along as well as possible over the badly paved, narrow and bustling thoroughfares, we reached the shadow of the great church. Near it we crossed the Tiber and that famous stream looked as turbid and yellow as it ought to look. Most fortunately we had a friend in Rome in the person of the English-speaking Methodist Episcopal minister, who had been an old school mate to one of us. By his assistance we were able to pursue our usual plan of taking lodgings, the only comfortable and at the same time economical way of living for the traveller who stops a week or longer in a foreign city. Our ministerial friend found a Protestant Roman, with whom he made a cast iron contract for us, whereby we were to have a big room on the first floor and to be given breakfast (Italian breakfast with butter added) for the princely sum of thirty cents each a day.

Months and years are necessary to a satisfactory seeing of Rome, where every stone that sticks two inches out of the earth may be part of some palace built by the Caesars. We could stay only days, and having learned by experience that it is the better way, we confined ourselves to the greatest sights. We sought the Forum first. It looks, and is, a huge, open grave 150 yards long, 50 yards wide and 30 ft deep. One goes down by steps from the street into this grave, and by the aid of his guide books he is able to identify the bones. Columns, pillars, pediments, capitals, all broken, stand and lie about him. He may pick out temples of the Gods, triumphal arches, rostra whence Cicero addressed the people; a narrow street paved with great black blocks of stone worn smooth by the Romans of 2,000 years ago; a marble floor with chessboard squares scratched upon it where the loafers of those old days sat in the sun and played checkers, a round brick structure looking like a well curb and called by the Romans the navel of the world, the spot from which distances all over the Empire were measured; the spot where Antony stood when he made his oration over the body of Caesar. These and a hundred other interesting things one may see, and the longer he studies, the more stupendous acts that these inanimate stones have witnessed, surge up in his memory. He recalls all he has ever read of the long, grand story of the Eternal City, and reflects that no other spot on earth has been the scene of so high pomp and magnificence or of so tremendous events. At one corner of the Forum is a building under which is a dungeon where Paul and Peter were confined. A long stairway leads from the outer entrance to a cell, dark and damp enough, but below it still is the little naked dungeon with two feet of water on the floor, and with great, rusty, iron hooks all about the walls, to which prisoners were tied and strangled. It is a noisome, stealthy, terrible place that once looked upon can never be forgotten.

Crowning a hill at one end of the Forum is the old capitol, while upon another hill at the side are the dug-out ruins of the palace of the Caesars. We were interested in noting about these last ruins a bit of the very wall that Romulus and Remus built; or was it not built by one brother and the other laughed at and made fun of it by jumping over it? Another interesting spot to see



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Almost everybody takes some laxative medicine to cleanse the system and keep the blood pure. Those who take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR (liquid or powder) get all the benefits of a mild and pleasant laxative and tonic that purifies the blood and strengthens the whole system. And more than this: SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR regulates the Liver, keeps it active and healthy, and when the Liver is in good condition you find yourself free from Malaria, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick-Headache and Constipation, and rid of that worn out and debilitated feeling. These are all caused by a sluggish Liver. Good digestion and freedom from stomach troubles will only be had when the Liver is properly at work. If troubled with any of these complaints, try SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. The King of Liver Medicines, and Better than Pills.

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Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.  
J. H. Zeilin & Co., Phila., Pa.

was a room where St. Paul stood when he made that great speech to Nero. Next to it a banquet hall was pointed out—a hall that was the scene of those imperial bouts at eating and drinking, where a half million dollars were often expended on a single feast. Just outside a door of the banquet room, we saw a small closet with a receptacle made of stone and somewhat the shape of a bath tub. "What do you suppose this was?" asked the man who was showing us around. We had no idea. He said it was called a Vomitorium. Those gluttonous old epicures, after filling up at the tables would return to this place. Tickle their throats with a feather, thus empty their stomachs, and then go back ready for another attack on the food and drink.

Passing these relics, we walked a few hundred yards to the Colosseum. You know that this huge pile was a theatre, and that thousands of the first Christians were torn to pieces here for the delight of the blood thirsty Romans. You have doubtless seen many pictures of its sombre walks. Words can convey little of the feelings with which it impresses a visitor. Figures may, so here is a little guide book information. The building is nearly circular, and 1-3 of a mile about. It had four stories, and seated 87,000 spectators. It was built 1,800 years ago. Four centuries of the degenerate middle ages, the city despoiled it to get building material, yet it is figured out that there yet remains in it three million dollars worth of stone. Whether by moonlight or by sunlight it is a most tremendous and impressive sight, and the traveller is apt to find himself returning to it each day of his stay in Rome.

**AMPLE.**

From Truth.  
Dealer—A diary for ninety-six? Perhaps this new style will suit your Customer—Rather small, isn't it? Why, it stops with January 15th!  
Dealer—Yes, it is very compact—does away with the unnecessary bulk of paper that you find in the old-fashioned diaries.



means the prevention of scores of cases of colds, coughs, bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption. Wet feet do not directly make the germs of consumption appear in the lungs; but they do cause coughs and colds and inflammation of the throat and lungs; weaken the whole system. In this condition the germs of consumption find just the soil in which to work.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a most valuable remedy for restoring the system to health before these germs get the upper hand.  
SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the sweetest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.  
Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

**VENEZUELA.**

From the St. Louis Mirror.  
Eight states are in the union.  
Population of Venezuela is 2,121,998.  
Venezuela contains 566,000 square miles.

Fifteen per cent. of the population are pure blooded Indians.  
The territory in dispute is about the size of our state of Maine.

British Guiana was acquired by England through treaty in 1814.

In 1993 the amount of gold mined in Venezuela was 47,900 ounces.

Difficulties between Venezuela and Great Britain first arose in 1846.

Venezuela's export trade with New York reached \$5,000,000 a year.

Slavery in the republic was abolished by the decree of March 24, 1854.

It is estimated that seventy-five revolutions have occurred since the establishment of the republic.

An absolute separation of church and state has been effected, civil marriage is insisted on, and several other admirable and progressive institutions have been established.

Previously to 1886 her public schools system was very unimportant, only 1,312 pupils being in attendance at the public schools in the year mentioned. Now the attendance exceeds 100,000.

The constitution makes presidents ineligible for re-election, and it is the earnest endeavor of Venezuelan statesmen to establish the politics of the country on a firm footing of peace and order.

**Deafness Cannot be Cured**

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but so inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists; 75c.

Hard to beat is the La Tuke cigar. For sale by all wide-awake dealers.

**The Popular Girl.**

- Does not snub her juniors.
  - Does not backbite her associates.
  - Does not indulge in cheap cynicism.
  - Does not discourse in a frothy style.
  - Does not dress to outshine her sister.
  - Does not converse in a pedagogic vein.
  - Does not aim to have a world-worn air.
  - Does not tell either girls or men of her prowess as a "scalper."
  - Does not try to be the most suspicious feature in the landscape.
  - Does not make such a fetish of frankness as to be rude and tactless.
  - Does not seek to be witty at the expense of other people's feelings.
  - Does not dress so badly that she brings the blush of mortified vanity to her escort's cheek.
  - Does not hide her light under a bushel and refuse to contribute her share towards the general entertainment.
  - Does not even fail in generosity of word and deed, and fails as seldom as possible in generosity of thought.
- Being asked if keeping a family was expensive, a domestic tyrant replied: "No; I use my wife's temper for a furnace, her feet for a refrigerator, her company manners for sugar, and then we have tongue the year around, so you see my expenses are very light."
- A DISPATCH from Johannesburg says that among the members of the Reform union arrested upon charges of high treason are Charles Butters, T. H. King and Capt. Mein, all American citizens.

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when you buy inferior soap instead of the genuine  
**CLAIRETTE SOAP.**  
The favorite of every woman who ever used it either in the laundry or for all around the house cleaning. Sold everywhere. Made only by  
**THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.**

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YOUR ORDERS for High Grade Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Vehicles, Baby Carriages, etc., placed with local and retail dealers with three to six middlemen's profits, or with the old reliable **CASH BUYERS' UNION**, with only one small profit above actual factory cost. If you are a money saver there can be no doubt as to your decision. Write to-day for one of our illustrated catalogues and note the unapproachable bargains we are offering—30 different styles Sewing Machines, ranging in price from \$8.00 to \$30.00—Bicycles, all styles and prices, from \$10.75 to \$75.00. Those of the latter price being equal to wheels sold by agents and dealers at \$125.00. We show 150 designs in Baby Carriages—the latest, the handsomest—all new patterns, many direct importations. We handle everything under the sun in the **VEHICLE AND HARNESS LINE, BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, PHAETONS, ROAD WAGONS, CARTS, HARNESS, SADDLES, ETC.** at prices out of reach of competition.  
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STRENGTH-EN-ERS.**  
**KEATING WHEEL CO.**  
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Originators of light Bicycles. They have shown the world how to scientifically place the strength of a 60-pound machine in the 19-pound Keating Roadster.

**Model Letter.**  
Once in a while a fellow gets pretty far gone but this letter beats them all:  
Dearest—My love for you is stronger than coffee or the kick of a young cow. Sensations of exquisite joy go through me like cohorts of ants through an army cracker and caper over my heart like young goats over a stable roof. I feel as if I could lift myself by my boot straps to the heights of the church steeple. As a mean pup hankers after sweet milk so I hanker after your presence. And as a goalin swimmer in a mud puddle, so do I swim in a sea of delightfulness when you are near me. My heart oscillates like a shaker in a fanning mill and my eyes stand open like collar doors in a country town; if my love is not reciprocated I will pine away and die like a poisoned bed-bug and you can catch a cold over my grave.

**The Funny Things We See.**  
Girls taking their first lesson in skating.  
Women with new furs when the thermometer persists in mounting.  
An economist buying her gloves a size too small for her because they are marked down.  
The youth who has told "her" that she should know all his secrets burning his old letters the week before his wedding.  
The general public, which doesn't care for music or understand the language in which it is sung, applauding madly on opera nights.  
The young person who has been told that she has an expressive face forevermore contorting and distorting to make it more expressive.

Send to His Mother in Germany  
Mr. Jacob Eebensen, 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 experience to be the best medicine for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all my aches or several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by W. C. Gaston.