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ROME.

Modern Living Houses—Noises and Odors—The Earth Trembled—Out the Appian Way and back.

ROME, Dec. 27, 1895,

The modern living houses of Rome are made of stone, have large windows and are five or six stories high. The higher the flat, the more pleasant it is, because it is farther from the foul smells and the continual uproar of the streets. So it is usually the case that the ground floor shows signs of squalor and poverty, while the third or fourth floors may be the homes of well-to-do people, and the fifth and sixth the dwellings of Italian nobility. The poorer people swarming in the ground floors and in the cellars below, live really most of the time on the streets, and hence the dirt and noise. From nightfall until mid-night the wine shops are crowded with loud-mouthed and strong-lunged men and women, who drink the thin acid wine of the country, play cards and quarrel with a wonderful energy of talk and gesture, but no blows. Hordes of dirty children go romping over the dirty streets in games; women gather at the doorways and gossip loudly, hawkers go slowly up and down with large baskets, or little carts drawn by forlorn donkeys, and call their wares in stentorian tones and with a variety of piercing, long drawn out wails that for vigor and clamor infinitely surpass the street cries of London. Then come the news men (for newspapers are hawked by men) with night editions of the paper. You can hear them a mile away, their mournful and not unmusical yells echoing among the tall buildings until you wonder how the dead Caesars can sleep in their graves. A 12 o'clock the uproar gradually subsides like a falling wind. You then turn over and sleep, to be awakened at five o'clock by the morning squad of street purveyors, who, refreshed by their slumbers, are determined, seemingly, to wake the world. So it goes on till you are used to it, and regard it no more than the familiar roll of 'buses or street cars.

Our room had a bed the like of which we had not seen out of Italy. It was, we supposed, a family affair, for it was seven feet wide and so high that had one rolled out he would have been infallibly killed or maimed by the fall to the stone floor. Around the walls were many little tables, each with an image of some sort on it, or a tall candlestick, or a china vase. One morning at four o'clock we were awakened by the rattling of these images and vases, and by the rolling about of our huge bed, like the tossing of a big steamship. The preacher went sprawling wildly down to the floor shouting, "An earthquake!" We ran to the windows. The street was thronged with people, while out of each door poured a stream of men, women and children, some half-dressed, some with babies, others with bundles. They were rushing to a near by park where they spent an

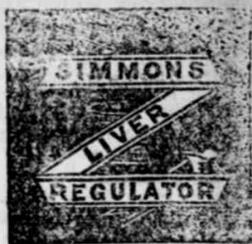
hour or so, gradually venturing into the wine-shops, and thence back into their homes. The earthquake did no damage, and was one of those tremors which are common to other parts of Italy, but infrequent at Rome.

We went, one fair morning, out the Appian Way, and we went on our bicycles although it seemed a sort of sacrilege. It not sacrilege it was at least incongruous to be rolling along on the latest, newest, far-off American ideas of propulsion, over a roadway, the stones of which were smoothed by the chariot wheels of people who had not even dreamed of America, and whose geography styled Gibraltar the pillars of Hercules, and placed them at the very extremity of the earth. The first object of interest was a huge pile of ruins where stood the baths of an emperor. The stones alone show the extent of the old loafing place. During last summer a concert was given in one of the halls and ten thousand people found ample space. Magnificent mosaic floors yet adorn the rooms, the places for hot air and warm and cold baths are seen, while outside a big stone aqueduct that brought water from the mountains stalks away across the plain.

A curious place at which we next paused is called a columbarium, the term signifying a dove-cote. It was located in the midst of a flower and vegetable garden of an old lady who admitted us. It was a large hole dug straight down into the earth some thirty feet and being some twenty-five feet square. Lining the sides from bottom to top were rows of shelves divided by stone partitions into pigeon holes (whence the name) wherein the old Romans placed small urns containing the ashes of their dead. Each pigeon hole afforded a space about two feet square, the mouth being walled up with a marble slab inscribed with the name and virtues of the deceased, whose ashes it enclosed. Many of the apertures were open and with a shudder we thrust our fingers into the dust of bodies cremated 2,000 years ago. These places were used to economize space. In one of these hundreds of bodies could be disposed of and yet the memory of the dead preserved by the marble tablets.

Riding a short distance farther we stopped at the entrance to the catacombs. A jolly, well-fed friar, dressed in a flowing cowl, with a little round cap covering his shaved head, and with sandals on his unstockinged feet, accosted us in good English, bestowed our wheels in the care of another monk, and lighting a long, thin, wax taper, conducted us down a long stairway into the labyrinthine passages. We walked through miles of narrow streets, sometimes six feet wide, again narrowing to two feet, again broadening into chambers where the Christians used to meet, and everywhere crowded with shelves that looked like bunks in the stowage of a steamer. These strange graves are cut from a light, porous rock, probably a lava stone, and are neither cold or damp. But their extent is astounding. We wandered on, up and down, twisting and turning. If that friar had cared to blow out the taper he could easily have lost us, and I believe that we might have wandered for days in those dark and intricate alleys without finding the outlet. But he explained everything to us, argued in a good natured way with us on our Protestantism, and at length brought us back to daylight, glad enough that we had seen those horrible tombs and were again outside of them.

We then proceeded out the Appian Way. Its course for eleven miles has been dug out, and here and there patches of the original road appear. In itself it was not much of a highway. It is only about twelve feet wide. It is paved with oval blocks of hard, black stone, a foot in diameter. It was made for heavy-wheeled chariots and not for bicycles and it shook us up most unmercifully. But it goes straight and is level and on either side for miles it is lined with gorgeous tombs that in their day of glory must have presented an imposing and magnificent front to the wayfarers. At intervals we had views of the Campagna, which on this side of Rome, save for an occasional lonely herdsman, is totally abandoned to miasma, ruin and decay. Prostrate and broken columns, overturned and mouldering fragments of temples and huge eircuses, prices of finely carved capitals and friezes, decayed arches, crumbling



GOOD FOR EVERYBODY

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.

walls, blocks of marble and granite, grass grown mounds of ruin, lay far across the desolate plain, and over it walked that mighty stone aqueduct away to the mountains, a gigantic work that seems to defy time. It is a strange thing—that aqueduct. Stone arches like those of a bridge were built up and on top of it placed a deep, wide trench of masonry. At first sight it seems like a waste, for subterranean channels have been built at half the trouble, but when one reflects that up on those high arches, out of reach of dirt and contamination the Romans had a broad stream of pure water flowing under the sun and in the air from mountain streams fifteen or twenty miles to their homes, it does not appear that they were so far mistaken after all.

We rode on as far as the Via Appia extended, then took another road up into the Alban mountains, spent a few pleasant hours on Lake Albano, and visited Tusculum where Cato was born, and where Cicero lived and wrote his charming essays. Some moss-grown foundation stones were pointed out to us as being those of the home which the great essayist and orator loved so well and adorned so profusely. Thence after luncheon, we rode slowly back over the dead plain to the dead city. As we approached the gate the sun sunk behind the mammoth ruins of Caracalla's Baths, while the moon shone out in splendor over the Campagna. In the white moonlight the thickly strata and decayed memorials of past grandeur assumed an uncanny look and one could well nigh fancy that the sigh of the rising evening wind was the footsteps of the ghosts of that mighty race which once peopled these now dismal and deserted plains. Coming on into the city, a night visit to the Colosseum was a fitting end to our day spent amidst the crumbled imperial monuments. The dullest comprehension could not fail to be moved by some flight of fancy, as it looks on these colossal walls, shadowy and vague, and awfully, unutterably lonely in the moon's pale rays. We felt the force of the suggestion of guides and travelers that a visit to Rome is incomplete without a moonlight glimpse at the Colosseum.

seedtime

The successful farmer has learned by experience that some grains require far different soil than others. He knows that a great deal depends on right planting at the right time. No use complaining in summer that a mistake was made in spring. *Decide before seed-time.* The best time to treat coughs and colds is before the seeds, or germs, of consumption have begun their destructive work.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, promptly cures, lung and throat troubles. Do not neglect your cold.

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 purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion, with trademark of man and fish. Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

An Event in Wool.

From the Philadelphia Times.
The sale of 30,000 pounds of Washington county wool at Claysville to a Wheeling house on eastern account for twenty cents a pound, is a notable event in the wool market the past week. Independent of the fact that it is a direct advance of seven cents a pound over rates that prevailed in the last year of the McKinley law, the figures show the progress and activity in wool manufacturing and the benefits accruing to the flock-masters under the Wilson tariff. It is noted that almost directly following the passage of the new tariff act the price of domestic wool advanced from eleven to fifteen cents, and later to eighteen cents, and this in a section where the most violent opposition obtained toward any change in the wool schedule. Open wreck and ruin was prophesied, and the various woolen interests were assured that they might as well retire from the industry, as they could not possibly recover from the losses bound to come under a reform tariff. But things are also different now in the Greene and Washington county end of the state.

He Scared Her to Death.

From the Eaton Sentinel.
The practical joker who finds great fun in alarming people, pulling chairs from under them and kindred pleasantries, lives and continues to live. He should in all cases have his share of the serious part of his amusement endeavors when they are contributory to injury. A recent case of the joker is reported from Double Springs, Alabama. Joseph Wheeler went hunting with his cousin, Archie Fletcher. He returned to the latter's house for dinner in advance of him, and, when Mrs. Fletcher asked him where her husband was, he jestingly pointed to his gun and said it went off accidentally and killed cousin Archie. Mrs. Fletcher screamed and fell to the floor and died almost immediately. The joker fled and the husband is looking for him. If found he should be turned over to the law and adequate punishment should follow. And all practical jokers should be punished according to the injury they are responsible for.

Health Gossip.

The fumes of turpentine are said to relieve the worst paroxysms of whooping cough.
A lump of sugar saturated with vinegar is highly recommended as a remedy for hicough.
If you wake up with the headache every morning try as a remedy the better ventilation of your bed-room.
The man whose motto is "a short life and a merry one" and who takes no care of his health will find that there is no merriment in a broken-down body and unstrung nerves.
The foreman of a factory employing 3,000 men says that in pleasant weather they turn out 10 per cent more work than when it is stormy or otherwise disagreeable.

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 an 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.

WHAT this country needs pretty badly just now is a public sentiment that will keep reputable lawyers from defending law breakers. There is no sadder sight on earth than a lawyer, who is a good citizen himself, exhausting his God-given intellect in the attempt to save some scoundrel from the gallows. They should leave this work for the shysters and pettifoggers of their profession.—Louisian Press.

A national confab of silver leaders convened at Washington on Wednesday. The country needs fewer silver conferences and more silver.

CLAIRETTE
Above All Others
There is no soap in the world that stands so high in the opinion of thoughtful women as
CLAIRETTE SOAP.
For washing clothes or doing housework, it can't be equalled. Try it. Sold everywhere. Made only by
The N. K. Fairbank Company, - St. Louis.

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STRENGTH-EN-ERS.
KEATING WHEEL CO.
Holyoke, Mass.
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.

A "Cheap and Nasty" Dollar.
Mr. Stratton, the Cripple Creek bonanza king, was offered eight million dollars for his mine, the Independence. To this proposition he replied: "Why should I sell? There seems to be plenty of gold there; more than I will ever want or need. When I need dollars I can just go there and take them out, and it only costs me four cents to get each dollar out."

It is the single gold standard men who say that it is an everlasting outrage for silver-mines, of Cripple Creek, the same camp in which Mr. Stratton is operating, to take 50 cent worth of silver to the mints and get in exchange a silver dollar. And now will they please tell us what they think about Mr. Stratton taking a lump of gold that costs him just four cents, and having it coined into a dollar at the same mints?—Clinton Tribune.

For Sale.
I have for sale at my residence on the E. B. Coleman farm, four miles southeast of Keytesville, 5,000 pounds of bright Oronoco tobacco, desirable for chewing or smoking, a sample of which can be seen at M. W. Anderson's store in Keytesville.
C. W. FINE.

Send it to His Mother in Germany.
Mr. Jacob Esbensen, 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 or several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by W. C. Gaston.

To Our Patrons.
We have put up a hook at the Farmers' bank as a matter of convenience to our patrons, on which they can hang their orders for anything in our line in the way of flour, grain or feed. Assuring you that your patronage will be appreciated, we are, Yours Truly,
STACY & COURTNEY,
Proprietors Keytesville Roller Mill.

Farm for Sale.
I have a splendid stock farm containing 480 acres, in Muscle Fork township, for sale at a bargain. There are 150 acres in cultivation, balance in upland and bottom pasture. Plenty of water, 6-room house, two good barns and a good orchard.
OLIVER McEVAN,
Shannondale, Mo.