

A CHATHAM STREET SHOW.

How the Thoughtful of that Region Train the Young Men of the World.

New York World: "Step right this way, gentlemen, and behold the greatest living curiosity in the world. Admission only 10 cents. Here you have the Circafrican Beauty, the What Isn't It, the African Infant, which is supposed to be the connectin' link between man and beast; the Smallest Lady in the World, and Dante's Dream. Walk right in, gentlemen; 10 cents pays the bill."

Thus discoursed the hoarse individual who stood in front of a place of entertainment on Chatham square last evening. A reporter of the World, guessing which dream of Dante was illustrated, and having a curiosity to view that locality without the bias of patriotism—i. e., as a tourist and not as a resident—gave Charon his obolus and walked in. A small room utterly destitute of any furniture, save a red-hot stove and a dial along one side, on which the "living curiosities" were seated, met his view. A red curtain across the further extremity of the room, over which was a small placard, such as are usually ornamented with sanguinary schooners of beer and the legend, "Only Five Cents," attracted the attention. This placard, however, had no work of art on it, and only bore the significant inscription "The Devil Appears every Half Hour." The matter began to look interesting. "Dante's Dream" was doubtless hidden behind that red curtain. Another placard announced that "A Lecture on the Curiosities is Delivered every Half Hour." The reporter leaned up against the wall and waited. In the meantime he took a sly glance at the Circafrican Beauty. She had come down from her date and was talking to the professor. The conversation ran on a Circafrican Beauty, who couldn't sell her photographs with anything like the success of this Circafrican Beauty.

"She's a real 'at'!" said this Beauty with the accent of the Bowers regions of Circassia; she's a g. She's afraid to buzz the fellers. She'll never sell no photographs. I can chin her head off."

"Let you alone for that," said the professor.

"It takes talent," resumed the Beauty, "to sell photographs. You've got to know whether a feller's got the stamps or not the minute you set eyes on him, an' then you've got to know whether he'll spend 'em. Englishmen's the best, most of 'em's sports. The bulk of 'em's got two wives."

The professor smiled approval of this well known national characteristic.

Just then a gong sounded behind the red curtain, and the Circafrican Beauty "skipped," as she would have said in her own musical tongue, and reappeared in her place on the dial among the other "living curiosities."

The professor pulled his hat a little further over his right eye, put both hands in his trousers pockets, and confining his gestures to his elbows and head, began his "lecture." The audience was small, and part of it was respectable. There was a colored man with the stub of a cigar in his mouth and something in a brown bag which betrayed the comely proportions of a hamper; there was a sailor smoking a cob-pipe; there were two young fellows with snakes in their boots, worse visions than ever Dante had; there were three or four ragged little girls and boys and there was the reporter.

"Ladies and gents," began the professor, "this is the wonderful Circafrican Beauty." Here he poked his head at that young lady, who, as she was brought from her native land when only three years old. The Circafrican Beauty is noted for her beauty, bravery and virchow, and their hair grows up instead of down. The lady has her photographs for sale." During these few remarks the "living curiosities" all signified, the subject of them especially.

"The next wonderful nat'l livin' curiosity, and the greatest, is the Smallest Women in the World," resumed the Professor, jerking his elbow in her direction, whereupon she arose. "She is bewychful an' intelligent, as well as thirty-two inches high. You can converse with her, address her any quackings as is appropriate for a lady to answer. The lady has her photograph for sale." The professor bit of a piece of tobacco from less than a square yard of plug, and continued, in a rather indistinct voice: "Now, ladies an' gents, we has before us the original 'What Isn't It,' brought to this country by P. T. Barnum, an' secured for this museum sten ornus expense. Photographs of the 'What Isn't It' is for sale. Last among this wonderful galaxy of wonders is the 'African Infant' (here the colored man went out), captured in the wilds of Africa—

"In a Thompson street tenement-house" intimated one of the incognito young men.

"You'd better leave, young feller, if yer can't keep still," interpreted the professor. "Captured in the wilds of Africa, an' s'posed to be the connectin' link between man an' beast. Photographs of the 'African Infant' is for sale.

"The 'cur'osity' all sank back with a sigh of relief, and no one felt happier than the professor that the lecture was well over, unless it was the audience.

The professor dropped his oratorical air and became jocular.

"How many of you boys come in yer expectin' to see the devil?" asked he, with a grin.

"All on us," said the young inebriate.

"Well, young feller, you just wait long enough, and you'll see him, certain," answered the professor, with cutting sarcasm.

DEVILISH HEAD IN THE RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF THE CAVERN, WORKING ITS JAW FURIOUSLY, THE MOTIVE POWER BEING A YOUNG MAN BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Hellow, Charley!" said the professor sociably.

"My name is Beelzebub!" howled the head; "I'm in hell."

"That's rough," said the professor, condescending; then with commendable curiosity, "Do the boys 'skip the gutter' any down there?"

"You bet," snapped Beelzebub.

"What d'y feed the fellers on?"

"Fire, sulphur, brimstone, coal-oil, aquifortis, Sixth Ward whiskey," growled the fiend in an ascending climax.

"That's rough," said the professor rather sadly; then brightening, "What do you do for a living?"

"I'm boss o' hell—"

"You lie, ye old hag!" shouted the fiend on the left-hand corner of the cavern, dropping his lower jaw; "I'm boss. I'm Lucifer."

"What do you do?" asked the professor.

"I'm fireman and doorkeeper."

"You're fireman, are you? Show us what you can do."

"Ho! ye devils, stir up the coals!" shouted Lucifer; and thereupon the gong began to sound and red fire glowed in the cavern, pasteboard sinners fell into the flames, and pasteboard devils prodded them with pasteboard forks, and the red curtain fell upon the cremation scene.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Bushnell's drug store.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise: A purer medicine does not exist, and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys; will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood; will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion, try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50 cents and \$1 per bottle at Bushnell's drug store.

Bushnell's Aztec Salve

Is the best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by C. B. Bushnell, druggist.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of L. H. Dills & Co. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, the business having been purchased by M. H. Ellis.

L. H. DILLS, HARRY HAMPTON. April 30th, 1888. my9-54

Horse Restaurants.

Dr. C. J. Taft has purchased the Hughes livery stable, and it will be run hereafter under the management of Volney Taft as a livery and hay stable. Horses will receive the best of attention.

—If your back aches, or if you are suffering from inflammation of the kidneys, seminal weakness, brick dust deposit in the urine, or, in fact, any kidney, urinary or liver complaint, do not waste money on worthless liniments or plasters, but strike the seat of the disease at once by using the greatest of all known remedies, Oregon Kidney Tea. It is pleasant to take, is purely vegetable, and has never failed to give entire satisfaction. Sold by Allen & Chapman.

—Why will you go about with that listless air and pale face? Have you no life, no ambition? You seem to care nothing for what transpires around you. The beauties of nature do not interest you, and you feel that life is a burden. If you would have the vigor and elasticity of youth return, enjoy a good hearty meal, and feel like an altogether different person, then take Dr. Henley's Dankelein Tonic. It certainly produces remarkable results. Sold by Allen & Chapman's.

FAME IS EARNED.

Not Merely by the Evidence of Things Written.

But by the Arduous Gravitance of Seeds Accomplished—A Record of Unprecedented Success.

Seattle, Washington.

Five years ago I took down with rheumatism, gravel and inflammation of the stomach. I was two years on my back and could not turn over. I had the best medical aid of Seattle that money could procure, but I received no benefit. I was shipped to San Francisco, stayed there five months under expert medical care, and I received some slight benefit there. All that time I suffered excruciatingly in my stomach and kidneys, and my left leg was almost the size of two legs and as hard as a rock its whole length. I could hardly eat anything and was falling fast. I gave myself up to die, in fact, I thought it was only a matter of days. About that time all the country round me rang with the praises of Dr. J. Eugene Jordan and his new Histogenetic system, of which he was the author. He took no cases unless they were given up as incurable by other reputable doctors. He charged nothing for services and medicine and his object seemed to be to show to the world the coming revolution of the medicine. I had myself conveyed to him at the Brunson Hotel, where his office is. In one day after taking his medicine the terrible pain in my stomach, that stayed with me for so many years, and that doctors east and west, of every school and no school, could not diagnose, vanished. My bodily health came back to me. I threw away my crutches, and if it were not for a remaining stiffness of my knee I would be a young man again. This does not begin to tell the sufferings I endured; a volume could not do justice; a pen could not convey it. It was sleepless nights and days of torture. Rest was foreign to me. All this transformation to health has now been in a year and I have no recurrence of the trouble. I am 68 years old and have lived 30 years near Seattle, and my many friends never expected to see me about again. I am still taking the medicine and have hopes to get the use of my knee back. I am positive that had I known of Dr. J. Eugene Jordan and his great Histogenetic system before I was practiced on for years by all the big and little doctors, I should not have spent years of unutterable misery and thousands of dollars in money. In my opinion, having tried all kinds of doctors, there is but one rational system of medicine, and that is the Histogenetic system, and having seen so many other so-called incurable cases, like Bright's disease and blindness, etc., of my neighbors get well, I conclude that the Histogenetic system of medicine is the coming system of the world, and all other schools will have to give way to it, as darkness to light. F. McNATT.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON,

COUNTY OF KING.

The Affiant, R. S. Colvin, says:

Two years ago I had a compound fracture of the leg, and it was set by Dr. Smith, of Seattle, but was not set even and was painful. It subsequently formed into a running sore and pieces of bone were continually coming out.

I had Dr. Bagley for eight months, who concluded that it was caries of the bone, but his medicine did me no good. By that time I could barely drag myself on a crutch. I could not sleep for pain, could do no work and was in despair.

I heard a great deal about Dr. Jordan's new system of medicine, and I asked Dr. Bagley what he thought of it. He said he did not know as to Dr. Jordan's skill as a doctor, but he did know that his medicines produced unprecedented good results. Encouraged by those remarks I went to Dr. Jordan, and the result is that in one month after taking the medicine I was able to discard my crutch and go to work, which I have continued ever since, my leg constantly improving. When I came to Dr. Jordan my leg was fearfully swollen and black and gangrenous with a running sore as big as a hand. I am now practically well, there being but a small abrasion—no bigger than a finger nail—left.

R. S. COLVIN. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of May, 1888.

JAMES ROCHSTER, Notary Public in and for Washington.

Lynden, Washington.

My wife was taken sick with what the doctors pronounced typhoid fever. She continued coughing and vomiting for four weeks; she was getting lower every day, and at last we concluded that she could not live long. She could not keep a thing on her stomach, and was distracted with piercing pains in head and stomach. We at last called Dr. Jordan, who, when he saw my wife, said that she would begin to improve just as soon as she took the Histogenetic medicine; and that is just what she did. She began to improve at once, and was up in three days. She is now a believer in the Histogenetic system.

THOMAS THOMAS.

CAUTION.—The Histogenetic medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

C. B. Bushnell has been appointed sole agent at North Yakima for Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicines in place of C. L. Goss. Depot of supplies changed from May's dry goods store to Bushnell's drug store, North Yakima.

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Fine Soil, all Cleared and Sown to Grass,

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AGENTS FOR FARM MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, Wagons, Farm Hacks, Buggies, Carts, &c., &c. All goods of the best class and warranted, and given the lowest quality of goods considered. It will be to your advantage to see them before purchasing anything in their line.

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This Addition, platted into Acre Lots, affords the finest view in or about North Yakima; the best of soil; plenty of water.

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Have choice Business, Residence and Acre property listed. It is conceded that now is the accepted time to make first class investments.

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