WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA

TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1878.

Democratic County Ticket.

Representative—VANTRMOPCHILTON.
Sheriff—L. S. MURRAY.
County Assessor—GEO. P. B. JACKSON.
Collectro—J. A. C. BROWN.
Treasurer—RICHARD T. GENTRY.
Circuit Clork—JAMES C. WOOD.
County Clerk—HENRY Y. FIELDS.
Recorder—SAMUEL W. RITCHEY.
Assessor—W. E. MIDDLETON.
Coroner DR. J. B. JONES.
County Judges—W. C. Gibson Preciding Judge, C. G. Tailor, J. Q. Tannehill.

W. Y PEMBERTON.

It is but justice to the gentleman whose name heads this article, to say that he was no candidate for Representative in the Monday's convention. He had persistently refused to take the nomination, when approached on the subject, but in his absence from the city his name was placed before the convention by steadfast friends, and he received a very large complimentary vote.

If Colonol Pemberton had evinced a desire to have the place, undoubtedly he would have been nominated on the first ballot.

THE CONVENTION.

As will be seen by reference to another column of to-day's paper, that the representatives of the Greenback party throughout the state are assembled in convention in this city. They number two hundred and may fairly be said to represent the working classes of Missouri, the agricultural element predominating. In all justice, we must say the personnel of the convention is such as to bespeak for the action of the convention the respectful consideration of all concsientious citizens.

Of the purposes of the convention it is not the intention of the BAZOO to speak at present, when the platform and principles of the party, still in embryo, have been enunciated, it will be time to comment upon the movement which is struggling into life in the midst of us to-day.

It is the purpose of the BAZOO in referring to the convention in this column, simply to welcome to Sedalia the gentlemen who are temporarily making their homes here. It was fitting, that in casting about for a place of meeting, this most central, enterprising and fertile spot of the great state should have been selected as the birth-place of new ideas and perhaps a new party. Our visitors are welcome to Sedalia and they will find our people as generous, hospita and cordial as ever the most sanguine of natures could hope for.

The City Council of St. Louis have been inquiring into the merits of the Moffett bell punch, and their committee, after much deliberation, takes ground in favor of making the popular appetite for liquor contribute to the city's need for money. Besides being fairer than the license system of taxing the retail liquor trade, say the St. Louis saloons, it possesses the merit of being a purely voluntary tax upon the customer, for as long as the Mississippi river holds out no man in that town would need to wet his throat with alcoholic liquor, nor to hear the excise bell behind the counter ring two cents a drink into the public coffers. Mereover, an itemized tax of two centt a glass on whiskey and half a cents a glass on malt beverages would tend to increase the popularity of beer and river water among the tiplpers. The record of the bell punch in Richmond seems to prove that the lovers of strong drink are not above compromising occasionally on the cheaper and less higher taxed lager, a decrease being noted in the consumption of whiskey, along with a corresponding increase in the consumption of beer. But the most attractive feature of the bell punch tax is that it goes directly for the pocket of the stranger within the gates, if he be a drinking man—as he often is—and makes a taxpayer of him at once. It is estimated that 100,000 strangers visit the St. Louis fair every year, and undoubtedly the dust and soot produce a mighty thirst among them. The committee point out that if only 50,000 of these strangers take three drinks of St. Louis whiskey a day for six days, the slacking of their thirst would net nearly $20,000 to the punch.

Dr. Linderman, Superintendent of the United States Mints, is stated to have swindled the Government out of thirty millions of dollars.

The latest unsuccessful seeker for damages in a libel suit is the Rev. J. V. Roy of Canada. The Toronto *Telegram* called Roy an "unmitigated scoundrel," and Roy thought that his feelings and reputation were injured to the value of $5,000. The defendants proved Roy to be an unmitigated scoundrel to the satisfaction of the jury. Roy had committed bigamy and written a number of scandalous letters.

Edison's teleoscopophone, which captures and condenses the sound waves so that a whisper is converted into a roar loud enough to be heard any distance, according to the strength of the instrument, comes just twenty months to late. Had it been known in the wintry month of December, 1876, an anxious country could have donned a teleoscopophone and heard the innocent murmurings of that chaste damsel, Eliza Pinkston into the ear that exampler of morality and Christian virtare, John Sherman.

The papers of Southeast and Southwest Missouri are boasting of early peaches. The Dexter *Enterprise-Messenger* was presented with several peaches grown on the farm of T. C. Leming, which were plucked on the 5th of the present month. Mr. Leming's farm is two miles from Bloomfield, Stoddard county. On the same day, June 5th, Mr. W. Gallard of Bolivar, Polk county, plucked ripe peaches from a seedling tree in his yard. This is a full month earlier than peaches usally ripen in this State.

St. Louis *Republican*: Somebody has started the prodigious story that the communists have decreed that on that on the 17th day of June, which was yesterday, orignally fixed for the adjournment of Congress, every carwheel in the United States should stop at noon precisely. It might as well be said that civilization is to stop, or that the world, the sun, moon and stars are to stop in their orbits on a certain day, because somebody decrees it. Even Jasper of Virginia knows better than that.

The action of Gen. McKenzie in crossing into Mexico with two or three thousand United States troops, is certainly a bold one, and one that appears to be promptly resisted by Mexico. Gen. Nuncio has been ordered to go after McKenzie. Should he overtake him, or intercept him before he reaches the Rio Grande, there will be music in the air. In the meantime courier- have been sent after McKenzie and after to recall them. Had McKenzie invaded Canada as he has invaded Mexico, war would have been declared against the United States withia forty-eight hours.

A correspondent of the London *Miller* states, as the results of some thirty year's experience with four mills, that he has seen and known many mill fires the majority of which have taken place in the night, and most of them after the mills have shut down many hours, many of these breaking out of a Sunday morning, and even as late as the evening, or after midnight—that is, on Monday morning. The cause of such a long interval he attributes to the smouldering of dust around some hot bearing until it has assumed a body of fire and charred wood, when a slight draught produces a flame, which, before being noticed, is spread too far to be stopped, the mill and its contents becoming a heap of ruins. The remedy for this, of course, is an inspection of all the bearings before locking up at night.

A correspondent of the *Graphic*, writing from Paris under a recent date, in speaking of the American department of the exposition says it crops out principally in axes, pitchforks, nuts and screws, pills, locks, sheetings, sugar-coated pills, perforated chair backs, tinware, stoves, teeth, crackers, car-wheels, bone-dust, oilcloths, lard, canned meats, the type-writer, canned fruit and agricultural implements. Useful, if not so ornamental. No American champagne exhibits, with samples free, as at the Centennial. Patent compressed air railway brake keeps a glass ball perpetually in the air turning on nothing. Foreigners generally imagine that the machine was manufactured for this purpose. English stage coaches made by New York carriage makers are also on exhibition and attract much attention.

It is stated tnat Mr. Christian K. Ross, in the search for his son Charley has caught and examined 497 boys. These were many of them stolen, and through the publicity of the investigations were returned to their homes. The othes were lost wanderers, and a large majority of them were provided with comfortable homes by charitable people whose attention had been attracted to them by their supposed likeness to Charley Ross. All that poor persons with a superfluous boy on their hands have to do is to start a report that he is Charley Ross, and the boy immediately starts on the road to better fortune. Charley Ross, though singularly unfortunate himself, has been a blessing to the crop of boys of his age. He has been the means, through the mystery of his tate, of saving four or five hundred lost boys to useful manhood. No boy has ever done for men.

DAVE'S DISCOURSE.

From the San Juan of Colorado.

A Spicy Letter on Injins and Burros.

OURAY, COL., June 10th.

Beloved Bazoo:

As I promised, indays gone by to send you a mess of rambling dots from the San Juan country, I will proceed in my peculiar brilliant style (please emphasize the brilliant) to proceed. Firstly, and in the first place, I shall not attempt to follow the rules of correspondence as laid down by Richard Grant White or George Alfred Townsend, but adhere strictly to the Colorado text, "Everything as she runs." The first object that comes within the scope of my observation is

INJINS.

None of your ham and egg crushing Bazooites, but wild, untutored eat-a-man-in-a-minute Injuns—have held several joint confabs with the noble savage, all of which was mutually interesting and wonderfully editying, as neither of us understood what the other was trying to get through him. Mr. Lo, according to statistics, is one of our oldest inhabitants. Statistics is correct on this point, as I found in the possession of "Gunny-sack Bill," a prominent war chief, a copy of the Columbia *Statesman*, of date March 26, B. C. 1412. The edition referred to was very interesting from the fact that it contained in addition to a vindictive attack on David for the capture of Uriah's pull-back, an assurance to the people of Judea that the peach crop was all right. But to resoum, as I said before. Notwithstanding the education of the red man was early neglected, he is in many respects very cunning and can sneak up and relieve a man of all necessary trouble in

TRYING TO PROVIDE GRUB

for himself, and he will never have any knowledge of hunger afterwards. Anybody foolishly fooling around an Indian is at no more expense for church stews, poll-tax, almagoosalum and sich like, he loses all taste for the tawdy thingumbobs of this earth. They seem to think that the divine purpose of a pale-face is to be scalped, and whenever a first-class opportunity to perform the surgical operation presents itself, you can just bet your high ocean wave that the patient goes up the golden clothes pole with the summit of his latin refrigerator above timber line.

The female Injun—vulgarly called squaw—Oh-h, lawdy! lawdy! Y'ever see one—did you, gentle reader, ever behold within yourself, or otherwise, a su' euuf gal injun? If you didn't, just shut your eyes and I will proceed to paint you one from the basement of innocence to the cupola of dead goneness. Fancy a little kid, the roses of her cheeks deepened by a darker tinge, imparted by the blood which in her forefathers' veins ripened under the burning rays of a Colorado sun. See her chasing the "chipmunk" by day and smiling at eve in the happy dream of childhood—the pet of the brave, and pride of the buck. Years fly, speeding on their course and bearing on their wings good to some, evil to others. The child has grown.

A PLUMP AND LOVELY MAIDEN

appeareth to the eye. Though an Indian, yet she is beautiful as the first early glancings of the morning sun,—coy, shy, and fair to look upon. Anon she is a sweetheart, see her dandling upon her knee the idol of her heart, observe the reciprocating "kuss," how gracefully he chaweth her neck, hearken to the osculations as they vibrate neath the fly-stained canopy of the wigwam.—Sh-h-h-h, keep m-u-m,—they've clinched. Oh, shades of the departed Pocahontas! look down in pity and compassion upon this confiding sister and send her down a gross of XXX corset stays that shemay be enabled to pursue without pecuniary loss this soul-inspiring racket. Oh, shadow of the defunct Tecumseh! eradicate the cobwebs from thy gastric tube and acquaint this

Untutored brave, who dreams with delicious delight
Of a home of his own, which no miner can blight,
Where the roses of Eden, from fading exempt,
And an Eve whom no contraband pippin can tempt,
Where the wheels of fecundity like clock-work shall move,
And babies by regiments bring oodles of love.

Yes, Tecumseh, tell him he's on the right tail. We will now have a relapse of ten minutes on the Indian subject, during which time I will grind out a few facts concerning the

BURROS.

The burro, better known as the "San Juan canary," is a very peculiar bird. He has, in addition to four legs, and two elongated auriculars, a tail. His tail rises on the western slope of the spinal terminus, flows south and stops. The capilliary substance on the outer cuticie resembleth in point of hue a Fredericktown biscuit, skeercely dun. His eyes, which are very little brighter than Cephi's editorials, tend greatly to draw out his expression, which is a cross between a Russian war map and a chunk of castile soap. The burro has an appetite like a circular saw, but like the true Coloradian that he is, accommodates himself to surrounding circumstances. His favorite diet is mountain grass, but if it isn't convenient he will manage to worry through the winter months on

A GREASY GUNNYSACK,

or pair of deserted overalls, with now and then a dish-rag or pair of aromatic socks thrown in by way of desert. His tonnage capacity is two hundred pounds with a locomotive power of eighteen miles per diem. Parties who claim to be posted say that a burro who keeps his health will live to be five hundred years old, but as we haven't consulted Switzler on this point, will only give it as hearsay. While a burrow's voice is not as melodious as that of a Jefferson City *prima donna*, it is far more penetrating. It's what we term "music in the hair." P. S.—We mean no disrespect to the burro by the comparison.

The burro most generally dies a natural death or gets killed. Some few pass to the realms of eternal bliss through the instrumentality of "temporary insanity." The species of lunacy which generally takes off the burro is of that particular stripe of en-cein-ity that must necessarily follow the reunion of Theodore and Elizabeth. The burro worships according to the dictates of his own conscience, and no one ever interferes with his inalienable right to bray. This is all I know about burros at present, but will in a few weeks be able to elucidate the burro subject from Baalam up.—just waiting to hear from Switzler. We will now gyrate down the vista of subjects and tackle the

CLIMATE, ETC.

The climate is rarified in the extreme and salubrious in the end. The Colorado climate is light, only running 13 ounces to the pound, same as Marshall sugar. The oxygen is so light that when it comes into contact with the atmosphere compressed air emanating from the concussion is more or less—that is to say, the wind is—the wind is—is—is—oh, damtheclimate, lets have some water. If there is any one thing more than another that Colorado may be proud of that one thing is her water, it is the purest, coolest and most palatable that we have ever tas—No! though an alien—a stranger in a strange land, far, far from all that is dear to us on this earth—we will not add the crime of perjury to an already overburdened soul, but confess, frankly confess, that we

HAVEN'T TASTED WATER

since we struck the State. It looks good, and no doubt it *is* good, but so long as distilled enlightenment can be harvested for fifteen cents per "nip," just so long will I remain in utter ignorance of the virtues of Colorado water. This action on my part is in accordance with habits I contracted early in life, and at this late day have no desire whatever to deprive the rising generation of my example.

Well, taking into consideration the subscription price of

THE SUNDAY MORNING BAZOO

$2.50 per annum, which is $2.250 less than its real worth, together with the fact that I have already presented to your occular demonstration seventeen dollar and six bits worth of Indian-Burros statistics, to say nothing of the vast and laborious essay on the climate and that other stuff, I will subside, promising, however, with permission of the "Big Injun" to give you in the near future a racket on mines, mining, habits and customs of Colorado, etc. With kindest regards and well wishes for future prosperity, I bid the "Kingdom of Pettis" Adieu.

DAVE DAY.

LULU PRANGE'S PRISONER.

What Followed a Young Lady's Chase After a Pickpocket—Captuting Him Only to Find that he had Left a Starving Wife and Children at Home—Buying Food for them and Begging for the Husband's Release—A Very Good Girl.

N. Y. Sun.

Miss Lulu Prange, a vivacious girl about twenty years old, left home at 1,353 Fulton street, Brooklyn, about half past 10 o'clock yesterday morning, to go to the residence of Mr. Tuttle, her father's landlord, who lives in Clinton avenue, between De Kalv and Lafayette avenues. She was dressed in a short black walking suit, a white hat and waving feather, and she carried her pocketbook, in which was some $7, in her hand. Just as she was nearing De Kalv avenue a man slipped up behind her, half stooping, and forcing her fingers from around it, snatched her pocketbook, and started on a full run down toward De Kalv avenue.

After a moment of surprise and hesitation, Miss Prange collected her faculties, gathered her skirts out of the way of her flying feet, and started in full pursuit. The man outran her, but as he turned the corner she utterest a piercing scream, nd called out to him, "You had better bring that pocketbook back." He hesitated, as if about to comply, and then ran ahead up De Kalb avenue. Miss Prange followed swiftly after him, not screaming again, but keeping her eyes fixed upon the thief. He looked back three or four times in a sacred way, but pushed rapidly ahead. He ran up De Kalb avenue to Washington avenue, through Washington avenue to Lafayette, along Lafayette to Waverley avenue, keeping about threequarters of a block ahead of Miss Prange nearly all of the way. She gained a quarter of a block upon him as he neared Waverley avenue, but he then darted ahead.

A butcher's wagon dashed along Waverley avenue crossed Lafayette just as Miss Prange reached the corner and stopped a moment, panting for breath, to watch the fugitive. "What is the matter?" called out the driver. Miss Prange, without answering, tossed her parcel into the wagon, climbed swiftly over the wheel, and dropping into the seat beside the astonished owner, said: "Catch that man." The driver did not wait for an explanation, but whipped up his horse. But the beast went too slow for Miss Prange, and, grasping her ivory-handed silk umbrella, she leaned forward and began to punch him vigrously. She caught hold of the wagon, and plied her umbrella until the horse sprang into a gallop.

The driver begged her not to beat the animal, as he might run away. "I'm not afraid of that," she said, continuing her whipping.

The chase was lively through Waverley avenue into De Kalb, and up De Kalb avenue a number of men and boys joined in it. The horse moved bravely along, and rapidly lessened the distance between pursuers and pursued. The frightened fugitive cast pitiful looks behind him, and seemed ready every moment to give up, but he ran along until the wagon came up to him in De Kalb avenue. There several young men ran by his side, and one of them touched him. He stopped, tore off his hat, and stood panting, the perspiration standing on his forehead in beads. Miss Prange jumped from the wagon, and, walking straight toward him, said:

"What in the name of Heaven made you take that pocketbook?"

He handed her back the pocketbook, and then gave her the money which he had taken out of it; and as he did so he said: "Miss, I was desperate. The minute I took it I wished I hadn't but I was druv to it, for my wife and two children are starving, and I had to get somethin' to feed them."

He turned an appealing face to the young lady, and she seemed at once to be touched by it. A crowd of men and boys had by this time collected about them. The man, shamefaced, frightened, shrinking from the throng that pressed around him, in very desperation at last looked to Miss Prange for help. She said: "I won't give you over to the police until I see if your story is true. Take me to your house and let me see for myself."

They started off side by side, followed by the crowd. Miss Prange turned on the men and boys behind her, and said, "If you don't leave us alone, I will have you arrested." Then they scattered, and the frail girl and her sturdy prisoner hastened ahead. Alderman Hurry Dawson, however, offered to attend Miss Prange, and she accepted his escort, but seemed far more interested in her other companion than in him. "I'm most crazy about it all," said her prisoner. Hard times had taken his once steady employment from him; he had only been able to get work for an hour or two, now and then, and his wages had been twenty cents an hour. He never drank, he was eager to work, and he hoped every day to get something to do, so that he could feed and clothe his family. "I never did such a thing before Miss," said he, "and I hope I won't ever do it again. I wish now that I had killed myself, and then I wouldn't have done it." His name, he added, was Theodore Hollis. He was but 38 years old; but Miss Prange saw that his hair was as gray as though he were 50.

When the three reached Hollis's home in De Kalb avenue, near Waverley, his wife and two pretty children were found in apartments on the upper floor of the house. All was neat in the rooms, but the place was stripped of everything that could be pawned. Mr. Dawson would have entered with Miss Prange, but she requested to be alone with the family. She locked herself in with them, and made a systematic search of the place. All the food that she found was the half of a soda cracker.

"Now Miss," at last said Hollis, what are you going to do with me?"

"This is what," said Miss Prange, taking out her pocketbook and counting out half of the money that was in it. "Take that now, and I will bring you more yet." Mrs. Hollis sprang up and, throwing her arms about the kid's neck, kissed her. Hollis fell on his knees, grasped her hand, and covered it with kisses. Miss Prange broke down, but between her sobs she managed to say something more in sympathy, when the heavy tread of men was heard in the hall. A rough knock sounded through the dismantled room. Miss Prange hastily wiped her eyes, and peeping out saw four policemen standing at the door.

"You can't come in," she said, closing the door. The officers laughed, and then pushed into the room, and said that they had come for Hollis. He gave himself up, and although the young woman begged for him, the officers took him away. Miss Prange waited with the weeping wife for a few moments, and then followed to the Myrtle avenue police station, where she again asked for Hollis's release. She would on no account, she said, complain against him. Then, as the Sergeant decided to lock him up, she went to Hollis as the doorman was leading him to his cell, and said that she would yet do her best to to get him out. Back she started again to console Mrs. Hollis, and paid her still another visit in the evening. She telegraphed to Mr. Hollis's father in Connecticut, bought some more food for the hungry mother and children, and then kissed them all around good night.

All this kept her busy until after 8 o'clock in the evening, when she came cheerily into her father's shoe store at 1,393 Fulton street, and found a *Sun* reporter waiting her there. Miss Prange is quite small, with sparkling blue eyes, and curling blonde hair, and withal exceedingly neat and stylish. "When I first saw the man," said she, he was standing against a tree. He had his head between his hands, and seemed sick and weary. When he took my pocketbook he did it so gently that I didn't look around at first, because I thought it was some friend of mine who was playing with me; but when I saw him run ahead, then I thought that he was a thief and spoke to him." Then, with great animation and frequent blushes, Miss Prange went on to tell her story, as given above, and added: "I saw that driver was a nice man. He was tall, and he had side whiskers. When we came up to Hollis, I saw, at once that he wasn't a noted desperado. There was something about his face that struck me, and just as soon as he began the tell me of his distress, I knew that he was speaking the truth. His wife told me that all the night before she had walked the floor, and that he had turned gray lately because of his trouble."

"Were you frightened?"

"No; I was sorry to see the poor man so badly off. He said that he thought I was only a child, but said, 'I'm little; but I'm like Paddy's pig; I am ould, but you musn't print that, if you do think it's good.'"

Hollis was locked up in Raymond street jail for examination to-day, and Miss Lulu was last night subpoenaed to appear in Justice Riley's court this morning. "I am going there," she said, to plead his case; and I'll get him off, if I have to go down on my knees to do it."

Miss Lulu was reminded that while she was absent with her poor friends, one Mr. Robert Evans had called to take her to drive down the Boulevard. She drew a long breath and said: "There! I really forgot Bob. Poor fellow, was he angry?"

The young lady has had some exciting adventures before, but she would not confess to them to the Sun reporter. Mrs. Prange, however related that, a year ago a man who was in a car with the girl was guilty of certain insulting expressions. She quickly resented them, and he begged her pardon. Then he repeated the offence and she left the car. He followed her into another car and there renewed his insults. When she got out he again followed her, and then dogged her into Clinton avenue, where he spoke to her. For some reason Miss Prange was equipped with a small pistol. She pulled it out and said: "Now, I'll give you one second to turn and another to go, and if you don't I'll shoot." The fellow turned and walked away, never once turning to look behind him.

"She can hit the mark every time," said her admiring mother. "Here is her pistol." Mrs. Prange showed the reporter a small seven shooter. "She fired at some thieves one night in the house. She heard them at work up stairs, and she called out: 'If you want a dose of cold lead, come right down.' They didn't come and she fired, but somehow they managed to get away. On Christmas eve a year ago she stooped to take up her dress in Fulton St., on the New York side, and a newsboy picked her cloak pocket of a pocketbook containing $15. She grabbed the little fellow's head and boxed it, out he dodged away with the money, leaving a dirty hat in her hands. On Thursday of last week her pocket was picked on Broadway, but this time she didn't catch the thief."

Hollis's neighbors at 335 De Kalb avenue, speak of him in the best terms. The tailor who lived in the same house would not believe that his fellow lodger had stolen Miss Prange's pocketbook until Mrs. Hollis admitted it. The tailor said that he had left money and goods repeatedly with Hollis, and that everything was returned just as Hollis received it. Miss prange thinks that Hollis was contemplating suicide when she first saw him. Hollis was formerly a stevedore.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For CATARRH

A purely vegetable distillation entirely unlike all other remedies.

By the preparation of this remarkable remedy every herb, plant, and bark is subjected to distillation, whereby the essential medical principle is obtained in vapor, condensed and bottled. What remains in the still is inert, valueless, and totally unfit for use in an organism so delicate as the nasal passages. Yet all smells are insoluble compounds of woody fibre; all tinctures, saturated solutions.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

is local and constitutional remedy, and is applied to the nasal passages by insufflation, thus allaying inflammation and pain and at once correcting, cleansing, and purifying the secretions. Internally administered, it acts upon the organs of circulation, keeps the skin mellow, and neutralizes the acid poison that has found its way into the stomach and thence into the blood. Thus a cure progresses in both directions, and it does not seem possible for human ingenuity to devise a more rational treatment.

SURPRISING CURE.

Gentlemen.—About twelve years ago, while travelling with Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Troupe as a basso singer, I took a severe cold and was laid up at Newark, N. J. This cold brought on a severe attack of Catarrh, which I battled with every known remedy for four weeks without avail, and was finally obliged to give up a most desirable position and return home, unable to sing a note. For three years after, and I was unable to sing at all. The first attack of catarrh had left my nasal organs so sensitive, that the slightest cold would bring on a fresh attack, leaving me prostrated. In this way I continued to suffer. The last attack, three weeks ago, was the worst, but, terrible, I suffered the most excruciating pain in my head, was so hoarse as to be scarcely able to speak, and coughed incessantly. I thought I was going into quick consumption, and I firmly believe that had these symptoms continued without relief, they would have rendered me an easy victim. When in this distressing condition, I commenced the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH, very reluctantly, for I had tried all the advertised remedies without avail. The first dose of this wonderful medicine gave me the greatest relief. It is hardly possible to conceive how sickening aches, eyes ache, who can scarcely or isolate distinctly on account of the choking accumulations in his throat, will realize how great a relief I obtained from the first application of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. Under its influence, both internal and external, I rapidly recovered, and to my occasional cold on the remedy since, have been entirely free from Catarrh, for the first time in twelve years.

Respectfully yours,
GEO. W. HOLBROOK.

WALTHAM, MASS., Jan. 8, 1876.

P.S.—I recommend the RADICAL CURE of GEO. H. BUGLER, druggist, Waltham, to inquiring.

Each package contains the Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, with full directions for use in all cases. Price, $1.00. For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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These Plasters have now been before the public for two years, and, notwithstanding the immense number of remedies in the form of liniments, lotions, pain-eurers, and ordinary plasters, they have steadily increased in sale and met with universal approval, as evidenced by over one thousand unsolicited testimonials in our possession. Many remarkable cases have been certified to by well-known citizens in all parts of the United States, copies of which will be sent free of charge to any one desiring them. Improvements, in many ways, have been made, as suggested by experience and use, until it is believed that they are now perfect in every respect, and *the best plaster in the world of medicine.* All we ask from every sufferer in the land is a single trial. The price is 25 cents, although the cost is double that of any other plaster. But, notwithstanding the efforts of the proprietors to make the best plaster in the world for the least money, any cheap remedy can be bought, numbers of unscrupulous dealers will be found ready to misrepresent them for selfish motives and endeavor to substitute others. If you ask for

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

Have it if you have to send to us for it.

Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canadas, and by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

SEDALIA

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SEDALIA

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