WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1878.

The second International Congress on the pollution of streams and air met at Cassel yesterday.

Dr. Nobeling, who some months ago attempted to assassinate the Emperor of Germany, died Monday of congestion of the lungs.

The Cologne *Gazette* says that for years there has not been such a lively season on the Rhine. Englishmen and Americans are unusually numerous.

A German Socialist paper, the *Vorwarts*, says that Miss Sassolitch, after after two months' concealment in St. Petersburg, remained in Berlin for some weeks undiscovered. She is now safely domiciled elsewhere.

Official statistics have now been complete showing the number of births, deaths and marriages in the French capital during the past year. The number of births was 55,041; deaths, 47,509; and marriages, 18,032. The last figures is the smallest entered under the head of marriages during the past ten years.

Among the Japanese books lately added to the library of the British Museum is is the first volume of a translation of Sir Edward Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the Word." The author's name appears as Idowarudo Kureshi, and the volume consists of the account of the battle of Marathon.

Prof. Reuleaux has drawn attention, in a lecture delivered at Leipzig, to the paper employed in public offices. He states that it consists almost entirely of wood, and that in the course of ten or fifteen years we may anticipate the destruction from natural causes of important official records written upon such paper.

An acoustic experiment was made the other day with the captive balloon at the Paris exhibition. Twenty musicians went in it and played Bilse's "Storm," while the other half of the band responded from below. The ruins of the Tuileries gave back a decided echo. The experiment is to be repeated under more favorable atmospheric conditions.

Sarah Bernhardt, the eminent French actress, has made the discovery of a new cure for delicate lungs and health. She passes hours now daily in successive ascensions in the captive balloon of the Tuileries gardens, finding more and more healing for her sunshine, music and outdoor lungs, as well as general reinvigoration, the higher she rises.

The yellow fever Relief Committee of Philadelphia refused to have anything to do with theatrical performance for the fund, one of the members intimating that the actors desired simply to advertise themselves. Rose Eytinge retorted as follows in a card: "The godly men of the Philadelphia yellow fever committee declined to 'open its doors to the play-people.' If these godly men will consent to recieve my poor mite I will pass it through a chink, and as a further precaution against their being contaminated, will agree to have the money fumigated."

The new German Reichstag is composed according to the *Cologne Gazette*, of 60 Conservatives, 50 Liberal Conservatives, 97 National Liberals, 99 Clericals Poles, 9 Hanoverian Particularists, 9 Socialists, 3 Democrats, 4 Alsatian Autonomis, 6 Alsatian Protestos, 1 Dane, and 19 Waverer, or persons whose opinions are uncertain, but near all of whom may be reckoned as Liberals, thus making a total of 397.

The very day of the attack on Gen. Mezentzoff the agents of the secret police [illegible] as Ilyetoff, the chief of the gendarmerie at Gharkoff, the chief of the secret police at Taganrog, and a colonel of gendarmerie at Poltava. All these functionaries had previously received by post a warning that the penalty of death had been pronounced against them by the secret societies. Panic overpowers the police in view of these assassinations. Order does not seem to reign in Warsaw.

Fifteen hundred Smiths were gathered together in family reunion on Thursday at the farm of Peter J. Smith, Pompack, New Jersey, and the majority of them owned up to the given name of John. This is said to be the largest gathering of Smiths on record, and the orator of the day said that the name originated in Holland, and that to the Smiths was due the most of the credit for the reclamation of Dutch land from the sea. Both the theories are, however, wrong, according to that held by a distinguished gentleman of that name who once enlived Baltimore circles with his inimitable humor. He used to explain the origin and the number of Smiths by saying that in the beginning the Smith family was endowed with that name, and as soon as any person committed a sin, [illegible] was [illegible] his or her name. This is only feasible explanation that has ever been heard of, and being so high complimentary to the Smiths they should at once and unanimously adopt it.

TWO FLOWERS OF THE WOODS.

Away down in Southern Georgia, where the red, rusty clay shows in weary monotony along the road and the turpentine boxes look like faces, peering out at you blankly as the train sweeps by, is the village of Olustee. The name is not known to fame, although filed away in the musty records of the war department you will find it mentioned as the place where "General Sombody in command of the Federal troops met and defeated the rebel Gen. What's-His-Name in a hot engagement," and probably immediately after laid himself down and quietly died of mosquitoe bites. Be that as it may, the inhabitants are happy in the belief that Olustee is a place of consequence and has a future, and far be it from my province to shatter their "chateaux en Espagne."

"Be thou as chaste as snow, thou shall not escape calumny," is a wise remark and is probably the condensed wisdom of keen observations of some philosopher who resided in some place where people knew each other's actions; say for instance some country burgh of a limited number of inhabitants like Olustee. And indeed scandal flourished here with that peculiar semitropical luxuriance that runs riot with only a thin foundation of muck.

In the early spring of the year in which we write, before the feverish heat of summer came with its glowing and trembling, Olustee became possessed of a sensation which partook of mystery; not that it was a murder or suicide or mysterious disappearance such as are common in the every day life of a large city, but rather a very mysterious appearance, not of a comet or uncouth animal, but a young man of average good looks and intelligence. No one could positively state how he had actually come save his landlady, Mrs. Saunders, and this valauble lady testified that on a certain night, which the villagers remember as one of storm and rain, the mysterious young man had knocked at her door and asked for lodgings, and when showing him to his room she particularly noticed that his clothing bore no traces of wet or travel, pointing plainly to the fact that he had come in a closed carriage. This was slightly strengthened by the testimony of Miss Bates, who lived at the north end of the village, to the fact that on that night she was aroused by the sound of carriage wheels coming and going, but as she was of an uncertain age and her veracity below par, her evidence went for little. The name of the "Mystery" was Tom Burton.

In this village resided one of those women who when we first see them recall to mind the picture of Zenobia. Full and finely formed, with a dusky wealth of hair, that shone with a purplish lustre like a raven's wing; eyes with the tawny fullness of those of a tigress, and lips that showed the carnation tinge of a pomegranate, they seemed more to be formed for man's evil destiny than his good. A man's purer and better nature seems to sink out of sight under such an influence as theirs. When they love it is like the hot simoon of the desert which in its fiery embrace turns the flowers it kisses to ashes, and yet men do worship them, and will no doubt until the end of the chapter, or until wisdom supplants passion. She was an orphan, left with an inheritance that was magnificent in its extent to the humble dwellers in this Southern hamlet, who looked up to her as something a great deal above a mortal and a little lower than an angel. Such was Rose Poindexter, the belle of Olustee.

Shortly after his arrival, Tom Burton obtained the position of school-teacher in one of the district schools in the village. It was something to which he was evidently unaccustomed, and yet on showing his fitness for the place he was gladly accepted, and soon by his sunny temper and attention to his duties, made himself a general favorite. He was not a handsome man, critically speaking, having strongly marked features and a paleness of visage that almost suggested the thought: "This man has seen sorrow," but lighting up this remarkable face, was a pair of eyes whose beauty was perfect. "Eyes," saith the poet, "are windows to the soul," and if Tom Burton's soul shone through such windows, would that I possessed it.

He was sitting alone one evening after school hours in the deserted room, lost in revery, and absently watching the lengthening shadows as they crept slowly across the floor and thinking, no doubt, of his school days and the pleasant but painful memories thus aroused, when a shock of woolly hair was thrust in at the door and was followed by a diminutive black body out of all decent proportion to the head. This nondescript came hesitatingly forward and laying a note on the desk in front of the schoolmaster, disappeated in the same silent manner. The schoolmaster took the letter up mechanically, and after reading it through stroaed himself with a jerk and looked the personification of astonishment, and with sufficient reason, for it was nothing less than an invitation to take tea with Rose Poindexter. "For me?" quoth Tom, "surely there is some mistake." But there was none, the address was plain, and he arose with a weary sigh to hasten, as it was late. The sun just glancing in at the western windows caught his form as he stretched himself wearily, and threw his shadow upon the wall like the picture of the "Shadow of the Cross," and perhaps with the same spirit of prophecy.

It was hard to tell why Rose Poindexter invited the young schoolmaster up that evening. Perhaps it was for practice, to get herself well in hand before the winter season at Jacksonville. Perhaps she was interested in this peculiar, pale looking man, and wished to seduce his history from him. When he was ushered in that evening she was dressed to do honor to a prince, and every inch a prince he looked, with a clear, fearless gaze from those beautiful eyes that rebuked flirtation, if that was her object, and she felt him her equal from a certain manner which showed the ways and actions of a man, who had mingled much with the world.

They talked much an divers subjects for Tom was poetical, and when in congenial company could talk like unto the singing of the oriole. They talked of city life and society as contrasted with rural simplicity, and here she touched a theme that showed her a glimpse of the mystery of this man's life—of a man who was aweary of the crowd—and her interest deepened as she listened to him as his voice came out of the darkness that she was unawares had closed around them, in musical, dreamy cadence, as he dug from the musty years the bright gems of poetry and thought and wove them into a garland of romance. "I think," he said, "that the old story of Hercules and Antaeus typified the battle of death with man; and every bright spring day but adds new strength to the simile. Death could not conquer as long as man held communion with Mothen Earth, and finally conquered by holding Antaeus aloft and strangling him. Death finally met his quietus, if you remember, by the agency of a very thin robe and underhanded means, and I think, he continued with a ripple of laughter, "that plainly indicates modern physics."

A sigh in the darkness was the only sign of response, and he suddenly remembered that he had been talking a full hour to a lady whom he had never met before, and he mentally cursed himself for being a bore.

The walk home though the still night was one full of thought to the young man—thoughts that were not altogether pleasant, if his face was an index, and even after reaching Mrs. Saunders', instead of retiring as was his wont, he lit a pipe and sat by the window until far into the night. Troublesome, feverish dreams that night had Tom Burton, like unto those that are dreamt by some captive who sleeps loaded with chains in his narrow cell. Perhaps you feel even in sleep the first of the fetters that were thrown around you to night. In this strange dream he kept murmuring the names of two flowers, the first one was rose and the last one was daisy.

Israfel, the destroying angel comes in many forms, but when he comes riding on the hot breath of the south wind destroying whole communities, it is with an awful terror that conquers all affections save that of love. Father, mother and friends may fly to escape the awful presence, but love looks calmly on and is willing to throw all in the balance—even life, and think it a sweet sacrifice. With a soul that knows no fear it feels and knows that it is unconquerable. What person who has seen the scourge of yellow fever make its appearance has not noticed the deadly hush that falls over the community so stricken, Fathers asking themselves, "Will my loved ones be spared?" The dreadful isolation of quarantine—the stopping of all trains—the deserted wharves and general desolation—all combine to make it the moving, visible spirit of death. And such was the visitant that came to Olustee in the early fall and made it a place of sorrow. In all the general panic there was one cool, calm spirit that seemed to care naught for danger and mocked this King of Terrors, and that spirit was Tom Burton. Queen-like Zenobia had gone: gone with the first signs of sickness and the schoolmaster had escorted her to the train and bade her farewell with a contempt in his inmost soul for the cowardice and selfishness that suggested flight. We are not all heros or heroines, yet we need the radiant spirits that cling to us in danger and adversity.

The school-master worked bravely, and many a wary eye brightened when he made his appearance, and many feverish lips through his nursing lived to bless that white face. But his time came when the good fight had nearly been won, and weary and worn out he laid down from his labors and waited for the end. But the end was not yet. The world can't spare such men, and with good nursing he recovered.

During his illness, while in delirium, his nurse, looking over his paper for some clue to his people, came across the simple address, Daisy Dalton, Augusta, Ga., and immodietely telegraphed to her the circumstances, and in three days the young lady came in person. She was small and lithe, with a laughing blue eye and rosebud mouth, a person, in fact, who is good in sick room to brighten the surroundings and dispel gloomy forebodings, but which lent an air of sweetness to an otherwise pretty countenance. Such was Daisy Dalton, who stood at Tom Burton's bedside as he awoke from his first sound slumber for many a day.

"Daisy," he said in a confused way, "Where did you come from? I thought you where an angel at first."—And he looked so content and rested, that his recovery was assured. There was some sympathy between these two, probably some broken affection in the past, that was never quite explained, but from then commenced Daisy Dalton's permanent residence in Olustee village.

The summer and trouble passed with the winter and after the close of the season at Jacksonville, Rose Poindexter returned to Olustee. That she exerted an influence over Tom Burton, was not to be doubted and that this man, so brave and so strong, should bow down to her woman's wiles is but another instance of what influence a woman has for good or bad. Daisy Dalton's kingdom was one of peace and virtue and she was like unto the flower whose name she bore, modest and true. The other was a rose, that blooms in passionate beauty for a while and then is nothing but faded eaves. The Kingdom of the modest flower was overthrown for the time in sorrow and pain, but was destined for a triumph, full and sincere, such as is rarely seen.

In all Southern towns the traveler will notice that peculiar institution of chivalry called by courtesy the meeting place or club-room, but in a generality of cases merely a bar-room or grocery store, where the loungers of the town met for male gossip. Into such a place, for Olustee was no exception, Tom Burton dropped one evening, to speak with some of the men there assembled, and while so engaged he was startled by hearing the name of Rose Poindexter spoken by a coarse voice, and listening almost involuntarily, and gradually getting white with rage, he waited until the man was through and then quietly turning to him he found himself face to face with the most noted desperado of Southern Georgia. "Am I to understand," said Tom, "that you made this statement on your own responsibility, sir?" "Yes," he replied, "entirely so." "Then," said Tom, felling him to the floor with a mighty blow, "you lie." There were pistol shots, the lights were put out; in the darkness came the thrust of a knife, and Tom Burton staggered slowly out of the door, a stricken man. Up the road he walked with swaying, weakening steps, and a gaze fixed and strained as if every nerve was at a tension to accomplish something that must be done ere life fled. Past the Poindexter place he staggered, and down the lane where the patches of moonlight and shadow mottled the ground, through the open gate; marking his path with a trail of blood, until, with a sigh that broke the thread of life, he sank on the doorstep of Daisy Dalton's home, and died. O! what a libation was there poured out to true love. All the wealth of the universe was not equal to one drop of such a gift. What a triumph for modest worth and love. In the supreme moment of dissolution, when all earthly thoughts, save that which was highest in its purity were obliterated, he passed by the home of the woman who had ruled his life, and strove, with the desperate strength of a strong man's love, which would well nigh conquer death to reach only the threshold of the house of his idol, and give in testemony the last drops of his heart to his final constancy.

Olustee still goes its diurnal round of monotony as before; but from its life are missed three faces—Tom Burton, who lies in the village cemetery, and the "Two Flowers of the Woods."

DAUGHTERS OF THE AZTECS.

Rare Types of Loveliness—Pure Descendants of the Castilian Conquerors.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The commonly received opinion that all Mexican women are of the deep brunette type, with corresponding superb black eyes, euchantingly mysterious in their glances, is a fallacy which arises from ignorance. There are now visiting in this city three families from Mexico, the ladies of which are blondes of the most perfect ideal, and who in their own country are classed under the title of Las Gueras, a term generally applied to all light and fair complexioned people, wnether natives or foreigners. The Mexican gueras are of pure Spanish descent, their ancestors having come from the mountainous regions in the north of Spain, where the people are fair as the Danes, though differing in the tinge of complexion. All the social upheaval in Mexico for the past sixty years has failed to mingle the blood of the Indians with the blue blood of a certain element of their conquerors and descendants of the conquerors. This is the guera element which has held its own inviolate amid the surging passions surrounding it, amid temptations which nothing but a haughty pride of race would or could have resisted. Intermarriage among this Spanish element in Mexico is as strict and exclusive as it is among the Hebrew people. Pride has built an impregnable wall, against which passion, lust and love have in vain dashed themselves.

It is woman and not man who has preserved the distinctive type of race called the gueras. She alone has been true to herself, and she alone has kept the man within those bounds that have even preserved him from entirely falling into the chaos of blood mixture.

Whenever the woman element of the Spanish race was wanting there the Spaniard willingly succumbed to the crude charms and fervid fascinations of Indian maidens. The pure current and the mixed current of blood so visible in Mexico, typifies the fidelity of woman to a higher moral principle than man. Were it not for heroic devotion to this principle, Mexico, as represented by the Spaniard, would have been so thoroughly Indianized that a pure descendant of the Spaniards would not have been found from the Rio Grande to Yucatan, from the Gulf to the Pacific. Through the love and devotion of the Spanish women, who left their native country and settled in the land of the Aztecs, to an exalted ideal of the marital relation, is due the existence of such a portion of the population as the gueras.

All through Mexico you find them in the heart of settlements thickly populated by Indians and mixed races, forming colonies in themselves, marrying and intermarrying year after year, and rearing families who hold to the social customs and traditions of their parents. There are two types of gueras. The type mentioned has some very distinct characteristics. The face is spirituele, and has that subdued expression which invariably results from religious meditation, and in color is white as alabaster. The flesh is faultlessly white, tinged with a refined but healthy pallidness. The eyes are usually dark, large and lustrous, and the hair abundant and black as the raven's wing. The teeth are perfect and white as snowflakes. The "rubias" the second type, are superb specimens of womanhood, and are so called because they have auburn or golden hair, which in some instances runs into a flaming rich red color. The eyes are often deep blue, and soft and entreating in their expression. The flesh has a sunset tinge to it which indicates a more warm and sensuous nature than that of the paler-hued women. Near the town of Agur Caliente, State of Sinaloa, there is a village of rubias, she young women of which are matchless in their style of beauty. Tall and graceful, with richly rounded busts and symmetrical forms, and with a step as lithe and elastic as a fawn's, they move about, the very symbols of the poetry of motion. They have something in their manner and style similar to the higher classes of Russian women, and whom they greatly resemble. The rubias, like the gueras, live mostly in the interior, where the climate is more mild and genial, while the dark races inhabit the hot regions along the coast.

In La Paz, Mazatlan, Acapulco and other coast towns, however, there are considerable numbers of families of distinctive Spanish blood. They are usually the wealthy classes, and their mode of life corresponds with that of their ancestors. The residences have a large entrance way, there is always the patio or large vestibule, such as may be seen in the Palace Hotel of this city. A water-fountain, flowers and birds often adorn the patio. It is here where the little gueras hold revel and seldom mix with the outside world, except when taken out by the nurse. Having arrived at the age of womanhood, they never appear on the public streets without their moza, or serving-maid. A Spanish mother never allows her daughter out of her sight without the ever attendant moza it is the social custom, and as faithfully obeyed as were the laws of the Medes and Persians. Warm, ardent, impulsive natures and a tropical climate render the mozas important personages in the social life of the higher classes of Mexicans. They have all the family secrets at heart, but to divulge them would be perfidy. So true are they to their trusts and so faithful to their mistresses that they are looked upon as virtual members of the family. The mozas are born, live and die without ever going, so to speak, a block from the patio. Their happiness is supreme in seeing those whom they looked at as their protectors and parientes.

Notwithstanding the various blood admixtures in Mexico all are bound together in strange social harmony by the sacred tie of religion and one common language. All the women are most devoted Catholics, though the men, especially the educated class, are violent freethinkers. Troops of matrons and maids of the ruling race, and troops of women and girls of mixed and pure Indian blood, will be seen about the church, all together in the most loving unity, and all speaking a common language, the noble language of the conquerors. It may here be appropriate to notice a peculiarity of the Spanish. For instance, "las guera" is the feminine and "los gueros" the masculine, and if speaking of both you say, "las gueras y los gueros." If speaking of them as a root of the race, you say los gueras, as you say los parientes when speaking of male or female friends. So you have los rubios and las rubias.

All the foreigners in Mexico are called gueras, the signification of which has already been mentioned. But, as will be seen there are hundreds of Mexicans who are entitled to be so called as much as foreigners. The native gueras and rubias are very proud of their beauty and blood.

ELEPHANTS.

A Writer Who Upsets Some of the Popular Opinions Concerning Them.

In his book, "Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India," Mr. J. P. Sanderson deals at considerable length with the subject of elephant. Many of his statements about the Indian elephant will be found to differ from the opinions commonly held, and also from the interesting descriptions of the animals published by Sir Emerson Tennent. This book Mr. Sanderson observes, has removed some of the grossest misapprehensions regarding the elephant, but "it is full of the errors which are unavoidable when a man writes on a subject with which he has had no practical acquaintance," and in many places theory and fancy are said to be substituted for fact. Thus, for instance, Sir Emerson Tennent tells a story of an elephant that leaped over a barricade fifteen feet high, whereas the animal cannot take its four feet off the ground at the same moment, and can neither canter, gallop, nor trot. And, according to Mr. Sanderson, the elephent is in many respects a stupid animal. Its chief virtues, he says, are obedience, gentleness, and patience. But this gentleness may surely be regarded, on the writer's own showing, as a sign of intelligence. "The most intelligent of horses," he writes, "cannot be depended on not to tread on its master's toes, and, if terrified, make no hesitation in dashing away, even should he upset any one in so doing. But elephants, even huge tuskers whose heads are high in the air, and whose keepers are mere pigmies beside them, are so cautious that accidents very seldom occur through carelessness on their part."

Elephants travel in herds and in strict Indian file. When a calf is born the herd remains with the mother two days, the calf is then able to travel, and can cross rivers with the assistance of it's dam. Elephants are said to swim better than any other land animals, and Mr. Sanderson relates that a batch of seventy-nine which he sent from Dacca to Barrackpur had the Ganges and several of its large tidal branches to cross. In the longest swim they were six hours without touching bottom. After resting on the sand-bank, they completed the swim in three more. Not one was lost. Mr. Sanderson observes that remains of an elephant that had died a natural death are scarcely ever met with. He has never seen such remains himself, and never met anyone amongst the jungle tribes or professional elephant hunters who had done so except at the time when murrain visited the forests. "Bones," he writes "would not decay for some years, and teeth and tusks would survive for some time; yet not a single pair of ivories has ever, as far as I know, been found in the Mysore jungles as long as I have known them." The writer can give no explanation of this fact.

How long the wild elephant lives is uncertain; but Mr. Sanderson thinks it attains to at least 150 years. Much exaggeration is current with regard to the animals height; the largest seen by the writer measured nine feet ten inches at the shoulder, and yet there have been stories of Indian elephants measuring seventeen to twenty feet high. Twice round an elephants foot is said to be his height, and generally this measurement is exact. The price of elephants has enormously increased of late years; but the Government kheddahs, or elephant-catching establishments, enable our government to obtain good animals at a reasonable cost. An elephant, we are told, which cost the Government £40 to capture, would cost at least £160 in the market.

The difficulties of elephant-catching are, of course great; and there is nothing more interesting in this volume than the sportsman's account of his first success in Mysore, when, after infinite labor and many failures, he succeeded in capturing fifty-three elephants. "I often think," Mr. Sanderson writes, of the rapture of that moment. An hour of such varied and high excitement as elephant-catching is surely worth a lifetime of uneventful routine in towns. Sore disappointment had been undergone by myself and men. Many tedious days and nights had we labored against discouraging incidents and hardships. But all was forgotten in the success of that moment." There was still much work to be done, for the beasts driven into the enclosure had to be secured with the help of tame elephants, and fifty-three wild and frightened animals cannot be "hobbled" without some danger.

"During the tying up process in the kheddah, several amusing incidents occurred. Active fellows would constantly cross it on foot with ropes or other things that were required, and at first they were pertinaciously chased by the wild ones. The men made for the protection of the tame elephants, and it was considered creditable to do this with as little hurry as circumstances would admit. The arena formed a center of attraction to the onlookers, as the theater of a Spanish bull-fight may do; and the men who showed the greatest coolness were loudly applauded. The elephants, however, soon gave up pursuing when they became accustomed to seeing people. The wild ones did not attempt to interfere with the men, when they gained the shelter of the tame elephants. On one occasion a friend in the Forest Department who was riding one of the elephants was swept off, as well as the mahout, by an overhanging creeper when their elephent was dragging a captive across the kheddah Having but a confused idea of the points of the compass when they gained their legs, they rushed toward the nearest elephant for protection. It was a very fine animal, but unfortunately, a wild one, which they mistook for a friend. The elephant was rather startled, and did not take so prompt an advantage of their mistake as he might have done. They meanwhile made some remarkably good time toward the gate of the enclosure, which they reached in safety.

On another occasion, Mr. Sanderson himself had a very narrow escape. While his elephant was facing a young tusker, and was therefore unable to protect his master from the attack, a wild female rushed at him more than once, injured his thigh severely, and would no doubt have killed him had not a spear struck her in the head at the critical moment, while a tame elephant, rushing at the beast the next instant, almost knocked her over.

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INSTANTLY relieves and permanently cures the loathsome disease in all its varying stages. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, it cleanses the nasal passages of the offensive matter, destroys the sense of smell and hearing, and a perfect cure is effected by a few weeks' continued use. Only one bottle is required in most cases. It is pleasant to the taste, and has been used by over ten million people. It contains no injurious drugs. Catarrh is a local disease, and can be cured by local remedies. Sanford's Radical Cure is the only one that has been proved to be a specific remedy for Catarrh. The proprietors have been warranted upon by gentlemen of national reputation who have been cured by this remedy, and who have, at considerable expense and personal trouble, spread the good news throughout the climes in which they reside. These testimonials are a weight of evidence of the virtues and refinement of Sanford's Radical Cure. You may feel assured that it is a remedy of great value, and worthy to be classed among the standard medical specifics of the day.

THE benefit I derive from its daily use is to me invaluable. HENRY WELLS, of WELLS, FARGO & CO.

IT has cured me after twelve years of unintermitted suffering. GEO. W. BRIGHTON, WALTHAM, MASS.

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I HAVE recommended it to quite a number of my friends, all of whom have expressed to me their high estimate of its value and good effects with them. WM. BOWEN, 221 FIRE ST., ST. LOUIS.

AFTER using two bottles I find myself permanently cured. I have since recommended over one hundred bottles with the greatest success. WM. W. ARMSTRONG, 110 HARRISON AVE., BOSTON.

WE have sold SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for nearly one year and can say candidly that we never sold a similar preparation that gave such universal satisfaction. We have yet to hear of the first complaint. S. D. BALDWIN & CO., WASHINGTON, IND.

THE cure effected in my case by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE was so remarkable that it seemed to them little had tried without relief from any of the usual remedies that it could not be true. I therefore make affidavit to it before Seth J. Thomas, Esq., Justice of the Peace, Boston. GEORGE F. DENNISON, DORCHESTER, BOSTON.

Each package of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, and full directions for using 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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An Electro-Galvanic Battery combined with a highly medicated Strengthening Plaster, forming the best Plaster for pain and relief in the World of Medicine.

A MORBID SWELLING.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 25, 1878. Lost for one of COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS, and it has been of great benefit. Before procuring the plaster I was very much prostrated from fatigue, and was pronounced by an Ovarian Tumor. A. A. SLOCUM.

CINCINNATI, O., March 25, 1878.

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Gentlemen—Enclosed you will find $10, and I wish you would send me another dozen of your COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS. By the time you will see that I want no better testimonial than this. I may safely say that I have sold more of your plasters than any other three kinds put together, for the reason that they are the best they have ever tried. Please send them with the Electric Belt. I have sold a lot of them lately. Yours, &c. CRITTA N. CROSS, Druggist.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., March 25, 1878.

Price, 25 Cents.

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, G. & C. of the estate of F. S. Ross, Minor, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate at each G. & C. at the next term of the Probate Court of Pettis county, Missouri, to be holden at Sedalia, in said county, on the 12th day of November, A. D., 1878. A. SNIDER, Guardian and Curator. 8-13-w4

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