WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, Mo.,

TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1881.

A New York oculist has straightened Ben Butler's crooked eye; $1,000 job.

Gen. Banks, the "bobbin boy," is bobbing up in Massachusetts politics again.

An eastern letter says that marble has gone out of fashion for business fronts.

Secretary Windom is a prominent member of the order of Sons of Temperance.

The Chicago Times' telegraph bill for the New Testament will be about $10,000.

Tony Pastor is going to build a theater in Brooklyn, with a seating capacity of 3,000.

Lydia Thompson has met with a throat accident which has spoiled her voice for the stage.

Gambetta, it is said, is engaged to marry the daughter of a wealthy South American planter.

Even a United States senator may sometimes drop his bread with the olemargerine side down.

Miss Mackey, a daughter of the bonanza king, is about to marry a nephew of Marshal MacMahon.

Alfred Torrance, a grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, has been distinguishing himself on the French turf.

Henry George, the political economist, says there are women in New York who make shirts for three cents a piece.

Jeff Davis goes to Canada so as to be on English soil when his book is published in London, in order to secure the copyright.

The experiment of employing deaf mutes in certain occupations in the postoffice savings bank in England has proved successful.

The Kansas City, St. Joseph & Burlington Railroad Co. has filed articles of incorporation at Jefferson City; capital, $3,000,000.

A cipher dispatch from Gen. Burnside to Gen. Halleck has been found proposing the march from Atlanta to the sea, which Gen. Sherman adopted a year later.

Utica, in Livington county, is just now excited over the discovery of a mineral well, which their citizens claim to be the biggest thing unearthed. The water has a peculiar smoky taste, similar to that of burnt powder.

A child was born at Clay Center, Kas., last week, with two perfectly formed heads and a well-shaped body. It was alive at birth, but died a few moments afterwards and is now preserved in alcohol by a physician of that city.

When Chas. Sumner was at odds with his party and was charged with being false to it, an intimate friend advised him to resign and appeal to the Massachusetts legislature, which would certainly sustain and re-elect him. Mr. Sumner replied promptly and severely: "That, sir, would be an act of demagogism unworthy of a senator."

A Chattanooga, Tenn., dispatch describes a boiler explosion which killed a man half a mile distant with a nine-pound piece of iron, and hurled another piece weighing 200 pounds through two cars loaded with grain with such force that it knocked down the corner of a house. Chattanooga steam must be marvelously powerful, or else the city has a story-teller of extraordinary vigor.

It is said of the Boy Preacher that "he bounces around over the altar, down in the aisles, begins to pray on his knees, and in a few moments uncermoniously rises to his feet and promenades the platform, sways and prays at the same time, and while talking evidently forgets all about himself or his actions, frequently stepping from the altar upon the marble baptismal font, again falling upon his knees, and jumping—leaping, in fact—down into the chancel, climbs up on the pulpit platform as a boy would climb over a fence, moves about as nimbly and as quiet as a cat, and has his vast audience under perfect control."

A bill providing for a tax of $1 for each steerage passenger landed at New York by steamships from foreign countries has passed the New York legislature and is before the governor for his signature, which he has promised to give promptly. The tax is to be paid by the steamship companies, and it provides that in cases of default vessels may be libelled. The purpose of the tax is to provide for inspection and other expenses attendant upon immigration. It does not affect passengers now on the way to the United States, and will obviate the necessity of asking the state for an annual appropriation to support immigration.

STRAWBERRIES.

Up in the city garret, on a hot June day, a weary woman leaned back in her chair and pressed her fingers against the eyes that refused longer to see the stitches in the shop work over which she had toiled from daybreak till now, 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

From the street far below her, a voice had only that moment soared upward, calling "Strawberries! strawberries! Ripe, red strawberries!"

And, as if by magic, her thoughts turning backward had carried her to Deepdene, the home of her youth, and to a certain lovely June day in her sixteenth year, when she had stood in the strawberry pasture on the Blessing farm, with the red berries perfuming all the air, and said the words which severed her fate from that of Maurice Blessing, and made life what it was on this day, almost hopeless, and a ceaseless struggle for bread, won at the needle's point.

How it all rose up before her! The green pasture sloping upward to the darker green woods, whose tops seemed to touch the deep blue sky, sloping downward to the gray stone wall, with the cold spring leaping out through a wooden trough among its lower stones.

And below the wall "the thirty-acre mowing" spreading out like an immense emerald velvet carpet, with the two-story cream colored house lifting its piazzaed front at the extreme end, just where the shaded lane began that led from the Blessing farm out into the village road.

She, the poor orphan girl, had been offered this comfortable home; and she had refused it—for what? For a dream of fame; which had left her toiling in this hot garret, while in the black trunk yonder the book which was to have made her fortune, refused by one publisher after another, was lying, till she could find courage to thrust it into life.

"Scarcely five years!" she sighed, rocking herself to and fro. "And Maurice has sold the farm and gone to Colorado; and I am here, lonely and disappointed, old before my time. Oh, if I could only live that day over again, and be as wise as I am now! For I know that I love him—now, when it is forever too late!"

Sickening with a sort of calenture among those hot city streets, for one glimpse of her early home, Hester May rose and went to the desk where her worldly wealth was stored.

By the closest economy she had managed to lay aside a few dollars, for the gloomy purpose of paying the expense of her own sickness and death, when the time should come for her to die among strangers.

From this sacred hoard she counted out a sufficient sum to take her to Deepdene.

"I will stay only one day," she thought, "and work all the harder after I return to make up the sum again. But see Deepdene, now that is fairly in my mind, I must! And I will take one more look at the dear old farm before is is in the hands of strangers, and so alterted that I shall not know it."

The next day saw her on her way.

The five years of her absence had been years of change in the little country village.

A railway whisked her across the hill road from Torrington. Once she would have made the journey in a yellow stage, drawn by four horses, with John Colney, crossest and most disagreeable of earthly stage drivers, on the box.

The village, too, was smartened and freshened up—new houses—new faces, a new iron fence around the small oval park that graced the center of the town; new names above the gilded fronts of the shops; a new set of giggling misses, on their way to the new brown stone academy, which stood where she at once thought it an honor to attend the district school in a plain one-story structure of faded brick.

No doubt all these alternations were for the best; but they made her heart ache with a sense of loss unspeakable.

And she turned into the shaded lane that led only to the Blessing farm, dreading to see the old home deserted by the stranger's hand.

No; there it stood, as she had always known it—the very picture of home comfort, the center of all those modest luxuries that a well-to-do farmer, of all other men, may most easily command.

But, although the dear old house was unchanged, its inmates were new and strange to her. A stout, middle-aged man, in a white summer suit, with a broad-brimmed hat and a cigar, sat on the steps of the piazza reading a newspaper. A fashionably-dressed lady, some years his junior, swung in a hammock upon the lawn, lost in a novel.

Several children, in broad-brimmed hats and brown Holland blouses, were making the lives of two nurses a burden to them, further down the lawn among the elm tress, where a swing had hung from time immemorial.

"City" was stamped on every face and figure she saw.

Had Maurice sold the place to some retired merchant, who would overornament and disfigure it in the modern villa style.

"If people could but live their lives over after they grow old and are taught by experience what is best for them!" thought Hester in her sadness, once more.

She would have gone up to the house and asked leave to rest and look around it it had remained in the care of old farmer William and his wife, the tenants of the upper farm.

But she could not face these prosperous, happy city people, who would look at her with the coldly curious eyes, and wonder, almost audibly, "what she could want," even if they did absolutely mistake her for a "tramp."

"I wish that I could have gone through the strawberry-pasture once more," she thought, as she turned back toward the railroad station, tired, hungry, and unrefreshed.

At the foot of the lane, a gentleman, in a summer suit of silver-gray, stood, leaning against the bars with his straw hat drawn down over his eyes so far that he failed to see the stranger's silent approach.

"Will you let me past, if you please?" said Hester, at last; after waiting some moments.

He wheeled round, as if she had struck him, and stared doubtfully in her face.

She uttered a great cry.

"Maurice! Maurice! I heard that you had sold your farm, and gone to Colorado!"

"Hester! Can this be you?" he answered.

His eyes seemed to devour her. Words rose to his lips, and were forced back again. At last he asked:

"Is your husband here with you, Hester?"

"My husband?"

"Why, yes! I heard you were married soon after you went to the city."

"You heard wrong, Maurice! I have not been married. I have never even thought of such a thing.

"But why did you go then, Hester? Why did you leave Deepdene? Why did you refuse to marry me, if—if there was no one else in the way?"

Poor Hester!

She thought of the hot city garret, of the dream of fame that never had been realized, of the unlucky book that was lying in the black trunk, of the little burial hoard so hardly earned and saved.

The tears came quickly to her eyes, obscuring the honest, handsome face on which she gazed.

"Don't cry, Hester," said Maurice Blessing, taking her hand. "And tell me why you would not marry me, dear?"

"Because I was a fool!" sobbed Hester.

"Is the folly ended!" asked Maurice, hidding a smile as he bent over her. "Cannot you give me a different answer now, Hester? If you can, we will be just the happiest pair on this earth, here on the dear old farm."

"But you sold it and went to Colorado," said Hester, wonderingly; "at least I heard so."

"I was a fool, too, Hester; for I went to Colorado, and I was quite ready to sell. But my brother-in-law from the city persuaded me to rent it to him for one year, till I had time to think the matter over. When I came to my senses—although I had not forgotten you, darling—I was very glad that the poor old place was mine still, and I came back some six weeks ago to see it. My sister and her husband and family go back to the city next week, stopping at the mountains on their way. I shall be left alone with good Mrs. Williams for my housekeeper, and her husband as head hired man—just as I was before. Hester, won't you take pity on me, and come and share my home? I have never cared for anyone but you."

I do not know in what words Hester answered him. But I see her daily in the cream colored farm house, the very model of an active, bustling, good tempered farmer's wife.

As for the book, she has utterly forgotten it. She needed its recompense no longer, and she is far too happy to care or wish for fame.

HIS WIFE'S HONOR.

It Secures the Escape of James Mayfield From Jail.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Knox county authorities took away from the city jail, last evening, under leave of the United States district court here, James Mayfield, who is wanted at Knox county for horse-stealing. He is likewise in request here and awaits the action of the next United States grand jury for revenue frauds, but as the grand jury in Knox county is now in session and an indictment is hanging over Mayfield's head there, his trial for horse stealing will be reached first and he may not return for safe keeping here. Mayfield may properly be set down as a crooked case, for he has lived and more than once escaped from the clutches of the law, while upon his own confession he has violated every moral law of order and decency. In appearance he may be considered handsome, medium size, a mild and somewhat refined expression, light blue eyes, brown hair, clear-cut features, thin lips and aristocratic chin. He has an easy, graceful presence and a polished tongue, his manners being of an agreeable and impressionable character. In every respect he is a social enigma, for there are no outward signs of the base passions forming the under-current which possesses the mastery over this remarkable man.

Mayfield would seem to revel in defying law, order and authority, and hitherto he has been successful. Not long since, after a protracted search, the authorities in the country district of Knox caught up with him and he was lodged in jail. As soon as he found himself behind the bars he gathered his wits together to devise means of escape. A keen observer of men and things, he detected the susceptibility of the jailor who admitted Mayfield's young and pretty wife to her husband's cell every morning during visiting hours. The jailor became infatuated with the woman's beauty and grace and lost no opportunity to pay her little attentions and courtesies, passing within and without the jail. If she brought her husband flowers or delicacies, he would ask her to bestow a share upon the jailor, and in this way the acquaintance was improved with the assent of the prisoner. At length he boldly proposed to his wife that she should make a sacrifice for him, and enter into a scheme by which he could escape. The woman hesitated; but it was the appeal of her husband, and she could not resist it. Few wives have been placed in a more trying situation. Her husband's design was to take advantage of the jailor's weakness by encouraging his attentions, and, at an opportune moment to place him under the influence of a drug. The following day the jailor invited his prisoner's wife to his private apartments where he had prepared a little luncheon and a bottle of fizz. The lady came prepared with a handkerchief dose of chloroform. She accepted the hospitality of the jailor who became quite confidential behind the curtains of his studio, for he was somewhat of an artist, and he remarked in his admiration for human form divine that the country possessed no fairer specimen than Mrs. Mayfield. Suggesting that his amateur art studies were always entirely from the nude, the jailor ventured to ask Mrs. Mayfield to pose for him and was gratified by her blushing consent. The lady commenced to disrobe in the presence of the jailor, whose love for the beautiful and the true, however, led him beyond the art limit of delicacy and propriety. This was the fair conspirator's opportunity and she placed the drugged handkerchief under the jailor's nostrils. It had the desired effect, for he fell at her feet unconscious. To remove the keys from his pocket and release her husband from his cell across the yard was but the work of a few moments. Mayfield passed out and crossed the river that afternoon, evading all the efforts made to recapture him. He was heard of in the neighborhood of Milwaukee, and upon information reaching the United States Marshal's office here to that effect, Deputy Geggie took the next train for the northwest. He succeeded in finding Mayfield and brought him down here. The prisoner expressed some chagrin at being nabbed again, but said that luck would favor him; there was no danger of his remaining long behind bars. His narrative of his past career contains a great deal that could not be published with due regard to decency. He boasts of having dishonored the young sister of his wife, and of accomplishing the ruin of other girls in the country. When smiles and compliments did not avail, he resorted to whipping, and the extreme course never failed. He says that he made a speciality of attending church sociables and festivals, river picnics, etc. From those sources he selected his victims, and it was only a question of time to carry out his designs. The United States officers consider Mayfield one of the most remarkable prisoners that the country districts have ever furnished, and his photo should assuredly adorn the Rogues' gallery.

Personals.

Garibaldi's hair is white as snow.

Wendell Philips is just sixty nine.

Thomas Jefferson was a good violin player.

The Emperor William, old as he is, killed 118 deer and wild boars during his recent hunting excursion at Letzingen.

Motley, the distinguished historian, affirmed that the gout of Charles V changed the destines of the world. So much depends upon seeming trifles.

—Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N Y, is one of the most liberal and public spirited of American self-made men, and he is using the wealth which the popularity and value of his Safe Kidney and Liver Cure have brought him most admirably.

A Cheyenne Romance.

Chicago Tribune.

A young woman who is described as "one of the loveliest and most accomplished daughters of Cheyenne," while riding through the streets of that lively city a few months ago, was violently thrown from her horse. A Spanish lad sprang from the lamp-post against which he had been leaning and endeavored to prevent the accident, but the only assistance that he could render was to lift the lady from the ground and bear her into a neighboring house. Then, sighing for further sight of the fair one, the youth resumed his duty at the lamp post. As for the young woman, she sustained an annoying injury. It was nothing less than the fracture of one of her front teeth. The delicate pearl that flashed through "lips within whose rosy labyrinth when she smiled the soul was lost," was hopelessly crushed. Beauty in distress appealed to art; the young woman went to a dentist, who promised to search high and low for a pearl of the proper size and brilliancy. The search was made faithfully, but not until the dentist saw a young Spaniard leaning against a lamppost did he find the coveted prize. The youth gladly sold one of his teeth for $100, offering all his stock in trade at the same terms. The tooth was submitted to proper treatment, and the young horsewoman appeared at a ball on the following evening apparently none at the worse for the accident. But with a woman's curiosity, she would have given her head to know whence came the tooth. Time passed. The Spaniard made a fortunate purchase of stock with his hundred dollars, and not only began to patronize the tailor, but indulged in a bank account. One evening last week chance threw him into a select little party, where the fair rider happened to be present, and he related his dental adventure. When he smiled and pointed to the vacant place in his mouth the young lady gave a little shriek. Her secret was discovered, and now the Cheyenne and Denver papers announce that the Spaniard will get his tooth back at the altar on the 25th of next month.

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BURNETTE'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing—kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous and healthy growth of the hair. *No other compound produces these results.*

The superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS *consists in their perfect and great strength.* They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market.

Excelled His Authority.

Tunis, June 2.—The French authorities admit that the captain of the gunboat Leopard exceeded his duty in searching the British vessels.

Looking Toward Order in Ireland.

London, June 2.—The News says it is understood that the sugestions which Foster has to make to his colleagues for the restoration of order in Ireland will be submitted to the cabinet council to-day.

The Warsaw Weekly Times.

Purified by fire; with subscription doubled; "slightly disfigured but still in the ring." For sale on Saturdays at the bookstores. 3-4dtf

—Strawberries, first of the season. at Sichers'.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FARO BILL'S SERMON.

An Exciting Scene at the Close of His Remarks Upon the Prodigal Son.

Leadville Letter in the Wyoming Journal.

Many had, no doubt, come through curiosity to see how Bill, recently converted, would deport himself in this, his initial sermon. Upon the stage sat a burly, red faced man, with arm folded in a careless manner, who looked over the large audience with an air of the most decided independence. This was Faro Bill, the speaker of the occasion. When he arose he glanced around the tent for a moment, evidently collecting his thoughts, and began: "Feller-citizens, the preacher bein' absent it falls on me to take his hand and play it fur all it is worth. You all know that I'm just learnin' the game' and of course I may be expected to make wild breaks, but I don't believe thar's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage o' my ignorance and cold deck me right on the first deal. I'm sincere in this new departure, an' I believe that I've struck a game that I can play clear through without copperin' a bet, for when a man takes such a lay out as this he plays every card to win, an' if he goes through the deal as he orter do, when he lays down to die, an' the last case is ready to slide from the box, he can call the turn every time. I was readin' in the Bible to-day that yarn about the prodigal son, an' I want to tell yer the story. The book don't give no dates, but it happened long, long ago. The prodigal son had an old man that put up the coin every time the kid struck him for a stake, an' never kicked at the size of the pile either. I reckon the old man was purty well fixed, an' when he died he intended to give all his wealth to this kid and his brother. Prod. give the old man a little game o' talk one day, and induced him to whack up in advance o' the death racket. He'd no sooner got his divy in his fist than he shook the old man an' struck out to take in some o' the other camps. He led a way-up time for awhile, an' slung his cash to the front like he owned the best paying lead on arth, but bad luck hit him a lick at last an' left him flat. The book don't state what he went broke on, but I reckon he got steered up again some brace game. But anyhow he got left without a chip or a four-bit piece to go on. An old granger then tuk him home an' set him to herdin' hogs, an' here he got so hard an' hungry that he piped off the swine while they were feedin' an' he stood in with 'em on a husk lunch. He soon weakened on such plain provender, an' says to himself, says he: 'I'll just take a grand tumble to myself an' on this racket at once. I'll skip back to the govenor, and try to fix things up and call for a new deal;' so off he started. The old man seed the kid a coming, and what do you reckon he did? Did he pull his gun and lav for him, intending to wine him as soon as he got into range? Did he call the dogs to chase him off the ranch? Did he hustle around for a club, and give him a stand-off at the front gate? Eh? Not to any alarming extent he didn't. No, sir! The scripture book says he waltzed out to meet him, and froze to him on the spot, and kissed him, and then marched him off to a clothing store and fitted him out in the nobbiest rig to be had for coin. Then the old gent invited all the neighbors and killed a fat calf, and give the biggest blow-out the camp ever seed." At the conclusion of the narrative the speaker pau-ed, evidently framing in his mind a proper application of the story. Before he could resume, a tall, bleary-eyed gambler, with a fierce mustache, arose and said:

"Tain't me as would try ter break up a meeting or do anything disreligious. No, sir; I am not that sort of a citizen. But in all public hoodoes it is a parliamentary rule for anybody as wants to ax questions to rise up and fire them off. I do not want ter fool away questioning the workings of religion; oh, no. As long as it is kept in proper bounds, and does not interfer with the boys in their games, I do not see as it can do harm. I just want to ax the honorable speaker if he has not give himself dead away. Does it stand ter reason that a bloke would feed upon corn husks when there was hash factories in the camp? Would any one refuse him the price of a square meal if he had a struck them fur it? Would any of the dealers that beat him out of his coin see him starve? As I remarked afore, I do not want to make any disrespectable breaks, but I must say that I have got it put that the speaker has been trying ter feed us on cussed thin taffy, and no one but a gilly would take it in." Bill glared upon the speaker and fairly hissed: "Do you mean to say that I am a liar?" "Wal, you can take it just as you choose. Some folks would swallow it in that shape." Bill pulled his revolver, and in an instant the bright barrels of numerous weapons flashed in the air as the friends of each party prepared for active duty. The brevet preacher was the first to fire, and the rash doubter of spiritual truths fell dead on the ground. Shot followed shot in quick succession, and when quiet was again restored a score or more dead and wounded men were carried from the tent. Having secured attention, Bill said: "Further proceedings is adjourned for the day. You will receive the doxology."

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

The following statement from William J. Coughlin of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for it the attention of your readers He says. In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a VIOLENT BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the summer of 1877 I was admitted to the city hospital. While there the doctors said I had a whole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I expended over a hundred dollars in doctors and medicines. I was so far gone at one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I laughed at my friends, thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and gratification, I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have for the past three years.

"I write this hoping you will publish it so that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will be induced to take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I have taken two bottles and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared and I shall soon be able to go to work." Sold by druggists.

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There exists a means of securing a soft and brilliant Complexion, no matter how poor it may naturally be. Hagan's Magnolia Balm is a delicate and harmless article, which instantly removes Freckles, Tan, Redness, Roughness, Eruptions, Vulgar Flushings, etc., etc. So delicate and natural are its effects that its use is not suspected by anybody.

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Is made from a Simple Tropical Leaf of Rare Value, and is a POSITIVE Remedy for all the diseases that cause pains in the lower part of the body—for Torpid Liver—Headaches—Jaundice—Dizziness, Gravel, Malaria, and all difficulties of the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs. For Female Diseases, Monthly Menstruations, and during pregnancy, it has no equal. It restores the organs that make the blood, and hence the best Blood Purifier. It is the only know remedy that cures Bright's Disease. For Diabetes, use Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.

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33rd

POPULAR MONTHLY DRAWING OF THE

Commonwealth Distribution Company,

AT MACAULEY'S THEATRE,

In the City of Louisville, on

THURSDAY, JUNE 30ht, 1881.

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an act of the General Assembly of Kentucky, including the Newport Printing and Newspaper Company, approved April 9, 1878.

This is a special act, and has never been repealed.

The United States Circuit court on March 31 rendered the following decisions:

1st—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

2d—Its drawings are fair.

The company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

JUNE DRAWING.

1 Prize	$30,000	100 Prizes	$100... $10,000
1 Prize	10,000	200 Prizes	50... 10,000
1 Prize	5,000	600 Prizes	20... 12,000
10 Prizes $2,000...	10,000	1000 Prizes	10... 10,000
20 Prizes 500...	10,000		
9 Prizes $300 each, approximation prize			$2,700
9 Prizes 200 " "		"	1,800
9 Prizes 100 " "		"	900
1,960 Prizes,			$112,400

Whole ticket, $2. Half ticket, $1.

27 tickets, $50. 55 tickets, $100

Remit money or bank draft in letter, or send by express. Don't send by registered letter or post office order. Orders of $5 and upwards, by express, can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or T. J. COMERFORD, 309 Broadway New York.

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It seems strange that any one will suffer from the many derangements brought on by an impure condition of the blood, when SCOVILLS SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is indeed a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has proven itself to be the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, effectually curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria; all nervous disorders and debility, Bilious complaints and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. It corrects indigestion. A single bottle will prove to you its merits as a health restorer, for it ACTS LIKE A CHARM, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature having a tendancy to lessen the natural vigor of the brain and nervous system.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man or Beast. Use externally and internally and find instant relief.

DR. ROGER'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP instantly destroys WORMS and removes the Secretion which causes them.

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BUGGIES, CARRIAGES & WAGONS

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Model Business Buggy, without top	$ 80 00	to	$ 90 00
" " " with top	115 00	to	125 00
Corning Buggy, Leather Top	155 00	to	165 00
Brewster side bar, Leather Top	155 00	to	165 00
Uppenheimer, jump seat Carriage	200 00	to	225 00
Binghampton Platform Wagon	135 00	to	150 00
Tennessee Farm Wagon, 3-inch Thimble, complete			61 00
" " " 3¼ " " "			64 00
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which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as

Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scars.

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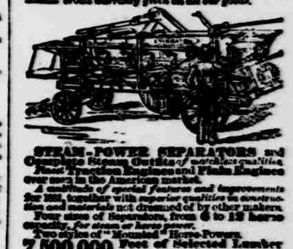

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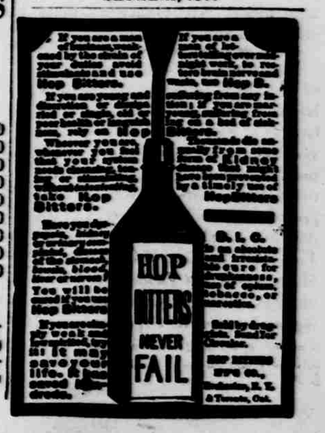
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