Mischievous Malaria.

To say that malaria is *mischievous* is to put it very mildly. It is all that and more. It is cunning, deceitful, treacherous, sly, and underhanded. It does its work in the dark, and in such a sly way that much of the mischief is done before it is discovered. It saps the foundations of a healthy system. It robs the blood of its vitality, demoralizes the liver, confounds the stomach, and makes the victim wish he were in his grave. It is sad to see people sit down in their misery, content to be the victims of mischievous malaria, and thinking that nothing can be done for them. The power of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS over the mischiefs of malaria has been so amply proved that there is no reason why anybody who can procure a bottle of this Prince of Tonics shall suffer. Great is the power of malaria, and great are its disastrous effects. But greater far is the beneficent influence of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. The preparation of iron in this favorite family remedy can be taken without ruining the teeth or producing constipation and headache. 1

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Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over exertions of brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00. Sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by C. F. GOODMAN, Druggist, Omaha, Neb.

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PREVENTIVE AND CURE.

FOR EITHER SEX.

This remedy being injected directly to the seat of the disease, requires no change of diet or nauseous, mercurial or poisonous medicines to be taken internally. When used as a preventive by either sex, it is impossible to contract any private disease; but in the case of those already unfortunately afflicted we guarantee three boxes to cure, or we will refund the money. Price by mail, postage paid, $2 per box, or three boxes for $5.

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GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

NERVOUS PHYSICAL & GENITAL LOSS **Cures Debility** OF MANLY VIGOR, Spermatorrhœa, etc., when all other remedies fail. *A cure guaranteed.* $1.50 a bottle, large bottle, four times the quantity, $5. By express to any address. Sold by all druggists. ENGLISH MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Proprietors, 718 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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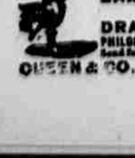

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THE CAVEL.

The Democratic Candidates for Speaker---Who and What They Are.

Pen Pictures of Samuel J. Randall, John G. Carlisle, and Sunset Cox.

Personal Gossip About Them, Their Careers, and Their Home Life.

Something About George Converse, Springer, Hurd, and Other Dark Horses.

Washington Correspondence of The Cleveland Leader.

The Speakership will be the first great issue before the next Congress. In this letter I propose rather to tell who the candidates are than to discuss the prospects of their election. First, there is

SAMUEL J. RANDALL,

who has been the Speaker of the last three Democratic Congresses, and who has the best chance in the coming contest. Sam Randall is a big man all over. He has a big body, a big head, and a big brain. He stands fully six feet in his stockings, and his great frame is well padded with muscular flesh. His face is broad, smooth and classic, and he has a pair of the brightest black eyes that ever acted as the index of a soul. His forehead is high and broad, and his hair is as black as coal and very thick.

Mr. Randall is just fifty-five years old. He was born at Philadelphia in the first year of Andrew Jackson's reign as President; was educated at the common schools, and started life as a merchant. His political career began as a member of the Philadelphia city council. Thence he went to the State legislature, and thence to Congress, where he has served for the past eighteen years, and where Philadelphia will send him until he dies or retires. Mr. Randall is a high tariff man.

Mr Randall dresses plainly and lives plainly. He usually wears a black broadcloth suit while in attendance on Congress, and sports a silk hat. For a number of years after he first came to Washington he boarded at the hotels, and it was not until about ten years ago that he bought the modest little brick house on Capitol Hill, which he will occupy this winter, as he has every winter since that time. It was here that he lived during his former Speakerships, and here he entertained his friends by a series of receptions every winter. Mr. Randall is a great home lover and a great wife lover. It's his own wife that he loves, too, and that with good reason, for sixteen years ago he was a hard drinker, and it was she who reformed him and helped to make him what he is. Mrs. Randall is a quiet, gentle lady of domestic tastes, a devout Presbyterian, and a great admirer of her husband. Randall's study is her sitting-room, and her sewing machine used to stand beside his working desk.

Sam Randall does much of his work at home, and he is one of the greatest workers in Congress. If you visit him on business you may perhaps find him in his shirt sleeves, with a pile of books before him, grinding away. When Speaker he did not use the Speaker's room as a workshop, but did all his work in a little box-like den in the basement of the Capitol, where no one could bother him, and where he was as safe from interruption as in his own little room at home.

JOHN G. CARLISLE,

of Kentucky, is Randall's most formidable opponent. Carlisle is much like Randall in appearance. He has the same big, muscular form, the same massive head, and the same classic features, the difference in the faces of the two men being that Randall's was cut out with a sculptor's chisel, while Carlisle's was evidently hacked out by one of nature's stonemasons. Carlisle's face is rougher and his jaw heavier than Randall's. His manners are also rougher, and he lacks the pleasant smile and winning ways of his great competitor. He dresses, like Randall, in plain black broadcloth, and, like him, is an inveterate worker. He is a great man on statistics, and he is as well posted on the tariff as any man in Congress. His rooms are lined with volumes of figures, and when he is not at the Capitol you will find him in them, and almost always hard at work. His hobby is tariff for revenue, but he is rather considered as a free trade candidate, and the conservative Democrats who do not wish to meddle with such a dangerous matter as the tariff will be against him. With the Presidential campaign staring them in the face the Democrats will hesitate to nominate any one who is likely to cause them trouble in regard to this question.

Carlisle is seven years younger than Randall, though to my mind he looks older. He was educated in the Kentucky common schools, and was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-three years of age. He still carries his practice, and has, I understand, a comfortable income from it. Carlisle has also served in the Legislature of his native State, but Randall has been three times as long in Congress as he. Like Randall, he was also dissipated when he first came to Washington, and, like Randall, his wife was the cause of his reform.

Mrs. Carlisle is a magnificent woman. She is a tall, well developed blonde, and she comes of one of the best families in Kentucky. She is very popular in Washington and her receptions are always crowded.

After Carlisle and Randall comes

SUNSET COX.

Cox is rather a chronic candidate. He gets the disease whenever the Democrats get the majority, but the election of some one else always cures him, and he jokes away as happy as ever. Cox is four years older than Randall and eleven years older than Carlisle. He is an Ohio man, and was born in Zanesville, where he studied and practiced law. In 1854 he moved to Columbus and took charge of The Ohio Statesman. He represented the Columbus district in Congress eight years, and then left Ohio for New York city. Here he made friends with Boss Tweed, and was sent to Congress from New York in 1868, three years after he had settled in that city. He has represented the same district ever since, and it is said that John Kelly has something to do with the continued success. However this may be, Cox is a man of much ability. He is brighter and quicker than Randall or Carlisle, but lacks the solid qualities of either. His sarcastic tongue has made him many enemies, and he is the prince of repartee in Congress. Mr. Cox is an entertaining talker, and is in his element when making an afterdinner speech. He likes society and entertains well. He has much literary ability, and has written a number of very interesting books.

Sam Cox is always full of business. When you see him in the hotels he is talking earnestly and he never has a moment to spare. He is systematic about his work and accomplishes a great deal. He is now nearly sixty, but his whiskers are black and there are as many dark hairs in his head as there are gray ones. He is as active in moving about as any thirty-year-old man in Washington. He is, in fact, such a busy, jolly little fellow that you never think of him as growing old, and his wiry frame will probably hold together until it goes to pieces all at once like the old man's shay. Sam Cox is a radical free trader, and he is now posing as a free trade candidate. If he were as good a Democrat as old Andrew Jackson he could not succeed on such a platform this year. The opinion holds good that he does not expect to succeed but is merely a candidate in order that he may sell his influence in securing good chairmanships for Samuel S. Cox & Co.

So much for the three leading candidates. Now for the dark horses. There are a number of these.

CONGRESSMAN SPRINGER,

of Illinois, is violently in favor of his own election. Mr. Springer is a man of considerable force, much of which he owes to his fine physique. Indeed I have heard it said by good judges that Congressman Springer would be a greater man if he were to keep quiet in the House and merely pose, but Mr. S. thinks differently. He speaks often, and he often speaks well. His delivery is, in fact, superior to his ideas, and the galleries think more of him than do his fellow members. Mr. Springer is an Indiana man by birth. His parents moved to Illinois when he was yet a youth, and in 1872, when Greeley was running for President, he was a member of the Illinois Legislature. He has been in Congress for the last eight years, and he is classed among the leading Democrats of that body. He is very proud of his wife, who is an accomplished woman in both a social and literary way. Springer is also for tariff reform, and stands on somewhat the same basis as Samuel Cox, though perhaps not so radically so.

WILLIAM R. MORRISON,

of Illinois, is also a passible dark horse. He is a far different man from Springer. He is of much ability, but he is the soul of modesty, and if you have heard anything of his candidacy I can warrant you it did not come from him. Mr. Morrison is a tall, well-built man, of fifty-three years of age. He has a dark complexion, dark hair, and full whiskers of black and gray. His eyes are bright and friendly, and he can tell a good story and likes nothing better than a chat with the newspaper men of a winter evening in the lobbies of the hotels. There is nothing snobbish about Morrison. He can talk with a street sweeper, and when he does so he will make the street sweeper feel as much at home as if he were one of his fellow Congressmen. He is very popular in his own district in Southern Illinois, and the negroes of his district are especially fond of him, though they will not vote for him. He was for four times a member of the Illinois House, and was for one term its Speaker. He has been in Congress twelve years, and has always had many friends and much influence.

FRANK HURD,

of Ohio, has been sometimes mentioned as a candidate for Speaker, but though Hurd is a very bright young man and he has many friends and well wishers, still as a member of the Cobden club and a noted free-trader, he will hardly have much force in the coming contest.

Frank will be one of the free trade leaders of the next House. He is so well known in Ohio that I need not say much about him. He is a young man not yet forty years, I should judge, with black hair and bright black eyes. He comes from Toledo, and the people of that town say that he holds his Catholic voters there by giving a new bell to the church during every campaign. Mr. Hurd can make a good speech, and his social qualities are unlimited.

Congressman Blackburn, of Kentucky, has withdrawn his name from the contest, and big Mr. Dorsheimer has come out in favor of Mr. Cox.

GEORGE CONVERSE

would make a good Speaker, but he tells me he is in favor of Sam Randall. Randall might throw his strength to him in case of his own defeat being imminent. In that case Converse would find his experience as Speaker in the Ohio House come in good play. Converse will be one of the ablest Democrats in the next Congress. He is a safe man for any position and he never makes a mistake. He is a hard worker, a deep thinker, and a good parliamentarian. He is one of the best lawyers in Ohio, and his practice at Columbus is very large. He has served ten years in the Ohio Legislature, and has been in Congress for the past four.

George Converse is now fifty-six years old, and his health is perfect. He is of a rotund form, of medium height, and has bright, black eyes, which light up his otherwise grave face. Mr. Converse is in good circumstances, though I have never heard him spoken of as wealthy. He lives, during his Congressional sessions, at the Arlington Hotel, and devotes himself strictly to business.

CARP.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

As a Refrigerant Drink in Fevers.

Dr. C. H. S. Davis, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."

Whisky and Talent.

Texas Siftings.

"Take that bottle and go out and get me some whisky," said Col. Jimjams to the sad-eyed woman whose misfortune it was to be the wife of a convivial inebriate.

"Give me money to buy it with."

"Give you money! Why, any darn fool can get whisky if he has money, but to get whisky without money is what takes talent. I thought you had some talent."

Taking up the bottle with a sigh, the patient, long-suffering woman went out. In a short time she returned. Apparently she had been successful, for she placed the bottle before him, and said, in low, reproachful tones:

"There! take it, and drink to your heart's content."

"Now that's what I call smart. You have got real genius, or you couldn't have got whisky without money," and placing the bottle to his mouth, he was about to quench his thirst, when he discovered the bottle was empty.

"Why, what does this mean?"

"It means that anybody can drink whisky when the whisky is in the bottle, but it takes real talent to drink whisky when there is none in the bottle. Drink away, I know you have got talent."

"'Tis beauty truly blent whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

Pozzoni's powder imparts a richness
Making the skin as soft as down.

WONG CHOK'S FUNERAL.

He is Buried According to the Strange Chinese Rites.

Five Thousand Persons at the Grave.

Colored Papers Scattered Along the Streets to Lighten the Coffin—The Police Prevent the Ceremony of Gee Hing on the Pavement.

Philadelphia Press, October 1.

Wong Chok, the Chinaman who died in the Almshouse on Thursday last, was buried yesterday in Machpela cemetery, Tenth street and Washington avenue, according to the rites of the Chinese religion. Fully 5,000 persons followed the funeral cortege to the grave, and vainly strove to gain entrance to the cemetery to witness the ceremony. The twenty policemen from the Seventeenth district, under the charge of Lieutenant Quigley, were powerless, to keep the crowd back. Men and boys besieged the gates, and yelled and groaned and hooted. Young ruffians swarmed over the iron palings, trampled over graves and knocked over tombstones in the mad rush to get near the dead Chinaman's last resting place. Everybody seemed to regard the day as a holiday and the occasion an opportunity to give vent to ribald jest and vulgar witticism. Women, some of them with children in arms, pushed their way through the surging mob of men, and a few so far forgot their sex as to strike out right and left to satisfy their morbid curiosity.

In conformity with a Chinese superstition the corpse of Wong Chok was not prepared for burial in either his own home or that of his relatives. After death it was taken from the Almshouse to the undertaking establishment of G. R. Williams, 920 Race Street, and thence to the undertaker's shop on Pearl Street. Early yesterday morning the preliminary ceremony was begun by Wong Park and Moy Dooeng, relatives of the deceased. A plain walnut coffin was procured, and in the bottom of it were deposited nine Chinese coins. On top of the coins small bits of paper were strewn; the money to pay the passage of the dead man's soul through nine places of torment, and the paper to recite his virtues and implore for a speedy return of his spirit to earth.

CURIOUS CEREMONIES.

The body, after being washed in rice water, had the queu unwound, and was clothed in a new white blouse and pantaloons, and placed in the coffin. The outer soles of the sandals worn by Wong Chok in life were stripped off, in order that he would have nothing of the earth about him in his Celestial journey, and the sandals were placed on the dead man's feet. Then the eyes were covered with pieces of manila paper punctured with nine holes, and a strip of red cloth covered the body from chin to feet. Long tapers, made of the inner bark of a tree indigeous to China, were lighted and burned while this was being done, and a dirge chanted.

The coffin lid was then screwed down, the body placed in the hearse and driven to the laundry of Wing Foy, on Ninth street, above Race. Arriving there a curious complication arose. Wong Chok was a member of the Chinese secret society known as "Gee Hing," and one of the peculiar usages of the order is that, after death, a circle of fire, cymbolic of eternity, is built around the corpse and incense is burned. When the hearse halted three of the Chinamen insisted that the coffin should be taken from the hearse and placed on the pavement for this purpose, but a Sergeant of Police of the Sixth District positively forbade the ceremony taking place, as the crowd was growing larger and noisier every moment. The decision was meekly accepted, and preparations were begun for the funeral procession.

THE QUEER MOURNERS.

An open barouche drove up to the laundry door, and into it hopped a hatchet-faced Mongolian with two turbans on his head, the inner one of red and the outer of white. He carried a triangular banner mounted on a long pole. The banner was inscribed with a number of characters, the interpretation of which was known only to the members of the secret order. In front of the man with the triangular banner two more Chinamen, carrying square white flags bordered with black, seated themselves. They, too, had their heads bound up in white and red bandages. One of them carried a long sword, with a gold-plated handle, and wore a short linen duster over his blouse. The other wore a straw hat well back on the head, and had his blouse girded in with a strip of white cotton, like a butcher's smock.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Another barouche drove up and into it jumped two undersized Chinamen, each carrying a long pole, on which was wrapped alternate strips of white and black linen. Fourteen hacks took the rest of the party, and the chief mourner took his seat beside the driver on top of the hearse. He was a curious looking chap, this chief mourner, and his duty still more curious. On his head he wore a white turban. Beneath the white turban was a piece of red flannel, twisted up like a straight horn. It stuck out straight and rigid over the mourner's brow and made him look like a flat-faced unicorn. He wore a linen duster buttoned behind and his pantaloons, rolled up at the lower hem, displayed a pair of brilliant red stockings. In his hand the mourner carried a bundle of small bits of paper, punctured with nine holes, the same as those in the bottom of the coffin. At intervals of a few seconds these papers were thrown over the mourner's right and left shoulders, and as each piece was wafted over the heads of the crowd there was a yell and a rush to secure it. The distribution of the little pieces of papers was for the purpose of lightening the coffin, so that the horses could draw the hearse. Otherwise, according to the popular belief in the Flowery Kingdom, the body would become like lead before it reached the place of burial.

With a great multitude on the sidewalks and in the street the carriages started up Race to Fifteenth Street, and thence to the Church of the Epihany, at Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, where Rev. Dr. Syle was waiting to hold services. When the church was reached, however, the crowd had become so large and disorderly that the clergyman positively refused to have the coffin brought into the church—a decision, by the way, that seemed to please the mourners greatly, for they had consented to have the service read because, as one of them expressed it, "Dlont want tlo make Chlistian plople mad."

THE SCENE IT THE CEMETERY.

The procession, after leaving the church, went down Fifteenth to Pine, down Pine to Broad, thence to Federal and down Federal to the Tenth street entrance to the cemetery. A line of policemen with drawn clubs stood trying to press the crowd back as the hearse stopped. The mourner with the triangular banner got out of the barouche and made his way with great difficulty to the hearse. He was followed by the Chinamen with the little square flags, and by another Celestial, who popped up mysteriously from somewhere, carrying a basket of provisions. Moy Done, Lee Wun, Ling Lee and Sang See, four mourners, came after the man with the basket. They threw open the hearse doors and drew the coffin out, placing it on the bier. As they did so the mourner with the triangular banner began waving his strange flag to and fro in the air. The square flags were jumped up and down, and the mourner who had been sitting on the hearse scattered what few pieces of paper he had left on top of the coffin. The four pall bearers grasped the bier and began moving forward. As they did so, the triangular banner was waved with a frantic fervor that threatened to dislocate the bearer's arms. Mumbling in low monotone a Chinese prayer, the four men carrying the coffin walked slowly through the gateway. The crowd broke and pressed close after. Four stalwart policemen placed their shoulders against the double gates and pushed with all their might. Women caught in the crush shrieked, men swore, and children trampled under foot cried pitifully. Not until half a dozen more officers lent their assistance was it possible to close the gates, and then the crowd began climbing up on the stone coping and clambering over the railing.

AT THE GRAVE.

The ceremony at the grave was brief and simple. Dr. Syle made a few remarks and preached a sermon in the Chinese language. The coffin was lowered into the grave, nine clods of earth were thrown on top of it, and then nine handsful of rice. The hard-faced grave diggers filled up the hole rapidly, and when their task was finished the square flags were planted at the head and foot of the grave. The basket of provisions was placed on the rude mound, and the stranger in a strange land was buried according to the rites and ceremonies of his forefathers.

How to Secure Health.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangement brought on by impure blood when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the best Blood Purifier ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and Diseases of the Blood Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc.

A NEW BIT OF ROGUERY.

The Latest Swindle, in Which a Clever Youth is Aided by a Pretty Girl.

Baltimore Sun

An ingenious swindle, and one which has been worked to great success, has been practiced on unsuspecting tradespeople, druggists, and others in Baltimore this week. The latest three transactions took place about dusk on Thursday evening, and the victims were all within a short distance of each other. About the time mentioned a well-dressed young man, attended by an engaging-looking young lady, drove up in a fine buggy in front of a well-known drug store in North Baltimore. He did not alight, but called loudly for the proprietor of the store, who went out to see what was wanted. Then the genteel young man, in a hurried and breathless way, explained that he was the son of a well-known coal dealer with whom the druggist was on very intimate terms. The lady in the carriage was his wife and and they were on the way to an entertainment, when he had suddenly discovered he was without a cent of money. Would the druggist kindly loan him $10, as he was in too great a hurry to go all the way back home for some. Of course the drug store man would. The boldness of the request and the appearance of the young man were sufficient, and the druggist went into the store, took $10 from the drawer, returned to the carriage and handed the young man the money.

After a few hurried thanks the vehicle was driven rapidly off. It stopped in front of a grocery store not more than a block away. The young man went through the same programme and obtained the money asked for. Then the couple drove to another drug store near the boundry and by the seme operation, except that he represented himself as the son of a prominent manufacturer and the young lady as his sister, the usual $10 was obtained. Other places were similarly victimized, one Baltimore street merchant losing $25, and it is thought that the couple left Baltimore with several hundred dollars obtained from the confiding storekeepers.

The glory of a man is his strength. If you are weakened down through excessive study, or by early indiscretion, Allen's Brain Food will permanently restore all lost vigor, and strengthen all the muscles of Brain and Body. $1; 6 for $5.—All druggists

Wanted to Be a Pitcher.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"Who is this gentleman that papa calls a daisy?"

"He is a ball player, my dear."

"But papa said he had a 'phenomenal curve,' and that they couldn't hit him."

"Yes, my dear."

"But, mamma, he stood up straight, and I didn't see any one try to hit him."

"Papa meant the ball, my dear."

"Yes, mamma, but I didn't see the ball."

"And neither could the batters, my dear."

"But what makes every one talk about him and call him a 'daisy?'"

"Because he's the new pitcher from Chicago, whom the manager of the club has just secured at $3,000 a season."

"But is he so very smart, mamma?"

"Only as a pitcher."

"But can't he really write his own name, mamma?"

"So they say, my dear."

"And yet they give him $3,000!"

"Yes, my dear."

"When I grow up can't I be a pitcher, mamma?"

"Perhaps, my dear. But why?"

"Could I get $3,000?"

"Perhaps."

"And not have to learn to read or write?"

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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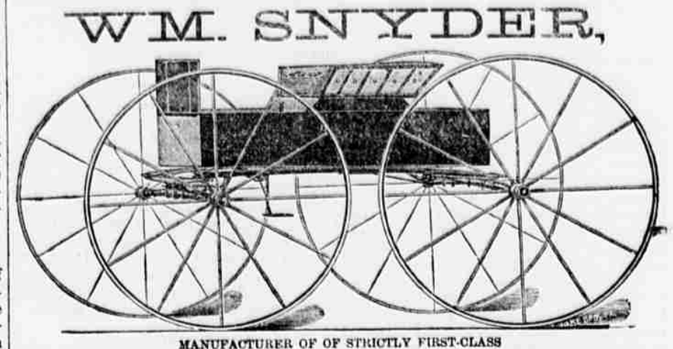

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OMAHA DRY HOP YEAST!

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m Salem or Omaha, Neb.

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