

DOCTOR WHITTIER

617 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo. A regular graduate of the Medical College, has been engaged in the practice of medicine in St. Louis, Mo., for over thirty years...

A Positive Written Guarantee

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC. I have cured Blood Taint by the use of Swift's Specific after it had nearly failed with the Mercury and Potash Treatment.

MARRIAGE GUIDE

50 pages, one price. Illustrated in each article with 200 pages of matter. Contains all the latest news, a book of great interest to all. Health, Beauty, Happiness are promoted by its advice.

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Drawn S. Atlanta, Ga. Philadelphia office, 1200 Chestnut St.

S. H. ATWOOD

Plattsburgh, N. Y. BREEDERS OF THOROUGHBRED AND HIGH GRADE WERFORD AND JERSEY CATTLE

TEST YOUR BAKING POWDER TO-DAY!

Contains advertised as absolutely pure. BRANDS AMMONIA.

DR. PRICE'S BAKING POWDER

ITS HEALTHFULNESS HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED. In a million homes for a quarter of a century it has stood the commonest reliable test.

THE TEST OF THE OVEN.

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, Dr. Price's Luppulin Yeast Gums

THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE

GOING WEST. PRINCIPAL LINE FROM CHICAGO, PEORIA & ST. LOUIS, BY WAY OF OMAHA AND LINCOLN TO DENVER, OR VIA KANSAS CITY AND ATCHISON TO DENVER

GOING EAST.

At Peoria with through trains to Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and all points in the south-east. At St. Louis with through trains for all points southward, via Peoria.

GOING NORTH AND SOUTH.

Solid Trains of Elegant Day Coaches and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars run daily to and from St. Louis, via Hannibal, Quincy, Keokuk, Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Albert Lea to St. Paul and Minneapolis, via Peoria.

FINEST EQUIPPED RAILROAD IN THE WORLD FOR ALL CLASSES OF TRAVEL.

Through tickets via this line on sale at all R. R. coupon ticket offices in the United States and Canada.

A. CAJORI, Druggist!

N. E. Cor. 10th and Pacific Sts. SODA WATER! Prescriptions A Specialty.

A CLOSE CALL.

A Wagon and Driver Upset by an Engine at the Eleventh Street Crossing.

A serious accident occurred yesterday at the crossing of the Union Pacific tracks on Eleventh street.

William Pascoe, a boy about fifteen years of age, who is employed as a driver of one of Mr. St. Felix's grocery wagons, was waiting at the Eleventh street crossing for switch engine No. 93 to clear the crossing.

The engine backed up just clear of the wagon track and the boy attempted to drive across. Just as his wagon was in front of the engine and only a few inches from it, the engineer started ahead. The engine struck the wagon, overturning it and throwing the boy to the ground.

In his fall his head struck upon a rail and he was picked up and carried into Bell's drug store for dead. A physician was called and when he arrived blood was flowing from the boy's mouth and ears. He was soon resuscitated, however, and Mr. St. Felix, who had been notified went down with a carriage and took the boy to his home on Farnam street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth. He is not so badly hurt as was at first thought and will get along all right.

The wagon and groceries were badly demoralized and the horse ran away.

A FALLING METEOR.

A Beautiful Sight in the Western Heavens Sunday Night.

Sunday evening about 9:30, a beautiful sight was to be seen in the western heavens. A B&E reporter, who happened to be at the corner of Eleventh and Jackson streets at that time, had his attention attracted by a report, as of a pistol, in the heavens above. Looking up, a large star was seen, surrounded by sparks of fire. All at once the sparks faded from view, and the star, which was an unusually large one, began to move slowly across the heavens in a northwesterly direction.

As the reporter looked he was more astonished, for almost in the twinkling of an eye, the color of the heavenly visitor changed to a blood red and it was so bright as to give a reddish glow to the heavens for some little distance around it. It continued to move and finally sank below the horizon, leaving behind it a reddish glow.

It was probably a meteor and it will doubtless be heard from as falling somewhere out in the state. It was a beautiful sight and all who saw it are more than ever impressed with the greatness and wonders of this immense universe.

List of Letters

Remaining in the office at Omaha, June 7, 1884:

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Anderson J P L, Abbott W R, Anderson A L, Baker C A 2, Beale W, Brown W, Butler J M, Belmont A E, Brand H, Brown A W, Bartels A, Baur J, Castiglioni L, Coles G, Cery W, Church E E, Coleman H, Cawley D C, Clifford T P 2, Downey J W, Donoh J, Dearbon F H, Doyl & Wright, Dimin H J, Doolittle D M, Dally W, Edwards J, Foutz G, Fischer C, Grady T J, Greenwood T A 2, Gallagher J J, Hart W, Hanson E 2, Hostler J, Hurd S A, Hegstein H, Hensley A, Hayward F, Harrison G D, Herald G P, Hull P, Johnson C, Johnson H C, Kopp J, Kull C, Lammann C, Land H L, Lowery J, Meeks J B, McCoy W A, Myers J J, Morgan J M, McVickrill F, McGrover H, Maxwell H, Mellott M, Morrison E M, Peterson F A, Preston J T, Plummer, Perry & Co, Phillips J, Rawley E A, Ruchman M, Riley S R, Rinchler R, Schweiber L, Steen C, Staggard C, Scandlen M, Sale Miss E, Smith G, Smith H, Workman H M, Williams A M, Wing R D, Warren C.

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Chillicothe (O.), Leader.

Marvelous as are the "freaks" gathered together by the show people, they haven't anything in the way of curiosity to compare with a remarkable being confined in the county infirmary of Pike county. The creature is a man—but his right to that title rests solely upon the fact that he was born of a woman. In every other respect he differs from his kind and possesses no eyes, ears, nose, mouth, or any of the organs in common with ordinary representatives of his sex. He bears upon his person, his habits and vocal organs, all of the characteristics of a bull, in as nearly a perfect form as possible for a two legged creature to possess them. This remarkable creature is named John Haines, and is 40 years old. He is the son of very respectable parents, who at the time of the monster's birth lived in Pebbleshowsn. Twelve years ago the mother who gave birth to this unnatural object died, but his father is still living. Prior to the mother's death John was watched and nursed for at home, but since her demise he has been confined in the infirmary. The existence of the monstrosity is known to comparatively few people, and many of those who do know of his being have never seen him, being deterred from visiting his cell because of the terrible sight that would meet their eyes.

Haines, or "John," as he is called by everybody who has occasion to speak about him, has been confined at the infirmary for twelve years. He is of medium height, with a very large head, and the forehead broad and bold, with a strongly marked ridge running down the center of it. The sides of the head are flat, running back almost at right angles with a forehead, while the top of the head slopes backward and downward as a sharp incline, leaving the cranium without brain room. His face is dark skinned, heavy and expressionless, and very repulsive. The eyes are like those of a bovine, and roll about in his head in an animalish sort of way. A heavy mouth, in which a restless tongue

is almost constantly rolling a quid, strengthens the creature's likeness to a bull. His large ears stand out from his head like those of an alarmed beast. The long, thick, and bushy head is covered by a close growth of short, coarse stubby hair, his shoulders and breast are remarkable features of the monster, they being extraordinarily thick and heavy. He has a remarkable depth of chest, the formation of which bears a strong resemblance to that of his shaggy counterpart. From the breast downward his body gradually tapers to the thighs. His lower limbs are slender and jointed together like those of a man. The feet and hands are those of a man.

John is a remarkably strong and vigorous combination of flesh and bone, and prior to his confinement in the infirmary he was noted for his wonderful speed on foot. He would dart away from his home in the woods and run like a house on wheels, making the air melodious as he went, bellowing like a bull. His actions are all governed by instinct. His reason is an infinitesimal quantity. He lacks the power of speech, and the only words that he can say that possess meaning to his hearers are, "baa, baa," the words that are heard from the mouth of a visitor who hears when passing his apartment in his cry, "Bacca! Bacca!"

When he is given a piece of the palatable leaf, he tears it into little pieces, putting them into his mouth one at a time. He rolls the tobacco around with his tongue and finally swallows the mass—tobacco, saliva and all. Tobacco is a luxury that fills the poor devil with keen delight, and when he sees a pouch produced his eyes roll in pleasurable anticipation. John is kept in constant confinement in a cell eight by ten feet in size, the entrance to which is had through a barred door of heavy hickory strips. Just in the rear of this is an inclosure, twenty or thirty feet square and unroofed. The fence surrounding it is about twenty feet in height. This is John's exercising yard. He possesses the instincts of a wild animal, and is much affected by the weather. He becomes greatly excited just before a rain, thunder, snow, or wind storm, and will plunge into his exercising pen, tear round at a fearful rate, pawing up the earth and bellowing most frightfully. He has a voice of wonderful power and the bull noise he makes can be heard for a mile around. They cannot be distinguished by a stranger from those of a gorgeous bull. So unerring is John in his demonstrations, that the residents of that locality rely on him as their barometer, and he never fails to accompany them with pendulous meteorological changes.

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Parmenter Mrs C O, Phipps Miss M, Robbins Miss M, Stephens Mrs H, Stillson Mrs J, Seyon Miss M, Schweitzer Mrs P, Thulin Mrs A, Yalinski Mrs A, Wright Miss B J, Westover Mrs J, Wilcox Mrs S S.

C. K. COULTER, Postmaster. TWO RIVAL ENGINES.

The Trip That Made the Fortune of a Locomotive Builder.

"An old engineer" in the New York Sun.

"Speaking of Rogers the locomotive builder, reminds me of an interesting incident connected with the early days of locomotive building and operation in this country. Commissioner Swinburne, who died at Patterson last fall, was one of the first practical locomotive builders and he commenced business on a small scale about forty years ago in that city. Rogers was then laying the foundation of the works that are now known all over the world. Swinburne and Rogers were rivals.

The Erie road was then in operation only as far as Middletown. Both of the latter locomotive builders had turned out locomotives for the road and the engineers as to the fashion of the different machines. The Swinburne engines had a firm friend and advocate in Josh Martin, and the Rogers make was championed by Gad Lyman, two of the original pioneers on the Erie, and a few of the best that ever opened a throttle. In 1850 the company had a contest between the Swinburne make. Swinburne was not looked upon with much favor by the powers of the road at that time, and the hope of triumph out of a machine that would make him solid, he did the most of the work on this locomotive with his own hands. She was called No. 71, and when she was delivered to the company to be tested, Swinburne requested that she be placed on John Martin's run. But she wasn't. Gad Lyman was told to handle 71, and he took her. He reported over that. Every chance he got he ran down to Piermont, took 71 over, and appeal to Master Mechanic Bart to give her a chance with him. Swinburne was knocked flat by the failure of his pet, and he joined in with Martin for a new trial. At last Bart got mad. He told Josh that he had had enough with her. Josh had her taken back to the works and have her overhauled to see what was the matter with her. Nothing wrong could be found. Then he tried her on his run. His first report of her abilities was that it was all he could do to keep her from getting to Susquehanna an hour ahead of time. That was a big feather in Swinburne's cap, but two months later 71 and Bart gave him a boost that started him on the road to the \$300,000 he left behind. "The Erie road was opened to Dunkirk in May, 1851. Early in that month Gad Lyman was notified that he was to take his engine No. 71, and run it on the excursion trains on that occasion from Piermont to Dunkirk. The 100 was a Rogers' engine. Lyman started with the train. It had nine cars, but they were too heavy for Gad Lyman's engine, and when they reached Middletown the train was almost an hour behind time. Then Superintendent Charles Minot telegraphed to Port Jervis to have old 71 and Josh Martin on hand to take the place of Lyman and his Rogers engine. Josh and 71 were waiting when the train got to Port Jervis. They coupled on. Swinburne was one of the excursionists. When he found that the engine was to try and redeem the character of the road, he came near fainting. But away Josh went, an hour behind time. If ever a railroad train along the precipices of the Delaware valley, it did that day. Josh whirled that excursion train into Narrowsburg in just thirty minutes, and the distance is thirty-four miles. When he reached Depoit, sixty miles further on, every minute of the last time was made up, and 71 tore down Lake Erie into the western terminus of the road only a few minutes behind the schedule time. Swinburne was made, and Josh Martin made him. The former gathered in his millions. The latter was running a switch engine at \$90 a month the last I ever heard of him, being too old for regular train service."

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"An old engineer" in the New York Sun.

"Speaking of Rogers the locomotive builder, reminds me of an interesting incident connected with the early days of locomotive building and operation in this country. Commissioner Swinburne, who died at Patterson last fall, was one of the first practical locomotive builders and he commenced business on a small scale about forty years ago in that city. Rogers was then laying the foundation of the works that are now known all over the world. Swinburne and Rogers were rivals.

The Erie road was then in operation only as far as Middletown. Both of the latter locomotive builders had turned out locomotives for the road and the engineers as to the fashion of the different machines. The Swinburne engines had a firm friend and advocate in Josh Martin, and the Rogers make was championed by Gad Lyman, two of the original pioneers on the Erie, and a few of the best that ever opened a throttle. In 1850 the company had a contest between the Swinburne make. Swinburne was not looked upon with much favor by the powers of the road at that time, and the hope of triumph out of a machine that would make him solid, he did the most of the work on this locomotive with his own hands. She was called No. 71, and when she was delivered to the company to be tested, Swinburne requested that she be placed on John Martin's run. But she wasn't. Gad Lyman was told to handle 71, and he took her. He reported over that. Every chance he got he ran down to Piermont, took 71 over, and appeal to Master Mechanic Bart to give her a chance with him. Swinburne was knocked flat by the failure of his pet, and he joined in with Martin for a new trial. At last Bart got mad. He told Josh that he had had enough with her. Josh had her taken back to the works and have her overhauled to see what was the matter with her. Nothing wrong could be found. Then he tried her on his run. His first report of her abilities was that it was all he could do to keep her from getting to Susquehanna an hour ahead of time. That was a big feather in Swinburne's cap, but two months later 71 and Bart gave him a boost that started him on the road to the \$300,000 he left behind. "The Erie road was opened to Dunkirk in May, 1851. Early in that month Gad Lyman was notified that he was to take his engine No. 71, and run it on the excursion trains on that occasion from Piermont to Dunkirk. The 100 was a Rogers' engine. Lyman started with the train. It had nine cars, but they were too heavy for Gad Lyman's engine, and when they reached Middletown the train was almost an hour behind time. Then Superintendent Charles Minot telegraphed to Port Jervis to have old 71 and Josh Martin on hand to take the place of Lyman and his Rogers engine. Josh and 71 were waiting when the train got to Port Jervis. They coupled on. Swinburne was one of the excursionists. When he found that the engine was to try and redeem the character of the road, he came near fainting. But away Josh went, an hour behind time. If ever a railroad train along the precipices of the Delaware valley, it did that day. Josh whirled that excursion train into Narrowsburg in just thirty minutes, and the distance is thirty-four miles. When he reached Depoit, sixty miles further on, every minute of the last time was made up, and 71 tore down Lake Erie into the western terminus of the road only a few minutes behind the schedule time. Swinburne was made, and Josh Martin made him. The former gathered in his millions. The latter was running a switch engine at \$90 a month the last I ever heard of him, being too old for regular train service."

Remains in the office at Omaha, June 7, 1884:

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ambrose C, Alton H, Ashburn G, Berdine C M, Baldwin G, Boyden W P, Brackin G, Best L, Brown H, Boone T R, Brown A G, Brooton A, Castiglioni L, Cotton J M, Canfield C, Church E E, Curtis L D, Cochran H, Clifford S F, Cochran J, Doo J A, Doe J A, Dillon C E, Dinkley W, Downey W, Doolittle D M, Dally W, Edwards J, Foutz G, Fischer C, Faulkner D W, Goodwin W, Gario G, Goodwin W, Hanson E 2, Hartly J, Herald S A, Healey J, Horner J, Hayward F, Harrison G D, Herald G P, Hull P, Johnson C, Johnson H C, Kopp J, Kull C, Lammann C, Land H L, Lowery J, Meeks J B, McCoy W A, Myers J J, Morgan J M, McVickrill F, McGrover H, Maxwell H, Mellott M, Morrison E M, Peterson F A, Preston J T, Plummer, Perry & Co, Phillips J, Rawley E A, Ruchman M, Riley S R, Rinchler R, Schweiber L, Steen C, Staggard C, Scandlen M, Sale Miss E, Smith G, Smith H, Workman H M, Williams A M, Wing R D, Warren C.

SMOKE Seal of North Carolina Tobacco.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

An Ohio Monstrosity, with an Animal's Nature and a Voice Like a Cyclone.

Chillicothe (O.), Leader.

Marvelous as are the "freaks" gathered together by the show people, they haven't anything in the way of curiosity to compare with a remarkable being confined in the county infirmary of Pike county. The creature is a man—but his right to that title rests solely upon the fact that he was born of a woman. In every other respect he differs from his kind and possesses no eyes, ears, nose, mouth, or any of the organs in common with ordinary representatives of his sex. He bears upon his person, his habits and vocal organs, all of the characteristics of a bull, in as nearly a perfect form as possible for a two legged creature to possess them. This remarkable creature is named John Haines, and is 40 years old. He is the son of very respectable parents, who at the time of the monster's birth lived in Pebbleshowsn. Twelve years ago the mother who gave birth to this unnatural object died, but his father is still living. Prior to the mother's death John was watched and nursed for at home, but since her demise he has been confined in the infirmary. The existence of the monstrosity is known to comparatively few people, and many of those who do know of his being have never seen him, being deterred from visiting his cell because of the terrible sight that would meet their eyes.