

Nevada County Picayune.

VOLUME IX.

PRESCOTT, NEVADA COUNTY, ARKANSAS, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1886.

NUMBER 24.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight adulterated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

WARD'S WOES.

WARD'S, Ga., January, 1886. For twenty or thirty years I have been a great sufferer from a terrible form of blood poisoning which ran into the secondary, and finally it was pronounced a tertiary form. My head, face and shoulders became almost a mass of corruption, and finally the disease commenced eating away my skull bones. I became so horribly repulsive that for three years I absolutely refused to let people see me. I used large quantities of most noted blood remedies and applied to nearly all physicians near me, but my condition continued to grow worse, and all said that I must surely die. My bones became the seat of excruciating aches and pains; my rights were passed in misery. I was reduced in flesh and strength, my kidneys were terribly deranged, and life became a burden to me. I chanced to see an advertisement of B. B. H. and sent one dollar to W. C. Harrell & Co., merchants of our place, and they procured one bottle for me. It was used with decided benefit, and when eight or ten bottles had been used I was pronounced sound and well.

Hundreds of scars can now be seen on me, looking like a man who had been burned and then restored. My case was well known in this county, and for the benefit of others who may be similarly affected, I think it my duty to give the facts to the public, and to state my heartfelt thanks for so valuable a remedy. I have been well over twelve months, and no return of the disease has occurred.

ROBERT WARD.

WARD'S, Ga., January, 1886. We, the undersigned, know Mr. Robert Ward, and take pleasure in saying that the facts above stated by him are true, and that his was one of the worst cases of blood poisoning we ever knew in our county and that he has been cured by the use of B. B. H.—Bottle Blood Balm.

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We can prove all we claim for it by living witnesses, and anyone interested can call, or have their husbands do so, at our office, and see the original letters which we cannot publish.

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We guarantee all work to give satisfaction. Our place of business, remember, is on West Second street, next to Methodist church.

J. R. Harrell & Co.

Subscribe for the

Picayune.

SAVED BY A PANTHER.

"You ask me tell you a story. Well, as I know no better way to spend the long evening before us, I will do so on one condition. Each must try his hand on it when I get through."

We were weather bound at a rude Western inn, almost upon the verge of civilization. The day just passed had been a stormy one, and we had got through it as best we could. Now, as the darkness came on early, and the long evening loomed up before us, we gathered about the roaring fire of huge logs which burned bravely upon the hearth, and prepared to pass it away by story telling—a device by which travelers in our situation are always prone to resort.

The man who had been appealed to was a person of about fifty years of age, who had followed the occupation of a peddler. He had the best turnout in the stable that part of the country had ever seen in his line, though he told us that he had carried a pack for years on his back. But by his own exertions and industry he had risen above that now, and had a snug sum laid up against the time when he should give up the business, and take the remaining years of his life in an easier way.

We gave our consent to his conditions and he at once commenced his story.

"It is now nearly fifteen years ago that the adventure befell me which I am about to relate. It was before I gave up my pack for a horse and cart, though I had already made up my mind that I could afford it. I was traveling through a wild section of the country—wilder, if possible, than this around here. Between the settlements there were forests filled with wild beasts, and now and then you came on a band of roving savages. Beside these, there was the usual class of villains, horse thieves, and renegades, who would not hesitate to take a man's life if they thought it would be to their advantage to do so.

"One night I stopped at a tavern which stood in the midst of a little settlement of not more than a dozen log houses. I had been the round of them and drove what bargains I could and in the morning I was to go out at as early an hour as possible, for I learned that I had nearly a score of miles to go before I should reach the next settlement.

"In the evening there were assembled in the bar-room all the male citizens of the place, and among them there was one whom I at once set down as a villain. His looks plainly showed there was little he would not hesitate to do if in the end there was anything to gain. Again and again I caught him looking at my pack, which I had placed in one corner of the room, near the bar; and I at once felt that he was looking at me to calculate whether or no I should be a dangerous antagonist in case he should rob me of it. The more I saw of him the less I liked his looks, and I felt relieved when at last he left the room for home.

"I was up before the next morning, and as soon as I finished my breakfast I started. As I left the settlement behind me, I could not help glancing about to make sure the man of whom I had formed so poor an opinion was not following me; but he was not to be seen. Hardly anyone was stirring out of doors, and there was little life except about the tavern, or where the white smoke curled up above the roof of each cabin.

"Once within the forest I hurried on, desiring to put as great a distance as I could between me and the settlement in as little time as possible. A feeling of danger oppressed me, which I found it impossible to shake off. I am not naturally timid or given to presentiments, as many are, but on this occasion there was a sort of fear upon me of which I could not rid myself, try as hard as I might.

"All the morning I kept on this way, and by noon I felt that I had put such a distance between myself and the settlement that I had no longer any cause to fear any one I had left behind me.

"As I had learned from the land-lord that I should not be able to reach any human habitation before nightfall, I had taken my dinner along with me, and now, feeling the need of it, I sat down by the edge of a clear stream which crossed the road, and commenced my noontide meal. Only a man who had walked as I had done this morning can know the relish I had for the bread and meat which had been provided for me, and when the generous supply had disappeared I almost wished there had been more.

"The extra exertion I had made, and the hearty meal of which I had partaken, made me sleepy, and, placing my pack under my head, I closed my eyes, thinking I would take a few minutes' rest before continuing my journey.

"I did not mean to go to sleep yet in less than five minutes I had lost consciousness of all that was going on around me. How long I slept I know not. It might have been an hour, but I awoke at last with a start, and a sense of some great danger hanging over me. I did not start up or move hand or foot. A certain something, I could not tell what, chained me down.

"I opened my eyes and looked about me, but saw nothing; and I was just on the point of making a motion to get on my feet, when I heard a slight crackling of brush above my head. Looking in the direction of the sound, I beheld a sight that almost froze the marrow in my bones, and seemed to turn my blood to ice. A huge panther was crouching there, ready for a spring upon me.

"As motionless as one dead I lay there and gazed upon my terrible enemy. To stir as much as a hand I knew would be the signal for the beast to spring upon me. Its fiery eyes were fixed upon my face, and its tail was gently waving to and fro, like that of a cat.

"Hope of escape there seemed none. My doom was sealed. The panther had me as surely in his power as though at that moment he had his claws fastened in my flesh. The agony of those few moments I shall remember to my dying day. It haunts me in my sleep, and often I start up in fright, dreaming that the terrible scene is being enacted over again.

"All at once the fiery eyes of the panther were turned from me, and fixed upon some object a little to the right. What could it mean? What new danger was approaching me from that direction? By turning my head a little I was enabled to see what it was. A man was creeping toward me with knife in hand. He was not a dozen feet from where I lay, and at the first glance I recognized him. It was the man whom I had made up my mind was a villain in the tavern the night before, and whom I feared all the forenoon might be following me. The presentment I had was not groundless then. But I had not counted on a double danger.

"Cautiously the villain crept toward me with a murderous look in his face. A glance showed me one thing was evident. The villain, while he sought to murder me, was not aware of his own danger, for the panther no longer kept his eyes on me. It was watching closely every motion of the villain, and every instant I expected that it would leap down upon him. If it would only do so before he reached my side, it would prove my salvation.

"Closely and closer the villain drew toward me. Only a moment more and he would be so near that he could reach me with his outstretched hand. There was not a moment to lose, and I was just on the point of springing to my feet, when, quick as a flash of lightning, the panther leapt the air and landed on the shoulders of the villain. A terrible cry of rage burst from his lips as he fell, his blood spraying the earth. At the same instant I was on my feet, and drawing a pistol I sent a bullet through the head of the beast. It did its work well, though even in death it clung to its victim, and when at last its struggles were over, as I pulled it from the bleeding man, I saw it had done its work. The impress

of death was on the villain's face, and in a few minutes he was dead.

"I left them both lying there and hurried on to the next settlement, where I told my story. With help I returned, and the dead man was carried to his own home, where no one seemed to care for his fate.

"In my own home I have the skin of the panther stuffed, and should you come my way, gentlemen, I should be pleased to show it to you. There, you have my story. Now, the next."

As Others See Us.

Even gods and heroes in pagan mythology had each a vulnerable point, and, unfortunately, ordinary beings share that drawback to complete happiness. None of us are so perfectly equipped for social warfare that our fellow-creatures can find nothing ridiculous about us. Therefore it behooves us to remember that we live in glass houses, and by no means can afford to throw stones. Mr. Robert Owen, in describing a journey across the Alps, which he took with his sisters and a friend, records the salutary lesson received by some of the party.

On crossing the Jura, he says, we walked much, to enjoy the pure air and grand scenery, and the carriage slowly followed at some distance. The professor and myself were engaged in some interesting discussion, my sisters walking on in advance of us. They were dressed in the English fashion of the time, and, I think, were riding habits and hats, expecting to travel on mules at some part of the day.

They passed, in the course of their walk, an ordinary house where three young women, stood dressed in the door. We were so far behind that we did not appear to those natives to belong to the ladies whom they had just seen, and they were making merry over the odd appearance of the strangers.

"Did you ever see such frightful dresses?" said one.

"How can people think of wearing them?" cried another.

We went on and soon joined our advance party, when we were greeted with the exclamation: "Did you ever see such frights as those women we have just passed? How can people so disgrace themselves?"

My sisters were then inexperienced travelers, and had not seen a great variety of foreign costumes.

"Yes," I replied, "we saw them, and heard their strongly expressed surprise at the frights who had just passed. They were exceedingly merry over the strange figures you had made of yourselves."

This was a lesson which they never afterwards forgot.

Whence, then, this intelligence—this capacity to talk about all themes, secular and religious—this acquaintance with science and art—this power to appreciate the beautiful and grand? Next to the Bible the newspaper—swift-winged and everywhere present, flying over the fences, shoved under the door, tossed into the counting room, laid on the work bench, hawked through the cars. All read it; white and black, German, Irishman, Swiss, Spanish, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday and week day. I now declare that I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which the gospel is to be preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, Heaven rejoiced and God glorified.

In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, "Lazarus, come forth!" and to the retreating surges of darkness, "Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers, professing no more than secular information, there has appeared during the last ten years some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion and some of the most effective interpretations of God's government among the nations.—Rev. Dewitt Talmage.

Needed Legislation.

The memorial of the Knights of Labor to the House of Representatives which was presented to Speaker Carlisle recently, asking for the enactment of certain laws, states that the legislation prayed for is the same that was demanded by the National Democratic Convention of 1884. Here are the measures asked for by the Knights:

1. House bill No. 7887, repealing the timber culture, preemption and desert land acts.
2. House bill No. 7021, for the adjustment of railroad and other land grants.
3. Bills forfeiting all railroad land grants, the conditions of which have not been strictly complied with.
4. House bill organizing the territory of Oklahoma.
5. Senate bill opening a portion of the great Sioux reservation to settlement.
6. The bills prohibiting aliens from holding land in the United States.
7. The bill making presidential and congressional elections holidays and punishing bribery.
8. The bill directing disbursement of at least \$200,000,000 treasury notes for bank notes retired.

Going to Christ.

I am afraid your fondness for pleasure is keeping you from becoming a Christian. Remember what Christ says: "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."—Luke 14: 33. In coming to Jesus the first thing to be settled is, not what pleasure you will forsake, but whether you will forsake any or all of them if Christ requires. Do you stand ready, as soon as you are shown that any pleasure, no matter what, is sinful, to forego it? This is the feeling which God demands.

The kind father finds his little child with her lap full of playthings. "Give me what you have in your lap," he says. The little one with a murmur surrenders all she has. The father then examines the toys, hands back whatever is safe for her to have but retains the broken glass, the sharp knife, and the poisonous paper. So you must yield up everything to God and leave it with him to decide what pleasures he will give you back again.—Foster.

Fried Tomatoes.

Select smooth, hard tomatoes, wash and wipe but do not pare them, cut in halves crossways and lay the cut side in flour. Have butter heated in a cup on the back of the range where it will not be hot enough to boil. After it has stood fifteen minutes there will be a clear oil on the top and a sediment at the bottom. Use this oil to fry the tomatoes being careful not to pour in the sediment, which is the part of the butter that burns most readily. Let the butter get hot in the pan, then lay in the tomatoes, the floured side down, and watch closely that they do not burn; turn with a cake-turner as soon as brown. The skin side will not burn much. When all are done and removed to a platter put a small cup of milk in the pan with a little salt and thick with a level teaspoonful of corn starch; let it boil up and pour it over the tomatoes. Some people prefer them without the sauce.

"I tell you, Darringer, the red flag's got to go. We've had enough of it."

"Bromley, I'm with you there. It has cost me a heap of money. My wife may protest, of course, but—"

"Good gracious, Darringer, your wife isn't an anarchist, is she?"

"Why, of course not."

"How does it cost you a lot of money?"

"She spends it, don't you see? Buys things she's no manner of use for, and—"

"Sakes alive, man, what rag flag was you talking about?"

"The auctioneer's. Weren't you?"—Ex.

Blank deeds, Justices' summons, executions, etc. at this office.

He Survives them All.

Jacksonport Herald: John Kelley thought Tilden too old and frail to run a second time as President. John Kelley is dead. The stalwart Chandler wrested the Presidency from Tilden. Chandler is dead. Grant, it is said, would have arrested and imprisoned Tilden if he had attempted to claim the office he had been elected to. Grant is dead. Hancock was chosen as a more likely man to live through the Presidency than Tilden. Hancock is dead. Hendricks seemed to have a long life ahead of him compared with the man at the head of the ticket. Hendricks is dead. Seymour, McClellan, all the old candidates are dead. Meanwhile Tilden thinks there is nothing so invigorating as working away before the mast on his yacht.

Never.

Never insult poverty.
Never eat between meals.
Never stand long at a street corner.
Never fret; it only shortens your days.
Never reply to the epithet of a fool or a fellow.
Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend.
Never speak in a contemptuous manner of womankind.
Never anticipate too much; disappointment is not pleasant.
Never taste an atom when you are not hungry; it is suicidal.
Never seek to create a joke at the expense of religion or the Bible.
Never spend your evenings away from your family when you can avoid it.

It is Much Better.

Not to let your sails be bigger than your boat.
To let your recreations be manifold, not sinful.
To bend the neck promptly than to speak before you think.
To hold on to your good name; for it is of more value than gold.
To put your foot down where you mean to stand; and keep it there.
To look well to your feet when they are likely to lead you into the paths of sin.
To labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.
To stick to your own opinion, if you have one, and to allow others the same liberty of sticking to theirs.—Good House-keeping.

"When Russia sold Alaska to us," says the New York Graphic, "for \$7,200,000, it was said we had bought a sucked orange; that the place was exhausted and good for nothing. Nobody thought it had much to offer outside of the seal fisheries; and that these were of little value, whereas the fisheries have already paid the Government more than half what the entire territory cost, and it is now found that there is an inexhaustible supply of the finest timber in the world, with gold, silver and other metals in abundance awaiting the pioneer in that almost unknown land. The general idea of Alaska is that it is a sort of Arctic settlement covered with ice and snow, where the thermometer is always about fifty below zero. As a matter of fact, it is a warmer place than New York. At Sitka ice is never found, and the winter temperature is about that of Washington, D. C. The Japanese stream corresponding to the Gulf stream of the Atlantic Ocean sweeps down the whole 4,000 miles of coast line and makes the climate of Alaska for several hundred miles inland similar to that of California. Away up in the Yukon basin, however, some of the ground is permanently frozen."

"Last week you came around here begging as a blind man, and now you are not only blind but lame," said Judge Pennybunker to a mendicant.

"Well, you see, we have to do something to keep up with the progression. You have no idea of the competition we have to contend with in my line of business. I'm thinking of having a cancer next week."—Texas Sittings.

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