

EXPRESS TRAGEDY.

Robbers Enter an Express Car on the Rock Island Railway and Brutally Slay the Messenger, After a Fierce Struggle.

One of the most daring and bloody express robberies ever perpetrated in Illinois occurred on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific west-bound express on the 12 inst., between Joliet and Morris. The facts, as learned from the baggageman, are that shortly after the train, which leaves Joliet at 12:45 a. m., had left the city, he heard a rap at the baggage car door. Thinking it was the express messenger, he opened the door, and was met by masked robbers, who covered him with revolvers and demanded his key to the express car. The key was given up and one robber, who was on top of the express car, held a revolver on the baggageman through a window in the roof of the car, while his confederates turned their attention to the express car. It is thought they rapped on the express car door and informed the messenger, H. S. Nichols, that the baggageman wanted to get in. At any rate, the express car door was opened and the desperadoes entered. Then occurred one of the most bloody and atrocious struggles on record. Being confronted with the murderous villains, the messenger fought for his life, and the property in his trust. The interior of the express car shows that he fought the robbers from one end of the car to the other, but at last the murderous crew, who were on his head with iron pokers, forced him to surrender. The robbers left the car. The messenger, who was left in the car, was robbed of all its contents, variously estimated at from \$25,000 to \$100,000. Checks and valuable packages scattered about the car. Nothing was known of the occurrence until the train reached Morris, the first stop west of here except the coal chute where the train stopped to take on coal.

Nichols was a brave and trusted employe of the company. He was about forty years of age and had spent twenty years with the company, being one of the oldest employes running on any road out of the city. Mr. Nichols was a married man, but had no children.

The dead messenger was a married man and lived at Chicago. He was in the service of the United States express company about ten years, and was one of their most trusted employes. Where the robbers boarded the train is as yet mere speculation. Conductor Wagner does not remember having seen any suspicious characters aboard last night. The general opinion is that the gang got on the train at the coal chute, by the means of Joliet, and jumped off just before the train reached Morris.

Important Offices Filled.

The president has sent the following nominations to the senate:

William M. Trenholm, South Carolina, now civil service commissioner, controller of the currency in the place of Henry V. Cannon, resigning; John H. Oberly, Illinois, civil service commissioner, in the place of William N. Trenholm; Charles Lyman, Connecticut, now chief examiner of the civil service commission, civil service commissioner in the place of Dorman J. Eaton, resigning.

The president said that the three men named were selected without recommendations, and solely on his own personal knowledge of their character and capacity. Mr. Trenholm is fifty years of age and while in private life was a commission merchant in Charleston, S. C. He is a son of the treasurer of the Confederate states and was first brought into a clerkship in the addresses on silver before national bankers' conventions and his writings on the same question. He was appointed civil service commissioner on Nov. 4, 1885.

Mr. Lyman was born in Connecticut and served in the Federal army during the late rebellion, being a captain. In May, 1864, he was appointed in a clerkship in the treasury department and held that position until made chief examiner of the civil service commission upon the organization of that body.

John H. Oberly is one of the best-known politicians of Illinois. He is in the prime of life and has served as chairman of the democratic committee of his state. Last year President Cleveland appointed him superintendent of Indian schools, in which office he has made a good record.

Quaker Practices in England.

London Special: Quite a deal of excitement in religious circles has been caused by the columns of correspondence which have appeared in the Daily Telegraph, drawn out by the assertion of an anonymous correspondent in a religious paper that the so-called Sunday school societies, which are a regular feature of the many churches, are immoral in their objects. The unknown critic alleges that at all the sordid kissing games are indulged in for hours among the youths of both sexes. A number of Sunday school teachers have written to the Telegraph confirming this statement. Some defend the practices referred to and claim that they furnish an attraction not only harmless, but without which the Sunday school would be deserted. This statement has aroused the wrath and denial of other church people, and so the controversy goes on. Many of those who admit the existence of this feature of the societies, deplore it, and declare that dire moral results have sometimes been discovered to result from it. One of the effects of the discussion has been to bring out the fact that similar practices to the one in question are carried on at a majority of the meetings of the temperance organizations, known as the Band of Hope, and also at Good Templar meetings.

Devil's Lake Case Finally Decided.

The secretary of the interior has rendered a decision in the case of James Britton of Devil's Lake, Dak., reversing the decision of the commissioner of the general land office of Nov. 12, 1885, which held that as under section 2261, Revised Statutes, a person was entitled to but one pre-emption right, he could not after perfecting one pre-emption right be permitted to commute a homestead entry to a cash entry under section 2301. Revised Statutes, as this would be equivalent to a second exercise of the same right. The secretary says that he concurs in the construction of the statute as construed by his predecessors, to the effect that the law was intended to secure to those who had heretofore availed themselves of the pre-emption right, the benefit of the homestead law in addition thereto. In respect to the interests involved this decision is regarded by land office officials as extremely important.

Resignation of Gov. Ramsey.

Salt Lake Tribune: It is an open secret that Gov. Ramsey has resigned his office as Utah commissioner. He tendered his resignation immediately after the accession of President Cleveland to his present office, but at the urgent solicitation of the president continued in the office until he went East, three weeks ago, when he insisted that his resignation should be accepted. A very "grand old man" is Gov. Ramsey. He has every time been made of an honor to the place than the place has been to him. As war governor of Minnesota, he made the first tender of men that was made after the firing upon Sumter. Since then, for a quarter of a century, he has been under public gaze, and there is not a spot upon his fair record. Personally, he is one of the most charming of men. No man ever knew him who does not love him. The other members of the commission are desolately without him.

A Typical "Sport."

Leander Richardson, a New York correspondent of several papers, lived in Hartford for a while several years ago and became acquainted with a well-known sporting character, Pat Sheedy. It will be remembered that Sheedy found the Hartford field too limited, and some years ago sought the larger cities, principally Chicago. Richardson ran across him in New York recently, and in a gossipy letter to the Boston Herald on the New York sporting fraternity has this to say: Sheedy is about the best man of the lot in all respects. He has the reputation of being as square as a die, and he possesses the coolness and daring of the typical gambler invented by Bret Harte. Indeed, Mr. John Oakhurst never had in real life a more realistic prototype than Patrick Sheedy. He is a fine looking fellow, with a white, clean shaven face, clear, grey eyes, and an attractive and boyish smile. He is always dressed with quiet taste, and there is nothing about him that is flashy or ostentatious. When he was a boy, Sheedy became the companion and pupil of the most celebrated of all the three card monte men, who was known up and down the whole United States as Canada Bill. This redoubtable personage used to dress up like a farmer and go traveling on railway trains. When he had fleeced his man he would retire in his country costume to the private room on the car, and ten minutes later he would come out in such genteel dress and so completely changed in appearance that the sharpest eye would never recognize him. His pupil, however, has not followed the same line of business. Sheedy has always been a legitimate gambler, if legitimacy can be spoken of in connection with a calling like that. Up in Hartford, where much of his early career was spent, they tell a good many interesting stories of this young man. One of them is that he became back there, once upon a time, after having been absent for an extended period. He had plenty of money with him, and, after paying his debts, which is the first duty of the gambler, he began to play faro in a local resort. He had been at it half an hour or so, when he discovered that he was being put through the process known by the alluring title of a "skin game." Mr. Sheedy said nothing, but rose from his seat and went down into the back yard and came back again with an ax in his hand. With this weapon he proceeded to smash every article of furniture in the room, and to knock out the windows and shatter the doors. Having accomplished this picturesque revenge he walked out in silence, leaving the astounded and frightened proprietors in sole possession.

A year or so back Sheedy took charge of the affairs of John L. Sullivan, and the two men worked together without any serious difficulty. In fact, they never but once had anything that approached a row. That occurred in the lobby of the Coleman House in this city. Sullivan was slightly under the influence of liquor, and was ugly, when some discussion arose about a division of funds. The great slugger became angry over something said to him by Sheedy, and exclaimed "I'll smash your jaw."

"What's that?" queried Sheedy, in a tone of the utmost coolness. "I'll smash your jaw," repeated Sullivan, with a wicked look in his eye. The pale-faced gambler took Mr. Sullivan by the coat lapel and led him to one side. Then he said in a very low tone: "Have you got any friends you would like to see, or any business you would like to attend to in case anything should happen to you?"

"Well," responded Sullivan, "and what if I have?" "Because," observed Sheedy, with a facial expression that could not be mistaken, "you take my advice and settle it all up before you smash my jaw. You will never have an opportunity afterwards."

Sullivan looked at Sheedy an instant, and then lowered his eyes, with the remark that he was only fooling. But he didn't fool any more in that direction. Sheedy, they tell me, has not been in very good luck lately. Indeed, the large amount of money of which he was said to be possessed twelve months ago, is said to have pretty much all gone. Still, his standing among the men with whom he runs is such that he can get pretty much anything he wants in the way of financial assistance for the asking.

A Successful Economist. It is really worth while for the wage-worker to save, although the process has become so unfashionable among men of fixed incomes that to follow it is regarded almost as a mark of eccentricity. The path to influence and independence for the toiler begins and steadily follows on the line of small economies applied in daily life. Ten years ago, in a Pennsylvania manufacturing town, a machinist went home one evening and said to his wife: "I am tired of this work for others, and we'll turn over a new leaf. I get \$3 a day. Now, we will put away \$10 a week, and live on the rest. If we can't live on it, we'll starve on it." He carried out his determination. In two years he had \$1000 in bank. With this he began business for himself in a small way, capital was attracted by his energy, and now he is at the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in his section, rich, prosperous and respected. What this man did was nothing of supreme difficulty. A strong, resolute will and a fixed purpose were needed after his determination became fixed. Why should not such an example attract the attention of other wage-workers, equally able and of like mental qualities? It is only the beginning that costs; after that the task of self-elevation becomes easier with each day.—Philadelphia Record.

THE JEST.

In a tavern quaint and old Of a gabled German town, Where the night-wind up and down Through the winding streets blew cold. Gay travelers bountied to meet Around a chanced board, Where the fire that leaped and roared Flamed out on the silent street. As the wine they freely quaffed, One rubicund stranger guest Related a merry jest, And the company loudly laughed.

But just as the mirth had died A weird sound, undefined, Was borne on a gust of wind From the arras at their side. And he on whose lips a toast Was lingering, pale with fear, While agitated, all hushed to hear The laugh of a listening ghost!

—Clinton Scollard.

ANOTHER EPOCH OPENED.

The Passing of a Generation. Beginning with the canvass of 1856 and ending with that of 1880, fifteen candidates contested for the presidency, who belonged to the generation which brought on or carried through the war, Buchanan and Filmore; Lincoln, his three rivals in 1860, Douglas, Breckinridge and Bell, and his sole opponent in 1864, McClellan; Grant, and the men whom he defeated in 1868 and 1872, Seymour and Greeley; Garfield and Hancock, the candidates in 1880, are all dead. There remain of the whole list only Fremont, no longer a "pathfinder;" Tilden and Hayes.

The conspicuous men of Lincoln's cabinet are mostly dead, like Seward, Chase and Stanton, or in the retirement of old age, like Simon Cameron; "the war governors" are nearly all gone, or where a stray one, like Curtin, of Pennsylvania, lingers, no longer powerful; the great leaders in congress before, during and immediately after the war, like Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, William Pitt Fessenden, "Ben" Wade, Oliver P. Morton, Thomas A. Hendricks, "Thad" Stevens and Schuyler Colfax, are either dead or remain only as political relics, like N. P. Banks and Lyman Trumbull. In congress to-day sit but a few men who sat in that body before the war, and of these few John Sherman and John A. Logan alone remain a commanding position, while Secretary Lamar is the only man in the cabinet whose political record dates back of 1861.

There is something remarkable about the speed with which the political generation of the rebellion period has passed from the stage. The contrast with the generation of the Revolutionary era renders it more noteworthy. It is now barely twenty-one years since Appomattox, and yet nearly all the leaders in the struggle are physically or politically deceased. The Revolution ended in 1783, but it was not until 1825, forty-two years later, at the expiration of Monroe's second term, that the country ceased to elect presidents who had entered public life before or during the long contest which began in 1775. The senate to which Monroe addressed his last annual message in December, 1824, contained several men who had been soldiers in the Revolutionary army nearly half a century before, like Rufus King, of New York, John Chandler, of Maine, and Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, and it is easy to see that the proportion of men still in active political life who were actors in the revolution was, even at that long remove, quite considerable. This was due in no small measure to the youthful precocity of these survivors, the Senator Macon of 1815 to 1828 having been only a boy of 18 when he left Princeton College in 1775 to enlist in the patriot army, and the President Monroe of 1817 to 1825, but 18 years old when he joined the revolutionary army. "The fathers" also escaped the danger of assassination, which removed two of the four presidents who were elected between 1860 and 1884.

Imperceptibly, but hardly less surely, the humbler members of the war generation are departing along with its famous heroes. Many men will help to elect the next Congress in the fall of 1886 who were not born when Lee surrendered, and many more who retain only boyish memories of the war which that event ended. The few surviving politicians of that age have lost their old audiences. The great majority of the men whom they now address never shared in the emotions and the prejudices of the rebellion epoch, and can not be stirred by the most fervid appeals to passions which, unlike their fathers, they have never known. The passing of the generation which fought the war involves the dropping of war politics. The election of Grover Cleveland, the first man ever nominated for the Presidency by either party whose public career did not long begin until long after the rebellion, marked the end of an era in our history as clearly as have the deaths since his inauguration of Grant, Hendricks, McClellan, Hancock and Seymour. The nation has entered upon another epoch as distinct from the last as that which began with the inauguration of John Quincy Adams, the first President who was not of the Revolutionary day, in 1825, and which ended in the organization of parties upon new lines.—New York Evening Post.

No Sinecure.

Dr. Pighead visits Mr. Coldham, the great pork manufacturer. "Well, my dear sir, I don't see that there is anything really wrong with you. Go to bed early, don't drink any thing stronger than coffee, and you'll be all right in a week."

"What, you are not going to give me any medicine?" "Certainly not. You don't need it."

"But you get your \$25 just the same."

"Yes. Just so."

"Well, I don't think it is a square deal. Spavin you bleed me, put a mustard plaster on the back of my neck and gimme a dose of salts. Everybody that works for me's got to earn his salary!"—The Rambler.

BONDS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

London Speculators Who Anticipate Reaping Fortunes from the Worthless Paper.

A Washington correspondent, writing to the Pittsburgh Post, says: It has been often noticed and commented upon that at this date, when the war has been over for twenty years, and the Southern confederacy is known only to the history of the past, that in London confederate bonds are held at a value, even though the value is so low as 1/4 of 1 per cent. Timid people of the North, who have read the speeches of Logan and Boutelle in the Congressional Record, or who have heard John Sherman upon the stump and still believe in the vengeful fictions that surround the bloody shirt, may perhaps take these bond quotations as another evidence that the South is unreconstructed still, and that it only keeps up a semblance of loyalty to get appropriations for the Mississippi river. At first blush it does seem strange that the securities of a dead confederacy should have a value except as relics. A bond is presumably good for nothing if there is nothing behind it, and why should London bankers, who have the reputation of being the most conservative financiers in the world, invest in these bonds, even at so low a rate as half a cent on the dollar? The truth is that, although the Southern confederacy has passed out of existence for all time, and the war is only being carried on in the halls of congress and upon the stump, there is in existence a large amount of money deposited in European banking-houses credited to the confederate states, and no one had the authority to withdraw when the confederate government expired. This amount is variously estimated at from \$250,000,000 to \$500,000,000, and it certainly is not less than the first-mentioned sum. During the closing months of the war all the money that the officers of the confederacy could scrape together was sent to London, Paris and Brussels to pay for equipments, arms, and ammunition, and it is a well-known fact that a Belgian firm had completed on the very day that Lee surrendered, an order for 150,000 stands of arms for the confederates, the money for which was ready as soon as they were placed on shipboard. All this vast amount of money is somewhere. The European bankers know where it is if anybody does, and as long as this money is in existence confederate bonds will have a nominal value, even though the government that issued them has forever passed from view. How they expect to get hold of it and convert their bonds into available assets is known only to themselves, but that they expect to accomplish it some time and by some means is very patent. It may be asked, why does not the United States attempt to collect it for damages sustained during the rebellion? In reply it may be stated that Benjamin H. Bristow, when secretary of the treasury, conceived this idea. He sent special agents to the European capitals to find out where the funds of the collapsed confederacy had been deposited and in what amounts. They were very successful in obtaining the objects of their mission, and their reports are now in the secret archives of the treasury department. When the matter was broached at a cabinet meeting, Pierrepoint, then attorney general, suggested that if the United States assumed to collect the assets of the late confederacy it would then become liable for its debts. That settled the matter, and no further attempt has ever been made in that direction.

If anyone has a right to the money it would seem that the original purchasers of the bonds should receive it, but as the bonds have long since passed out of first hands and are now in the hands of speculators it is a matter of little consequence, from the standpoint of justice, what becomes of it.

Crippled Brakemen.

One has to be among brakemen for a time to realize how many of them are crippled. A man with ten sound fingers is almost an exception. Their hands and faces are like the limbs of the little Jelly-boys, perfect calendars of distress. Of course if a man loses a leg or an arm, so that he is of no further use, he must leave the service unless a place can be found for him as flagman or caller. Accidents, particularly in the winter season, are numerous. If it is the mere loss of a thumb or a crushed foot the chances are that it is not heard of outside of the company's office, but all such accidents of a serious nature that occur in this state must be reported to the Railroad Commissioners. It has been calculated from figures thus obtained that 70 per cent. of train hands employed on the road for five years become crippled. A railroad manual estimates that 1,100 railroad employes are injured every year in the United States while in the discharge of their duty. In ten years this amounts to quite an army of cripples. Whether or not a brakeman gets any remuneration for time lost by accidents met with in coupling trains depends on the chance of his proving that he was using his coupling stick at the time, or rather the probability of the company's proving that he was not using it. If the man was not using a coupling stick it is considered a violation of the rules, and he must live as best he can until he gets well again. If it is otherwise, he gets half pay until he is able to resume work, on consideration that he accepts it as a quit claim of possible damages against the company. Sometimes, if the case is very destitute, he gets a wooden leg.—New York Times.

A New Boy Evangelist.

A new boy evangelist has appeared in St. Louis. His name is Louis Mysonheimer, and his age is 22. His pulpit manners are described as unique, not to say ludicrous. "One moment he is calmly reading a passage of Scripture, and the next will be upon a seat out in the body of the church exhorting the people to turn from their evil ways and be saved ere it is too late."

"What are your terms?" asked a reporter of the evangelist. "I have no terms," was the answer. "I require no salary. The preacher and the Lord attend to that. I go by the sixth chapter of Matthew."

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

An Aged Danish Jeweler Tells a Storyful Tale.

"I am 80 years of age, but my sight is good and my mind is sound, and I could gain a living still if I had but a chance."

The speaker was Jens William Young, an aged jeweler and a native of Copenhagen, Denmark, whom a reporter found sunning himself near his residence on North Peters street. "I was rich at one time," the old man went on, "but lost my money in the Mexican war. I was running a jeweler's business and keeping a hotel in the City of Mexico, and most of the southern officers had rooms at my place. When the articles of peace were signed and the American army had to vacate the city, Col. Robert E. Lee, who was there in command of the Texan cavalry, did not think it safe for me to remain there. He came to my hotel, and looking me sharply in the eyes, said: 'You must leave with us, as your life is in danger. The streets are full of angry, revengeful soldiers. Do not mind your hotel; take care of your life.'

"I asked him when he left. He said: 'Before daylight we must all be off. Gather up your tools and be ready to start at 3 o'clock in the morning. I will send the government wagon for you.' "At the appointed time not only did he send the wagon, but came himself in person.

"I could take nothing but my trunks and a box of provisions. As I stood with the servants of the hotel around me, grieving at the sacrifice I was about to make, Col. Lee came to me and said: 'You have reason to feel sad, but your life is worth more to you than your hotel; let us be off.' I took with me three servants and my horse, and, with tears in my eyes, I left my beautiful hotel behind me.

"My establishment was on the first floor of the famous building which was owned by the family of Gen. Gage, and was situated at No. 8 Callide las Plater, near the Palace de Armes. "At 3:30 o'clock I left the hotel in company with Col. Lee, and at daybreak the place was full of soldiers; plundering and destroying everything in the place. They were armed with knives and sticks and were searching for me. The servants I left in the hotel had to flee into the streets to save their lives. So, therefore, it is to Gen. R. E. Lee I owe my life. The Spanish board of commissioners of Mexico were also indebted for favors to Gen. Lee. There was a large lot of goods sent from Vera to the City of Mexico, which fell into the hands of guerrillas, and he with some of his men recaptured the goods and returned them.

"The night before we arrived at Jalapa there came into our camp a man shouting for the general and crying: 'For God's sake, come and help us; our village is full of guerrillas, robbing and plundering.' "The man had hardly finished speaking when Lee, with a dozen men, went with him, over a rocky and dangerous road, to the place and drove them out of the village.

"Who in this world would not call Gen. Lee a great and good man?" continued the old man, with tears standing in his eyes.

"I am sorry that many of the old officers visiting my hotel at that time are now no more, but some of the younger ones are still alive, and I hope they enjoy good health, as I do. I remember a Lieut. Col. E. Brindles who staid with me, and there must be a good many of the South Carolina and Pennsylvania regimental officers still living. "All these officers came up into my jewelry manufactory once, and complained to me that they could not find any buttons to suit their new uniforms. I immediately went to work and made a stamp of the American eagle, and turned out a lot of silver buttons, many of which I expect are still kept as souvenirs of those times.

"Before the American army left Mexico I was honored by the Spanish commission with the task of designing and executing the work on the gold-mounted dress sword of honor presented to Gen. Robert E. Lee for his gallantry during the war."

Here the old man displayed a card on which was the print of a cut representing the sword in question, which was certainly of a very handsome and elaborate style of decoration. "The papers of that day," he went on, "gave me credit for having executed my commission with better taste and more skill than was shown by the best New York artists in the manufacture of the sword presented to Gen. Lee. I was so pleased with my work, and was so attached to the southern officers who were staying at my hotel, that I set a pair of first-water diamonds, weighing one and seven-eighths carats free of charge, as eyes in the eagle that surmounted the hilt of the sword.

"The northern manufacturers are flooding the country now with imitation jewelry, and I can no longer make an honest living at my old occupation," and the old man almost broke down.

"But I can read, write, and speak several languages," he resumed, "I know German, Spanish, English, French, Scandinavian (my mother tongue), Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish, and I can possibly earn money as interpreter to keep me from want for the remainder of my days."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

A Dubious War Story.

At the battle of Shiloh, one of the fellows who found it uncomfortable at the front, decided to withdraw, and for an excuse, gathered up a wounded man, slung him over his shoulder and started back. On the way a cannon shot came along and took off his burden's head. Pretty soon he met a surgeon, who asked where he was going with that man. "Back to the hospital to get his wound dressed." What's the use taking him back? He's got no head on him! The fellow glanced over his shoulder, and, for the state of affairs, exclaimed: "The d—d liar! He told me he was shot in the leg!"

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