

The Chase County Courant.
Official Paper of Chase County.
W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher.

Senators Plumb and Ingalls and Congressman Anderson have our thanks for public documents.

The Eureka Graphic has changed hands, and now comes out as a Democratic paper, with Gen. G. C. Rogers as editor. It is a neat seven-column folio paper; and we think the Democracy of Greenwood county are fortunate in having such a noble Roman as the General to edit the paper.

Congressmen at large is the talk all over the State.—*Neodesha Free Press.*

Yes; and as our theory of Government is representative we want no Congressmen at large. We have two Senators to represent the State, in the United States Congress; and we want each Congressman to represent a certain defined constituency, which, under our form of government, is the only just and equitable way of disposing of this question; and for this reason our Governor ought to call the Legislature together for the purpose of redistricting the State.

The Emporia Republican has been awarded the county printing for one year, and all because the Republican agreed to do this work "just for fun." We'll wager the Lumps that Eskridge will draw every dollar that the law will allow him, just the same. We have seen a great many cases in Kansas where patriotic editors have agreed to save hundreds of dollars to the dear tax-ridden people by doing the county work for nothing, but we have failed, so far, to find a single case where these same editors did not draw every dollar allowed them by law.—*Burlington Independent.*

The Courant has been the official paper of this county three different times, the first year doing the county printing for less than 30 per cent. of legal rates, and this and last year doing it for a dollar for each year; and we have never yet received a cent more than we agreed to take for the work.

CHASE AND MORRIS COUNTY OF TO-DAY.
WOODHULL, CHASE CO., KAS.,
March 6, 1882.

To the Editor of the Courant:
Here I am, Mr. Editor, on a small farm on Gannon creek, with a club in hand, trying to keep the wolf from the door; but I consider myself, like the rest of the old settlers, very fortunate to be still alive, after going through Indian scares, cyclones, dry weather, poor crops, and other drawbacks, too numerous to mention. Oh, yes! I must put in some Latin before I proceed further: "*Ad astra per aspera*," the liberal translation of which is, "Through 'hades' and into heaven." A short drive—not from heaven, but from my present domicile—brings me to the well known farm of Mr. P. T. Lawless, deceased. This is where the young folks would gather, some years ago, to enjoy themselves; and many a pleasant hour has been spent here, in different kinds of amusements; but there appears to be some one missing; it is the old gentleman; yet I see the kind face of the old lady, who is much loved by all her neighbors. I see their son Tom, at a distance, plowing, and I shall not bother him in his work, to talk over old times. As I proceed up Diamond creek, I see every farmer busy plowing. It is not like it was years ago, when, if a person would pass by where a man was at work, he would come to the fence and sit on the top rail and keep a fellow in good, solid conversation for an hour or two. The difference is, if they only think of it, they will halloo: "Good morning!"

Who owns this place? Here is a fine stone house, a splendid stone barn, and it looks as if there are 1,000 acres of land under cultivation, all fenced with stone. It is the farm of Sel. Heskett, who is one of our best citizens. After a short talk with Mr. Heskett, I look down east of the new house, and see the old log building; I look at it awhile, and say to Mr. Heskett: "That is where the settlers, in 1863, took refuge, to defend themselves against the Cheyenne Indians?" "Yes," says Mr. Heskett, with a

smile, "that is the place. The old building has been very convenient to me; I lived in it once, and now I keep some of my farm machinery in there, out of the wet." I have heard it said that a hard worker will never be well off; but that is all a mistake; for, Sel. Heskett is the best fixed man on Diamond creek; and he made what he has by hard work.

But, hold on; where am I? I look around and see no fence, and I say to myself: "The Lord protect me from driving over some fellow's hedge row; it is herd law here." I am in

MORRIS COUNTY.
Who is this man very busy in front of his house? I shout: "Hallo!" and he turns around; and I recognize the face of Marion Lyons. He comes out to where I am; and, after a good shake of the hands, he says: "Old boy, how are you?" He says things begin to look more prosperous for the farmers this year than they have been for the last two or three years. After talking about corn, wheat and other crops, I again start up Diamond creek.

After a short drive, I find myself at a farm once owned by Mr. John Gannon. I am sure if the old man should see the place now, he would not know it. Mr. Gannon now lives on Spring creek, near Cottonwood Falls.

Here is a farm west of me on which there is a splendid stand of about thirty acres of fall wheat. Mr. John O'Byrne, deceased, at one time was the owner of this place. It has changed somewhat since then. There are good looking, substantial buildings in the place where the old log buildings once stood; but what is this north of the farm? Oh, I see it is a graveyard! It looks something like the cemetery west of Cottonwood Falls. It is not fenced. You see, Mr. Editor, this is a herd law county, and they need no fences. Every field I have passed has a team plowing in it; and the fall wheat looks splendid.

A drive of four miles and I find I am at the farm of Mr. Reynolds. How things have changed. This is the place on which my parents settled in 1851. I was only a small boy then. How well do I remember how the Kaw Indians used to scare us; and what hardships we went through on this place at that time. My parents became discouraged of such a new country as this was then, and they went back to Ohio in 1858. From here up Diamond creek the bottoms are very narrow; but it will do for those who want to do farming on a small scale.

The next place is Whiting's cattle ranch. I am told he has twelve sections of land here; and I see it is all fenced with stone.

The old spring where many a mule whacker and ox driver has quenched his thirst, is fixed up nicely. The old stone buildings that belonged to the stage company have disappeared; but about a half mile north of the Santa Fe trail is where Mr. A. Howell's ranch was years ago. Those who have not seen the place for some time would be puzzled to find the exact spot. It was here that Bill Anderson and his gang killed Mr. Howell, in 1863. Just as I am taking a good look at the place, and wondering what a blood-thirsty man Bill Anderson was, a man rides up to where I am, on horseback, and says: "Don't you know this field is fenced? We are tired of telling strangers that they come through here for a short cut to the grave; and they leave the bars down; and," he added, "you must not come through here any more, unless you have business on the place." What apology shall I make? Shall I tell him that I am "Joe," a correspondent of the Courant? or must I show him my independence, and call him an old hay bag, and tell him to stop his croaking? No; I must talk sweet to the game keeper; for I will not do to get into a fuss twenty miles from home. After talking real sweetly to the overseer, he shows me the way out of the field; and in a short time I find myself on the once-famous wagon road, the SANTA FE TRAIL.

How it has changed! The rains have washed very deep ditches in places. All of the uplands are being farmed. In some places hedge

rows run across the old road, and a person is compelled to go around them. If any one would have said, fifteen years ago, that the uplands along the trail would ever have been farmed, he would have been laughed at and called a fool; but the upland farmers seem to be doing well; they have nice looking houses, and appear to be doing splendid.

ELM CREEK.
Here was where Mr. John O'Byrne built a ranch in 1860, and where he saw a great deal of hardship. About a mile east of the ranch is a ravine; and in this ravine is where his brother James was frozen to death on the night of March 21, 1861. It was a terrible night. The snow drifted into every ravine until they were level with the surface. He had been to Council Grove for groceries; and had an ox team; the team became frightened at the storm; Mr. O'Byrne unhitched the oxen from the wagon, and let them take their own course home. The oxen were found at the hay stack, the next morning; but Mr. O'Byrne was missing. Search for him was made by the citizens of Council Grove for several days; but he could not be found. Mr. John O'Byrne and family were all sick, and it made things look gloomy indeed to them. After twenty-one days the snow thawed off, and he was found a few feet from the road. Mr. Jas. O'Byrne was one of the first settlers of Morris county; and he was well thought of by those who knew him.

Three miles farther on I find I am at a place once known as the Lanahan farm. Mr. Lanahan was murdered one night in 1862, on his place, for his money, the amount being only \$40. The man who committed the crime was never caught, and it still remains a mystery who did the awful deed.

A drive of four miles and I find I am at the Poland farm. Close to this farm is where a great many of the citizens of Council Grove, who were considered well fixed, financially, dug down into the bowels of the earth for coal; but it proved a disappointment, as they got nothing. I would not like to mention coal mine to any of the citizens of the Grove, for fear of being knocked down; but they can point back, for years to come, and say: "That is where we prospected."

I am now in sight of Council Grove, and it looks as if the town has spread out a great deal since I saw it last.

THE CEMETERY,
what a change time has brought about in it! how large it has grown! but there is one thing for which the citizens of the Grove deserve a great deal of credit, and that is the cemetery is well fenced with stone. As I pass by I think of some of my old friends who are lying at rest; and I say to myself: "May their souls rest in peace."

Going into town, I look north of the road, and I see the little frame school-house on the hill. I shall always remember this place. I attended there in the winter of 1868-9, and, like all school boys, imagined or felt as if I was a kind of dictator of the school. Mr. Preston was a new teacher, and very early in the term some other boys and myself tried to run things. Finally Mr. Preston put a stop to our fun by lifting me six or eight times, one day, with a hickory stick; but he was a good teacher; and I often think that few are left to see, and few are left that I know, who played with me upon the green, just fourteen years ago.

It is sundown, and "Joe" in the buggy and "Joe" in the harness are tired and hungry. We have traveled forty miles, and the next thing is to find quarters for the night; and, gentle reader, in the language of Frank Allison, I will "keep up a dignified silence" for two weeks. JOE.

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The Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court room is the one spot in the Capitol into which the stranger tarrying within our gates does not intrude; indeed, if the stranger were not guided to it, he would never find it, standing, as it does, in the darkest niche of the marble corridor leading from the rotunda of the Senate Chamber, writes a correspondent of the *American Register*. If the stranger can be induced to sit awhile and content himself, he will learn much that is instructive and as much that is curious. Nine men, grave and reverend, each one looking as though he had passed the line of time which separates one's old age from his prime, sit before him in quiet dignity. The black silken robes in which they are clad give them the appearance of ministers of the extremely high church, while the little books they hold in their hands, with pencils in suspense, seem to belie the first impression, and raise in fancy the picture of the race-track and betting-book. An inspection of the books, however, proves them to be the record of the case on hearing, which a dapper little man, in language as dry as the cobwebs on his office walls, is arguing. He speaks in a monotone, and the gathered wisdom of centuries is rolled into his brief. No bombastic oratory, no flashes of wit, no pathetic touches which sadden in the *matris curia* and float a jury's verdict on a stream of tears, characterize the dapper little lawyer's speech, for he is beginning where all feeling ended—hard, dry reason is the only weapon in his armory. The case itself may be a curiosity; whatever the decision in it may be, it will be perpetuated in the reports, and through time to come other lawyers will learn and quote it glibly. Into this court of last resort it has come only after long years of waiting. Mayhap children were born into it, inheriting it as a legacy, and, growing into manhood, pinned their existence to it in hope, or, groaning under the disappointment it caused them, blew their brains out to escape the poverty it entailed; people may have married into it, grown old and died natural deaths in it; romance and reality, love and hate, joy and sorrow, may have jumbled claspingly together in it, but the record, if the record alone contains the legal facts in it. Certain it is, that it has come from thousands of miles away, and as truly, has it been the case of the butterfly by the child, or the hunt for the bushel of gold at the foot of the rainbow. When one quotes the saying of some learned Judge—the older the better—and applies the principle it contains to a certain circumstance arising from a certain fact, one is called a lawyer; when one looks behind the title, John Doe vs. Richard Roe, to analyze the feelings, the joys and heartaches enlivening and crushing those who will be enriched or beggared in the result of the application of the principles, one is called a poet. "It's good in its way," says Greenback and Parchment, after reading Hamlet, "but it is not the law." "It is said the men died by the negligence of a fellow workman; but then their death, though melancholy, has settled the law," says the learned Judge.

So the dapper little lawyer, oblivious of everything save his books and his reason, continues in monotone his legal jargon. So the Judges in silken robes, with books and pencils, listen as intently as a child to a fairy tale by the fire-side, and so the auditors slip noiselessly out to gaze upon the pictures in the rotunda or to look upon Maryland and Virginia from the dome. If the stranger, however, still lingers, and if he will count in the row of Judges four from either end, his eye will rest upon the Chief Justice. To hold the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is to hold the highest office in the country. Members and Senators wield their powers and distribute their patronage only for a few brief years at best; the popular breath which makes them also decrees their change. The President himself descends from his lofty position to mingle among the people, with only the simple prefix "Mr." placed before his name, but the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States of America, Chief Justice for life, regardless of popular changes and chances; nay, in death history will always speak of him as the Chief Justice. He represents human ambition satisfied; he is Alexander without that monarch's grief; his is the triumph of the Roman General.

Around the semi-circular walls with their dead faces, but in marble, watching the proceedings to-day, the stranger may count the Chief Justices who have been since the Republic began, and the number, including the present incumbent, will only reach the figure 6. Only six Chief Justices in ninety-three years! The stranger believes longevity is one of the benefits of the position. Many wrecks of Empire have been thrown upon the shores of time in ninety-three years; wars and pestilences have depopulated and laid waste; American liberties have been more than once threatened, and in the midst of all only six Chief Justices in turn have presided over the deliberations of justice.—*Washington Cor. Detroit Post and Tribune.*

At an exhibition of wild beasts the other day, at Precy-sous-Thil, a little town in the southeast of France, the spectators were suddenly terrified by the screams of a lad about eleven years of age, who had been seized by a lioness. The space reserved for the spectators was separated from the cages by a strong chain at a distance of rather more than four feet; but the animal had contrived to reach the head of the boy and draw it toward her till it became tightly fixed between the bars. Finally a gendarme named Billandy, after having vainly attempted to drag the boy away, courageously introduced his arm through the bars between the animal's claws, and thus succeeded with difficulty in disengaging his victim. The gendarme's hands were deeply lacerated by the talons of the lioness, but the lad was found to have received only slight wounds.

White leaves and variegated white and green leaves indicate degeneracy in a plant. A branch with leaves entirely white is no longer capable of propagation; it is in the last stage of its existence.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

It is said that a piece of zinc, placed in the live coals, will effectually clean at a stove-pipe, the vapor thus produced carrying off the soot by chemical decomposition.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* advises plowing for barley in the spring. If, he says, you plow in the fall, it gives the thistles a chance to get started before the barley, but when you plow in spring, weeds and thistles do not have so good a chance. For a heavy field sow on black soil.

Never roast meat, says Miss Parlow, without having a rack in the pan. The meat is put into the water in the pan and becomes soggy, and loses its flavor. A meat-rack costs but a trifle, and the improvement in the looks and flavor of a piece of meat is enough to pay for it in one roasting.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Salt salmon should be soaked in cold water at least twenty-four hours before it is cooked, and the water should be changed several times. Boil it in plenty of water, with some black pepper kernels. When done put it in a jar and cover it with vinegar diluted with some of the liquor in which the salmon was boiled. It should be kept in a cool place, and will be ready for use in a few days.—*Boston Transcript.*

When the skin is not well cleaned and brushed, or when the animal is not in perfect health, a scurfy, scaly substance will gather on the hide. This may be removed by carding and brushing, and by giving the animal some oily and laxative medicine or food, which will encourage and increase the circulation and the perspiration from the skin. Give your heifers a quart of linseed-meal, steeped in warm water, and a little salt added, daily for a few weeks, and you will find they will improve.

The damage done to pastures and meadows by the grub of the May-bug is often very great, and the only effective protection the farmer has against its depredations is through the agency of the despised and hated crow. At least so thinks a correspondent of the *American Agriculturist*, who makes an earnest plea on behalf of these sable denizens of the air. The crow, he says, has great skill in detecting the presence of the destructive grub, and if allowed to multiply, would soon exterminate the pests, or at least reduce their numbers so much that they would do no serious damage. A few hills of corn in spring-time is small loss compared to the grass crop of a whole farm destroyed by grubs.

Shopping.

In a rather sharp article in the new paper, *Our Continent*, Miss Kate Field takes occasion to censure quite severely the saleslady, or, as she particularizes in this instance, the "cheap young lady," who stands behind the counter. There is nothing new about the details. The cheap young lady made mistakes in her reckoning, was disagreeably pert when questioned, probably looked over Miss Field's shoulder when spoken to, and if she had been handed a letter would have perused it then and there while her customer waited. Miss Field apologizes for her on the questionable ground of want of breeding, and in soliloquy asks and answers a few pertinent questions.

Why are shop manners in America the worst in the world? "Because the employees are generally of the humblest origin and are ignorant to appreciate the virtue of courtesy." This is a sweeping assertion, and it is in the main incorrect. Thirty years ago a shop-girl might have been looked on with contempt, because it was only the "woman who dared" who filled any responsible position in public life in this new country, but to-day it is the woman who makes the position respectable, not the position that subjects the woman to its domination, and the best blood of the nation flows to-day in the veins of shop-girls. In their ranks may be found the daughters of oligarchy, of generals of the army, Senators, and the penitents heirs to a pedigree for which the members of the new dynasty would gladly exchange some of their superfluous wealth. And Miss Field is on the wrong side of the counter to judge of their politeness. She has lived abroad long enough to indulge in such speculative ideas as this: "The effect of Democracy upon vulgar men and women is to inflate them with the idea of equality—an equality which they attempt to assert by treating their superiors in station as no better than themselves." It would probably be an "assumption" if the shop-girl should rise up and tell the experience gained on the inside of the counter—of the women who want to buy and can never make up their minds what to get, who would tumble a dozen boxes of lace to select one yard of another kind, who question the shop-girl about the goods as if she were personally responsible for their manufacture, who cheapen and sharpen and deceive, and reveal their fine ladyhood in a thousand contemptible forms. How would one of these grand American women look in her gorgeousness if the shop-girl should remark on the fineness of the day, or venture to assert herself as anything less than a machine? Strange as it may seem, it would be possible for even a shop-girl to have thoughts beyond the narrow range of boxes which comprise an endless masquerade of goods which she keeps her standing all day long—she may even "dare" to be impertinent and answer a question with a rising inflection of the voice, but she runs more risk of harm than can possibly befall the customers—the risk of losing her bread and butter—if she can afford any. The prosperous woman whose carriage waits, can surely afford to be patient and forgiving to a sister who has so little and works so hard for it.

There is another side to this question; the personal magnetism of sex. Let a man vent on ladies and vice versa. Unfortunately, though, men do not stop "happy beings." A man who knows he is as much out of place in a dry-goods store, unless he is a dry-goods man, as a bull is in a china shop, and he keeps away, and lets his woman-kind wrestle with it. And the majority of women love to shop. It is meat and drink to them. They sniff the battle from afar off and rush into it with an ardor that never abates until the last cent of allowance is gone, then they retrench and retreat without loss, only to hasten back to the fray with renewed vigor.—*Detroit Post.*

Health and Strength.

When you wish to renew your health; when the various organs of life are weakened by long suffering and distress, then use a medicine that will act in perfect harmony with the entire system. Use a medicine that will not act without tearing down. Use a medicine that will create a healthy appetite. Use a medicine that will strengthen every part of the body and remove all blood impurities, thus giving disease no opportunity for reaction. Such a remedy is Dr. Guyott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It is a true strengthener, a restorer, a perfect purifier of the blood. It contains nothing hurtful to the most delicate constitution. Its principal ingredients are Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Buchu, Calabar Bark and Colony. Try one bottle. Its effect is charming.

Is this boy a hero? Let us see. He lies stretched across the master's knee and whippers out, every second the cruel rattan rises and falls; every second there is a dull sound as if somebody were threshing mud. The dust flies, but the victim utters no sound. The perspiration stands out on the master's brow, and he begins to wonder if that boy's basement is constructed of sheet-iron. Notwithstanding the fact that he is a well known character. The lad's life has been passed in the full blaze of the nineteenth century civilization. He is no fool. He knows that nobody knows his day's manning forth. He doesn't venture across the dark gulf between the now and the may be unprovided against contingencies. The lantern that guides his footsteps is the light of experience. There is a great future reserved for this boy. The rattan goes up and the rattan comes down; who cares for the rattan? When he left home in the morning he took his father's list remaining liver pad with him. It's the right liver in the wrong place. Yes, the boy is a hero.—*Denver Tribune.*

Mr. JOHN N. McFARLAND, of Ashland, Ky., writes: "I will say of what sickness I was cured. My back ached so, I could hardly bend my arms. My colored hair turned white, my liver and stomach gave me great pain. My bowels were sometimes loose and sometimes constipated. I was very nervous and my mind was in a state of confusion. My dreams were horrible. My memory was bad. My whole system was run down and my blood seemed poisoned. I took no pleasure in eating. I was unable to do any work. I used Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla cured me of all my distress. I think it is the best medicine in the world."

Now we'll spring a pun on you. Look out! If you speak of a place where ships tie up, it is important to you to speak of it in writing, because it's a dock you mean. You now swear off on puns for a year.—*Boston Post.*

"Now Well and Strong."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I wish to state that my daughter, aged five years, was afflicted with a severe case of St. Vitus' Dance, and was fast falling, as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your "Golden Medical Discovery" for her, and she commenced improving at once. She is now well and strong. Very truly yours, REV. ISAAC N. AUSTIN. "Discovery" sold by druggists.

Sick-Headache.

Mrs. J. C. Henderson, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The use of two of Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' a day, for a few weeks, has entirely cured me of sick-headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often, on an average, as once in ten days." Of all druggists.

"Do not know, miss, that young Schneider-hannes has been sentenced to ninety-nine years imprisonment?" "Poor fellow," sighed the young lady, "he will have to wait so long before he can marry."

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW—How many children are punished for being naughty, ill-willed, and indifferent to instructions or reprimands, because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give their little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks the children would be all a parent could desire."

WHAT could be said if a lawyer should charge only a nominal fee? It could be said, and said truly, that it was phenomenal.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage and expressage and carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, nearly opposite the Grand Central Depot. 52 elegant rooms, single and in suits, fitted up at an expense of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to \$1 and upward per day, on European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots.

Were I to be caudled, I would say you were just about the nicest fellow I ever met," she said, while leaning on his arm in front of a confectioner's. He bought the taffy.

It is the fashion for many people to neglect nature's laws and blame Providence for the result. A favorite thing with them is to neglect a Cough or Cold, instead of using the unfailing means of relief, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all kinds of skin eruptions, freckles and pimples. Be sure you get Henry's Carbolic Salve, and it will cure you. Price 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Where Cripples are Relieved.

Mr. Quigley, of Cameron, Mo., has had a son badly crippled from white swelling of the knee joints. He is now under treatment as Dr. Dickerson & Stark's Surgical Institute at Kansas City, and is rapidly recovering.

"Rough on Rats."

The thing desired found at last. Ask druggists for Rough on Rats. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed bugs, lice, boxes.

PURE COD LIVER OIL, of selected livers, on the sea shore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin, cured by using a Superior Fat Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

If you have any symptoms of malarial poisoning, take a few doses of Dandelion Tonic, and you will be surprised and delighted at the result.

Dyspepsia.

With its long train of evil which makes life burdensome alike to the sufferer and all around him, can be speedily cured by taking Lewis' Dandelion Tonic regularly. Thousands thus afflicted once, now bear cheerful testimony as to its merits.

Dr. S. A. Richmond & Co's SAMARITAN NERVE CURES FITS.



NEVER FAILS. NERVEINE

The best known specific remedy for Epileptic Fits. SAMARITAN NERVEINE. Cures Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus' Dance, Virago, Hysteria, Insanity, Paralysis, Paresis, Tremor, St. Andrew's Disease, etc. This infallible remedy will positively eradicate every species of Nervous Disease, and is equally effective for every form of disease, but is especially adapted to the hereditary habit or poison, and thoroughly eradicates the disease, and utterly destroys the cause.

SAMARITAN NERVEINE

Cures Female Weakness, General Debility, Leucorrhoea or Whites, Painful Menstruation, Excitation of the Uterus, Internal Heat, Gravel, Inflammation of the Bladder, Irritability of the Bowels, For Weaknesses at Night, there is no better remedy. During the change of life no Female should be without it. It purifies the Nervous System and gives rest, comfort and a sweet sleep.

SAMARITAN NERVEINE

Cures Alcoholism, Drunkenness and the habit of Opium Eating. Three degrees of Intoxication of the Nervous System, and all diseases of the urinary organs. Nervous debility permanently cured by the use of this infallible remedy. For young people aged and old men, who are overtaxing their faculties as well as a means of relief from the nervous system, for the form, and make ornaments to society, and Jews in the crown of your head. If you will, it will keep this a secret longer, until it sees your vital and destroys both body and soul. If you are thus afflicted, do not despair. SAMARITAN NERVEINE. It will restore your shattered nerves, arrest premature decay, impart tone and energy to the whole system.

LEWIS' DANDELION BLOOD & LIVER PURIFIER

A SURE CURE FOR Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Langour, Nervous Exhaustion arising from overwork or excess of any kind, AND FOR Female Weaknesses. IT PREVENTS Malarial Poisoning and Fever and Ague, And is Specific for Obstinate CONSTIPATION. PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE; SIX FOR \$5.00. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. MEYER BROS., WHOLESALE AGENTS, Kansas City and St. Louis.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKES BLOOD PURE. Cleanses the system in three months. Any person who will take a pill each night from 8 to 10 will have the blood purified and the system purified. A thing is possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. E. J. PARSONS & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Langour, Me.

DR. HARTER'S IROTONIC

A combination of Ferrous Chloride of Iron, Potassium, Barytes and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of Iron that will not blacken the teeth, so characteristic of other iron preparations. GENTLEMEN: I have used DR. HARTER'S IROTONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IROTONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this medicine has made a wonderful cure. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians, have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any other medicine. DR. HARTER'S IROTONIC is a necessity in my practice. DR. H. H. HARTER, St. Louis, Mo.

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