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LOCAL NEWS.

Louis Bishop is in the east.
Judge Thomas is at West Baden.
John Courtney is in Chicago this week.
John Herod is with the Basye-Davis company.

The Ladoga Leader seems to be a prohibition paper.
W. B. Herod is in Kansas seeking a new location.
Rebecca Birch has returned from Toronto, Canada.

The temperance picnic at Linden was quite a success.
Frankfort has prospects of a genuine, two-ring circus.

A lady, Miss Bullard, is auditor of the Midland railway.
The Smith oil well, at Terre Haute, is probably a failure.

The Lebanon and Rockville fairs were both held this week.
Carl Snyder went to Burket on a fishing excursion Monday.

They are getting ready for the winter lecture course at Delphi.
Miss Frieda Walk, of Indianapolis, is visiting friends on College-st.

Dr. A. F. Henry has returned from a trip through the northwest.
The foundation has been laid for Dietrich's carriage works at Waveland.

Samuel Davidson, of Hillsboro, visited his son, Judge Davidson, Tuesday.
Snyder Bros., of Yountsville, are shipping wheat from Troutman's station.

Frank Moore, class of '86, of Wabash College visited in the city Monday.
Editor Lemon, of the Ladoga Leader, spent last week at West Baden springs.

Frankfort physicians have not experimented any with the "elixir of life" yet.
An excursion from Lebanon to the Shades was run over the Midland, Sunday.

The remains of Winfield S. Cox were laid to rest in Oak Hill cemetery, Monday.
John Horne will move from Wingate to Waynetown the first of next month.

Frank Cornell, of Mace, will teach the Yountsville school the coming winter.
Dogs killed several sheep for Jackson McCormick, of Ripley township, last week.

Charles Johnson has sold his Waveland bakery to John Sprulan and W. R. Barton.
John J. Darter is the new superintendent of the Yountsville and Crawfordsville gravel road.

Warren Goldsberry, of Indianapolis, was in the city over Sunday, the guest of Hubert White.
Morris Herzog, of Waynetown, shipped one thousand bushels of wheat in one car last week.

Miss Puss Smith has returned from Maxinkuckee, where she has been enjoying the cool lake breezes.
Miss Bessie Binford is at home again after a short visit with her cousin, Miss Augusta Binford, of Paris, Ill.

Rev. W. F. Pettit has given up his church at Shawnee Mound and will take a charge in the east near his old home.
The Vandalia pay car passed through the city, Monday, bringing joy and rocks to its employees all along the line.

Miss Grace Foster, of Indianapolis, returned to her home, Monday afternoon, after a visit with Miss Mabel McClellan.
The tennis courts west of the museum have been freshly peeled and the season has opened up for the fall trade once more.

The L. N. & C. road earned \$49,370, the first week of August, an increase over the corresponding week, 1888, of \$9,268.
The annual reunion of the Harshbarger family was held at Zack Mahorney's farm, Thursday. Hon. J. F. Harney delivered an address.

The Waveland Independent says the weeds in the school house yard have not hidden the cupola yet. How about that campaign pole?
A large crowd, drawn by the cheap excursion rates, attended the laying of the corner stone of the soldiers' monument, at Indianapolis, on Thursday.

Prof. Lake finished his walk at Frankfort last Saturday. The cornet band went around with him on the last lap and the citizens gave him a grand ovation.
Dan Yount, who has been at Yountsville on account of a broken arm, returned to his work at Lafayette, Monday, having fully recovered from the accident.

J. R. Robinson and wife attended a party given at the home of Miss Alice Somerville, of Indianapolis, on Monday evening, in honor of Miss Anna Wilson, of this city.
George C. Beck, of Indianapolis, defeated Ed. Voris in a shooting match at this city Monday by the following score: live pigeons, Beck 22, Voris 21; English sparrows, Beck 25, Voris 22; clay pigeons, Beck 23, Voris 18.

This year's fair promises to surpass any held here for many years. Extra attractions gotten up at a great expense are on the bill and everybody in the county, young and old, should try and arrange to come in and see the sights.
John Donaldson, recently elected sheriff of Cass county, had been a locomotive engineer for 39 years. He ran the engine that hauled the second train over the New Albany & Salem, now the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago road.

We are requested to say by the members of the 63rd Regiment who will hold their reunion at Waynetown, Sept. 25 and 26, that they will allow no gambling nor intoxicating liquors to be sold on the ground as was done at the last reunion held there.

The Terre Haute News says Capt. W. P. Hector, who looks like Jake Kilrain, has been on a trip east and has had a lively time and been the recipient of many toasts. His first experience was at Indianapolis, when a sergeant of police stepped up to him and exclaimed, "Get under cover! Get under cover as quickly as you can!" "What for?" enquired Hector. "We don't want to arrest you. It's all right with us. We know you're on your way to Canada, Kilrain, and we'll help you out." "Good heavens," exclaimed Hector, "I'm not Jake Kilrain! I am from Terre Haute." "That's all right," said the officer, "if I was in your fix I'd say the same thing. Get back in the train before people get onto you, or I'll have to arrest you."

Reese Kelso was up from Waveland Saturday.
George Hadley and wife Sundayed in Indianapolis.
A. H. Blair and wife, of Indianapolis, were in the city Sunday.

Miss Blanche Barnes, of Terre Haute visited Miss Mary Hanna during the week.
Perry Martin and Melancholy Plunkett spent a few days of the week in Pittsboro.

Mrs. Dr. Austin, of Marion, visited her brother Winfield Moffett over Sunday.
Miss Fannie Warner, of Lafayette, was the guest of Dr. Barnes and wife over Sunday.

M. V. B. Wright and daughter, of Carroll county, Mo., are visiting James Wright and wife.
Master Little Wylie Steele is seeing the sights in Chicago, even if he did have to walk to Waynetown Sunday.

The members of the 63rd Ind. Vol. are making big arrangements for their grand reunion, Sept. 25 and 26 at Waynetown.
Miss Rovie Robb is making arrangements to enter St. Mary's Institute near Terre Haute. She will enter upon her course of studies there in September.

John Gallagher, the pugilist, well known by the sporting men of this city, was shot Saturday night in Chicago by a competitor. He lingered until Sunday evening when he died.
That we have not had a circus this year is not regretted by any sensible people, for they always have a bad effect and are demoralizing to the young much more than the benefit to any one.

From the number of persons having coal stored away in their cellars at this time it would indicate that they have little faith in gas being found here or being piped from abroad very soon.

It would look like in the article of clothing at least the people cannot complain of the prices. One dealer in town has a hat, coat, vest, socks and shoes, stretched on a line with the words, "this suit \$1.75" attacked unto.

Some day some one is going to be killed at noon time at the junction, while the passenger trains are there with the yard covered with people. There is from one to three freight trains switching and they seldom pay any attention to the people who as a rule are not looking for trains and are always in the way.

The Journal agitates a county base ball contest between the leading clubs of the county. This would awaken quite a local interest in base ball and should be carried out. The two clubs of this city, the Reds and Recreation Park's, the Ladoga club, the Possum Ridge, Yountsville, Alamo, Waynetown and Wingate, would make eight clubs and perhaps there is two more clubs that would enter the contest.

The bats and leas traveling men had a base ball contest at Lafayette Saturday which resulted in a score of 45 to 18. Hon. Fred McGinley was umpire and did his work admirably with the assistance of two horse pistols. Charley McConahay and Harry Crabbe were the bats battery. Mac put the english onto them while Crabbe played an admirable back stop. The full score is not in yet. Charley Waterbury was a substitute and we hope had nothing to do.

Winfield S. Cox is dead. At one o'clock Saturday afternoon he passed from this world, and his troubles are ended. He was for several years a valuable member of the city police force and has run the valley saloon for the last three years. This is a famous place, known far and wide by the sporting people. Cox was a friend to all and if he was an enemy to anyone it was to himself. He has been in bad health since he was thrown down the embankment at Sperry's bridge, by the upsetting of his buggy, about two years ago, and his life has seemed to slowly waste away.

The closing services for the conference year 1888-89 on Crawfordsville circuit, M. E. church are as follows:
August 25, Robert's Chapel 10:30 a. m., Gray's chapel 3 p. m.
September 1st, Potato Creek, 10:30 a. m., Campbell's chapel 3 p. m., Darlington 7:30 p. m.

Those who have not paid their subscription to the missionary cause please be prepared to do so on above dates.
The annual conference meets in Brazil Sept. 4th.
E. R. JOHNSON, Pastor.
Crawfordsville, Aug. 20, 1889.

Trustee Henry's Threat
Samuel F. Henry, Trustee of Union township issues a manifesto through the daily papers, declaring his intention to defy the law, in reference to the use of the new school books. He has employed Crane & Anderson, and will fight "to the bitter end." Trustee Henry's bravery is commendable. Not being very erudite himself he is determined to see to it that the youth of the land is educated to the topmost notch, and the only way to do it is to allow VanAntwerp, Bragg & Co., and Iverson, Blakeau & Co., to keep their hold on the people. Ah! there Frank. This sudden spasm on your part is the result of making your office the headquarters for VanAntwerp, Bragg & Co., and any other school book shark who happens to be in town. He has accepted the proposition of Prof. Fry and will be the tool of monopoly to fight the people while the School Book Trust foots the bills. He don't want his schools demoralized. A new Trustee, who would obey the law and who is capable of understanding a few things would be much better than a law suit for this purpose. The trouble with Mr. Henry lies in the fact that he is a smart aleck and needs a trailering down, which he will probably get when he backs up and makes wry faces at the law. He does not propose to send in his order for books until the last moment, thinking to force somebody to the wall and give a monopoly, an infernal cut throat ring six months longer to rob the people of Union township. Mr. Henry is fast writing after his name in very large letters the words "ass" and "law-breaker."

Will Drill Deeper.
At a meeting of the natural gas well men on last Friday night 20 directors were elected and the following officers were also elected: Jacob Joel, president; W. B. Lytle, vice pres.; C. N. Harding, sec'y; J. M. Schultz, treas. Ira McConnell was instructed to find out whether gas is in the well and if not to begin drilling again.

Better Than Nothing.
The Rev. Dr. McBride, rector of the Episcopal church at Aberdeen, S. D., experienced, as it were, quite a "shock" a few days ago while traveling across the Dakota prairies in a railway car. There was a woman in a seat near him with whom as the train jaunted along he fell into conversation—or, rather more like, she fell into conversation with him. His solemn garb of "decent black" attracted her eye, and she finally asked him what church he represented. "I'm an Episcopalian," replied the traveling rector. She turned a disdainful eye upon him and remarked with a sigh: "Well, I suppose that's better than nothing; I'm a Methodist myself." And she adjusted her glasses and looked out upon the fleeting scenery with a smile of contentment, such as one may bear who is already traveling the heavenly journey by the Methodist route.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Wise Sayings.
Slow work is sure work.
Perhaps never wins a victory.
There are fifty ways to tell a lie.
Hard workers are usually honest.
Next to faith in God is faith in labor.
Ever look forward, and—Remember Lot's wife.

If not wise to go with the crowd, it is convenient to go against it.
Do the duty of the present and future duties will be provided for.—Good Housekeeping.

Prepared by a combination, preparation and process peculiar to itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.
Dubouque has a woman street car driver.

MARK TWAIN ON INTERVIEWS.

He Thinks Most of Them Absurdities and Tells Why He Thinks So.

Mark Twain writes to a correspondent who wanted to "interview" him:
No, no—it is like most interviews, pure twaddle and valueless.

For several quiet plain and simple reasons an "interview" must, as a rule, be an absurdity. And chiefly for this reason: It is an attempt to use a boat on land, or a wagon on water, to speak figuratively. Spoken speech is one thing, written speech is another. Print is a proper vehicle for the latter, but it isn't for the former. The moment "talk" is put into print you recognize that it is not what it was when you heard it, you perceive that an immense something has disappeared from it. That is its soul. You have nothing but a dead carcass left on your hands. Color, play of feature, the varying modulations of voice, the laugh, the smile, the informing inflections, everything that gave body, warmth, grace, friendliness and charm, and commended it to your affection, or at least to your tolerance, is gone, and nothing is left but a pallid, stiff and repulsive cadaver.

Such is "talk" almost invariably, as you see it lying in state in an interview. The talker seldom tries to tell one how a thing was said; he merely puts in the naked remark and stops there. When one writes for print his methods are very different. He follows forms which have but little resemblance to conversation, but they make the reader understand what the writer is trying to convey. And when the writer is making a story, and finds it necessary to report some of the talk of his characters, observe how cautiously and anxiously he goes at that risky and difficult thing.

If he had dared to say that thing in my presence," said Alfred, taking a mock heroic attitude and casting an arch glance upon the company, "blood would have flowed." "If he had dared to say that thing in my presence," said Hawkwood, with that in his eye which caused more than one heart in that guilty assemblage to quake, "blood would have flowed." "If he had dared to say that thing in my presence," said the paltry blusterer, with valor on his tongue and pallor on his lips, "blood would have flowed."

So painfully aware is the novelist that naked talk in print conveys no meaning that he loads and often overloads almost every utterance of his characters with explanations and interpretations. It is a loud confession that print is a poor vehicle for "talk," it is a recognition that uninterrupted talk in print would result in confusion to the reader, not instruction.

Now, in your interview you have certainly been most accurate. You have set down the sentences I uttered as I said them. But you have not a word of explanation; what my manner was at several points is not indicated. Therefore, no reader can possibly know where I was in earnest and where I was joking; or whether I was joking altogether or in earnest altogether. Such a report of a conversation has no value. It can convey many meanings to the reader, but never the right one.

To add interpretations which would convey the right meanings is a something which would require—what? An art so high and fine and difficult that no possessor of it would ever be allowed to waste it on interviews. No; spare the reader and spare me; leave the whole interview out; it is rubbish. I wouldn't talk in my sleep if I couldn't talk better than that.

If you wish to print anything, print this letter: it may have some value, for it may explain to a reader here and there why it is that in interviews as a rule men seem to talk like anybody but themselves.

Three Rude Scamps Well Answered.
Two or three idle young men were lounging around a street corner the other evening just as the down town troops were sending home their employees. "Let's have some fun with the girls!" said the ringleader of the trio. "See that girl in the front seat of the grip? Let's speak to her!" Then, as the copper at the corner, the impatient fellow turned his hat, with, "Why, how do you do, Kitty Johnson?" "Why," says another, "if that isn't Kitty Johnson!" "How d'ye do, Kitty," said the third. The young lady, a young, pretty, ladylike girl, was surprised and indignant. Her face grew red and white by turns. Most of the passengers understood the situation. Finally, the girl, her eyes twinkling with merriment, and conscious of the support of her fellow passengers, answered in a clear ringing voice that every passenger could hear: "Why, how do you do, Tom, Dick and Harry? When did you get out of jail? Who went bail for you all?" The car started up amid a storm of applause, while the dudes on the corner smiled sickly grins at each other.—Chicago Journal.

A Great Editor's Grave.
As you pass through Cave Hill cemetery, along the avenue that runs just to the northward of the public vaults, you will, perhaps, see the grave of George D. Prentice. You will doubtless be astonished to see it marked by one of the smallest and cheapest pieces of marble to be found in the cemetery. Near to this grave are those of Mrs. Prentice and of Clarence Prentice, the son of George D. I mentioned this to a gentleman who was a friend of the great editor and poet, and who is familiar with the facts connected with the closing years of his life. He said:

"For over fifteen years after Prentice's death his grave was unmarked by any stone whatever. 'Prentice died poor. His last days were passed in a little furnished room in the yard of his son Clarence, who owned a farm near the country place of the late Dr. Standford, on the Preston street road. His wife died many years before he did.'—Louisville Post.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC

AND Stomach and Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the Great South American Medicine Company, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by the native inhabitants of South America, who rely almost wholly upon its great medicinal powers to cure every form of disease by which they are overtaken.

This new and valuable South American medicine possesses powers and qualities hitherto unknown to the medical profession. This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and diseases of the general Nervous System. It also cures all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the Great Nervine Tonic qualities which it possesses and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body and as a great renewer of a broken down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the Lungs than any ten consumption remedies ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic almost constantly for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

CURES

Nervousness and Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache and Sick Headache, Female Weakness, All Diseases of Women, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Failing Health. All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir, are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied, and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This recent production of the South American Continent has been found, by analysis, to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its magic power to cure all forms of nervous derangements.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86.
To the Great South American Medicine Co.:
DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious case of the stomach and nervous system. I tried every medicine I could hear of but nothing did me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do, you would not be able to supply the demand.
J. A. HAYDOCK, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS'S DANCE OR CHOREA.
CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., May 19, 1886.
My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflicted for several months with St. Vitus's Dance. She was reduced to a skeleton. You could not walk, could not talk, could not swallow anything but milk. I had to handle her like an infant. Doctor and neighbors gave her up. I commenced giving her the South American Nervine Tonic; the effects were very surprising. In three days she was rid of the nervousness, and rapidly improved. Four bottles cured her completely. I think the South American Nervine the greatest remedy ever discovered, and would recommend it to everyone.
MRS. W. S. ENSMINGER, State of Indiana, Montgomery County.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this May 19, 1887.
CHAS. M. TRAVIS, Notary Public.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.
The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the Stomach, because the experience and testimony of thousands go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY one great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

Harriet E. Hall, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to The Great South American Nervine Tonic. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted Stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it the best medicine in the world. I cannot recommend it too highly."

Mrs. M. Russell, Sugar Creek Valley, Ind., writes: "I have used several bottles of The Great South American Nervine Tonic, and will say I consider it the best medicine in the world. I believe it saved the lives of two of my children. They were down and nothing appeared to do them any good until I procured this remedy. It was very surprising how rapidly they both improved on its use. I recommend the medicine to all my neighbors."

Ed. J. Brown, Druggist, of Edina, Mo., writes: "My health had been very poor for years, was coughing severely. I only weighed 110 pounds when I commenced using South American Nervine. I have used two bottles and now weigh 130 pounds, and am much stronger and better than have been for five years. Am sure would not have lived through the Winter had I not secured this remedy. My customers see what it has done for me, and buy it eagerly. It gives great satisfaction."

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.
Price, Large 18 ounce Bottles, \$1.25. Trial Size, 18 cents.

Sold by Dr. E. DETCHON,

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND