

HENRY CLAY.

A Reminiscence of the Kentucky Bar Forty Years Ago.

Whatever is interesting in the lives of distinguished men ought to be recorded. These have come under my personal observation, for I stood to him in the relation of pastor during the last fourteen years of his life and knew him well. A number of incidents and anecdotes connected with Henry Clay, some of which, on repeated recital to interested listeners, I have been asked to put in permanent form.

The following anecdote is illustrative of his skill as an orator in seizing the occasion to convince a court, jury and an audience of the justice of his cause before he had made the speech:

About forty years ago, when some of the dissatisfied legation of a Mr. Rogers, in Fayette County, Ky., brought suit to set aside the will which involved the distribution of seventy or eighty thousand dollars, the Hon. John J. Crittenden was engaged by the dissatisfied party to break the will, and Hon. Henry Clay was engaged by the other side to sustain it.

I had never heard before of the meeting of these political and forensic champions in a legal contest, and probably they had never met in an inferior court.

The interest of the people was thoroughly aroused as the time drew near for the meeting of these legal gladiators. The trial was held in the Court House of Lexington, the home of Mr. Clay. The room was too small to accommodate one-fourth of the people who had gathered in the city to hear these giants of oratory and the law argue this case, so full of public interest. They crowded into every available spot long before the opening of the court; and there was no need for the sheriff to call "silence," for every countenance wore a subdued expression, and seemed painfully burdened with a feeling of uncertainty as to the result of this contest, and was evidently worried at the thought of the possibility that the other great Kentuckian might defeat Mr. Clay in the Court House of his own county.

I was favored with a seat within the bar, and very near to Mr. Clay. The assistant counsel made such statements to the jury as the occasion called for, and the closing of the case was left to those two great competitors.

Out of the material on which he had to work, Mr. Crittenden made one of the most effective speeches of his life. I have often regretted, for the fame of the great orators of that day, the art of short-hand writing had not been further advanced, so that some of their most brilliant efforts might have been recorded for the instruction and gratification of men in after times. It is not possible, however, that any printed speech could convey to the mind, the personal presence, the attitudes, the voice, the passion and the magnetic power illustrated in their delivery.

During the progress of Mr. Crittenden's speech, Mr. Clay would occasionally ask his son James, who was associated with him in practice, for a law book, and, finding his authority, he would turn down a leaf for easy reference and lay it down with indifference.

When Mr. Crittenden had concluded his argument, a painful, I might rather say a shuddering, stillness pervaded the court room. There seemed written in every countenance the conviction that the case was closed—Mr. Clay's case was lost; that he could have nothing to say, and that he was beaten in his own city by his great compeer—Crittenden. He saw and felt the effect that had been produced by his powerful opponent. He saw the deep anxiety which the dead silence indicated, and his friends ready to weep at his apparent discomfiture.

With the sagacity of an expert in controversy, he at once determined what to do, and that was to call back instantly the convictions of his audience, the court and jury, and by manner and action to ask them to hold their decision in abeyance until they heard from him.

He rose majestically. I never knew a man that could rise up and sit down with equal dignity and grace. His small, bluish-gray eye expressed the vehemence with which his soul was burning; his brow was knitted and his under lip quivering with intense emotion; he raised his hand and looking upward, said: "By the help of God (then turning to the Judge) and the pleasure of this court, before I resume my seat, I intend to show the utter futility and groundlessness of the arguments assumed by my honorable friend in this case."

In the expression of the words "futility" and "groundlessness," he threw his arms around toward Mr. Crittenden with a downward gesture and rung them out with a passionate emphasis which thrilled every listener, making them to feel that he knew his power and how to wield it.

What an adroit and skillful way of recovering the favor of an audience whose mind seemed made up adversely to the pleader. What an expert in rhetoric to begin his speech in a reverential and supplicatory tone of voice, with "By the help of God" in addressing a court and jury. Its necessity was doubtless seen only at the moment seized upon, and had the desired effect.

Every countenance, which before was wreathed in sadness, was now lighted up with joy at the assurance that Mr. Clay would sustain his reputation in this case, as one of the grandest pleaders and astute lawyers in the land.

He based his argument mainly on the premises assumed by Mr. Crittenden, and as he progressed the result was clearly seen, for there scarcely ever was before such a toppling over of a beautiful, logical and rhetorical structure which Mr. Crittenden had raised, and which seemed so perfect to the eye of the mere observer to be indestructible.

The jury went out and returned in a few minutes with a verdict for the will, and in spite of the orders of the court and its officers the audience rose and burst out in loud shouts of exultation. It was impossible to restrain the people. It was the reaction of the mind from a painful state of doubt and apprehension in reference to the success of a man whom they almost adored, to that of thrilling joy at a grand result. It may be said that this demonstration

was clearly coincident with the feelings of the court, as no one was committed for contempt.—*Cor. St. Louis Republican.*

The Railroad Hog.

"Is this seat unoccupied?" a lady timidly inquired.

Her voice was not very loud. It did not recall the fat man from his reverie nor his gaze from something interesting in the brick wall of the depot. The lady passed on as though embarrassed at the sound of her request.

"Is one of these seats disengaged?" The question was asked in a firm, clear voice by a young woman who looked steadily into the monopolist's eyes as though she understood him. His head turned slowly, and he coldly replied, "All engaged."

Then he resumed his study of the wall, and the train moved slowly out of the depot.

"Oof!" The exclamation resembled exactly the grunt of a pig. It was made by a young man with a dimple in his cheek and a twinkle in his eye, on a seat diagonally across the aisle and behind the bald-headed man. He was absorbed in an interesting article in a newspaper. The exclamation was not noticed.

"Oof! Oof! Oof!" A young lady in the seat behind the person intended to be described by the young man with the dimple, tittered aloud. The fat man with four sittings stole a wicked glance at the young man with the newspaper, and then settled back with a determined gesture of his head and neck as if he wasn't going to mind it.

The passengers turned their attention to the passenger with the four seats. The bald spot on his head began to get red.

"Kwe-e-ek, kwe-e-ek, kwe-e-ek! Oof, oof, oof, oof!"

A tittering and giggling broke out spontaneously up and down the car. The bald spot on the fat man's head blazed. Then one foot was dragged slowly off from the front seat, then the other. A hand reached out carefully and set one valise on the floor. Then the other valise followed.

"Seat here, I guess, ladies," he growled.

Three women threw grateful glances at the grunter and took their seats. The grunter, who had not lifted his eyes from his newspaper, turned it over to continue reading, but just at that instant the train glided into the tunnel.—*New York Sun.*

A Plymouth Eccentric.

At Plymouth, in the olden days, lived a shrewd philosopher who rejoiced in the familiar title of Sam Barnes. Short of stature, keen of tongue, and squeaky of voice, Barnes was known to everybody, and in turn knew everybody so well that he was able to hit off their peculiarities to the delight of all hearers and to the victim. It is related, for instance, that a miserly neighbor who, in the opinion of Plymouth farmers, starved his stock, complained to Barnes that his pig was sick. "I've given him seaweed and rockweed," the owner said, "and pigweed and burdock, and nothing seems to please him. What would you do, Sam, if he was yours?" "Well, now, I swear to man," answered Sam, with his usual sharp, jerky manner, "if he was mine I'd try him with a little good meal and water." Barnes was a Universalist, and much did he pride himself thereon. One evening when the church bells were ringing, Sam, on his way to the corner grocery, where his comrades were wont to congregate, encountered the orthodox clergyman. "Halloo, Parson B.," piped Sam, "what on earth are all those bells a-ringing for?" "It is prayer-meeting evening, Mr. Barnes," the clergyman replied, with pious severity and mild reproach in his voice. "Well, now, I swear," Sam continued, as if the idea were a novel one to him. "What's it for? What do you do there?" "We pray, Mr. Barnes." "Pray? I swear to man! Now, my Bible says: 'When ye pray go into your closet, and shut the door, and pray in secret.'" "But do you pray in secret?" asked the divine, in that tone of pointed appeal which marks the consciousness of a home thrust. "Well, now," retorted Barnes, undismayed, "if I should tell you there wouldn't be nothing secret about it." And with a triumphant chuckle he pursued his way to the corner grocery.—*Boston Courier.*

Too True to Be Sad.

He was a busy man and she was a society woman. One evening he suddenly looked up from his paper and said: "By the way, didn't we have a baby in this house about the time Midland Broad-Gauge went up to 98?"

"Yes," she said, "Oscar was born the night of the Everingham reception."

"Boy, was it?" he said with a show of interest. "I had forgotten; must be about 7 months old by this time. Where is he?"

She touched a bell, a servant appeared, and she ordered Oscar to be brought into the presence of his sire. Instead of whom the weeping nurse appeared alone, and with many tears confessed that the infant Oscar had been kidnapped in the park six weeks before, and that the most careful search, aided by advertisements in the daily papers, had thus far failed to reveal his whereabouts. Thus we see that wealth is no barrier to sorrow, and even into the homes of the rich and the great trouble creeps with its stealthy tread, and sometimes breaks up a whole evening of enjoyment.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

He Couldn't Be Fooled.

A Georgia man hearing a noise like a rattlesnake in the hotel, went into a friend's room and saw to his intense surprise five huge rattlers crawling around the room, while his friend sat unconcerned at a table writing a letter.

"Great Jehosaphat, Jim!" he exclaimed, "do you see those snakes?" "Snakes? What snakes?" returned James.

"Why, all around the room—there—everywhere."

"O, no," replied James, "not at all. I thought so myself at first, but I've had 'em too often to believe all I see."—*New York Graphic.*

THE LAST GASP.

The Colonel Who Didn't Recognize Gen. Lee's Authority to Surrender.

Gen. Sheridan tells a very interesting story about the last campaign against Lee, and the incidents of the surrender. It will be remembered that he headed off Lee at Appomattox Court House, and captured eleven trains of supplies which were waiting for him there. When Lee found that he had no stores or ammunition for his army, and that his retreat was cut off, he sent a flag of truce, which Custer received and conducted to Sheridan. The two armies laid on their arms waiting for Grant, who was on his way to the front.

In the meantime Sheridan and some of his staff started to ride over toward Appomattox Court House, where they were fired upon by a regiment of rebels half concealed among some underbrush. The General and his party waved their hats toward the place where the shots came from, and made all sorts of demonstrations to silence the unexpected and mysterious attack, but to no purpose. Finally, the Confederate officer who brought the flag and Maj. Allen, of Sheridan's staff, rode over to see what the matter was.

They found a South Carolina regiment, whose Colonel, in a grandiloquent tone, informed them that the war wasn't over, and that he and his regiment did not recognize the authority of Gen. Lee to make terms for peace. "Be Gawd, sir," exclaimed this gallant Johnny, "South Carolinians never surrender!"

The two officers rode back to Gen. Sheridan, who, with his party, had retired under cover, and reported to him the situation. The General called Custer and told him there was one regiment over in the brush which hadn't got enough of it, and it would be well for him to go over there and "snuff it out."

Custer ordered his bugler to sound "Forward," and at the head of a regiment dashed across the interval which lay between the two armies, which were drawn up in long lines and stood at rest. It was a beautiful Sunday morning—a perfect spring day—and the sight of that regiment, with Custer's long, tawny hair as their banner, dashing at full gallop across the fields, evoked a cheer from both armies.

Meantime Sheridan had reached the Court House, where he met Gen. Gordon, recently Senator from Georgia, and Gen. Wilcox, who had been his classmate at West Point, but whom he had not seen for many years. Wilcox has since been a doorkeeper of the United States Senate.

While this party were sitting on the steps of the Court House, chatting familiarly over the situation, heavy musketry was heard in the distance. Gordon looked up in anxiety and alarm, and asked one of his aids to ride over in that direction and find out what it meant. "Never you mind, General," said Sheridan. "It's all right. I know what it means. Custer is over there having some fun with a South Carolinian who never surrenders." Gordon insisted upon sending the officer to stop the fight, but before he got there the doughty Colonel had presented Custer with a very much battered sword. It was the last gasp of the Army of Northern Virginia.—*National Tribune.*

Rubens' Simon Peter on the Cross.

I was in Cologne some years ago—had been wandering all day about the city—and was quite tired and very cross; for it seemed as if the whole city had made up its mind to pick my pocket. I was going to my lodgings when my guide said, "There is a picture I want you to still see." "Anything to pay?" I asked, grimly. "Yes," he answered, so much. "Then," I said, "I will not go. I am sick of the whole business, and tired out. I will go home." But the man had his way, after all, and I went to see the picture painted by Rubens for his own parish church. It was an altar piece, and they were ready to show it after I paid my money. No man in this world could be more unfit than I was to see that picture. They turned it to the light, and I stood half a minute, I suppose, in the silence with the setting sun shining on it, and then I was sobbing and striving to choke back my tears. It is a terrible picture, as some of you will remember—the death of this Simon Peter on the cross, with his head downward. The master never made grander work than in that picture. The pain of it smites you with a solid stroke, but the secret of its greatness is in the eyes; and these are wonderful gray eyes—the eyes of the prophet, in which the painter has hidden such depths of glory and victory that, as I stood there amazed through the power and beauty of it, I seemed to hear the angels singing. The man was looking from the cross right into the heart of heaven. The light was more than the shining of the sun; it was the light of God. He knew nothing of the pain, death had no dominion, he had fought the good fight. The curtains of time were falling, the eternal life was sustaining the fainting and falling spirit, and Simon Peter was already absent from the body and present with the Lord.—*Rev. Robert Collyer.*

Getting Particular About It.

It used to be an easy matter to satisfy European holders of American railroad shares when a dividend was passed. It could be laid to droughts, freshets, snow slides, grasshoppers, yellow fever, hot or cold, or need of rolling-stock. Those people are getting more particular within the last year or two, and really expect shares to bring 'em in some sort of income. An American now traveling in Germany writes home that some of our non-paying dividend railroads will have to employ a first-class liar to invent new and satisfactory excuses, or the shares will come back. As one German holder remarked to him:

"My friend, I wait now about five years for some dividends on my stock, but I don't smell a cent. Every time it vhas cyclones, grasshoppers, poor crops or repairs, und dot diidend goes py. If you doan' haf some peesness for your railroads, why doan' you go on foot mit ox-teams!"—*Wall Street News.*

A Boon Companion.

Mr. John Rolfe, Champion Bicyclist of Australia and England, writes to the *Argus*, Melbourne, Australia, that in the six days' contest for the championship, after riding 8 consecutive hours each day, his limbs became stiff and sore, and he is positive he won the great race, and was enabled to ride another 100 miles against time immediately afterward, from the wonderful effects produced by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in training and racing. He calls it his boon companion, and recommends it to all athletes.

Passing the Toothpick.

The fastidious denizen of the city who engages board for the summer in the country sometimes meets with strange experiences. A writer in the *New York Mail* tells of a friend of his who was recreating at a farm house in the Catskills, the owner of which regarded the toothpick an indispensable article after dinner. Thinking that economy in all things is necessary to accumulate a fortune, he imagined that the boarders were possibly not provided with toothpicks, and called out to his son at dinner: "Johnnie, pass the toothpick." The boy produced the called-for article, and proceeded to make the best possible use of it himself; and, when he had finished with it, offered it to the person next to him. It is needless to say the toothpick went no further.

A Tender Epistle.

Mrs. Demming asked Matilda, the house servant: "What dreadful scratching is that out in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get in. I never heard anything like it in my life."

"Dat's no dog scratchin' de doah. Dat's de cook writin' a lub letter to her honeysuckle, who works down in de Austin ice factory."—*Texas Siftings.*

Loss of Flesh and Strength.

With poor appetite, and perhaps slight cough in morning, or on first lying down at night, should be looked to in time. Persons afflicted with consumption are proverbially unconscious of their real state. Most cases commence with disordered liver, leading to bad digestion and imperfect assimilation of food—hence the emaciation, or wasting of the flesh. It is a form of scrofulous disease, and is curable by the use of that greatest of all blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, and invigorating compounds, known as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

An oculist tells a Boston reporter that every yard of dotted veil that is sold is at least \$20 in the pockets of his brethren.

POCAHONTAS was the first female who related to make a splash.—*Newman Independent.* And the last one up to the time of going to press.—*Boston Post.*

The Best for Butter.

There is but one best color for butter, and that is Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color, no candid investigator doubts. It is the best butter color in the world; is free from sediment or impurity, always ready for instant use, and it imparts to butter that rich dandelion yellow, without a tinge of red, which is the acme of desirability in any butter color.

GRACE—"I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message?" DORA—"I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl! Give her my love."

Regulars.

One of the strongest proofs of the value of Kidney-Wort as a remedy for all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, and bowels, is the fact that it is used and prescribed by "regular" physicians. Phillip C. Ballou, M. D., of Monks, Vt., says: "Take it all in all, it is the most successful remedy I have ever used."

SELF-MADE men are most always apt to be little too proud of the job.—*Josh Billings.*

Do It Yourself.

With Diamond Dyes any lady can get as good results as the best practical dyer. Every dye warranted true to name and sample. 100¢ at druggists'. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

When a candidate gets in the hands of his friends, the next move is to get their hands in his pockets.—*Newman Independent.*

The Testimony of a Physician.

James Beecher, M. D., of Seymour, Iowa, says: "For several years I have been using a cough balsam, called Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and in almost every case throughout my practice I have had entire success. I have used and prescribed hundreds of bottles since the days of my army practice (1868), when I was surgeon of Hospital No. 7, Louisville, Ky."

Pneumonia.

If Compound Oxygen were promptly used in an attack of Acute Pneumonia there would be few deaths from this disease. Its action in allaying bronchial and pulmonary irritation, relieving congestion, and restoring healthy secretions to the mucous membranes is most remarkable. Write to Drs. Starkey & Paine, 1109 Girard st., Phila., for information in regard to this remarkable treatment.

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The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$3 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This famous hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class.

H. W. HORN, Proprietor.

MENSAH'S PEPTONIZED DEEP TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all embolized conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work, or acute disease, particularly resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Make outward application of so-called remedies for rheumatism and neuralgia must necessarily fail of their purpose because the origin of the trouble is not understood. The phosporus destroys the root of the disease by cleansing the blood of the impurities that cause them. Athrophos is perfectly harmless, while its action is quick and certain. Price, \$1 a bottle. If druggist hasn't it, send to Athrophos Co., 112 Wall street, N. Y.

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How to Save Money.

and we might also say—time and pain as well, in our advice to good housekeepers and ladies generally. The great necessity existing always to have a perfectly safe remedy convenient for the relief and prompt cure of the ailments peculiar to women—functional irregularity, constant pains, and all the symptoms attendant upon uterine disorders—induces us to recommend strongly and unqualifiedly Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—woman's best friend. It will save money.

The man who began keeping a diary at the first of the year is still keeping it, but he now uses the pages as cigarette papers.

MANY imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

An old maid sued a fellow for damage because he failed to marry her. His plea was dam-age.—*Newman Independent.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. VALUABLE IN DIGESTION. Dr. Daniel T. Nelson, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, particularly in overworked men."

A BAD man shows his bringing up when he is brought up by a policeman.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is a sure cure for kidney complaints.

The Law on Survival.

Grant Allen thinks it improbable that, as is often supposed, the extinction of species has been caused by violent destruction by preying creatures, except in those cases where man has been the destroyer. He believes, instead, that most extinct animal and plant forms have really been exterminated by the severe competition of other closely allied forms adapted to fill exactly the same place in nature. As an instance, he mentions the black rat of England, which was once most numerous, but which seems to have been completely starved out of existence by the superior energy of the brown rat seeking the same sources of food.

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELL CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELL and other ELECTRO-APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

FOR years I have been afflicted with Hay-Fever. I gave Ely's Cream Balm a trial. The relief was immediate. I regard myself cured.—G. SCHREIBER, Supt. of Cordage Co., Elizabeth, N. J. Price 50 cents.

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The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear his testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case has it failed to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in small doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

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