

DAILY NEWS

E. P. BEAUCHAMP, Editor and Proprietor.

Publication Office, corner Fifth and Main Streets.

Entered at the Post Office at Terre Haute, Indiana, as second-class matter.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25, 1880.

FOR PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES,
JAMES A. GARFIELD.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
ALBERT G. PORTER.
For Lieutenant Governor,
THOMAS HANNA.
For Secretary of State,
EMANUEL R. HAWN.
For Auditor of State,
EDWARD H. WOLFE.
For Treasurer of State,
ROSWELL S. HILL.
For Attorney General,
DANIEL P. BALDWIN.
For Judge of Supreme Court,
BYRON K. ELLIOT. Third District.
WILLIAM A. WOODS. Fifth District.
For Clerk of Supreme Court,
DANIEL ROYSE.
For Reporter Supreme Court,
FRANCIS M. DICE.
For Superintendent Public Instruction,
JOHN M. BLOSS.

For Congress,
ROBERT B. PRITCH.

Vigo County Ticket.

For Clerk,
MERRILL N. SMITH.
For Treasurer,
CENTENARY A. RAY.
For Sheriff,
JACOB STEPP.
For Commissioner, Third District,
JOHN DEBAUN.
For Coroner,
DR. JAMES T. LACIGHEAD.
For Senator,
FRANCIS V. BICHOWSKY.
For Representative,
WILLIAM H. MELNATH.
DICK T. MORGAN.
For Surveyor,
GEORGE HARRIS.

THE NEWS HAS THE LARGEST DAILY CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.

WHY THE SOUTH IS SOLID FOR HANCOCK.

Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. **THESE ARE THE SAME PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT FOUR YEARS.** Remember the men who poured forth their life-blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket. (Wade Hampton, at Staunton, Va. July 26.)

We have received an important communication from a business man who will appear in our columns on Monday.

In the island of Dominica, one of the Marquessa group, the natives have revolted against the French, and were about to annihilate them when they were relieved by a French gun-boat.

MARIE VAN, of Cincinnati, has received a flattering debut as prima donna at the Palladium Theatre, in Rome, in the part of "Gilda" in the opera "Rigoletto." About four thousand persons were in the theatre.

JUDGE ROBERTSON, of the Spencer Circuit Court, has decided that the fees paid ex-Auditor of State E. B. Henderson, as insurance examiner, belong to the State, and are illegally retained by him, and must be paid into the Treasury. The amount is over \$15,000.

LAST night was a glorious night for the old world horses of the Republican party. "Billy" Williams and Eli Perkins can get about as good a crowd as any two men who have been here, and the immense crowd that welcomed them is the best evidence of the enthusiasm and energy now pervading the ranks of the Republican party in this country.

McDONALD.

This hiastacus failed to come to time last night as announced. He evidently understood that the people of Terre Haute had no use for him, so he kept dark. He lectured at Indianapolis a few nights ago to an audience of fifty-one persons. In the same ratio according to population he would have had an audience in Terre Haute of about ten persons and a brindle dog. This would include none but the News force minus the brindle dog. The News man had his war paint on, his tomahawk behind his ear and his scalping knife in his boot. He intended to stand by "Sylph" at all hazards. McDonald was a little to sylph for this climate, and his great expose fell upon us.

After making such extensive preparations, cleaning up our Gatling guns and preparing plenty of fixed ammunition to annihilate Sylph McDonald through the News we are compelled to nurse our wrath and shut up the magazine.

"I agree with you that it will not do to be beaten now; we should never be beaten until every man who counts, or represents those who count in the enumeration to give representation in the Electoral College, can cast his vote just as he pleases, and can have it counted just as he casts it."—General Grant's Letter to General Logan.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

There is no power in the wide world that wields so great a general influence as that wielded by the newspaper. And whilst newspapers, as we know them, have all arisen within the last three hundred and fifty years, we may safely say that the Hindus were acquainted with that power more than a thousand years ago. But we will not take into the *Pekin Gazette* and *Canton Gazette*. We will examine for the earlier papers in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and set what kind of character and thought have been moulded by these silent instruments for the past three hundred and fifty years. When Queen Elizabeth was on the throne in the year 1588 there was established under her authority a newspaper called the *English Mercurie*, and was edited and published by Christopher Barker, printer to her royal Highness, and was published "for the prevention of false reports."

The next newspaper of which we have any account, was established at Paris, France, in the year 1631, by a gentleman named Renaissot, and was founded as the official organ of the government. This paper was called the *Gazette de France*, and was published uninterruptedly for 296 years, having suspended publication in the 1827.

Again we go back to England where the *Public Intelligence* was established by Sir Roger L'Estrange, for public information and diffusion of news, in the year 1663. This paper was the father of American journalism, and from it has grown the almost innumerable newspapers to be found in almost every corner of the globe. Since the great evolution of mind from the dark ages, the newspaper has gradually evolved into the most potent power of every civilized country, and they carry with them the tastes and civilization of the country wherein they are produced. From the infantile production of Christopher Barker "for the prevention of false reports" under the immediate supervision of Queen Elizabeth. The nineteenth century looks upon gigantic public messengers, such as the *London Times*, *New York Herald*, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and many others which wield such a powerful influence in human thought. A man, to conduct properly a leading newspaper, must be a man of strong common sense and a knowledge of men. He must be educated and energetic, and must have that peculiar ability—called newspaper sense. When a man reads the editorials of a newspaper he at once makes up his mind as to the character, civilized tastes and mental caliber of the editor; this is done at a glance.

Nearly every man thinks he can be an editor until he sets down in the complexity of confidence and falls after writing about ten lines. It is true that good men often fail to make good newspapers, not that the tone that pervades their columns is not pure, but because they do not know how to strike the popular chord of their patrons, and consequently must go down for want of patronage. The paper may be good enough, but patronage is what makes a good paper.

That newspaper that acts for the interest of the people among whom it is published is the paper that the community ought to sustain and encourage.

WANTS TO GO TO CONGRESS.

The *Rockville Republican*, of September 22nd contains an account of the most disgusting affair of which we ever read. And the strange feature of the matter is that Bayless W. Hanna is the "star" in this drama. The *Republican* says:

Bayless W. Hanna, Democratic candidate for Congress, closed the Democratic meeting at this place, by getting uproariously DRUNK. The meeting was to close by a torchlight procession and a speech from Hanna. At night—Night came but Bayless did not, for the reason that he was on a huge drunk at Wm. Joiner's saloon. Rogers, the singer, came up on the "Public Square," sang a few songs and made a speech, explaining the absence of Hanna—that he was tired out, &c. The fact was that Bayless was too drunk to appear.

After Rogers was through, he joined Bayless at the saloon and drank drug also. The two remained at the saloon until after midnight, when the lights were extinguished and they were taken to the Commercial House. During the time they were at the saloon, Bayless got into a political discussion with William Cremer, a very intelligent Irish Catholic Republican; and because Cremer did not acquiesce at once to Bayless' drunken argument, he got into a towering rage and charged Cremer with recalcitancy to the Catholic Church and his God. A fight being imminent between Hanna and Cremer, the Marshal of the town appeared and interfered and no blows were had. The lights were then blown out and Bayless was taken to his hotel, beastly drunk. These are the plain facts of the most disgraceful occurrence, without coloring or exaggeration, which can be proven by as good witnesses as there are in Parke county. Such was the finale to the Democratic rally of last Monday. No wonder that decent Democrats next morning, condemned the affair in unmeasured terms, and declare that now they cannot support him.

As an example of what the Democratic party will resort to, we have but the read the account of the "count" at Little Rock, Ark. In the vicinity of that city is a Republican township, and in order to defeat them the Democratic returning board assert that the judges of the election "did not kiss the Bible when sworn," and therefore the election is void. Their oath was found regularly subscribed, and sworn to in the poll-books which were filed with the County Clerk, and the returns are all regular and in due form of law; but somebody having informed the returning board that the judges failed to kiss the Bible at the time of being sworn, the whole returns are thrown out. This is perhaps an example of what General Hancock means by "a full vote, a free ballot and a fair count."

The burden of Payne's story a few nights ago was State sovereignty. He tried to follow in the wake of Daniel's key-note speech at the Wigwam, and pitched headlong at Garfield for taking his key of statesmanship from Hamilton rather than Jefferson. His argument was extremely exhaustive to the crowd. If the Jeffersonian doctrine of opposition to centralization, operate to establish the kind of sovereignty the Southern States are blessed with, it would seem there would be no difficulty in determining which was right, Hamilton or Jefferson. If centralization means that the Nation shall have power to enforce its law and give every citizen the right to cast his vote according to the dictates of his own conscience, and that vote shall be honestly counted, then the Republican party is in favor of centralization. If there is only one man in the whole country who is bulldozed at the polls, the Republican party is in favor of protecting that man, even if it calls forth the whole strength of the government.

The Democracy, and especially Payne, might as well soothe their fears on this subject. The Republican party does not intend to harm them.

Every Democrat ought to know there can be no liberty in a country where the government is too weak to protect its subjects in life and liberty. The aims of the Republican party will not be accomplished until every voter from the lakes to the gulf, can go to the polls and cast his vote without being endangered in life and limb. Think of this, brother Democrat, when you go to the polls to cast your vote. Don't be alarmed by the harangues of such men as Payne.

Words of Wisdom.

Duty is not only pleasant, but cheap. Perseverance is the best school for every manly virtue.

A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure heart.

Many are willing enough to wound who are yet afraid to strike.

To-morrow is the day on which idle men work, and fools return.

The man lacks moral courage who treats when he should retreat.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

Do good to all that thou mayest keep thy friends, and gain thine enemies.

How few faults are there seen by us, which we have not ourselves committed.

The Chinese say there is a well of wisdom at the root of every grass hair.

The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

It is with life as with coffee; he who drinks it pure must not drain it to the dregs.

If you would not have a person deceive you, be careful not to let him know you mistrust him.

The rich are more envied by those who have a little than by those who have nothing.

How rarely do we accurately weigh what we have to sacrifice against what we have to gain.

The idle should not be classed among the living; they are a sort of dead men not fit to be buried.

One act of benevolence, one act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world.

Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring they appear, the more you love them.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices.

Have nothing to do with any man in a passion, for men are not like iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.

It is better to wear out than to rust out. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike till it is made hot.

It is a most mortifying reflection of any man to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there we cannot be happy elsewhere.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

A lively imagination is a great gift provided education tutors it. If not, it is nothing but a soil equally luxuriant for all kinds of seeds.

To pin our faith on another man's sleeve, and submit to be led by authority, deprives us of independence, and subjects us to just contempt.

No man will excel in his profession if he thinks himself above it; and commerce will not flourish in any country where commerce is not respected.

Sleep for the Brain.

"Blessings light on him that first invented sleep," says Sanchez Pansa; and the tired workman, tired in brain or body, echoes the benediction.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can.

This is the only actual recuperation of brain-force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate articles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption.

The supply of human brain substance can only be had from the nutriment particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutriment particles during the state of rest, of quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to take up a fresh supply.

Death in the Dishcloth.

A lady in the *Rural World* says: "I dishcloths are black and stiff and smelly like a barn-yard—it is enough—throw them in the fire and henceforth and forever wash your dishes with cloths that are white, cloths that you can see through, and see if you ever have that disease again. There are sometimes other causes, but I have smelled a whole house full of typhoid fever in one 'dish-rag.' I had some neighbors once—clever, good sort of folks; one fell four of them were sick at one time with typhoid fever. The doctor ordered the vinegar barrels whitewashed, and threw about forty cents worth of carbolic acid in the swill-pail and department. I went into the kitchen and made gruel—I needed a dish-cloth, and looked around and found several, and such 'rags' I burned them all, and called a daughter of the house to get me a dishcloth. She looked around on the table. 'Why,' said she, 'there was about a dozen here this morning,' and she looked in the wood-box and on the mantelpiece, and felt in the cupboard.

'Well,' I said, 'I saw some old black, rotten rags lying around and I burned them—for there is death in such dishcloths as those, and you must never use such again.' I took turns at nursing that family for weeks, and I believe these dirty dishcloths were the cause of all that hard work.

Therefore, I say to every housekeeper, keep your dishcloths clean. You may only brush and comb your head on Sundays; you need not wear a collar unless you go from home—but you must wash your dishcloths. You may only sweep the floor when the sun gets right; the windows don't need washing—you can look out of the door; that spider's web on the front porch don't hurt anything—but as you love your lives wash out your dishcloth. Let the foxglove grass grow in the garden (the seed is a foot deep anyway); let the holes in the heels of your husband's footings go undarned; let the sage go ungathered; let the children's shoes go two Sundays without blacking; let the hens set four weeks on one wooden egg—but do wash out your dishcloths. Eat without a dishcloth, wash your dishes, and let them rot without a curtain for your windows and cake for your tea—but for heaven's sake keep your dishcloth clean.

The Snow of Age.

"No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts." The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The scriptures represent age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond tree shall flourish"—the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters whose hair was turning gray, that "it looked as if time had lightly splashed his snows upon his passage."

"It never melts"—no never! Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward—they know no retrograde movement. The old man may set and sing, "I would I were a boy again"—but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secrets of that alchemy which is able to make him young, but singing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy scenes of early years, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, which every moment carries him farther and farther away. Poor old man! He has little more to do than die.

The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blessing upon the valley and the mountains, but soon the sweet spring comes, and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed—and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness—for there is no age in heaven.

Yet why speak of age in mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old. If any must weep let it be the young at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is an emblem of peace and of rest. It is but a temporal gown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise to be replaced by a brighter and better one.

Beauty.

BY AUNT MARGIE.

Young man don't marry a girl because she is pretty. Will beauty satisfy you through the life-long journey, to the extinction of those moral qualities, mind and heart? Will beauty alone cover your dinner, train your children and prove a true solace in the hours of weary toil and trial—the lot of every man on earth? The poet has said:

"Beauty's a doubtful good, a glass, a tower, a lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour."

Wed not yourself to that which time will surely snatch from you, leaving the faded eye, withered cheek and vacant mind. Study well the character and capabilities of the object of your choice. See to it that she possesses a mind capable of grasping the ordinary questions of the day; and that a portion of her time is spent in reading something besides novels and fashion notes. And above all, be assured she is well disciplined in those virtues without which, home is wretched. Sweetness of temper is not incompatible with firmness or moral courage, and a woman possessing these attributes will not belong to the vulgar, "wishy-washy" sort; but on the contrary the class who develop noble wives and mothers, faithful friendship, and devout Christians, capable of exerting both at home and in society, the best influences for the right and for virtue.

If to these high and independent qualities is added beauty then your choice is indeed blessed of God. Take such a one to your heart, and while loving and cherishing fail not to prove yourself worthy to be the possessor of such a priceless gem.

Hens do much better when allowed a free range outdoors than when confined. In France it has been found that with fowls allowed considerable freedom, 20 per cent only of their eggs fail to hatch; with less freedom, forty per cent failed; and in close confinement, sixty per cent were not hatched.

Health, Comfort and Pleasure.

These three important requisites for a happy life may be easily and cheaply augmented by a summer trip to that gem of the western States, Colorado, and by a quiet sojourn in one of its most beautiful and interesting localities—the justly renowned Manitou House, at Manitou Springs. This charming watering place is but five miles from the thriving village of Colorado Springs, on the Denver and Rio Grand Railway, and Concord coaches are always in readiness on arrival of trains, which, after a pleasant drive past the "Garden of the Gods," up the valley of the "Fontaine qui Bouille," land the passengers on the wide piazzas of the Manitou House, which is a large, roomy and slightly modern structure, with every luxury and comfort of a first class hotel. It accommodates two hundred guests, and has been, by its new proprietor, W. W. Barker, Esq., an old and well-known caterer for the traveling public, entirely and newly fitted up, in readiness for the summer campaign. It is supplied with hot and cold water, bath-rooms, barber-shop, ball-rooms, billiard and refreshment saloons, and its tables are as bountifully furnished as any of its eastern contemporaries. The Western Union Telegraph Company has an office in the hotel, so that its guests can be at all times in telegraphic communication with home or business, while Uncle Sam provides also two daily mails. A short five minutes' walk from the hotel brings the guest to the celebrated mineral and soda springs, and a little farther on, the iron and sulphur ones. The house is snugly sheltered on all sides by the mountains, and at a distance seems to be almost at the very foot of old Pike's Peak itself.

The scenery in every direction is magnificent, and pleasant walks and drives abound on all sides. Near here are the celebrated localities, the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie, Monument Park, the Messas, Ute Falls, Shian Canon, and Falls, and from the hotel daily excursions are made to the summit of Pike's Peak, where the U. S. Observatory and telegraph station is situated, and from which such magnificent views can be had as are unexcelled in the wide world.

Let the tired out and overworked business or professional man, the invalid, the pleasure-seeker, and the lover of nature, bend his steps westward to this lovely spot, rather than to the crowded and fashionable watering places of the east—and even a short visit in the full enjoyment of a real home, the sunny skies and life-giving air, the healing waters, the magnificent scenery, and the soothing quiet and rest of this delightful resort, will enable him to return home with renewed health, life and hope.

The Future of the United States.

It is not generally known, even in cultivated circles, that the amount of arable soil in America is greater than in Europe, Asia and Africa put together, and can therefore sustain more lives. This is no rash conclusion. I speak from a scientific basis; and I will show you what that basis is: Our continent is narrow, and therefore the winds of the ocean water it well. The mountain chains on the east side of the American continent are low on the east side of the old world, are high. From this it results that the trade winds, laden with the wetness of the sea, are attracted to our land. The breadth of the old world and its high eastern ranges cause the rainless interiors of Asia and Africa. Again America is the land of fertile plains; the old world of scorched plains. Our plains run north and south, and so attract and receive the rains. America is high under the equator, the old world is wide; hence, with us a small surface is exposed to the scorching sun. The result is that the productive soil in the old world is 10,000,000 square miles, and in the new, 11,000,000. Thus bursts upon us all in the light of scientific truth, the fact that America can sustain a greater population than the old world; and if she can, it is unquestionable that some day she will.

It is a singular fact that not one of the imperial Napoleons has died in France, or on French soil. Napoleon I., the founder of the family, died a prisoner on the British island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean; his son, Napoleon II., died in Austria; his nephew, Napoleon III., died an exile in England, and his grandnephew, the young man whom the French imperialists hoped would one day rule France as Napoleon IV., met his fate at the point of Zulu, spears in South Africa.

Miscellaneous.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Clerk,
THOMAS A. ANDERSON.

For Treasurer,
DAVID M. WALLACE.

For Sheriff,
LOUIS HAY.

For Coroner,
HENRY EHRENHARDT.

For Commissioner, Third District,
NEWTON BLEDSOE.

For Senator, single vote,
N. KESTER.

For Representatives,
DAVID N. TAYLOR.

JAMES WHITLOCK.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Corner of Fourth and Ohio, Terre Haute.

C. F. MCNUTT.
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332 Ohio Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

A. B. FELSETHAL.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Ohio Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

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Miscellaneous.
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