"Maryland, My Maryland."

* * * "Pretty Wifes,
Lovely daughters and noble men."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and
"My wife?"
"Who?"
"Was a very pretty blonde!"
Twenty years ago, became
"Sallow!"
"Hollow-eyed!"
"Withered and aged!"
Before her time, from

"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness.

"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl, upon recovery had

"Lost!"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-time beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

"The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain,

C. L. JAMES.

Beltsville, Prince George County, Md., May 26, 1883.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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For the POSITIVE RELIEF and CURE of

NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST MANHOOD, ALL SEXUAL WEAKNESSES,

And all the untold miseries resulting from indiscretions or excesses in early life.

Weighs only one ounce. Easy and comfortable to wear.

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Whose VITALITY is failing, Brain DRAINED and EXHAUSTED or Power PREMATURELY WASTED may find a perfect and reliable cure in the FRENCH HOSPITAL REMEDIES originated by Prof. JEAN CIVIALE, of Paris, France, adopted by all French Physicians and being rapidly and successfully introduced here. All weakening losses and drains promptly checked. TREATISE, giving newspaper and medical endorsements, &c., FREE. Consultation (office or by mail) with six eminent doctors FREE.

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NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor, and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope mailed free, by addressing VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

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ANOTHER SELFMURDER

Growing Out of the Illicit Love of Kate Dawson and her Stepson.

Oscar Dawson Visits the Old Home, is Reproached by His Father and Takes His Own Life—The Story in Full.

Another chapter in the sensational history of the Dawson family is to be recorded, as another member of the once happy and prosperous family has sought relief from the pangs of disgrace and remorse in self murder. Oscar Dawson has gone to join his paramour and give account with her for the flagitious disregard of the sanctity of the home relations which they destroyed in obedience to an unnatural and unholy passion.

Thursday morning Oscar Dawson left this city to go to the residence of his father in Perry Townshisp. This step was regarded as reckless by the relatives, because the father had vowed to shoot the son, on sight, and when it had become known that Oscar was coming, neighbors came in to prevent further trouble. It is said that there was a stormy scene between father and son, but no altercation ensued, and after the two had separated Oscar entered the house, and went to the room where the remains of Mrs. Kate Dawson lay. He gazed silently for several minutes upon the face of the dead, and then turned and left the room. He however remained about the house until after the dinner hour, when he asked one of the female members of the family for something to eat. His request was granted, and in an hour or so he started on his way back to the city. He arrived at the residence of his brother Samuel, 383 East New York street, where he has been living, about 6 o'clock. During the evening he referred bitterly to the treatment accorded him by his father, but beyond this he said but little to the members of the household.

Yesterday morning Samuel Dawson went to his work in the southern part of the city at the usual hour, Oscar remaining at home. About 11 o'clock Samuel was summoned home, the messenger announcing that Oscar had taken arsenic and was dying. When he arrived there he found Dr. Taylor at work endeavoring to relieve the now unconscious man, but his efforts were without success, and at 4 o'clock life was extinct. Word was then sent to the family in Perry Township, but at last accounts no response had been received.

The suicide of Mrs. Kate Dawson Wednesday, and the suicide of Oscar yesterday, naturally recalls the history of the troubles in the Dawson family. John W. Dawson, the father, is a wealthy farmer of Perry Township. He married and buried three wives, and was nearing his three score and tenth year when in 1878 he took into his family as a servant woman, one Kate Messersmith, a woman of twenty years, who had been at the Home for Friendless Women, and had there given birth to an illegitimate child. She was recommended to the old man by the institution, and she proved so companionable in his widowerhood that his children soon began to suspect that their father would make her his wife. The suspicion proved true, and despite their opposition Mr. Dawson determined to give them a new step-mother. The marriage took place in 1879, and the children left their home through mortification and disgust. A year later a child was born to the pair, and to all outside appearances winter and summer, December and June, were happily united. The children got over their opposition and Oscar, then a bachelor of twenty-five years, went home to live, taking upon himself the care of the farm. On Friday, the 13th of November, 1885, Oscar and Mrs. Kate Dawson left home together and came to the city. The police were notified of the fact, and a search was made for them. Just one week later they were arrested at a private boarding house on South Pennsylvania street, where they were passing as man and wife under the assumed name of Smith. They were arrested and slated for adultery and were finally sent to the Work-house. Compromises were made and eventually the two were released. A divorce suit was filed and afterward dismissed. Oscar and Kate were last week fined $25 each in the Criminal Court. John W. Dawson's suit for divorce was filed last Saturday and a hearing was had in Judge Taylor's Court and a divorce granted. Mrs. Dawson was given $1,000 alimony and she and Oscar were arranging to go to California when Mr. Bernhamer filed suit to collect an alledged debt of $400 against Mrs. Dawson. The money was in bank, and she being unable to get it, walked out to the Dawson homestead Wednesday morning. In reply to some question she told one of Mr. Dawson's family that she had taken poison to kill herself. When asked why she did it, she said Bernhamer had gotten her money and she had nothing else left for her to do.

Mrs. Dawson's funeral was set for this morning and the programme will doubtless be carried out, John W. Dawson having arranged for the funeral to be held in the morning and the remains to be buried at Crown Hill. Oscar's funeral will probably take place Sunday, although this date may be changed to suit the convenience of the family.

HAZZARD HEARD FROM.

An Indianian Turns Up in California and Gets Recognition.

The following from the Fresno (Cal.) Expositor gives an account of an Indianian who is not unknown to fame in this city:

A few days ago there came into town a man with clear blue eyes, sandy complexion, carrying a crook cane and limping a little. He talked very big, and an innocent person would have thought he was going to set fire to all the rivers and lakes around. He came into our office several times to unfold his schemes and borrow fifty cents to get, presumably, a breakfast, or drink. Yesterday he came into our office, when one of our representatives, who hails from Indiana, thought he recognized him and the following conversation ensued.

Reporter—Where are you from?

Hazzard—Tacoma, Washington Territory.

R—Don't you come from Indiana, too?

H—Yes, I used to live in Indiana. But who are you?

R—I am an Indianian, and took considerable interest about nine years ago in sending you to prison from the United States Circuit Court. How long have you been out? I knew you then as one of the cheekiest rascals that ever slipped out of prison. You are George Hazzard.

H—Well, young man, you are correct; but I don't go back on my name, I am George Hazzard, and when I stood up before Walter Q. Gresham and went to prison, but because I was down once is no reason I should stay there, is it? You won't give me away, will you?

We promised him as long as he trod the path supposed to be followed by the virtuous and honest we would call forth no obstructions. To-day he lies in jail. Once again he has been at his old Hoosier tricks. Charged with obtaining money under false pretenses, he again languishes behind the bars.

There has been around town the past few days an old gentleman delivering S. S. Cox's book. He has been under the influence of liquor most of the time, and was running behind pretty fast. Hazzard got on intimate terms with the old gentleman, whose name is Lawrence, and soon discovered that he had some money. In a very officious manner he went to the clerk of the Grand Central Hotel and told him, "I represent the firm Mr. Lawrence is selling books for, the Occidental Publishing Company, and I want to settle his bill." He was told what it was and then went to Mr. Lawrence, so the latter claims, and told him he would settle his bill and to give him enough money to do so. Mr. Lawrence thinking the bill amounted to about $15, let him have that much. Hazzard then went to the clerk and offered to settle for $7, which was refused. In the evening Mr. Lawrence came around to see if his bill was settled. He found it wasn't, and he went to Hazzard. Hazzard coolly said he had never received a cent from Lawrence. Lawrence, drunk as he was, in very forcible language informed him he was a blank liar. Hazzard began to peel his coat when the landlord interfered. He asked Hazzard a few questions which ended in Berry knocking Hazzard out and having him arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Hazzard used to do his work accompanied by his wife and sister, but whether they are with him or not we don't know. He has been seen talking to a couple of women on the street, but our Indianian representative has not seen them.

Governor Seymour and the Young Lawyer.

[Portland Argus.]

The Sun says of Mr. Seymour: "No man, we suppose, in the history of New York ever enjoyed such unqualified popularity among the members of his own party," and the Sun is wholly right in the matter.

I have a lunch acquaintance who is a good fellow and a good lawyer, but who does not get on in the world. Some two years ago he thought he would like a certain post at Albany, and, as he had no political influence, he took a whim to place his case before Mr. Seymour and invoke his powerful aid. He went to Utica and told the Governor who and what he was and what he wanted; after hearing which the kind old gentleman invited him to remain while he went to lie down and rest, for he was too feeble to sit up long at any one time. The Governor kept that young man in his house two days and nights, talking with him now and then, and all the time taking his measure. When satisfied that the young lawyer had spoken the truth and was really deserving, the Governor gave him a letter to the official at Albany in whose department the desired place was, and also slipped into his hand a goodly roll of bank bills, and in answer to the young man's protest against taking the money, he quietly remarked, "When you are as old as I am you can pass the money along to some other struggling young man." He also told the lawyer to stay at a certain hotel while in Albany. The young lawyer went to Albany and presented his letter, and was received like an ambassador from King Charlemagne. He was introduced all around as the friend of Governor Seymour, and honors were showered upon him. When he went to pay his bill he was informed that Governor Seymour had telegraphed that the bill was to be sent to him.

A few weeks ago the lawyer became the father of a bouncing boy, whom he promptly named Horatio Seymour, and so wrote the Governor, albeit he supposed the old gentleman had forgotten him. In return he received a letter which I now hold in my hand. It contained a check for a round sum. In the letter the Governor speaks feelingly of his own age and approaching death, and adds some lines for the boy which, when he is old enough to read, should and doubtless will influence all his after life for good. Possibly this little story of what the old Governor did for a poor unknown young man may cast a ray of light upon his unequalled popularity.

Congressman Stone's Romance.

[Washington Special.]

Congressman Stone, of Kentucky, who walks about the House and up and down the avenue on crutches—having lost his leg in the Confederate service—is expecting his wife to arrive here shortly from her Kentucky home. The story of Stone's marriage is a strange and interesting one, and proves again that there are as interesting incidents in real life as are told in story books. Stone was a Confederate soldier, and at a battle in Cynthiana, Ky., was badly wounded. As he fell his hat went one way and his musket another, and he found himself unable to move to regain either. It was a scorching summer day, and he was obliged to lie on the hot hillside exposed to the intense heat of the blazing sun, unable even to protect his face except by throwing his arm across his eyes. His life-blood was rapidly running away, and he became weaker and weaker, and soon was unable to speak or move. The blazing sun which fell on his head and face was adding untold suffering in his enfeebled condition. After the fight he was left with the dead or dying, for it was supposed he could not live more than a few minutes or hours. After the troops had withdrawn, some of the people living in the vicinity of the battlefield passed over it, relieveing the necessities of the wounded so far as possible. As they passed near where Stone lay suffering in the hot sun, unable to speak, a young lady in the party noticed him and the suffering the sun must produce if he were still conscious. Telling her companions she believed he was still alive, she procured the ramrods from four muskets lying near by, and sticking them in the ground about his head, fastened over the top a scarf from her shoulders, to break the rays of the sun. When the wounded were gathered from the field, it was found that Stone was still living, and he was sent to the hospital. There was a long struggle between life and death, but he finally rallied and slowly regained strength after the amputation of his right leg. The residents of the town and vicinity did all they could for the sufferers in the hospital, sending them food and delicacies and often visiting them. One day, after he had gained sufficient strength to speak and notice those who visited the hospital, he saw among the visitors the young lady who had probably saved his life by her kindness, when he lay helpless and speechless upon the battlefield. When opportunity offered, he spoke to her of the occurence and thanked her for her kindness. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into love, and she is now his wife.

Bales, the Wife Murderer, Pleads Guilty—Seriously Injured.

Special to the Sentinel.

RICHMOND, Ind., March 26. — Stillman Bates, the Hagerstown wife murderer, was arraigned before Esq. Lysle this afternoon on a charge of murder in the first degree. He entered a plea of guilty and was remanded to await the action of the Grand Jury.

About noon a boiler on the new asylum grounds exploded, doing considerable damage to the building in which it was situated and scalding Grant Ward, the foreman, quite seriously, perhaps fatally.

Brilliant Wedding.

NEWARK, O., March 25.—A brilliant wedding occurred yesterday at the beautiful country residence of Mr. Wesley Coffman, one of the prominent farmers of the county. The bride was Mr. Coffman's daughter, Carrie, and the groom was Mr. Joshua Beasley, Auditor of Sullivan County, Indiana, and a resident of Sullivan. About 100 guests were present. The ceremony was performed Rev. E. I. Jones, of this city. There were many valuable presents. After an elegant wedding dinner the happy couple left for their home in Indiana.

That sense of extreme weariness indicates disordered blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and invigorates.

Singular Fact.

[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

It is wonderful how many passengers on the Oregon had valuable diamonds.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

AS A BRAIN FOOD.

Dr. S. F. Newcomer, Greenfield, O., says: "In cases of general debility, and torpor of mind and body, is does exceedingly well."

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Know thyself, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published for young and middle-aged men.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

BY A WOULD-BE FUNNY YOUNG MAN.

Capital and Labor were two heavy-weight pugilists. They were engaged in continual quarrels. Neither could get along without the other, and yet it was not a happy family. Capital kept giving Labor black eyes and punching his nose, in order to increase his share of the gate receipts, while Labor occasionally broke one of Capital's ribs, in gently impressing upon him the fact that his family could not live on snowball sandwiches, and that Ring Rule, No. 1: "Live and let live," was the proper one to "scrap" the Battle of Life by. A gambler and demagogue, named Socialist, a tongue pugilist, who never worked, and never wanted anybody else to, acted as tale bearer between the two giants, and in order to plunder, steal and prey on the misfortunes of others during the confusion, did all he could to break the ropes and get up a free-for-all fight.

Labor had a little son called Labor Union. Labor Union grew. Yea, verily, he shot up like a fire ladder or the festive corn stalk on Western railroad lands (see land agent's circular.) You could stand him against a wall and see him rise. Patent yeast was no where and couldn't have kept within ten laps of him. Short pants and curly locks were soon things of the past. His hair was cut fighting style and he had a fist as big as the ham of a prize hog at a State fair. He was not pretty to look at for there was a great deal of his neck and it was of the cut known as "bull." He looked like a man that cyclones and other terrors would lay away from. If his own mother had met him she wouldn't have recognized her darling, but would have said: "There is Goliath going out to chase the police up the railroad track and put three coats of cardinal red on the town, with fancy trimmings around the border."

Labor Union rapidly became a dangerous man with his hands, and was not particular whether he pulverized local sluggers and minor representatives of Capital according to the London prize ring rules, the laws of the Marquis, or the unwritten doctrine of "every man for himself."

During the windy month of March, 1886, the old feud was revived, and for bitter hate it fully equaled the Kentucky brand of feuds. Labor Union came out in a card and said that he was a shoulder hitter of high degree, with a pedigree as long as a Kansas corn-row; that he could knock out anything that cumbered the soil of the "home of the brave and the land of the free," and reproved Capital for his avarice. Capital cast greedy looks at the gate receipts and said that if Labor Union wasn't satisfied with his share he wouldn't get any. Labor Union said that he wouldn't have it that way, as he didn't fancy being cut off without a penny. At this stage of the game Socialist was put under a glass case. They stripped and hopped into the ring. They sparred carefully for an opening. Labor Union got it, and struck out with his right and left. The shock was like the jar that is felt when a healthy mule unlimbers both batteries. Capital went off in a trance, his heart beat faintly and many of his main arteries were paralyzed and choked up. His backers sponged him off and poured brandy down his throat, but he wouldn't kick. Labor Union waited for time with his dukes up.

Gentle reader, for further particulars see daily papers.

MISS CHAMBERLAIN.

A Critical Study of the Famous American Beauty.

[New York Letter.]

There appears to be more magic in a pretty face and form than in a level head. I don't mean by this suggestion that Miss Chamberlain, the American beauty, is not an intelligent girl. I believe she is. But it is not her brains that has given her a world-wide reputation. It is her comely face and winning manners. I saw this young lady, made famous by the gossips, and had an opportunity of studying her features and the play of her mind. I said to myself as I looked at this young woman: "Why, she is not so beautiful as my fancy had pictured her." She is seated in the midst of luxurious surrounding at the Victoria Hotel. Her father, mother and herself have a suite of five or six of the finest rooms in the house. At the first look the girl's easy manners strike you more forcibly than her face. But when the deep, mellow tones of her voice call you back from the recollection of what you have read of her beauty, you will find the charm of her features growing upon you. She was caressing a shepherd dog, given her by the Princess of Wales, herself a lovely woman. This titled lady took great interest in Miss Chamberlain, showed her marked attention, and introduced her into the swell society of all England. Yet these distinguished attentions do not seem to have turned the attention of this American girl.

But let us look her in the face. It is long, yet oval, and chiseled in a very delicate mold. The profile is regular, except the nose, which is a trifle large. The mouth is rather delicately cut and oftentimes decidedly expressive. The eyes mildly blue. Their effect on the countenance is strengthened by the remarkably heavy arched eyebrows. Her hair is light brown, and just heavy enough to lend a charm to an almost perfectly molded head. She seems rather tall, lithe and willowy. The first impression she makes upon you is that here is a beautiful girl just out of her school-house, instead of a woman of twenty-three. Her manners are grace itself, and add very much to the impression her face makes on everyone. I can imagine that under the inspiration of high social life she would become a brilliant figure of any company. In her present surrounding there are many evidences of her five years' residence abroad. She loves Europe. She is here with her parents only for a short stay, and then will return to the land where she has made so many conquests.

It is said that the girl comes rightly by her good looks and polish. Her ancestors for five generations have been ladies and gentlemen of means and intelligence. There is no affectation about her, and her dress is in such perfect taste—rich and plain—that it defies description. While she is interested in England, she seems still to be in love with her native land. Taking it all in all, there is nothing especially wonderful in this young lady, except her good sense and perfect self-possession. She has been flattered enough to be spoiled but seems to have escaped this misery. Of course her face is her fortune, in addition to the money she possesses. In our life she would attract no more attention than hundreds of other girls over whom we do not rave. But for the wide publicity that has been given to the shape of her form and her face, she would be lost among the crowd of almost as pretty women you can see every day along our thoroughfare.

Slug Ten.

I don't know how long he had been on the paper when I got my sit. No, I never had much to do with him for you see his case was in another alley, and, besides, he didn't have very much to say, but he was always there. The subs on the paper used to say that perhaps when the judgment day came along Slug 10 would put one of them on his frame, but not before. Oh, yes, I was going to tell you what happened the last night I saw him. Well, we were all working off the hook; there were no department men, except one fellow who set the hotel arrivals, so that we were all waiting in line when the foreman opened the box. Slug 10 was right behind me, and when my turn came I got a take of telegraph news and was just going to leave when I happened to see that two of the sheets had got stuck together, so I said to Slug 10, "I've taken off two sheets, you can take your choice." He took one of them and looked at the date line, and then I saw him start and kinder stagger, but he pulled himself together and went on to the case. I thought it kinder strange, but I got to work and didn't think any more about it. When I had set the take, which was only about half a stick, I went up and dumped it on the galley and put the number A 6 alongside of it; and then I went and took another take off the hook and went back to my case. By and by I heard the foreman yellin' for A 7, and then I heard Slug 10 say in a kind of a strange voice, "I've got it." Then the foreman began to cuss him and said he was a cobbler and a blacksmith and a good many things worse than that, but Slug 10 didn't say anything more until the foreman went into his alley and began again at him. Then he turned round and said: "I know I'm a good while in getting this up, but I don't think you will blame me for being slow to-night, because its pretty hard for a man to set his own wife's death. I guess I'd better put a sub on, hadn't I?" and then he laid down his stick and put on his clothes. I saw him holding on to the railing as he went down the stairs, but he never measured up his string and I haven't heard of him since.

A Fiendish Deed.

Special to the Sentinel.

MARION, Ind., March 26.—It has just come to be known here that a most horrible outrage was perpetrated upon the person of a boy, about seventeen years of age, while he was cutting wood on the farm of his employer, about seven miles east of Marion. He was approached by an unknown white man and negro, who, without warning seized him from behind, throwing him to the ground, and despite his pitiful cries and appeals, proceeded to commit a nameless outrage upon his person, inflicting a gash two and a half inches in length with a knife, and after threatening to kill him in case he revealed the matter, left him. Nearly dead from loss of blood, the boy finally reached home and proceeded to bandage himself as best he could with parts of an old woolen coat, but his condition soon became such that he was unable to longer conceal it, and his employer brought him to town and placed him in charge of Dr. Hamilton, who did all that was possible for him at the time, and is still attending upon him. The boy, who is quite ignorant, thinks he would be unable to recognize his assailants. Great excitement exists throughout the neighborhood, and should the villains be discovered they will undoubtedly be lynched.

Edmunds and a Carrot.

[Philadelphia Record.]

As Senator Edmunds grows older he grows narrower, like a carrot.

"Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?"

Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a "dragging-down" feeling, the back-ache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to $1. By druggists.

Railroading and Politics in St. Louis.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

An engine is "killed" when it is deprived of fire and water: a politician is "killed" when he is deprived of whisky and water. It is almost impossible to turn a wheel in either case.

COMMON SENSE IN LAFAYETTE.

Lafayette, Ind., shares, with twenty-three other cities and towns in the United States, the distinction of being named after the great French patriot who did so much for this country and his own, but it is alone in the honor of being mentioned in the Encyclopædia Britannica. Life in the lively pushing city on the Wabash, with its many cosy homes, fine public buildings and general air of prosperity and enterprise, is very pleasant, and recently many of its citizens feel that it has assumed new charms since rheumatism has been robbed of its terrors.

This great benefaction, however, is not one which rejoices this particular Lafayette alone, but it has been given to other Lafayettes as well, and to the world. Athlophoros is the magic remedy which drives away rheumatism and neuralgia, and Lafayette has only shown its characteristic enterprise in recognizing the new cure's many virtues. Among those whom it has benefited is Mrs. Francis Heath, of No. 79 Ferry street, an old resident and the mother of banker Heath. In answer to one who recently called on her to learn the facts in the case she gave this account:

"I have had rheumatic pains in my feet for a number of years. They affected me at times so that it was with much difficulty that I could walk, especially in going down stairs. Athlophoros was first recommended to me by Bishop Bowman. I did not get it at that time, but kept trying other medicines. It was again recommended to me by a lady. I then sent for and bought a bottle. I took a dose, and it seemed to me as if I could feel it go through my system until it came directly to the sore spot. It felt just as a little stream of water looks when during its course it comes in contact with a pebble. One or the other must give way. The water may run around the stone, but that was not the way Athlophoros did. It did not go around the pain, but drove it away. The relief was almost instantaneous. While I am getting along in years and cannot expect to get rid entirely of these pains at once, yet a small dose of Athlophoros in a little cream—the way in which I find most pleasant to take it—relieves the pain immediately."

Mr. Baldridge, who is in the real estate and insurance business at No. 9½ South Third street, and who lives at No. 17 North Sixth street, happening to be passing while Mrs. Heath was speaking, she called him in and he gladly told how he had been cured of rheumatism by Athlophoros.

"I was just about to start down to my office one morning last winter," he said, "when a terrible pain took me right in the hip and then ran down the scintic nerve as quick as lightning. It was with much pain and distress that I managed to get down to my office at all. My business being such that it was necessary for me to be at the office every day, I was obliged to hobble along and get there the best I could. I suffered for some time in this way, trying all kinds of remedies, but nothing seemed to check the disease until I commenced using Athlophoros. The first four doses gave me relief. I only used one bottle, and am perfectly well, as you see me now. I have never had any return of the pain since I took the Athlophoros."

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NOTICE OF SALE

—OF—

LANDS MORTGAGED

—TO THE—

COLLEGE FUND

Notice is hereby given that the following described lands and lots, or so much of each tract, parcel or lot as may be necessary, will be offered at public sale, to the highest bidder, at the Court House door, in the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m., and 4 o'clock p. m., on the

TWENTIETH DAY OF MAY, 1886,

the same being mortgaged to the State of Indiana to secure the payment of loans from, or sold on a credit, on account of the College Fund, and forfeited by non-payment of interest due it:

No. 569.—The east half of the northeast quarter of section seven (7), in township twenty-one (21,) north of range three (3) east, in Tipton County. Mortgaged by Joseph Goar and Clarissa Goar, his wife. Principal, $200; interest, $45.81; damages, $12.79; costs, $10; total, $268.60.

No. 712.—Seventy acres off the south end of the west fraction of the northwest quarter of section nineteen (19) in township eighteen (18), north of range six (6), west, in Fountain County. Mortgaged by William H. Spinning and Elizabeth Spinning, his wife. Principal, $500; interest, $122.99; damages, $31.65; costs, $10; total, $664.64.

No. 718.—The east half of the southwest quarter and the west half of the southeast quarter of section eighteen (18) in township twenty-five (25), north of range five (5), west, in White County. Mortgaged by John S. Williams and Mary J. Williams, his wife. Principal $1,256.78; interest, $246.82; damages, $75.68; costs, $10; total, $1,589.28.

No. 750.—The northeast quarter of section eighteen (18) in township thirty-one (31), north of range nine (9), west, in Jasper County. Mortgaged by Trumble G. Palmer and Romania E. Palmer, his wife. Principal, $200; interest, $55.84; damages, $13.29; costs, $10; total