AWAITING THE CONQUEROR.

[Arthur Hugh Clough.]

Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as thy thought
So are the things that thou seest; e'en as thy hope and belief.
Cowardly art thou and timid? They rise to provoke thee against them.
Hast thou courage? Enough: see them exulting to yield.
Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild sea's furying waters,
(Violent, say'st thou, and hark! Mighty, thou think'st, to destroy!)
All, with ineffable longing, are waiting their invader;
All, with one varying voice, call to him, "Come and subdue."
Still for their conqueror call, and but for the joy of being conquered
(Rapture they will not forgo) dare to resist and rebel.
Still while resisting and raging, in soft undertones say unto him:
"Fear not, retire not, O man; hope evermore and believe;
Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth."

The Unfinished Manuscript.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Some time ago the writer visited Prof. Gailnet, of Little Rock, Ark., and while sitting in the library, engaged in conversation with the entertaining gentleman, observed a roll of manuscript tied with a strip of black cloth. We asked him if it was something designed for publication.

"It will never be published," he said, and began to unroll it. "See how it ends," and glancing at the bottom of the last page we read the following: "While he sat alone, deeply musing, a hearse passed the house, and—" here the sentence broke off. Requesting, almost imploring, the professor to tell us the history of the curious manuscript, he finally consented.

"I came to Arkansas when I was a young man. One night I sat in my library writing a story for a magazine. I was in good health and had cause to feel elated over the success I had just attained by the publication of a small volume of sketches, but still I felt the heavy weight of melancholy depression. I arose and walked out, but soon returned, not experiencing any change. I bent myself to the work of writing a dreary story and worked with surprising rapidity until I wrote, 'A hearse passed the house and—' Here I stopped. A strange presentiment told me that I would never finish the sentence. Next day I took up my pen to finish it; but I had not touched the paper with the pen when a piercing shriek caused me to spring to my feet and rush from the room just in time to see a horse, attached to a buggy, dashing wildly toward my gate. A frightened woman was in the buggy and I rescued her. I put my manuscript away and devoted myself to my new acquaintance; our friendship grew into love and finally we married. Then followed ten years of happiness. I did not tell my wife of the unfinished manuscript, but one day she found it and begged me to finish it. I did not like to confess my foolish fears, and finally I told her that I would. The next night, after my wife had gone to bed, I took down the story and read it over. I would finish it for her sake. I took up the pen and was just in the act of touching the paper when my wife called me. I ran to her and found her in a dying condition, having been attacked by rheumatism of the heart."

"Have you ever attempted since to finish it?"

"Yes. After my wife had been dead for several years I determined one night to finish the story. I went to the desk, but had no sooner dipped my pen in the ink when a noise in an adjoining room attracted my attention. Hurrying into the room I found my son lying on the floor dead. He had always been in wretched health and had committed suicide."

"Do you ever expect to finish the story?"

"I expect to try again. It is impossible for me to remain superstitious, even though I may have a powerful cause for doing so. Of course, all this would have happened even if I had not begun the story. I think that next Tuesday night, if I feel like it, I shall devote myself to the completion of the work, for I desire to see it in print. Come up and see me start off."

We were busy when Tuesday night came, and—cowardly confession—were not sorry that something kept us away. Early Wednesday morning we hurried to the house where for years the professor had lived. The horrible thought seized us that he had taken up his pen to finish the story and had fallen dead. Some time elapsed before we had the courage to knock at the door. At last we rapped.

No answer.
Another rap.
No answer.

With blood almost at freezing point, and with hair standing erect, we shoved open the door. The old man sat leaning back in his chair, eating pie.

"Come in," he said cheerfully. "You see I have just finished that story, and it gave me an appetite for pie. Pie's a good thing to eat after you finish up a story, but you want to wait until you are through writing."

"Did you hear any strange noises?" we asked, "when you began to write."

"Well, yes. A calf over in the adjoining yard bawled for a while. Oh, yes, you are thinking about that story I told you some time ago. Why, my dear fellow, you should not have been so foolish as to have believed me. I never was married you know. Have some pie."

Darwin on Theism and Evolution.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

The following letter from Charles Darwin appears in a work just issued:

"DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT.

"DEAR SIR: It seems to me absurd to doubt that a man be an ardent theist and an evolutionist. You are right about Kinsley. Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, is another case in point. What my own views may be is a question of no consequence to any one but myself. But, as you ask, I may state that my judgment often fluctuates. Moreover, whether a man deserves to be called a theist depends on the definition of the term, which is much too large a subject for a note. In my most extreme fluctuations I have never been an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God. I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older), but not always, an agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind. Dear sir, yours faithfully, CHAS. DARWIN."

What He Didn't Think of.

[Cambridge Tribune.]

Longfellow said: "In this world a man must be either a nail or a hammer." The poet did not think of bellows when he wrote that sentiment.

Dried apples are used in Kentucky for making apple-jack, but the beverage must be stored in stone jugs or glass bottles, as it will eat out of a wooden barrel.

SUDDEN WEALTH.

Some Interesting Recollections of the Flush Times in Colorado.

How New-Made Millionaires Celebrated Their Good Fortune---Anecdotes of the Kings for a Day.

["Vera" in Kansas City Times.]

It is a scant wonder, though, when one comes to think about it, that when men who have toiled and delved nearly all their lives and never succeeded in scraping together as much as $100 at a time were suddenly masters of $10,000 or $20,000, their greatest trouble was to know what to buy first. The luxury of purchasing intoxicated them, and no wonder they bought diamonds before dinners. There is an old story—and it is likely a true one—that one blustering winter night a miner who had just made a big haul was standing on a street corner in Leadville, when a hollow-eyed woman, clutching a ragged shawl about her shivering shoulders, drifted up and stopped irresolutely. There was famine in her eye and desperation in her rags. The miner was unused to ladies' society and felt embarrassed, but he felt also that she was in distress, and in the flush of his prosperity and bigness of his heart he wanted to do something for her. Finally he said:

"Wait here a minute, missus; I'll be right back."

In a short time he returned, and pressing a bundle into her hands, hurried away before she could stammer out her tearful thanks. The outcast opened the package eagerly. It contained a pair of silk stockings.

Among the people I knew around the camp was a man named Ed Braden, who divided his time between reporting on a newspaper and prospecting, and who loved to tell what good and noble and sensible things he would do should he happen to strike it. When fortune did smile on him one day, he launched immediately upon several enterprises not contemplated in the original prospectus. Among other vagaries he became enamored of a vivacious little soubrette who was playing at the opera house, and arranged a unique and remarkable testimonial to her beauty and talents. At great expense he procured from Denver some twenty or thirty hot-house bouquets. The holders of these he had weighted with a leaden spike—point downward, so when it was thrown upon the stage it would stick in the boards and stand erect. His idea was to precipitate the whole number at once when the soubrette made her appearance, and, to use his own language, "transform the stage into a bower of roses." To this end he had a number of friends stationed at different points in the audience, each bearing a deadly bouquet.

The curtain rose, the actress tripped on, when bang! bang! bang! the flower-decked missiles hurtled through the air. The poor girl, who had read something of wild western ways, thought it was a plot to kill her, and fled to the cellar, from which she had to be subsequently dragged by main force, uttering piercing shrieks. The Braden party were all somewhat inebriated and the more enthusiastic fired their bouquets with such reckless aim that one of them hit the leader of the orchestra on the bald head, and he had to be held by two men while the gore was being mopped off and explanations made. All went a great ways toward marring what might have otherwise been a pleasant occasion. This is a fair specimen of the pursuits in which Braden spent a very decent fortune and succeeded in three brief months in getting back into scrub-journalism and prospecting again.

A contemporaneous gentleman of fortune was Capt. Connors, well known to all residents of the camp. He has often told me the story of his first "stake." He received $40,000 for his interest in some mineral property, and it was paid to him at the bank in four rectangular packages of bills of $10,000 each. The captain had kept his good fortune a secret from his wife and he hurried home to tell her. She was sitting down after a hard day's work, and without a word he dropped the armful of greenbacks in her lap. It was a loyal and touching thing to do. For a moment she sat paralyzed with astonishment, and then, hugging the mass up to her, she sobbed out:

"Oh, Tom, how dirty they are! Let me put them in a tub and wash them."

"Do it if you want to, dear," he replied, with a tenderness that it would be well for other rich men of Colorado to emulate, "but you will never wash anything else again."

One of these kings for a day, I can't recall his name, but a subsequent trial in the criminal court of Leadville in 1881, created quite a sensation, made a lucky strike that netted him $30,000 in cash. He at once wrote to his wife of his good fortune, and intended to leave for his home the following day. That evening he was taken in tow by a couple of these couriers of crime, and in less than two hours was gambled out of every dollar. He made a complaint to the police, and the larger portion of the money was recovered, but too late, for, hopeless and distracted, he had locked himself in his room and committed suicide.

It was by no means the rough and illiterate who succeeded in making the most glaring idiots of themselves under the stimulus of sudden fortune, but a degree of prior culture seemed to have the effect of adding a sort of weird and eccentric variety to their freaks. A miner named Luke Fuller, a graduate of Bowdoin and a man of really brilliant mind and wide information, one afternoon, entirely unanticipated by himself, consummated a sale that placed in his hands over $10,000. It was to be supposed that three or four years of grinding poverty had given him an appreciation of the value of money, and he had never been known to drink or dissipate in any form. To the surprise of everybody he went on a monumental spree which he wound up by taking four or five boon companions on a sort of triumphal tour into the east. The party stranded in Chicago and the next time I saw Fuller he was in Saul's saloon destroying a free lunch and furtively watching the bar-tender.

Another man of his stamp, known by a good many in this city, too, awoke one day to find himself tolerably affluent, and in the midst of an unusually fantastic celebration, a ride around was suggested. The host insisted that for the purpose of observation the glass sides of a hearse were peculiarly adapted and two were hired. In these the revelers esconced themselves and played poker on the bottom while the paralyzed populace looked aghast.

The lucky ones formed a sort of aristocracy, and I do not recall anything more extraordinary off the burlesque stage than the soirees they used to give. Big, hulking fellows, who didn't know a quadrille from a quadroon, would amble around the hall in dress coats made in Denver, and their fingers, unused to gloves, sticking out, separate from each other, like radiating rays from a central sun of white kid. Many of them were, indeed, whited sepulchers, and would not stand too close analysis, even into their raiment. On one occasion, while in the midst of a set of the "Prairie Queen," a gentleman became enraged at his "opposite," and incautiously peeled off his swallow-tail to mop the waxed floor with him, revealing thereby the mortifying fact that his collar, shirt-front and cuffs were bollow and detached shams, and merely pinned to the blue flannel shirt that long association as a miner had made him loath to part with. A bosom friend of this gentleman was a gaunt, raw-boned farmer's boy, who had wandered into the west and whom sudden riches had dragged out of the obscurity of prospect hole, stuck a diamond in his bosom and dropped down into the midst of the ultra aristocratic circles. He distinguished himself at his debut. A young lady remarked to him that her sister had a penchant for water color painting, and he promptly replied:

"Why, kin they get one for that? My old man applied fur one fur a wound he got at Shilo, but the pesky government wouldn't give it to him 'cause he'd lost his discharge papers."

The Modern Coquette.

[Maud Howe in "A Newport Aquarelle."]

The forms of coquetry are infinitely varied, and some of them are much more reprehensible than others. The woman who undertakes conquests simply for the glory of displaying at the wheels of her chariot the captive she holds by the rosy bonds of love, is the commonest type. As her coquetry is of the most patent kind, its wounds are rarely severe or lasting, and yet there is a certain vulgarity about this spirit of conquest which makes this type of woman dangerous to both men and women.

A more subtle and disastrous influence is wielded by the woman who is bent on the scientific analysis of the various effects produced by the tender passion on men of different character and nature. She has little pigeon-holes marked with different characteristic names, and into these she classifies every new specimen. She is apt soon to discover that the pigeon-holes may be very few, and that nearly all the men she meets will fit exactly into one or another of them. When she has arrived at this conclusion she is satisfied; two or three good specimens of every sort having been coolly analyzed and properly pigeon-holed.

Another class, perhaps the most dangerous one into which we are dividing coquettes, includes those women who fancy themselves in love with each fresh lover. They are emotional and sympathetic women, who, being incapable of strong feeling themselves, are borne along by the force of a passion which fascinates them, and which they would gladly reciprocate. In their often renewed disappointment at finding that the new lover cannot make them forget themselves, they feel a sense of injustice and never dream that they are not the injured ones.

Beecher and the Book Agent.

[New York Cor. Chicago News.]

Henry Ward Beecher spoke in his talk this evening of men blessed with wit, humor and imagination, who, when troubled, could take themselves out of these circumstances, like a candle out of a candle-stick, and set themselves down somewhere else to be happy. A man who had a proper sense of humor was like a wagon with springs—he did not jolt. Mr. Beecher knew how that was himself. Such a man was able to cast aside moody thoughts and fears. A man who claimed to be an English clergyman came to Mr. Beecher's house. Mrs. Beecher saw him, and told Mr. Beecher that he was very insulting. When Mr. Beecher came home another time the man was there. He was a little man, and sat in the parlor purple in the face.

"I sent you a book," he growled. "Did you receive it?"

"I did."

"And you were not gentleman enough to acknowledge the receipt of it. I think your wife is no lady."

"Walk, "said Beecher.

"You, sir, turn me—"

"I took him by the neck," said Mr. Beecher, "and rushed him out. I was not angry; I was burning up. When I got back in the room it was so absurd that I lay right down on the floor and laughed. Suppose I had kept mad. Imagination, wit, and humor help one to grace. I have been criticised because I made people laugh. If I made them cry I suppose it would be all right. The bible don't say so."

Official Head-Gear.

[New York World.]

This administration may not make much impression in a general way, but it will leave a record in history in one way, at least. This is the peculiar style of hats worn, of such original shapes as if some principle were involved in this eccentricity. The president, in the first place, has a hat made on a block of his own fashioning. The crown is about four inches higher than the prevailing styles in silk hats, while the brim is flat and very wide. He has a white cassimere felt made on this block for summer wear and a silk one for winter wear. The president is so tall that his hat elongates him in a most distressing way. He loves an old hat. He is still wearing his old summer hat, although its ghostly whiteness these cold fall days gives one a chill. He and Fred Douglass are the last men in Washington who are base enough to still wear a white hat.

Even Brewster has given up the piratical yellow hat and its mourning band with which he entertained the people at the eastern watering places this summer. Folger has worn a little straw hat all summer, and occasionally wears it yet, varying it with an old soft black hat ten years old, or a hard Derby hat of the style of the last century. Frelinghuysen, great in his deportment, wears a black silk the year through. He keeps up to within three years of the style. Lincoln wears new and fashionable hats. Chandler wears hats that no respectable junk-dealer would buy. Gresham wears a silk hat with nap carefully brushed ranger fashion—all the wrong way—while Teller smashes a soft, seedy black hat down over his sharp hawk's face.

TACKS IN BEEF.

New York World.

Housekeepers and others should carefully inspect the beef they purchase for home consumption. A new danger has arisen, from which very serious consequences may be apprehended. The shippers of dressed beef in the west have begun to use a small double-pointed tack, somewhat larger than those used for fastening down mattings, in the place of wooden skewers for more firmly binding together different parts of the beef. The retailers, through neglect or ignorance, fail to remove the barbed wires, and being small they remain invisible until some unfortunate diner is well-nigh choked by their lodgment in his throat. Two Philadelphia ladies met with just such an accident, and the services of a physician were necessary to remove the wires, which had become firmly embedded in the epiglottis, causing, as may be imagined, the most intense pain. Thorough mastication will, of course, disclose their presence in the meat; but the average American rarely indulges in that preliminary operation.

A VALUABLE DISINFECTANT.

New York Sun.

A disinfectant introduced to the medical profession by the late Dr. Goolden has been used in London eight years. Half a drachm of nitrate of lead should be dissolved in one pint or more of boiling water, and two drachms of common salt in a bucket of water. Pour the two solutions together, and let the sediment subside. A cloth dipped in this and hung up in a room will sweeten a fetid atmosphere instantly, or the solution thrown down a drain or over a heap of rubbish will produce a like result. Clothing worn by a patient with infectious disease, or bed linen, can be put at once into this solution without injury to the material, thus destroying the risk of infection for those persons who wash the clothing. Although it is a strong poison taken internally, it does not injure the skin. A room could be scrubbed with the solution, and would be sweetened at once by the process.

Force of Habit.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Photography is being used to determine the height of clouds, but the photographers cannot break the force of habit, and when they point their cameras at the sky they always say: "Now, look pleasant, please, and don't stir."

$20,000 GONE!

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The Chronicle publishes in substance the following marvel: Captain W. F. Swasey, the oldest pioneer of the coast, makes a statement of the intense suffering of his friend Colonel D. J. Williamson, an army officer of distinction and an ex-United States Consul, who was attacked in the winter of 1861-2 with violent rheumatism. So great was his agony in after years, he became a helpless cripple, and after trying numberless remedies, the baths of other countries and spending a fortune of $20,000, the disease seemed to assume a more virulent type. Finally, he was persuaded to try St. Jacobs Oil, the great conqueror of pain. It worked a miracle of cure. In a letter to the Chronicle he confirms Captain Swasey's statement and adds: "I cheerfully give my unqualified attestation to the truthfulness of the statement, because I feel perfectly certain that a knowledge of my cure by St. Jacobs Oil will prove the means of relieving hundreds of sufferers."

Very few women are employed upon London newspapers, either as writers or compositors.

What ails you? If it is a cough, take Piso's Cure. Sold by druggists. 25 cents.

The motto for Congress—"Down with taxation."

TENNYSON'S "MAY QUEEN."

Who knows if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright Mayday. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By druggists.

Ex-Governor Hall, of Delaware, owns interests in thirty-five vessels.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS." 15c, 25c, 50c, at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

For a cough or a cold there is no remedy equal to Ammen's Cough Syrup.

"Lord" Alfred Tennyson does not sound bad.

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, carthartic pills, composed of crude, and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" says the window curtain.

Heart affections, kidney and liver troubles affect nearly one-half of all mankind. Yet how many heedlessly pass through a shortened life giving no care to these complaints which cause the human family such great distress. Does your heart beat violently from the least excitement? Have you fits of dizziness? Does your back ache? Are your bowels constipated? These symptoms are the first warnings. Delay is dangerous. Be wise in time. Regain perfect health by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

The combination of ingredients used in making Brown's Bronchial Troches is such as to give the best possible effect with safety. They are the best remedy in use for Coughs, Colds and Throat Diseases.

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

When we see a medicine advertised to cure a half-dozen or more classes of diseases, we conclude that it is a humbug. And having noticed that the proprietor of Ammen's Cough Syrup only advertises or claims it good for coughs, colds and lung complaints, we were induced to try it, and now take pleasure in recommending it to our readers.

Dr. W. H. Lee, Conyers, Ga., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good medicine and many are using it in this place."

Boston's death rate last month was 18.7 per 1,000 people.

If the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

An empty honor is sometimes full of satisfaction.

Rev. D. F. Manly, Tampico, Tenn., says, "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of indigestion and nervousness after several physicians had failed."

"Dr. Pierce's Magnetic Elastic Truss" is advertised in another column of this paper. This establishment is well known on the Pacific Coast as reliable and square in all its dealings. Their goods have gained an enviable reputation.

Caloric Vita Oil, the renowned healer, at wholesale. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
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THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Durham is historic. It was neutral ground during the armistice between Sherman and Johnson. Soldiers of both armies filled their pouches with the tobacco stored there, and, after the surrender, marched homeward. Soon orders came from East, West, North and South, for "more of that elegant tobacco." Then, ten men ran an unknown factory. Now it employs 800 men, uses the pink and pick of the Golden Belt, and the Durham Bull is the trade-mark of this, the best tobacco in the world. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco has the largest sale of any smoking tobacco in the world. Why? Simply because it is the best. All dealers have it. Trade-mark of the Bull.

LOOK OUT! DURHAM BULL.

If he'd gone for a package of Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco, as the was told, he wouldn't have been cornered by the bull.

GIANT BAKING POWDER

The Strongest and Best!

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

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DEAR SIR:—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substances, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers. WM. T. WENZELL & CO., Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.,
J. L. MEARS, M. D., Health Officer,
ALFRED W. PERRY, M.D., } Members of San
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TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

POTASH

Iodide of Potassium is one of the strongest of the minerals use in medicine, and has produced much suffering in the world. Taken for a long time and in large doses, it dries up the gastric juices, impairs digestion, the stomach refuses food, and the patient declines in health and weight. Persons with Blood or Skin Diseases should be careful how they take these mineral poisons, as in most instances the effect of them is to almost permanently impair the constitution. To take the place of these poisons we offer you a safe, sure, prompt, and permanent relief from your troubles. Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable preparation, and it is easy to convince you of its merit.

I have cured permanently Blood Taint in the third generation by the use of Swift's Specific, after I had most signally failed with Mercury and Potash.
F. A. TOOMER, M. D., Perry, Ga.

A young man requests me to thank you for his cure of Blood Poison by the use of your Specific after all other treatment had failed.
Jos. JACOBS, Druggists, Athens, Ga.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
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H. WILSEY,
Of the firm of Fairbanks & Wilsey, has just returned from France with a choice lot of Norman Stallions. The ONLY DIRECT importers from France to the Pacific Coast. Selected by him with great care from the best stock in France. Severa are government approved. Our Motto: Quick Sales and Small Profits. Those in want of this class of Horses, if desired, can purchase them on one or two years' time, at reasonable interest, with satisfactory security.
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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

They who work early and late the year round need, occasionally, the healthful stimulus imparted by a wholesome tonic like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. To all, its purity and efficiency as a remedy and preventive of disease commend it. It checks incipient rheumatism and malarial symptoms, relieves constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness, arrests premature decay of the physical energies, mitigates the infirmities of age and hastens convalescence. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

When you have a Cough
—USE—
AMMEN'S COUCH SYRUP.

The Best, Safest and Surest Cure in the World for a COLD is
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Where there are children subject to CROUP always keep on hand a bottle of
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It is just the remedy for Whooping Cough; relieves and shortens the disease.
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BEST PAIN KILLER —AND— Healing Remedy IN THE WORLD.
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2	Plush Parlor Suits	400	500 Beautiful Nickel Clocks	3000
5	Silver Dinner Services	500	100 Microscopes	500
1	Black Walnut Marble Top Chamber Suit	100	100 Magic Lanterns	500
100	Set Solid Silver Teaspoons—6 to the set	600	104 Telescopes	520

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