

DAILY DEMOCRAT.

A. B. ADAMS, Editor.

EUREKA SPRINGS, - ARKANSAS.

TWO SCHOOLBOYS.

They were two playmates, sturdy boys,
Who quarrelled sometimes in their play,
And sometimes with unseemly noise
Drove elder folks from the sunny glade
Close partners in the cares and joys
Of many a summer's day.

If one were made to linger late
When school was out, in sore disgrace,
The other faithfully would wait
With sad, desponding face,
And share his comrade's hapless fate
And murmur at his case.

Whatever learning either had,
In truth it was a slender store,
At lessons they were always glad
To share the scanty lore,
And seldom fretted or were sad
Because it was no more.

One tattered book was good for both,
Their pencils owned a mutual sway,
They were companions in their sloth,
And fellows in their play;
And spite of quarrels they were loth
To part a single day.

One golden summer noon it chanced
That both were truant from the school,
They rambled where the sunshine glanced
Upon a lonely pool;
Along the sloping margin they danced,
And laughed at learning's rule.

And one has launched a wooden ship
Upon the placid silver tide,
When suddenly his comrade's ship
From off the moistened slip
A stifled cry upon his lip:
The pool is deep and wide.

With frightened gaze the other stands
A moment on the shelving bank,
Then plunges in with outstretched hands
To where his playmate sank—
His playmate plucked by the bands
Of weed and herbage rank.

O mothers!—Neither boy can swim,
And he who plunged into the wave
Is held with frantic grasp by him
Whom he had tried to save.
They struggle in the waters dim—
The pool becomes a grave.

Across the tide the wooden boat
Swims gaily, and the sunny air
Is cheerful with the thrush's note,
That knows not any care.
Two boyish caps, a crumpled coat—
How sad a tale is there!

And far away each mother says
Her boy is safe and well,
And far away the master says
His kingdom from his stool,
And schemes of birchen vengeance lays—
For those beneath the pool.

—Arthur L. Salmon, in Youth's Companion.

WHO DID IT?

How the Question Was Solved by a Shrewd Detective.

Mr. Joseph Tonce was a spare-built, clean-shaven man of about forty, with gray hair and no whiskers, and with nothing remarkable about him except a deep cut over his right eyebrow.

When he first came into the neighborhood the gossip of Bradtown had speculated a great deal as to who and what he was, but without any basis for their conjectures.

About the time our story commences the captain had got into some trouble. His landlord, an easy-going, well-to-do tradesman, began to think that, as he said, he should like to see the color of the captain's money.

The patience of his creditors was nearly exhausted when one day a circular letter was sent to them, appointing a meeting for twelve o'clock on the following Monday. "When," the captain wrote, "I would satisfy all claims, as a legacy left by a distant relation had been paid into his account at the Balston bank."

On Saturday the captain hired a gig at the King's Arms to take him to Balston. Johnny Wilson, the landlord's son, drove him to the bank at Balston, where he stayed about ten minutes, and came out at the end of that time buttoning into the vest pocket of his coat a fat-looking pocketbook. Johnny waited for him while he made a few purchases in the town, and then drove him straight home to the "building."

At six o'clock on Sunday morning the inhabitants of quiet High street were aroused by a violent knocking at the door of the post station.

The policeman who was on night duty opened the door, and Mary Willcombe, the captain's servant, while with terror and panting with exertion, nearly fell into his arms, gasping out that her master, the captain, had been robbed and murdered in the night.

The inspector was immediately called, and the whole available police force of the village, consisting of two policemen, set off with him for the "building."

Mary Willcombe, who seemed utterly prostrated, remained under the care of the inspector's wife.

On reaching the "building" the inspector found the front undisturbed, the windows closed and the doors locked.

On going round to the back, the door leading from the sitting-room to the river, which sloped down to the river, was found to be open, and on entering the sitting-room drops of blood were seen along the carpet between the staircase and the garden door.

immediately to Scotland Yard an account of the murder and any facts he might ascertain at Balston.

After locking the bedroom door, the inspector proceeded to the garden.

Outside the door, on the grass, were the footprints of a man, the toes pointing towards the house, and the heels deeply indented in the soft earth.

The clerk of the foot prints were partially obliterated, as if something heavy had been dragged over them.

The murderer must have gone out of the sitting-room backwards, dragging the body of his victim after him.

Across the small grass plot and half-way through the belt of trees, the footprints continued; there they ceased.

On the soft mud and leaves was an impression as if a heavy body had been laid there; near the impression, lying on the ground, was a spade, and at a distance of a few feet the ground had been dug up, as if it had been intended to bury the body there.

On the river bank the footprints were again found. This time they pointed forward, and not backward, and the impression was clear and sharp.

The body must have been carried. The river at this point was deep and sluggish; there would be no little difficulty in dragging it.

Drags were sent for, and the inspector went home to breakfast, leaving a policeman in charge of the premises, with orders to admit no one except on business.

The inspector had hardly finished his breakfast when Policeman Jones returned from Balston.

He had been eminently successful. The bank manager had identified the numbers on the paper as those of the bank notes paid the day before to the captain.

The money, it appeared, had been paid to him in pursuance of an order contained in a letter received that Saturday morning from their London correspondents, Cowie, Nabob & Co., the great China and Indian bankers.

Jones had then made inquiries in the town and at the railway station.

At the station he found that a man in a greatcoat and wide-awake hat, who was muffled up in a comforter, and who seemed to avoid observation, had left that morning for London by the 5:30 train.

He had offered a £5 note in payment for his ticket.

The clerk remembered this from the difficulty he had in getting change so early on the Sunday morning. The note was produced, and found to be one of those stolen from the captain.

"And now about this captain," said Perkins, choosing the clearest footprint he could find in the soft mud and pulling the boot out of his pocket. "His name is Tonce, you say. What is he captain of?"

"Nothing that I know of, but they do say that he has been a captain in the China trade."

"China?" repeated Perkins, as if the idea of that country gave him exquisite delight.

"Yes, China," repeated the inspector, gruffly. He was losing patience; how on earth did such a born idiot become a detective?

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Tall, spare build, about forty, gray hair and no whiskers."

"Deep cut over the right eyebrow?" added Perkins, quietly, as he stooped and fitted the boot into the impression.

"Yes," said the inspector, puzzled at Perkins' knowledge.

"He never went by that name here, did he," said Perkins, handing the boot to the inspector, on the lining of which was written "A. Compton."

"Never." He was getting more and more puzzled.

"Compton, alias Watkins, alias Crowder, and now alias Tonce; I've wanted him these two years," said Perkins, cheerfully. "I've got him now."

"Yes," said the inspector, grimly, "he's safe enough there." And he jerked his head toward the river.

"Bless you," laughed Perkins, "he's nearer China by this time. He'll die with a rope around his neck yet. It's a plant, man; don't you see, he has murdered himself and bolted with the swag. The room somehow looked queer. It was overdone, too much blood and too regular. When I found that boot I thought how it was, and this settled it," said Perkins, pulling the sheets of blotting paper out of his pocket and holding them to the inspector.

There, all over them, was the words, Cowie, Nabob & Co., in a neat, clerk-like hand, with that peculiar flourish at the end which those who flourish at that eminent house know so well.

"That letter to the Balston bank is a forgery. It is not the first time he has served Cowie, Nabob & Co. this trick. He was in their London counting-room for five years, came over with a forged character, robbed them to the tune of £2,000 and bolted. He's been smuggling and thieving all over the world since then. But when is the next train to town? I wouldn't miss him for anything."

Perkins was right.

The manager of the Balston bank found to his astonishment that Cowie, Nabob & Co. repudiated the letter which purported to bear their signature. It was a forgery.

SANCTUM TRAGEDIES.

A Few Sketches from the Pen of John Swinton.

The Dead March of Editors—The Writer of "The Raven"—A Squad of Blundering Doctors—Reminiscences and Anecdotes.

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A HUNDRED DEAD EDITORS.

The other day I set down the names of about a hundred of the dead editors and leading writers of New York daily papers whom I had known in their lifetime. I recalled their appearance, their traits, their powers, their work, their career and its end. I recalled my first editorial chief, the accomplished young Raymond of the Times, at the time he was the rival of Greeley, of the Tribune, and Bennett, of the Herald. I recalled the sledgehammer men who covered broad sheets with their blows, the dramatic critics, the yarn spinners, moral reformers, humorists, book reviewers,



partisan scribblers, philosophers, rhymers and writers of other kinds, nearly all of whom are now unknown, even by name, to the men who within a few years have taken their places. The fame that the daily press gives to its votaries, or to the most of them, is short-lived, though some among them are apt to think it will last a few years at least.

In glancing over this list of dead editors buried within a score of years, I am struck by the fact that not a few of the names in it belonged to men whose lives came to a dreadful end and at least one half of them did not live to middle age. Three if not four of them were murdered; as many more lost their reason; as many more were killed by accident; not a few shortened their lives by indulgence in liquor, and at least a dozen died in the straits of poverty.

I have not yet got quite through, however, with the hundred men on my list. Some of them, like Bryant, Bennett, Stanton, Bartlett, Hastings, Briggs and others, lived to a green old age, prosperous and competent to the last, turning out "copy" daily till the fires of life were darkened.

The record of the dead editors of New York is not by any means all direful or doleful; there are streaks of light across the slip of paper before me containing the names of a hundred of them whom I knew in their lifetime.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE RAVEN."

The portrait of Edgar Allan Poe is the theme of a poem in which we are told of Poe's "magnetic face," "translucent brow," "sweet imperious mouth," "planet-calm eyes," "dark floating hair," "nocturnal presence." Now I would like to know from which of Poe's portraits this description was drawn. There are in this city, so far as I know, but two portraits of that wonderful, weird, wild American genius, Edgar Allan Poe, author of "The Raven." One of them is an oil painting in the gallery of the New York Historical society, and the other, which is a water color, cabinet size, showing half the figure, belongs to me, and is now before me. The oil painting does not accord with the above description of Poe's appearance, and the water color is far from being in accord with it. I was once told by the late Charles F. Briggs, who was Poe's partner in the editorship of the Broadway Journal, that this water color is a capital likeness of its subject, in feature



and expression, when he was in this city, reflecting the idiosyncrasies of the man as known by his works and the record of his life. It was painted in 1843, six years before Poe's death, and when he was thirty-two years old. The expression of the face is mystical, abstracted, pathetic. The forehead is broad, and is very largely developed in the locality of the temples, and in the regions to which the phrenologists ascribe the ideal and imaginative faculties. There is "speculation in those eyes," and there are also emotion, suffering and despair. The mouth is fastidious, and on the lips are scorn and contempt—a certain helpless expression of scorn. A rather weak chin terminates an oval face, the cheeks of which are sunken, and along the sides of which are narrow whisker-strips. The dark hair of the head is cut rather short and curls slightly. On every feature and part of the face, the peculiar traits and qualities of Poe are visibly, profoundly and painfully expressed. He looks here as Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, may have looked in some of his moods. The portrait is very unlike the engravings that appear in the various editions of Poe's works, and very unlike the man described in the poem on "The Portrait of Poe."

If there are any other original portraits of Poe than the two here spoken of, I should like to know of them.

Ex-Mayor Hall of New York, has recently published his memories of Poe, but I apprehend that he does not clearly remember the personal appearance of the bewitching American author, whom he saw nearly half a century ago, and

who died of delirium tremens when not yet forty years old.

A SQUAD OF BLUNDERING DOCTORS.

I have had some lively times with my doctors in New York and there can be no harm in telling of them. Some time ago I got back from a foreign country, to which they had sent me as a last resort, and from which they thought I would never return. I had been laid up for a long time with a complication of maladies which threatened to put an end to life, and an eminent member of the medical faculty, a worthy and wise practitioner, looked after the case. Months passed away without recovery. He came to think that the case looked desperate and made his thoughts known with proper gravity to others than myself. "What is the progress?" I asked him one day, and he admitted that it was not favorable, soon after which it seemed proper to provide for his fees. In order to make sure of the case and to see whether anything further could be done in it, he suggested the calling of a council of highly distinguished medics, and next day the council was held in the sick chamber as I lay abed.

They examined the case, in which they found anomalous symptoms, and it soon became evident from their looks and whisperings—which were, of course, noticed by the patient—that they regarded it as dangerous. They went into an adjacent room to exchange views in private, and when they returned after a time, to take another look at me, I saw by the increased sobriety of their faces, that there was no hope. "What is the prognosis?" I asked, the reply to which was a dry smile, and "What is the price of it?" the answer to which came next morning in the shape of a bill for \$50 for the consultation.

In order to settle the whole business beyond doubt, another highly distinguished medic, whom we will call Dr. Pantagmel, and who has the reputation of "always being able to forecast the result of an illness that is sure to be fatal," was next called in. He gazed at me, felt my pulse, smelt my forehead, asked a few questions, and gave his opinion that the sufferer was in serious straits. The prognosis was unfavorable, and the price of it was \$20. "Is he dead yet?" asked an enterprising newspaper reporter who knocked at the door one night after midnight.

After a short time I found out, as patients are apt to find out, the real opinion of the medical advisers. The regular doctor, the three eminent doctors who held consultation, and the highly distinguished doctor who used his proboscis as a mortality detector, had pronounced my doom, saying cautiously that recovery was not to be looked for and that the end was approaching.

Still indulging a private doubt of the accuracy of their prognosis, I determined that, before death and burial, I would go over the seas and abroad I took ship from this port and in a fortnight was on the shores of the Mediterranean, with no change from my moribund condition. When I got to Nice, a Scotch doctor living there was sent for. He came in a lively way, examined the case, noted the symptoms, which were those of nervous prostration, gave some advice, and left some medicine, and said there was good prospect of recovery. "Is that your prognosis, doctor?" "It is." "And what is the price?" "Ten shillings," as he smiled. "But," said I, "I have paid the New York doctors more than twenty times as much for a prognosis just the opposite of that!" He smiled again, repeated his visits at a cheaper rate on subsequent days, and in a month I was somewhat improved somehow. When springtime came, he advised me to spend the summer among the Scotch mountains where he knew a doctor to be recommended. I took the advice, set out for the highland hamlet he had spoken of, and there saw the doctor he had commended. This new doctor laughed merrily at the stories I told of my experiences with my prognosticating and costly medical advisers in New York, and at once gave a favorable prognosis of the case. When asked what would be his fee for this surprise prognosis, he replied four shillings, but that other visits would be half that rate. I secured his services for the season, took the drugs which he gave, breezed the hills, the sunshine and the breeze in his company, grew jocund while he sang the songs of life among the heather, got well as the months sped along, and took ship in due season back to New York, where I looked up the doctors of prognostication who had declared me to be a doomed man a year before and charged prodigious fees for the blunder-headed prognosis.

These experiences merely show that some eminent doctors may sometimes make mistakes in regard to the prognosis of their cases; and if any one of them were to say that the last vowel in the plural of prognosis is the second vowel in the alphabet I should promptly admit the accuracy of his scholarship in regard to that formidable word.

JOHN SWINTON.

No Danger of Excess.

Doctor—It is a little difficult to diagnose your case. Perhaps you have been eating too much.

Patient—Impossible. This hotel is run on the European plan.—N. Y. Weekly.

An Accompaniment Wanted.

Minnie (with novel, to Mamie at piano)—Please play something pathetic, dear. I have just reached the chapter where the heroine stands weeping on the shore as the hero sails away, perhaps to never, never return.—Indianapolis Journal.

Complaining Still.

Gazzam—I don't see how any farmer can be unhappy with the present prices for wheat.

Meddlergrass—Stranger, I only sowed ninety-eight acres, when I might have put in an even hundred just as well.—Judge.

A Misunderstanding.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A Brooklyn, N. Y., clergyman recently conducted a "mock" marriage, and in so doing actually married a man to a girl he had deceived.

—A Bare Creek, Mich., lady after picking out with rare discrimination, showing great familiarity with scriptural edition, a copy of an elegant bound Bible, paid for it and then selected four dime novels to take home with it.

—Gen. J. A. Halderman, of Kansas, enjoys, with Queen Victoria and Sir Edwin Arnold, the distinction of the English speaking persons who wear the decoration of the Order of the Sacred White Elephant conferred by the King of Siam.

—A native of Borneo stole a hammock belonging to an English missionary, and his chief sentenced him to eat the plunder or lose his head. He was given seven days in which to eat the outfit, and he accomplished the feat. He is now "heap honest."

—Mrs. Russell Sage is said to be a model presiding officer at business meetings of women's societies or clubs. She is practical philanthropist, and has a charmingly easy manner that most people find very attractive. Mrs. Sage does not look her age, which is a little over sixty.

—The queen-regent of the Netherlands will visit Berlin next spring. Great preparations will be made to receive the royal guest and repay her for the royal reception accorded the Emperor William upon his visit to The Hague. It is uncertain as yet whether she will be accompanied by the little queen.

—Fifty thousand dollars was recently given by a charitable society as the sum to be invested according to the disposal of the German empress. After deliberation she decided that \$25,000 should go to the building of a maternity hospital, \$30,000 to the building of an evangelical church and \$5,000 for a church organ.

—A young Polish workman in a rolling mill in Pittsburgh, who wanted a day off, thought he would disable a pair of rolls, and threw a bar of cold iron between them. The bar was broken into pieces, one of which struck a fellow-workman on the head and injured him so severely that he died before night. The Pole was arrested on a charge of manslaughter.

—Mrs. Spurgeon takes actual charge of all the funds which are intrusted to her husband for keeping. The book fund, which is now very large, is entirely in her care. The orphan asylums, missions and special institutions funds, for which Mrs. Spurgeon is sponsor and for which money is sent to him, are all handed over to Mrs. Spurgeon for safe-keeping.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Struck His Gait.—Mahlistke—"Ah, Pinix, my boy, what are you painting for the academy this year?" Pinix (cheerfully)—"The window frames and cornices."

—Prepared to Prove the Contrary.—Willie (to new boy)—"You're from the country. That's what you're from." New Boy—"I can say 'You're from' as well as you can, dog-on-yuh!"—Chicago Tribune.

—Wonderfully.—Beatriz, why do you refuse me when you know a single kiss from those sweet lips would inflame me with delight?—Beatriz—"Because, George, this is a prohibition town."—Boston Post.

—Mr. Stinter (examining some accounts on desk)—"I think I prefer the courting to the wedding days. Then there was alternate billing and cooing, now it seems to be about all 'billing.'"—Boston Courier.

—A Georgia editor who recently discovered a pile of human bones in his town has decided that they once belonged to men who had attempted to run newspapers in that vicinity.—Atlanta Constitution.

—Wanted to Be Enriched.—"Why do you not eat your apple, Tommy?" "I'm waitin' till Johnny Briggs comes along. Apples taste better when there's some other kid to watch you eat 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"It strikes me, my dear," said he, sarcastically, as the cries of the baby arose above the lullaby she was trying to sing to it, "that your voice is something of a Jonah—it is swallowed up by a wall."—Baltimore American.



"How do I look?"

That depends, madam, upon how you feel. If you're suffering from functional disturbances, irregularities or weaknesses, you're sure to "look it." And Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the remedy. It builds up and invigorates the system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. It's a legitimate medicine, not a beverage; purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and made especially for woman's needs. In the cure of all "female complaints," it's guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold so. Think of that, when the dealer says something else (which pays him better) is "just as good."

"Times have changed." So have methods. The modern improvements in pills are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They help Nature, instead of fighting with her. Sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

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"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system."

Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind., 2

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Work and Amusements at Northwestern University.

How the Secret Societies Rush the Poor
"Prep"—Bad Poetry Inspired by Bad
College Fare—The Prettiest Girl
in the University.

(Copyright, 1891.)
In 1701 the warning word to utter to students: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but now in 1891, time is more evenly divided between the two, and if a warning word is to be uttered at all the saw must be reversed. Now, too, it must be applied to Jill as well as Jack.

Women are studying—at least a few are. Women are at college—many of them. And when they are at Rome they do as the Romans do. Now who imagines that the Romans in Rome, that is the men in college, devote all their energies and time to study? Then who would imagine that the girls



EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.
(Dean of the Woman's College.)

would? Surely no one who visited the Northwestern university at Evanston, Ill.

What do the girls do? Rather what don't they do?
In the first place they organized for their fun. Not a hundred years ago college men organized the first secret Greek-letter fraternity; twenty years ago their sisters followed their example, and now the Northwestern university can boast chapters of five sororities, or woman's fraternities, as they are sometimes called. They are Alpha Phi, Delta Gamma, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Kappa Alpha Theta, Gamma Phi Beta and Alpha Phi Chi Omega. All are flourishing, to judge by the membership; all have charter rooms, and all have plenty of fun. Alpha Phi alone claims literary powers, the rest confessing themselves purely social. Much rivalry exists, especially between Delta and Kappa.

The daughter of a citizen of Evanston, the university town, entered the preparatory school this year. The second day of the term she was invited to "pledge" herself to each of the six sororities. She considered. She is still considering. Four of the societies have given her up, but Alpha Phi and Delta Gamma are now "rushing" her hot and heavy. About the door of the dingy little building known as "the prep" stand two or more college girls at the end of every school session waiting for this poor little "prep," with invitations for all kinds of larks with Delta Gamma or Alpha Phi. Five o'clock teas, luncheons, spreads, drives, bicycle rides, matinees, picnics and evening parties have been following each other in the interests of one or the other of these sororities.

The "woman's college" at Evanston is certainly an excellent place to learn something of womankind. A large light brick building, standing in the center of a square of smoothly clipped lawn, it seems, with its large open doors, full of hospitality. On entering, one sees the first floor is occupied by reception rooms. On the two top floors are rooms sufficient to accommodate over seventy students. Below the reception rooms are the dining room and kitchen. Though no inmate hesitates to descend those dark stairs at midnight with intent to provide herself and friend with a lunch, yet not one but rides her Pegasus, rough shod, over the bill of fare. This room (?) on "Dried Apple Pie" is an example of the muse's efforts.

"I toast, abhor, detest, despise, Abominate dried-apple pies. I like good bread, I like good meat, Or anything that I like to eat; But of all poor grub beneath the skies, The poorest is dried apple pies. Give me the toothache or sore eyes, But don't give me dried apple pies. The farmer takes his gnarliest fruit, 'Tis wormy, bitter and hard to eat; They leave the husks and make me cough. They don't take half the peeling off. Then on a dirty cord 'tis strung. And there it serves a roast for flies Until it's made up into pies. Tread on my corns and tell me lies, But don't pass me dried apple pies."



MISS MARGARET SMITH.
(The brightest girl in college.)

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building standing on the college campus and commanding a view of Lake Michigan. In this building after prayers one morning, early in the term, President Henry Wade Rogers announced that new and more stringent rules would be enforced in the woman's college. The men cheered and crowded over this announcement till they heard what the rules were; then they groaned. "Calls are to be received between the hours of seven and eight only. On Friday evenings the parlors will be open till half past nine to callers." "No young lady is allowed to leave the building after 7:30 in the evening without a chaperon." "Alas for the theater! "No young lady is allowed to remain out after 8:30 p. m." Where, oh where were the moonlight strolls on the sandy beach of the beautiful lake! The rules, alas, hit both ways.

The dean of the woman's college, Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, assures visitors that the order of the college is much improved. It probably is, but the girls sadly bemoan their lost liberty. The most remarkable student in the university at present is a young lady, a resident of Evanston. Her rank as a student would never be guessed from her face or manner. Utterly free from any pedantry, and the picture of health, she is quite the reverse of the supposedly typical student. By everyone acknowledged to be the brightest woman in the university, not a few think her one of the most attractive. She is a tall, slender brunette, with almost perfect features and coloring, and thick, curly hair. Besides her duties in the college as a student and an influential member of Alpha Phi, she is one of the few links connecting the students of the university with the people of the town of Evanston.

Strange to relate, Evanston is in no sense a typical college town. The university is in Evanston, but it is not of it. This may be due in part to the number of college societies which provide the social life of the students, but more probably to the city itself. The largest and most beautiful of the suburbs of Chicago, its population is largely composed of the families of well-to-do, if not wealthy, business men of the metropolis, who of themselves form an intellectual and interesting society. Miss Frances E. Willard has made it her home for some time, and this fall Mrs. Jenness Miller will follow her example.

The university is one of the richest in the country, and, besides giving its students every collegiate advantage, such as are embraced in excellent professors, it has provided a perfectly equipped science hall and an observatory which telescope is the second in size in the United States. The gymnasium, although a miserable little building as viewed from without, is well furnished with apparatus. The girls have the use of it from four till six in the afternoon. That they use it but little is a deplorable fact.

In athletic sports bicycling is the leader. Good roads, particularly the one to Lake Michigan, have given her up, but Alpha Phi and Delta Gamma are now "rushing" her hot and heavy. About the door of the dingy little building known as "the prep" stand two or more college girls at the end of every school session waiting for this poor little "prep," with invitations for all kinds of larks with Delta Gamma or Alpha Phi. Five o'clock teas, luncheons, spreads, drives, bicycle rides, matinees, picnics and evening parties have been following each other in the interests of one or the other of these sororities.



MISS JULIA S. BARROWS.
(The prettiest girl in college.)

well-known Sheridan drive, prove a great incentive to the sport. Strange to say, almost no walking is done, though roads good for wheeling cannot but be good for pedestrians. Boating, too, is seldom indulged in, except with a young man to wield the oars. Whether that is due to the non-athletic tendencies of the girls or to the well-known treacherousness of Lake Michigan is not known. Tennis is greatly in vogue. The courts are on the campus and are kept in order by the fraternities. This is greatly to the advantage of the young women—if they are not "barbs"—as, of course, every fraternity gives carte blanche to its pet seniority to use its tennis courts, and they are well used.

The college girl invariably acquires two marks which distinguish her from all other residents of Evanston. One is her stare. It is peculiar. It is not hard and cold, nor is it aggressive, nor yet is it indifferent—yet it is too much of all these to be purely inquisitive. It says but one thing and says it unmistakably: "Here is a creature. But not a college-bred creature. What is it doing around here? What does it exist for, anyway?" And the stare follows you in contemplative astonishment, till you wish yourself swallowed up by the ground—or at least well out of the range of that stare.

Taken all in all, Evanston is a most beautiful place with all the comforts of a village and all the pleasures of a city, but its greatest ornament is the Northwestern university, and the young girl who becomes one of its students is greatly to be envied. A. M. M.



Little Hendrick has fixed grandma's mirror with a lithographic poster. Grandma (consciously)—"Tain't often I look in th' glass, but 'pears to me I'm holdin' my seventy-nine, goin' on eighty, mighty well.—Judge."

An Owed.
The autumn wind, which penetrates and chills, both bring to mind my unpaid tailor-bills.—Judge

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The poplar was undoubtedly known to the ancients for its invaluable dyeing properties as many of their fabrics which have been preserved give unmistakable evidence of having been tinted by a similar dye. The colors made from this base are rich, beautiful and permanent.

—In different parts of the country have long existed a number of magic stones said to possess the most remarkable properties. Tradition tells how certain so-called "speaking stones" called out when a dead body was placed upon them, or contradicted a person who swore falsely by them.

—The Georgia city of Macon is rejoicing over the fact that the Ocmulgee river is now navigable from the city to the Atlantic ocean, and has within a year become an important highway of commerce, through the improvements made by the government engineer corps. The Ocmulgee has long been noted as a fine stream for catfish.

—More than any other state of the union the state of Georgia has retained the Indian names of its rivers, and most of them have a musical sound, as for example, the Ocmulgee, the Choptank, the Ogeechee, the Cannouchee, the Oconee, the Chattahoochee, the Saltillo, the Altamaha, and others. Florida is another state that has retained many of the Indian names of its rivers.

—This word of encouragement is offered by some kindhearted woman to girls who lament their bright locks: "The Catherine, who made Russia great had red hair; so had Maria Theresa, who saved Austria and made it the empire that it is; so had Anne of Austria, who ruled France for so long; so had Elizabeth of England and Catherine Borgia, as well as Marie Antoinette, whose blonde tresses had in them a glint of gold." Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, might be added to the list.

—At an experience meeting held in an eastern city, the various speakers told what had been the objects of their ambition in early life. One of them had wanted to be president of the United States, another to get rich, another to have plenty of mince pie, another to be a military dictator like Napoleon, another to own a pony, another to be a preacher, another a lawyer, another a blacksmith, and another a naval commander. Only two of all the speakers had attained the object of their early ambition.

—The fox that lost his tail in a trap afterward explained to his brother foxes that it was fashionable to go tailless, and he suggested that they should follow his example. Something like this appears to have happened in the comet world. When Biela's comet appeared in 1873 it was found to have been split in two and to have lost its tail. Prof. Barnard, of the Lick observatory, has now discovered a tailless comet, which would indicate that Biela's erratic traveler has been the victim of a similar fate. The comet was seen in the setting of the fashion than was Biela's fox.

John Brooks, of Syracuse, has brought suit against the publishers of the Jewish Gazette for libel in calling him a Christian, laying his damages at \$2,500. In his complaint he says that the publication has held him up "wickedly to the scorn of his fellows." He says it was made with malicious intent, and that since the publication he had been "throughout in scandal, in family, and disgrace with and among his neighbors to the extent to cause it to be suspected and believed by said neighbors and citizens that he had been guilty of the offense of being a Christian."

—Before the invention of the Jacquard loom, carpets were either of very simple pattern, or, if elaborate in their designs, necessarily very expensive. The ancient royal manufactory of the Gobelins in Paris has always occupied the first place in regard to artistic perfection. Some of the carpets produced there cost from 100,000 to 200,000 francs, requiring five to ten years for their completion. None of them have been for sale since the year 1791. They have been presented to the different sovereigns of Europe, and are only to be found in the palaces of courts.

—Since there are women who bestow any amount of thought, time and money upon their pet dogs it is not surprising that the fashions in dogs' millinery, jewelry, etc., are constantly changing. A short time ago jeweled collars and chain bracelets were all the rage; these are now considered old fashioned. The latest style is a collar of white patent leather, ornamented with a bow of ribbon or velvet the exact shade worn by doggy's fair owner. Sometimes the collar is of dull leather, with the name of the dog perforated and stitched with gold or silver thread; but in all cases the collar must be white and the bow must match its mistress' gown—colors and shades of all kinds being out of favor with dogs of fashion.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

What the Annual Reports Show Concerning One Giant Corporation.

The annual reports of the great railroad corporations in the United States are interesting documents. Whoever reads them will not fail to be impressed with the vast wealth and power of these corporations. The annual report of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Co. for the year ended June 30, 1891, shows that that corporation is now operating two thousand three hundred and twenty miles of road in New York and Pennsylvania. Its income from its freight traffic was over twenty-one millions of dollars, from its passenger traffic nearly twelve millions, and its total income was a trifle less than thirty-eight millions. Its expenses were less than twenty-six millions of dollars, leaving over twelve millions to pay its dividends. The interest on its bonded debt and other outlays. The total number of its employees is twenty-five thousand eight hundred and ten, whose salaries and wages for the year amounted to nearly fifteen millions of dollars.

Here is one railroad corporation that employs more men than the United States government employed in civil offices during President Jackson's administration, and whose income and expenditures exceed those of any administration (except that part of Madison's administration including the war of 1812) prior to the Mexican war. It is estimated that the aggregate volume of business transacted by all the railroads in the United States exceeds in tonnage, in receipts and in expenditures that of any government on the face of the earth. The private enterprise in this country, which is exhibited not only by the railroads, but also by the telegraphs and the newspapers, is, in fact, beginning to dwarf the executive achievements of the most renowned despots of the old world.—N. Y. Ledger.

DIRECTORY ODDITIES.

Some of the Ridiculous and Unpronounceable Names to Be Found.

The writer having studied the peculiarities of a city directory, finds rather a strange mixture of names. There is not a Man in it, the legal profession, however, is represented by two Lawyers; there are twenty-two Cases and nine Fees, two Courts and thirty-five Judges, of whom three are women, and eight Squires. To turn from law to religion, there are two Bibles, two Creeds, with numerous Parsons, Bishops, Popes, Priests, Monks, Deacons, Sextons and Churches; the influence of the latter can not be very strong, as we find only one Christian.

Further search reveals the fact that there are nine Adams to one Eve, two Edens, one Christmas, sixty Abels, sixty-two Cains, two Essus and two Angels.

We can place some Faith in this directory, for there are six of the name, while there are thirty-one of the name, no Charity, which deficiency is covered by fifty-two Graces.

There are twenty-one Farmers and eight Plowmen, but only two Rakes, eight Acres, two Spades, one Plow and one Hoe. There are five Orchards, but only one Harvester; twenty-two Apples, eight Plums, forty-one Chestnuts, fifteen Cherries and one Acorn.

The funny tribe is well represented; there are numerous Fish, including Salmon, Pike, Bass, Trout and Shad. Of Birds we have Crows, Peacocks, Nightingales and Doves, with only two Feathers. Royalty is represented by Kings and Queens. There are also Princes, Karls, Peers and Dukes.

We find two Littleboys, with six Biggers and two Daddys. Economy seems to have been practiced somewhere, as there are six Babys and only one Bib.

Odd as it may seem it is nevertheless true that divided among all the people are only fifteen Collars, ten Cuffs and one Shirt.

As a "zoo" the directory is quite a success, having Lions, Bears, Beavers, Deer, Mink, Bullocks, Bulls and Squirrels; rather a dangerous collection, however, as there are twenty-eight Wild; the laws are kept in check by over one hundred Hunters, one Gunner with five Barnums.

We find that ninety Gamble, but how they do it is a mystery, as there are only five Packs, one Card and ten Trumps.

The cash account of the directory is not as solid as one would imagine, there being only nine Bills, six Shillings, fourteen Dimes, seventeen Nickels, five Pennys, three Farthings, two Mills and one Goodpenny; all this in the charge of twenty-five Penny-packers, who keep it in twelve Tills, and forty Banks. As an almanac it would puzzle a Philadelphian lawyer, as there are eight Dimes, one Doubleday, forty Winters, fourteen Springs and fourteen Falls, which seem quite correct until we come to the statement that there are forty-five Weeks and only one Sunday, one Monday and nine Fridays.

Then we have March fourteen times, which no doubt accounts for the fourteen Gales, six Rains and nine Storms recorded. The real estate portion shows fourteen Houses, twelve Castles and only one Blind.

Not being certain as to the amount of weight this article will have with the reader, we present a male twenty-five Rocks, thirteen Bricks, four Stones and two Featherstones.—Waverly Magazine.

ADIEU TO THE WOMAN.

The Woman Who Looks Like an Hour-Glass is No Longer in the Mode.

There is no doubt that hips are quite out of the fashion, and if nature has unkindly failed to fall in with this arrangement the best that can be done under such trying circumstances is to have the best made of the matter by a skillful dressmaker, or, better still, a ladies' tailor.

Hips cannot be operated upon with deleterious effect to the health; therefore it is better that fashion should settle on them for one of her vagaries than on waists. They can, however, be made to look very small, and that simply by excellence of cut and sundry what we must call "dodges," known to skillful modists.

Waists are still small, but as a good figure "up to date" requires a proper proportion between the waist and the hips it will be most undesirable for a woman to tight-lace and encase herself with the assistance of a bed-post and a maid in her narrow bodice, if the only result is to show more distinctly the largeness of her hips, which will too surely be the case if she artificially decrease the size of her waist. Ribs are unfortunately compressible to some extent, but hip bones are obstinate as facts, and though they may be glossed over and made the best they are quite unalterable, writes a London correspondent.

Very slight people are by nature in the van of fashion now, and well-proportioned women take a good second to them. Those who have tortured themselves to secure the wasp waists which lasted for too many seasons may take up their position in the rear, or else use a little padding to hide what has heretofore been their pride and glory, the disproportion of their waists to their shoulders and hips.—N. Y. Journal.

An Observant Bartender.

"Say," remarked the tough bartender as he dropped a bit of ossified lemon peel into the maternal cocktail, "s'elp me, since I bin in the bizness I ain't seen a man eat free lunch honest."

"What do you mean?"

"Mind, I ain't sayin' dat men dat buys drinks ain't got a right to hit der counter till they bust, but it's dey way dey do it. Der's one kind dat acts as if dey wuz crackin' a safe, and another kind dat tries to make people think it's der first time dey've been up against der game."

"I'm stuck on dem dodges, I am. Ever take notice of dem? Dey walk up to der lunch with dere nose stuck way in dere air, look over de layout and get away with a squeal as if dey wuz doin' us a favor."

"And der others, dey take a san'wich as if it wuz a penny off a dead man's eye, and skip back to der bar for fear somebody'll see 'em."

"Der aint nothin' wrong about workin' der lunch, but as I sed first off, s'elp me if I ever see a man dat didn't act as if he yuz dead ashamed when he did it—that's exceptin' tramps."

"Fifteen—eight! Thanks."—N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.

SCIENCE FOR THE MASSES.

Frost has a variety of effects upon different products. Under the same influence eggs will burst, apples will contract and potatoes will turn black.

The Arkansas city of Little Rock has a system of sidewalk and street paving with vitrified brick, which is agreeable to man and beast, and will do service for ages.

Dr. PINET, of Paris bases an argument against the widely accepted theory of animal magnetism on the fact that hypnotic patients obey words spoken by a phonograph quite as readily as those spoken by a person.

TWELVE thousand silkworms when newly hatched scarcely weigh one-quarter of an ounce, yet in the course of their life, which lasts only about 35 days, they will consume between 300 and 400 pounds of leaves.

A MARINE laboratory of biology and zoology will be opened next year at Bergen, Norway. Situated in a region where the marine fauna is particularly rich and interesting, it is destined to render great service to science. It has been decided to allow the free use of the establishment to foreign savants.

FOREIGN PEOPLE OF NOTE.

HENRY M. STANLEY is educating three negro boys about twelve years old whom he rescued from slavery by paying three cents apiece for them.

DR. EDWARD WARREN DEY, the American physician, of Paris, has just been promoted to the grade of commander of the Order of Isabel the Catholic of Spain.

THE Rothschilds brothers of London—Baron Lionel, Alfred and Leopold—are noted for their unostentatious charity, great love of order and attention to business.

COUNT TAUBENHEIM, of Wurtemberg, who has just retired from the public service, was known in the 70's as the recipient of more medals, decorations and orders than any other man in Europe.

SEVEN sons of Mrs. Keziah Needham, of Lewisham, Eng., were at one time members of a British regiment, and each shouldered to shoulder. She was lately compelled to seek assistance from the town authorities. She is the mother of twenty children.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A TOBACCO expert says that Oklahoma will become a great tobacco growing region.

TO SHOW the growth made in the industry of furnishing kindling wood, a single factory in Pennsylvania turns out 5,000,000 bundles a month.

The representative of Swiss dairymen has returned to Switzerland with options on land in three counties in California, the intention being to establish a colony for the purpose of developing the dairy industry.

The new aqueduct from Loch Katrine to Glasgow is to be twenty-four miles and a quarter in length and mostly tunnel. Syphons are to be used in two places. The new service reservoir at Craigmaddie will hold 700,000,000 gallons.

A BAD VERSE—PERVERSE.

Medical advice—be patient.

WHAT did William Tell?

Guns of a feather flock together.

The leaves will turn, but they'll never return.

JOHN—"Papa, what is fallacy?" Papa—"It's lolly, see?"

"This is the end," the bee said to the boy, and he left it.

A WRIT of attachment—the love letter.—Washington Star.

Be sure that your character begins at home.—Galveston News.

In the game of life the opera composer makes the most scores.—Chicago Times.

A solo-singing invention the bass soloist makes a worthy eminent member.—Boston Courier.

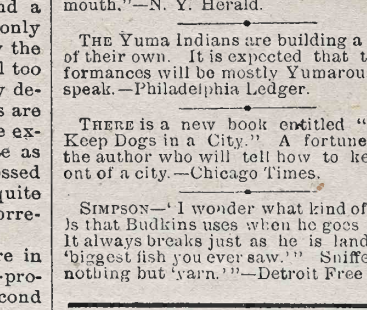
The cautious nature of the Indians may account for their preference for accepting official statements with reservations.—Baltimore American.

"How do you know Jimson is crazy?" "He's talking out of his head." "That's a good sign. He usually talks out of his mouth."—N. Y. Herald.

The Yuma Indians are building a theater of their own. It is expected that the performances will be mostly Yumorous, so to speak.—Philadelphia Ledger.

There is a new book entitled "How to Keep Dogs in a City." A fortune awaits the author who will tell how to keep cats out of a city.—Chicago Times.

Simson—"I wonder what kind of line it is that Bulkin uses when he goes fishing. It always breaks just as he is landing the biggest fish you ever saw." Sniffer—"It's nothing but yarn."—Detroit Free Press.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SALE OFFICE: SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

NEW YORK, N.Y.

A Conventional Custom.

One of the simplest instincts of good manners would seem to be that a man should uncover his head while eating his dinner with his family; yet it is pretty certain that the first gentlemen of England two centuries ago habitually wore their hats during that ceremony, nor is it known just when or why the practice was changed. In Pepys' famous Diary, which is the best manual of manners for its period, we read, under date of September 29, 1664: "Home to bed, having got a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner, and sitting with the wind in my neck." In Lord Clarendon's essay on the decay of respect paid to age he says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself except at dinner. Lord Clarendon died in 1674. That the English members of parliament sit with their hats on during the sessions is well known, and the same practice prevailed at the early town meetings in New England. The presence or absence of the hat is therefore simply a conventional custom, and so it is with a thousand practices which are held, so long as they exist, to be the most unchangeable and matter-of-course affairs.—Harper's Bazar.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

The doctrine that "like cures like" is illustrated by the fact that when people tire, the best thing for them to do is to retire.—Washington Star.

Floored.

Dyspepsia is easily floored by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, purest, pleasantest of stomachics, most effective of tonics. Heartburn, flatulence, the "aching" sensation in the pit of the stomach experienced by dyspeptics, in brief, all symptoms—and they are many and perplexing—of indigestion are banished by the Bitters, which is particularly efficacious for biliousness, malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaints.

WHEN you set a hen on an egg you expect a chicken, but what do you expect when you set a dog on a tramp? Answer—A flea.

Low Holiday Rates.

Via the Louisville and St. Louis Air Line, one and one-third fare for the round trip between all points. Tickets on sale December 24th, 25th and 31st, 1891, and January 1st, 1892; good returning until January 4th. Only hold running, school-recessed trains between St. Louis and Louisville.

THE difference between an editor and his wife is that his wife sets things to rights while he writes things to set.—Yonkers Statesman.

A PROLONGED use of Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla will cure eczema, scurvy, but such symptoms of impure blood as pimples, sores, aches, pains, kidney and liver weakness, etc., vanish like snow before the moon day when this remedy is used. It stimulates the entire system and its beneficial effect is felt at once in every part.

COUGHS AND COLDS. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes.

THE reason why the ocean is so often called treacherous must be because it is full of craft.—Boston Post.

DON'T let the worms eat the very life out of your children. Save them with those dainty candies, called Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers.

WHEN it comes to marrying, the pastor's post of duty is the hitching post.—Elmira Gazette.

BABIES cry for it because it makes milk. "The A. B. C. Bohemian Bottled Beer" of St. Louis "The American Brewing Co.'s brew."

INDIA rubber plantations usually cover a great stretch of country.—Rochester Post-Express.

Fortify Feeble Lungs. Against Winter colds, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Tan-Fike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

BLOWS are not always exchanged when you strike an acquaintance.—N. Y. News.

DON'T fool with indigestion nor with a disordered liver, but take Beecham's Pills for immediate relief. 25 cents a box.

NEVER hire a person who wants to know why you want something done.—Milwaukee Journal.

FARMERS: LOOK OUT!

You are exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and to injuries.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Cures RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS, WOUNDS, SORENESS, STIFFNESS, SWELLINGS, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BURNS.

A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE.

PETROLEUM VASELINE JELLY.

—AN INVALUABLE FAMILY REMEDY FOR—

Burns, Wounds, Sprains, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Hemorrhoids, Sun Burns, Chilblains, Etc. Taken Internally, Will Cure Croup, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Etc.

PURE VASELINE (2-oz. bottle)..... 10 cts.

POMADE VASELINE (2-oz. bottle)..... 15 "

VASELINE COLD CREAM..... 15 "

VASELINE CAMPHORICE..... 10 "

VASELINE SOAP, Unscented..... 10 cts.

VASELINE SOAP

DAILY DEMOCRAT.

A. B. ADAMS, Editor and Publisher.

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter at the Postoffice in Eureka Springs, Ark.

Eureka Springs Railway Time Table.
Number 24.

In Effect Monday, Nov. 18th, '09, at 5 P. M.

West Bound Trains.

| Stations & Sdgs. | No. 1 (A.M.) | No. 3 (A.M.) | No. 5 (P.M.) | No. 7 (P.M.) |
|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Eureka Springs | 7:53 | 7:43 | 4:34 | 0 |
| Gaskins | 8:02 | 7:54 | 4:43 | 8 |
| Narrows | 8:11 | 8:06 | 4:52 | 54 |
| Seligman | 8:20 | 8:15 | 5:04 | 18 1/2 |

East Bound Trains.

| Stations & Sdgs. | No. 2 (A.M.) | No. 4 (A.M.) | No. 6 (P.M.) | No. 8 (P.M.) |
|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Eureka Springs | 10:30 | 7:17 | 18 1/2 | |
| Gaskins | 10:41 | 7:26 | 19 1/2 | |
| Narrows | 10:52 | 7:34 | 20 1/2 | |
| Seligman | 11:03 | 7:43 | 21 1/2 | |

The Bureau of Immigration request that that every subscriber in the State and any other Arkansian receiving this paper, write upon it the name and Postoffice address of the sender, and mail it to some person outside of the State.

What is KAKO?

The train was exactly one hour late today.

There were 17 arrivals by the morning train to day.

Everybody was exchanging New Years greetings this morning.

Haney guarantees all work done at his Laundry, opposite the Harding spring.

All the World's Fair buildings in Historic America Saturday night.

Furnished Rooms for rent in the Congdon Brick on Short street.

R. M. Beavers, of Ft. Worth, Texas, came in by the morning train to-day.

KAKO, KAKO, KAKO!

Miss E. Robinson, of Kingston, Illinois, came in by the morning train to-day.

The Hamburg Bakery is prepared to fill orders for fancy cakes of all kinds.

H. S. and J. Seawell, of Oklahoma, were among the morning arrivals to-day.

Osborn's bread will be larger from now on. He will give you a 15 ounce loaf for a nickel.

Help the school library by attending the Historic America Saturday night.

Mr. L. G. Prizer, of Monett, Mo., was among the arrivals by the morning train to-day.

A. N. Matthews sells the best native whiskey, 1 gallon \$2.00 One-half gallon 1.25 One quart .75 No. 14 Main street.

H. E. Toney, of St. Louis, was among the arrivals registered at the Lansing House to-day.

J. M. Gregory of the Lansing House was the first hotel man to take out license for the New Year.

KAKO is the best washing compound in the world.

Frank H. Cochran of the Chautauqua house was the first hotel drummer today to take out hotel drummer license for 1892.

The street railway track opposite the postoffice was buried under six inches of mud this morning owing to the heavy rain last night.

Ask your grocer for KAKO.

The crisp atmosphere outside this afternoon is undoubtedly another one of those Noobrasky breezes that Charlie Levy alludes to occasionally.

The saloons were all closed today and a good many steady patrons of the liquor men were noticed standing around looking dry and mournful.

Jim Smith is getting up a new brand of five cent cigars. They will be smaller than the Eureka No. 1 cigar and will be made of first class material throughout.

The many friends of George Langston will be glad to learn that he is back in his old place as order and delivery clerk with Wm. Hemphill, successor to J. S. Alexander, the White street grocer. George is very popular with the patrons of the store and uses his very best efforts to please those who trade there.

KAKO, KAKO, KAKO!

On account of the unpleasant weather the lecture on phrenology by Prof. G. W. Williams at the Central Hall has been postponed.

Mr. Adams, of Chicago, the surveyor for the Sanitarium company, came in by the morning train to-day, and took quarters at the Chautauqua House.

OPPOSITE THE BASIN SPRING is the place to have your dental work done by Dr. Carter, the only Graduate of Dentistry doing an office practice in the city.

The raffle for the gold watch at Conner & Brown's saloon was not held last night, as a sufficient number of chances could not be disposed of to make the raffle a success.

All ads will be inserted till forbid and charged for accordingly. Subscription to the DAILY DEMOCRAT 50 cents per month IN ADVANCE. If paid for at the end of the month the usual rate of 15 cents per week will be charged.

About fifty couples attended the dance at Riley's Hall last night. Five sets were on the floor most of the time, and the dancing was kept up until about three o'clock this morning.

Have you tried KAKO?

Judge O. W. Watkins, Dr. C. F. Ellis and Sam Hays went to White River quail shooting yesterday afternoon and brought back twenty-seven fat birds to show for an hours shooting.

Use KAKO! Use KAKO!

The watch meeting at the Elk street church was well attended last night and the exercises terminated just as the old year was ushered out and the new year ushered in by a terrific shower.

Good bread is half our living. OSBORN'S BREAD is always good. Osborn's Bakery can furnish it at all times. Fresh Pies, Cakes, Doughnuts, Ginger Snaps, etc., Spring street, next door to Sanford Stone.

The chief of police requests all parties who are in a business requiring them to take out a license to come forward promptly and pay their money, get their license and save trouble for everybody concerned.

A TERRIFIC storm is raging in the west and the unpleasant weather that we are having today isn't a circumstance to what they are having in New Mexico, where trains are blocked and travel of all kinds is suspended.

The Missouri Pacific road advertises Hot Springs as a resort for those who are suffering from the grippe. If the 'Frisco road would do a little advertising for this city, it might result in an increase of its passenger traffic in this direction.

Sam Odell's case, for fighting with Ed Belcher, on Leatherwood, Christmas day, came up before Justice Mack White, today. Odell took a change of venue to the justice court of W. M. Brown, who dismissed the case as the prosecution couldn't make a bond.

L. H. Parks got a letter today from B. N. Nicholes who arrived at Dayton, Washington, with his family the day before Christmas. Mr. Nicholes had not had much time to look around when he wrote, but thought he should like Washington very well. He said that Burr Parks was pleased and thought he would like the country.

The hotel drummers are all howling about the amount of the license being fixed at \$25. It is pretty tough on them and as far as most of them is concerned it might just as well have been put at twenty-five hundred dollars as twenty-five. As a rule most of the hotel drummers are people who are here for their health and are working for their board and very small additional wages. They are a civil, clever set of men and the ordinance fixing their license at \$25 was equivalent to an ordinance abolishing drumming.

The Sanitarium at Last an Assured Fact.

The projectors of the Sanitarium have at last reached a point in their operations where they do not need to conceal their intentions. The Sanitarium is now an assured fact and from this time on work on the grounds, drives, etc., will be pushed with all possible speed. The company now own and have perfected the titles to over seventeen hundred acres of land, about one hundred acres of which is inside the city limits. This is all the land they need and there is nothing to keep them from commencing active operations. A force of thirty men has been at work on the grounds trimming up the trees and shrubbery and clearing off trash for the last two weeks getting things in readiness for the surveyor, Mr. Adams and his two assistants who came in from Chicago today. The grounds at the lake will be laid off into lots; beautiful drives will be laid out, and everything done to make the surroundings attractive to the eye. When the new dam is constructed the lake will cover about nineteen acres. An electric motor line will run direct from the Basin Spring to the Sanitarium, and elegant driveways will be laid out in different directions from the city. A turnpike road from this city to Berryville and a branch motor line to Grand View are also in the plans of the company. A large amount of money will be expended on the property of the company in this city, and plans are completed for buildings that will cost over ninety thousand dollars inside the city limits. The Sanitarium people intend to work in harmony with the people of this city, and all their plans have been made with a view to building up Eureka Springs at the same time with their own property at the lake. All the work done by the company will be of the very best kind and the commencement of this enterprise marks the most important era in the history of Eureka Springs. Too much credit cannot be given to Dr. Chas. E. Davis for the successful efforts he has made to bring the capital here that made the Sanitarium a possibility. Dr. Davis has labored early and late; has had faith in the enterprise while others sneered at it, and in spite of all obstacles the Sanitarium is an assured fact through his efforts.

As Marion O'Neal was walking down Center street just after dinner, somebody opened a window and threw out about a tub full of hot water that hit the side walk in front of him and splattered all over him. For a moment Marion was speechless with indignation, but on recovering the use of his tongue he looked upward and delivered a brief address that was chuck full of bristling adjectives and ended up by stating that he was going home at once.

Chief of police Turley, to-day, visited the house on Spring street occupied by the family of the late W. T. Bradley, and after a careful inspection of the premises he ordered the owner of the house to tear the paper from the walls and to fumigate and renovate the rooms thoroughly, as the house was infected. Mr. Turley stated that failure to comply with these orders would cause the house to be condemned by the Board of Health and torn down at once.

A squad of officers composed of Sheriff Edmondson, Deputy Sheriff Edwards, Policeman Coffey, Deputy Constable Visart and Detective Frank Willis were noticed heading up Short street last night about 9 o'clock. Their destination was the 16th Section and they went through that locality hunting for a man who is wanted on several charges. They made a thorough examination of the various dens out there, but couldn't find their man and returned downtown about 11 o'clock wet and disgusted.

Dr. W. R. Hardesty says that he has been accused of employing drummers until he is out of patience. He says that he don't employ drummers and has no occasion to as he has all the practice that he can attend to without either employing drummers or lying about his professional competitors and that anyone who accuses him of employing drummers is a liar with a big, big "D."

Public School Library Benefit. The grand "Historic America" Stereopticon Panorama will be given Saturday night in the Opera house for the benefit of our school library, and should be well patronized. Over 100 of the greatest events and places in America, with descriptions from the landing of Columbus to the World's Fair, and from New York City to the Yellowstone National park. See bills for list of scenery.

Hotel Arrivals. SOUTHERN HOTEL. L. G. Prizer, Monett, Mo. LANSING HOUSE. R. M. Beavers, Ft. Worth, Tex.; H. E. Toney, St. Louis; H. S. Seawell, J. Seawell, Oklahoma; Miss E. Robinson, Kingston, Ill.

The reason fine feathers don't make fine birds, is because you can't make no sort of a bird out of nothing but feathers.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A LIE SET OF BOOKS. THAT'S THE KIND WE SELL.

We have been very particular in selecting our variety of Day Books, Journals, Ledgers, etc., and Counter Books and Memoranda. They are of the best quality and have a DOUBLE CAPACITY. They are also of the latest design and are very handy. They are also of the latest design and are very handy. They are also of the latest design and are very handy.

HAWLEY & CO. POSTOFFICE LOBBY.

MANY FOOLISHLY PERSONS Suffer Untold Agony From Headache, Sick-Headache, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Bloating, Bilious Attacks, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and from many other troubles arising from a Torpid Liver and derangement of the Bowels.

STOP RAMON'S TONIC LIVER REGULATOR. It is a perfect remedy. It contains no mineral substance, but is purely Vegetable, and may be used by children, or most delicate people.

It is a speedily for all of the above troubles. Price, only 50c. and \$1.00. Ask your druggist for it.

If you will SEND us your name and address on a postal card, we will send you FREE sample of RAMON'S TONIC LIVER REGULATOR and a handsome picture.

BROWN MFG CO., Proprietors of RAMON'S REMEDIES GREENEVILLE, TENN.

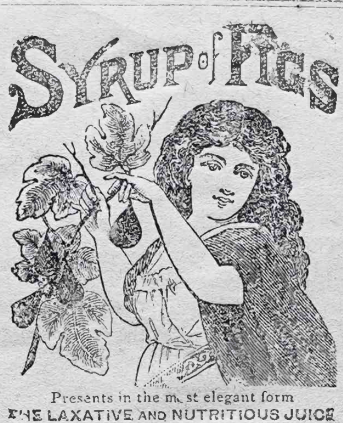
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IF YOUR HOUSE has the appearance of tumbling, you at once take steps to brace it up and mend the broken timbers and rebuild it so that it shall not be a complete wreck, but be tenable and safe to dwell in. Your body, blood and liver are much more valuable than your house. If it is in a weak condition your back aches or you feel sickly and uncomfortable, Use Ramon's Tonic Liver Regulator.

It is a perfect remedy for all disorders of the Liver. Sample dose free at any store. For sale by druggists and dealers or by mail on receipt of 12c. stamps by BROWN MFG CO., Greenville, Tenn.

Private Medical Aid DR. WARD

OFFICE ST. LOUIS, MO. Special attention given to all diseases or troubles in male or female, married or single, brought about by exposure, abuse, excess or impropriety. THE OLD DOCTOR, or 35 years' successful experience, may be consulted by mail, or at the office, free of charge. Reliable, Skillful Treatment Guaranteed. Board and apartments furnished to those who require personal care. Send P. O. stamp for circular. Office, 115 N. 12th Street, St. Louis, Mo.



Presented in the most elegant form THE LAXATIVE AND NUTRITIOUS JUICE FIGS OF CALIFORNIA. Combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, forming an agreeable and effective laxative to permanently cure Habitual Constipation, and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. It is the most excellent remedy, known to CLEANSE THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY. When one is Bilious or Constipated, FINE SLEEP, REFRESHING SLEEP, HEALTH AND STRENGTH NATURALLY FOLLOW. Every one is using it and all are delighted with it.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR SYRUP OF FIGS. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

YOU MAY LAUGH

at a cut or bruise which it is not severe or painful, because it is only skin deep, but DON'T LAUGH or make light of any form of Liver Complaint, if you have indigestion, (heartburn), seasons of sick or nervous headache, a distended feeling in the region of the stomach or bowels; if you are skin sallow, your eyes dull and yellow, your appetite poor, your brain inactive, but cure it by using RAMON'S TONIC LIVER REGULATOR. Or if you have pains in the small of the back, pains in the left side, pains in the bladder with difficulty of urinating, or of rheumatic pains, this great remedy will cure you, and restore your health, quicken the appetite, and strengthen the digestion.

Ramon's Tonic Liver Regulator is for sale by all druggists and dealers. BROWN MFG CO., Greenville, Tenn. RAMON'S TONIC LIVER REGULATOR. Headache, Sick-Headache, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Bloating, Bilious Attacks, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and from many other troubles arising from a Torpid Liver and derangement of the Bowels.

A FOOLISH PERSON FAILS!

Tries to attend to the duties and pleasures of life, but usually fails. If they try to do so when suffering from a Torpid Liver, Headache, indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc.

A WISE PERSON

Gets well and keeps well by using Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills. It is a perfect cure for all such troubles. Gives the poison out of the system, makes a new man or woman of you. One pill a dose, only 25c. a box. Of all druggists & dealers. BROWN MFG CO., Proprietors of RAMON'S REMEDIES GREENEVILLE, TENN.

RAMON'S TONIC LIVER REGULATOR. Headache, Sick-Headache, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Bloating, Bilious Attacks, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and from many other troubles arising from a Torpid Liver and derangement of the Bowels.

These pills are the mildest yet most powerful known for acting on LIVER, KIDNEYS and BLOOD. For sale by all druggists and dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 12c. stamps by BROWN MFG CO., Greenville, Tenn.

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TYLER'S BROWN'S 200 New Styles. TYLER'S BROWN'S 200 New Styles. TYLER'S BROWN'S 200 New Styles. TYLER'S BROWN'S 200 New Styles. TYLER'S BROWN'S 200 New Styles.

BROWN'S IRECA BITTERS. Pura Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Nervousness, and general debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers will sell. Genuine has trade mark and crossed lines on wrapper. BROWN'S IRECA BITTERS. Pura Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Nervousness, and general debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers will sell. Genuine has trade mark and crossed lines on wrapper.

THE PARLOR. Conner & Brown.

Old Bank Building, Spring Street, Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

THE FINEST BRANDS OF LIQUORS, BILLIARD and Pool Tables, and An Elegant READING ROOM in SECOND FLOOR.

COOK'S SALOON.

Corner Spring and Center Streets.

First-Class Liquors of all Kinds, Fine Case Goods and Fancy Brands of Whiskies, Wines and Brandies For FAMILY and MEDICINAL USE A Specialty.

E. L. KYLE and WM. HOWARTON, Bartenders.

TAKE YOUR EGGS, HIDES, FURS &c.

GEO. W. MARTIN.

Manager Eureka Springs Transfer Company

We now have made connections with Eastern Shippers and can pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICES in Cash. Egg Cases Furnished. Call on us for

OILS, SALT, GRASS SEEDS AND COAL STUDEBAKER WAGONS.

If you can't Call, Write us.

GEORGE W. MARTIN,

Eureka Springs, Ark.

A. N. MATTHEWS

IS NOW IN HIS NEW HOUSE WITH A FULL LINE OF

Wines, Whiskies & Brandies

NO. 14, MAIN STREET.

Horses. None but gentle good quiet saddle horses kept at Mullins' stable. If you enjoy riding and want a horse that will please you give him a call. Buggies and surreys furnished at short notice. Terms reasonable. Geo. T. MULLIN, North Main street.

GO TO WHITEHEAD'S

FOR

All Kinds of Fresh

Dressed Chickens,

Gelery, Etc.

FRESH FISH and

OYSTERS, Fri.

day and Saturday.

Go to

J. A. MONAGAN

For Sewer Pipe, Well

Tilting, Pumps, Hose, Valves

and Sanitary Goods.

BASEMENT DAMN SPRING BATH HOUSE.

RAMON'S

TONIC LIVER

PILLS.

One Pill is a Dose.

It will not Sicken or Grip.

For sale by all druggists and dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 12c. stamps by BROWN MFG CO., Proprietors of RAMON'S REMEDIES GREENEVILLE, TENN.

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