THE IRISH VOTE.

The *Irish World* is the leading exponent and organ of Irish political opinions. It has the largest circulation of any journal of its character in America. In its issue of July 12th it says:

We presume the Democratic party wants to win at the coming election. On that supposition the Presidential fight is narrowed down to a contest between General Butler and Mr. Blaine. If the Democracy wants to stand up and be knocked down for the seventh time in a quarter of century, that, of course, puts another face on matters. Under these circumstances, one candidate will be as good as another. Whether it is Cleveland, or Bayard, or Field, it will make no difference, except as to the size of the majority the Republican party will roll up next November. The candidacy of Mr. Cleveland, for instance, would make the election of Mr. Blaine extremely easy. General Butler's nomination would mean that with him in the White House, the country for the next four years would have a thoroughly American policy. Is there any other one on the list of the Democratic candidates whose success at Chicago would give this assurance? Let not the Democratic managers deceive themselves with the thought that the voters we speak of will support the Democratic party no matter who receives the nomination. These voters will be willing to vote for, and work for, General Butler. But with him out of the race they will vote for, and work for, Mr. Blaine, for the reason that the latter will represent a policy that the Democratic party, through its failure to nominate General Butler, will have repudiated. * * * The Republican party can look forward to next November with equal equanimity if the Chicago convention adopts the suicidal policy of rejecting the only candidate who can lead the Democracy out of the slough of despondency in which it has so long floundered.

The New York *Freeman's Journal* is the leading and most influential organ of the Roman Catholic Church published in America. In its issue of July 19th, and in its editorial columns, in speaking of the nomination of Grover Cleveland, it says:

In all the line of principal cities of the State of New York—from Buffalo to Brooklyn—there is a sullen and sour repudiation of this nomination on the part of those great bodies of men who *vote*. Governor Cleveland has been nominated by the votes of States that either were sure for any Democratic candidate, or of States that are sure to vote for J. G. Blaine. His nomination makes Ohio certainly a Republican State, Indiana most probably, and New York exceedingly doubtful. Were the election to be held on the first Tuesday in August, Blaine would carry New York with a hurrah. Mr. Grover Cleveland, two years ago, was elected Governor. We think he could have been elected by a Democratic majority of some twenty or thirty thousand. The Republican "kickers" swelled his majority to a ridiculous figure. But these Republican "kickers" were Blaine men. Mr. Cleveland's friends count on the anti-Blaine men as being as vicious "kickers" as the Blaine men were. Therein lies their mistake! * * * Ancestry does not amount to much, except the living race prove worthy of it. James G. Blaine's grandfather, of that fierce old stock of North of Ireland "Covenanters," was a soldier in the war of our independence—of course, "on the side of the rebellion." Mr. Cleveland, also, has an ancestral record. As we find it, his ancestors were Puritan preachers from generation to generation. His record says, moreover, that he himself once labored as a teacher of the blind. * * * The platform of the Democratic Convention at Chicago is an oracle that talks with stammering lips and a double tongue, especially on the one active issue, the tariff. It is a "horizontal" platform, with a sloping jump-off on one side to appease protectionists. In other works—plain English—it is damnable nonsense! * * * We are puzzled. Straightforward talk we know. The talk we hear around us we do not know.. As at present advised, we do not see how Mr. Cleveland, with his record, can hope to carry the vote of the State of New York. Except the presentation of things change, we will have to deplore the nomination of Mr. Cleveland.

The *Catholic Review*, of New York, charges that Governor Cleveland worked against a bill in the New York Legislature—so that it might not come before him for approval—denying to priests of the Roman Church the privilege of administering the last consolations of religion to dying Catholics, and refusing to permit spiritual attendance to Catholics from clergymen of their own faith.

The *Northwestern Chronicle*, published at St. Paul's, is in the diocese of Bishop Ireland, and is the accredited church organ of that locality. It says:

Grover Cleveland is before the country as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Expediency dictated the nomination. While Governor he distinguished himself chiefly by favoring corporations and monopolies, and by making strenuous efforts to prevent the passage in the Legislature of a Liberty of Conscience bill, which would have given Catholic inmates of the State institutions the right to receive spiritual ministrations from their own clergymen. If elected President he will go to Washington for the first time in an official character, totally inexperienced in the practice of Federal affairs, and holding out to the Nation no guarantee that statesmanship or scholarly attainments will during his incumbency give strength or grace to the Presidential office.

The *Rocky Mountain Celt*, published in Denver, says, in its issue of July 19th:

An exchange says that the Democratic party seems to think that it has a mortgage upon Irish-American voters. Time was, we admit, when they invariably voted the Democratic ticket, but the time has happily passed when any political party can say that it owns the Irish vote.

The *Irish Nation*, of New York, of the date of July 12th, speaks of the speech of Judge Cochrane, and says:

The speech especially made a deep impression on the convention, suggesting, as it did to many, the impolicy of entrusting the Democratic colors to a man whose record is stained by obstinate antagonism to every principle prized by Democrats, and whose inability to carry his own State has been proved to demonstration. Cleveland's vetoes of every measure conceived in the interest of labor, or calculated to bridle the power of monopoly, have by this time acquired a publicity which can scarcely fail to veto his own nomination.

Does not this show that the Democratic candidate for the Presidency sympathizes with capital rather than with labor? We have shown you the nature of the vetoes that have made Governor Cleveland so obnoxious to the workingmen of New York, and now ask you, reader, in all candor, can you support such a man for the highest office in the gift of the people? The three vetoes we have been speaking of prove beyond a shadow of doubt that Gov. Cleveland's sympathies are not with labor. In the near future the battle between corporations and the people will have to be fought out. Imagine having such a man in the Presidential chair when the battle comes off! We should undoubtedly hear of his vetoing all legislation looking to the restoration to the people of the millions of acres stolen from them by the railroads. Can such a man be trusted in the position to which the Democratic party asks the workingmen to elevate him?

The Boston *Pilot* says editorially: "The nomination of Governor Cleveland will unquestionably have the result of affecting some hundreds of thousands of votes, either by giving to Blaine or keeping them from the polls. Blaine and Logan can beat Cleveland and any other Democrat." The Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times*, printed in the county where Cleveland has been Sheriff, and in the city of which he has been Mayor, edited by Father Cronin, whom we know—says that if the wrong man is nominated (meaning Cleveland) ninety per cent of the Irish-American vote will be given for Blaine. The Albany *Catholic Telegraph*, printed at the capital of New York, has the following in regard to Cleveland's candidature:

If the Democratic party has nothing better to put up against the strongest Republican for President, without a war record, that has been put forward since the days of Lincoln, than Grover Cleveland, it has not the ghost of a chance of seeing that for which its heart so long has yearned—a Democrat in the Presidential chair. If it has nothing better to put up than the man who has vetoed popular measures, passed by both Houses, who has displayed religious intolerance in the exercise of his functions, who has shown himself the friend of the criminal classes in letting murderous jail-birds loose upon society, while he refused to hear the petition of respectable citizens in behalf of a falsely imprisoned gentleman of worth and intelligence; if it has nothing better to put up than a man who publicly stultified himself by an official communication unworthy of one in his high office; if, in a word, it cannot put forward anything better than the representative of effete Know-Nothingism and blue-nosed bigotry, it would save the party from ignominious defeat, by withdrawing from the contest, and stepping down and out.

Mr. D. C. Feely, a prominent Irish Catholic lawyer of Rochester, says:

I can think of no man who could be named who is so obnoxious to the Irish as Governor Cleveland. He could not carry New York State, and would make a sorry figure if nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats. His unpopularity is due to his treatment of Editor Purcell, whom we regard as a representative Irishman; to his treatment of John Devoe, editor of the *Irish Nation*, and to his veto of the five-cent fare bill, which showed him to be a mere creature of monopolies.

One final extract from a later issue of the *Irish World*, edited by John Devoe, and we must conclude for want of space:

The Democratic National Convention, lured by the bait of the Independent Republican support, has thought proper to break away from the cherished traditions of the party and insult its most loyal and devoted members by the nomination of a narrow-minded bigot for the Presidency of the United States. It is a declaration of war, and those on whom the war is to be waged must take up the gage of battle or forever submit to intolerance and bigotry. No middle course is possible. The hour for compromise has passed. Either Cleveland must be defeated at the polls, or the men who have been the mainstay of the Democratic party for half a century must submit to intolerable dictation, degradation, and insult at the hands of an intolerable and undemocratic machine. On the one side we have the Republican party, freed from the presence of its most liberal element, having as its candidate the ablest American statesman, and a platform that comes more nearly in accord with the wants and wishes of the great majority of the people than any party programme for many years. On the other is the party that once was Democratic, with a candidate that is to all intents and purposes a Republican, in the sense most obnoxious to the Democrats, a platform that evades an honest pronouncement on the question of the most vital interest to the toiling masses, and an unholy alliance with the men whose control of the Republican party made it odious to the great mass of the Democrats in the past. Mr. Blaine's election will be the triumph of the party of American progress at home and abroad; Mr. Cleveland's will mean retrogression at home and slavish subserviency to English interests and English ideas in the relations of the United States with foreign powers. Irishmen of spirit have no choice. Cleveland must be defeated, and the only way to do that effectually is by voting for James G. Blaine for President. Let us organize for the fight, and crush Know-Nothingism for all time.

The *Irish World* of July 26th, after explaining Governor Cleveland's veto messages—that vetoing the five-cent fare bill, whereby four million eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars were put into the coffers of Jay Gould and Cyrus W. Field; that vetoing the bill reducing the hours of labor of conductors and drivers on the street cars; that vetoing the mechanics' lien law, which gave the workingman a prior lien for wages upon a bankrupt employer's assets.

From these journals we have reprinted sufficient to indicate the drift of Catholic and Irish thought at this time. The ablest of the Irish political and the best representative Catholic journals of the country have changed political front. The New York *Tablet* is the metropolitan organ of Cardinal McCloskey. This distinguished prelate makes no pretext of concealing his desire for the defeat of Governor Cleveland. The New York *Irish World* and *Irish Nation* are the two strongest journals of their character in the country. The *Citizen*, of Chicago, ranks next in point of political importance. The St. Louis *Watchman* is a German Catholic organ; it has reversed its politics, and is in open opposition to the Democracy. The *Freeman's Journal*, from which we have quoted, is the ablest and most influential of the Catholic religious press in America. The *Northwestern Chronicle*, of Minnesota; the *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland; the *American Celt*, St. Louis; John Clancy's paper, the *Sunday Democrat*, are all out in earnest and open advocacy of Blaine. The representative Catholic papers of Baltimore (the *Examiner*), of Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Boston (*The Pilot*), and of San Francisco (the *Monitor*) are not so pronounced in their Republican attitude as those quoted from, but there is an element at work through the whole Catholic and Irish press that indicates an unmistakable tendency to bolt the Democratic party. We note the fact, reserving the privilege of watching it as it progresses, and commenting upon it. In the meantime we commend the *Alta California*, the *Examiner*, our friend John P. Irish, of Oakland, John Maynard, of San Mateo, and our other Democratic friends—and enemies, if we have any—to observe the signs of the times, and flee from the wrath to come.

An Incident of Sumter.

For four hours we had been pounding away at Stevens' battery, and making no impression upon it. This was very annoying to the men, and doubtless equally so to the officers. The non-commissioned officers believe they could demolish the battery with the 10-inch gun. The 10-inch gun referred to was mounted *en barbette* on third tier, and the Major had ordered that no guns on that tier should be manned. Orders were sacred in the opinion of Tom Kernan, but the demolition of Stevens' battery was a duty. In this case duty and orders seemed to conflict, and Tom was troubled. Tom was an old Sergeant, a veteran of the Mexican war. In his dilemma he consulted with the Ordnance Sergeant, another Mexican war veteran, and they agreed that if it could be done on the sly, under the circumstances, the Major's order might be disregarded. They would not however, take anybody with them. The blame, if any attached to the act, should rest entirely on their shoulders. Consequently they watched their chance, and when the Major was out of the way, slipped up stairs to the *barette* battery. The gun was already loaded and aimed at the very battery that they desired to strike. For weeks before the bombardment began all the guns were kept loaded. They had nothing to do, therefore, but slip in a friction primer in the vent and pull the lanyard. This was the work of a moment. The gun was fired and the two Sergeants and those below who were in the secret, watched the flight of the shot with almost painful interest. It missed—missed, seemingly, by a hair's breadth—just grazing the top of the battery. Great was the disappointment. So much risked, so little won. But the two Sergeants would not give it up so. They might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. They were determined to have another shot. The gun was reloaded, which was quite a feat for two men, as the shot weighed 128 pounds, but when they tried to run the gun "in battery," they failed. It required six men to throw the carriage in gear and the two Sergeants could not accomplish it. Although the descharge of the 10-inch gun had escaped the observation of our own officers, it had been noticed by the rebels. They knew all about the position and power of this particular gun, and had no doubt wondered at its silence. Now that it had opened, it was of the utmost importance that it be silenced at once; so every rebel gun that could be brought to bear was turned on it, and a shower of shot and shell came hissing and hurling about the ears of the two Sergeants, who were still struggling in vain at the handspikes. Matters had now reached a crisis. "By Gemini," said Sergeant Tom, "let us fire her as she is." It was the only thing they could do. So the elevating screw was given half a turn, the primer was inserted and the Ordnance Sergeant ran down to see if coasts were clear. Meantime, Tom, who was left holding the lanyarn, found himself in a tight place. Shot and shell were coming thicker than ever. The rebel gunners were just getting the range. Tom was lying down, because, as he said, there was no room for him to stand up. What could be keeping his friend so long? Traverse circles were being torn up by the enemy's shots and great blocks of granite were slashed about the terreplein. He could stand in no longer; the lanyard was pulled and the shot struck the battery and seemed to do considerable damage, but the gun, being fired out of battery, recoiled over the counterhurters and turned a somersault backward. As the Ordance Sergeant reached the top of the stairs he met the 10-inch gun going in the opposite direction, and looking around for his friend, discovered him hugging mother earth, half dead with fright—not at the enemy's shot but at having dismounted the boss gun of the outfit. Both compatriots came down. There were now additional reasons for keeping mum about the 10-inch gun, and the Major never learned how it was dismounted.—*The United Service.*

All For Fifty Cents.

Mr. E. C. Walker, Editor "Track and Road," *The Spirit of the Times*, New York, after an exhaustive interview with all leading horsemen, stablemen, sportsmen, drivers and breeders of horses of the country, states that St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, will do all that is claimed for it in the cure of aches, pains, and suffering in man and beast.

Five Cent Cyclones.

Professor Douglas, of the State University, it is said, produces amateur cyclones at will. He does it by suspending a large copper plate by silken cords. This plate is charged heavily with electricity, which hangs down like a bag underneath, and is rendered visible by the use of arsenious acid gas, which gives it a green color. The formation is a miniature cyclone, as perfect as any started in the clouds. It is funnel-shaped and whirls around rapidly. Passing this plate over a table, the five cent cyclone snatches up copper cents, pens, pith balls and other objects and scatters them on all sides.

I recommend to those suffering (as I have) with Hay Fever, Ely's Cream Balm. I have tried nearly all the remedies, and give this a decided preference over them all. It has given me immediate relief.—C. T. Stephens, Hardware merchant, Ithica, N. Y. Price 50 cents.

WINNING A TREASURE.

"Here is the first of May," announced Mrs. Arden, one lovely morning at breakfast—"the very first of May, and our house cleaning not yet begun."

And she glanced around her breakfast table, quite as though an awful tragedy had taken place, and the two pretty girls who sat there, evidently engrossed with the morning meal, were in some dark and dreadful manner, responsible for it.

"And so, I say," went on the madam, with growing resolution, and seeing that she was going to receive no comment or reply from the others, "I say, that the sooner it is begun, the sooner it will be done."

"Rose," quoth bright eyed Barbara Arden, sotto voce, "did you ever suspect the matter of dabbling in logic before? I confess I begin to entertain a foul suspicion."

But fair, stately Rose did not deign a reply, and Mrs. Arden went on resolutely, warming with her subject as she continued:

"After breakfast, Rose will go to the postoffice, and you, Barbara, will get the stepladders and dust the shelves in the library—the very topmost ones have not seen a duster in so long—I don't like to think of it."

Barbara groaned aloud in tragic despair.

"Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder?" she quoted, lugubriously. "Mamma, you drive me to the verge of distraction. But first inform us, have you decided to take the gentleman to board this summer who applied for the room? And if so, who is he, and what is he like? Since Rose and I are to contribute so extensively to the order and well-being of the Arden household, we must know something of the new member of the family."

"He is good enough looking," commented Mrs. Arden, carelessly; "one of those blonde, sleepy-looking men, with languid grace; he is—"

"A perfect dude," interpolated Barbara, saucily. "I'll venture to predict that he'll be taken down a peg or two before he is here long. And what is his name, mamma? We are dying to hear the particulars."

"Barbara, you are getting too old to exhibit such frivolity and foolishness!" reprimanded Mrs. Arden, sharply.

Barbara shrugged her shoulder with an expressive grimace.

"Yes, I am getting along in years," she returned, thoughtfully. "I shall be a half a century old in just thirty years, if I live so long. But do relieve our curiosity, mamma, will you not?"

Mrs. Arden smiled in spite of the fact that she was always lecturing Barbara, and lived in constant terror of the girl committing some rash or unheard of action. I think she loved Barbara better than any one else in the world. We are so apt to care most for whatever gives us the greatest anxiety and trouble. Remember the prodigal son.

"His name is Walter Norton," she returned, "and he is a professor in Madison College—a very young professor, it is true, not over thirty; but he has been very highly recommended to me, and is considered the most competent instructor (geology is his forte, I believe) that was ever employed at Madison. A very superior young man, I should judge, from my limited interview with him yesterday."

"Oh, yes," supplemented Barbara, her lip curling, "I know all about that sort of person. Parts his hair (what there is of it) in the middle; wears an eyeglass always, speaks with an affected drawl, and is very sure to treat you to the tertiary formation, always a favorite subject, you know, its clay beds, limestones, etc., and constantly refers to Hugh Miller. "Mamma, I must read the 'Old Red Sandstone' over again, and brush up my fragmentary knowledge of the different strata of the earth's formation, but I warn you now, seriously, I had as soon have a fossil in the house, or a petrification, as this young exponent of geology."

"But, my dear Barbara, we need the money. His board bill will help us greatly. Don't encourage a foolish prejudice against a person whom you have never met. He will be here to-morrow, and in the meantime the east room must be put in order for his coming. The windows must be washed and the—"

"I will do it," cried Barbara, arising from the table at last, "when I finish the library shelves. Jane will carry the ladder up stairs for me, and then she can assist you here, on the lower floor. Yes, mamma, I know that I can do it creditably, and Jane is so busy, and—well, there is no one else, you know."

For everybody understood intuitively that hard work never by any possibility devolved upon pretty Rose. The home of the Ardens was in a small country town, and as labor was difficult to procure, Mrs. Arden, notwithstanding the help of Jane, was often compelled to call upon willing Barbara. The girl was strong and active, fond of work, and better than all, she was willing to do it. So her mother resigned much of the household care to Barbara's competent management, and felt quite secure in the experiment. One thing certain, whoever won Barbara Arden for a wife, would gain a thorough housekeeper as well as a cultured woman. True, Rose could perform the most bewildering fantasias upon the piano, and execute marvelous wonders in the embroidery line, but Barbara knew how to make home home-like, and upon this knowledge hangs the whole secret of domestic happiness.

Attired in a gray wrapper, considerably the worse for wear, her curly brown tresses fastened away from her face in a tight little knob at the back of her well shaped head, about which, with commendable care, and a few stray recollections of dust and whitewash, she had wrapped a linen towel, Barbara mounted the stepladder away upstairs in the east room, and went vigorously to work. What a little household fairy she was, to be sure. For before her small hand all dust and debris gave way with wonderful electricity and dispatch. Time flew by. Rose had returned from the postoffice, and donning a pretty blue and white linen suit, tied her sun-hat, with its coquettish wreath of daisies around the crown, down over her sunny tresses, and quite composedly left the house—going for a call upon her best friend, who lived far away. Barbara saw her from her elevated perch, and her eyes flashed a little.

"How can Rose go away in that cool fashion, and leave all this hard work to mamma and me?" she said, a little impatiently; "I don't think it is right, but never mind, let me attend to my own duties and 'dinna fash mosel' about other people's faults! Mercy knows I have enough to attend to, if I try to manage my own!"

In the meantime, Barbara had worked away so industriously that the four large windows which rendered the east room a perfect haven of light, were shining like diamonds, though no brighter than the eyes of the girl who had brought forth order out of a great deal of chaos that day. And there was a little satisfied feeling about Barbara's heart which she would not have exchanged for diamonds. For she was conscious of having been of great service to her tired little mother, and that remembrance brought a rich glow to her round cheeks, and made her heart beat with satisfaction. Mrs. Arden was a widow, and this pretty country home was her only possession; therefore, a summer boarder had always been found advantageous, and, of course, due preparation for the expected advent was necessary.

"There!" commented Barbara, giving the last window pane a final polish and inspecting it critically, with her small head to one side like a bird's, "that is about as well as I can do it, and—" with a little sigh of satisfaction—"I flatter myself it looks quite well. What is it, Jane?" she added, hastily, as the small maid appeared at the open door, thrusting her tow head inside, with an air of mystery.

"If you please, Miss Barbara," quoth Jane. "There's somebody down stairs as wants to see you."

Barbara gave vent to a groan of dismay.

"To see me!" she ejaculated; "oh, the saints forbid! Who is it, Jane?"

Jane giggled.

"If you please, Miss Barbara, it's a book agent, I believe."

Barbara's face took on a relieved expression.

"Tell mamma," she returned sententiously, dipping her brush into a pail of soapsuds, preparatory to a raid upon the paint.

"If you please, Miss Barbara, your ma's gone and laid down; her head is bad again. And, Miss Barbara, it's only a book agent, I know, for he's got a bag like they always carry."

"A man, then!" Barbara's tone was a little troubled. "It is bad enough to be summoned in such a plight into the presence of one of our own sex, but—a man!"

I think my lady readers will appreciate Barbara's condition of mind.

"Well, if I must, I must!" she sighed, plaintively. "But I do wish Rose had stayed at home to receive any chance callers."

Wiping the soapsuds from her hands was all the preparation that Barbara made. She had torn her dress fearfully upon the stepladder, but did not observe it. She went hastily down stairs, torn frock, bandaged head, and all the other disadvantages of dirt, the natural consequence of house-cleaning, opened the parlor door, and stood face to face with professor Norton.

Some awful instinct warned her of the truth. He had arrived a day earlier than he had expected, only to be met in this primitive fashion.

But Barbara made the best of it, like a sensible girl, and when she had altered her personal appearance by more suitable attire, she returned to the parlor, and there she found herself a good two hours later, when dinner was announced.

The acquaintance thus begun progressed famously, and, I judge, with the most gratifying results, for only this morning I read in the daily papers an announcement of the marriage of Professor Walter Norton to Barbara, youngest daughter of the late Edgar Arden.

And I know the young professor has won a treasure beside whom Rose's placid, helpless beauty counts as nothing.

Mysteries of a Snake Bite.

A daughter of Hon. A. C. Ramage of Bellaire, Ohio, who was bitten on the right hand nine years ago this summer by a copperhead snake, has suffered intensely on each anniversary of the day on which she was bitten, the arm and hand becoming swollen, and the original symptoms of paralysis appearing. The case has aroused much interest in the medical profession as being something unprecedented in toxicological phenomena. The incident, however, has recalled the circumstances attending a similar case which occurred in Livingston county, New York. Colonel George Smith, who was Livington county's first assemblyman, in 1822, married a girl who had been bitten by a rattlesnake in 1803. Her life was saved, but regularly every year thereafter, on the day of the month on which the bite was inflicted, the symptoms of the poisoning violently returned. The part bitten, her ankle, became black and swollen, and the entire leg was affected by it. The paroxysm of pain that followed the original injection of the poison re-appeared, and the victim suffered terribly. The symptoms gradually grew less violent during the day, and on the day following entirely disappeared. These visitations became more violent every year, and on the thirty-second appearance the paroxysms were so violent that Mrs. Smith was unable to wear through them, and she died in the most intense agony.

Miss Ramage's return symptoms are characterized by a similar increase in violence, and it is feared the visitation this year will prove fatal. She was bitten on the 19th of August, 1875.

A Dreadful Disease.

Read, ponder and profit thereby. Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is conceded by all who have used it to excel any preparation in the market as a complete Throat and Lung Healer. All persons afflicted with that dreadful disease—Consumption—will find speedy relief and in a majority of cases a permanent cure. The proprietor has authorized C. N. Boyd, to refund the money to any party who has taken three-fourths of a bottle without relief.

Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free.

"Is the Democratic party for Free Trade, or Protection?" is the question now being asked by the plain people in the country. "Is the earth round or flat?" was once asked of a country school teacher. "Oh! I'm not particular," was the reply. "Some likes it round, and some likes it flat; I teach either way."

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized C. N. Boyd to refund your money if, after taking three-fourths of a bottle, relief is not obtained. Price 50 cts. and $1. Trial size free.

A Hot Region.

One of the hottest regions of the earth is alone the Persian gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Babrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to the copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sits in his boat, winds a great goat-skin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his hand a heavy stone to which is attached a strong line, and, thus equipped, he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the jet of fresh water, he spring up the ascending current at the same time closing the bag, and he is helped on board. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again The source of these copious sub marine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles away.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. C. N. Boyd has secured the agency for it.

Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free.

Jay-Eye-See.

BUFFALO, N. Y., August 7.—The third day of the Buffalo race meeting was very interesting. The great event of the day was the attempt of Jay-Eye-See to lower his record of 1.10, and it was a fine performance, the mile being made in 2.10¼. This is equal to the best time ever made over the Buffalo track by a pacer, and to Maud S.'s best time as a six-year-old. When it is considered that the track was not in the best possible condition, being hard; that there was a cool air and light breeze, which was against him, his performance is a truly remarkable one, owing to the unfavorable condition noted for fast time. Mr. J. I. Case declined giving his wonder another trial.

The prettiest lady in Somerst remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this C. N. Boyd will guarantee it to all. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free.

"We haven't heard yet," said the editor, looking up from his Shears and Paste. "But I didn't come to inquire how the Sullivan-Mitchell fight came out," was the response, as the weary Something sat down on a waste basket. "Well, what in the world are you, then?" "Me? oh, I'm only a poor, tired out Solicitude, and I have been sitting up nights with a Boston Independent watching the Democrats."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c per box.

For sale by C. N. Boyd. june20

Starving Indians.

HELENA, Mont., August 8.—The leading citizens and board of trade of Helena last evening wired a petition to the secretary of the interior urging immediate action for the relief of three thousand Pigeon Indians at the Blackfoot agency, who, despite contrary reports are actually starving. The death rate is very great. The supply of provisions at the agency is almost exhausted, and the ratious issued are so scant that they would be insufficient to sustain life except for the plentifulness of wild berries in the hills. Stock men report that many cattle have been killed on the ranges by starving Indians.

Convincing.

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity of testing the article direct. C. N. Boyd has a free trial bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for each and every one who is afflicted with coughs, colds, asthma, consumption, lung affection.

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