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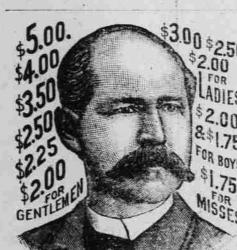
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During the summer of 1889 my eighteen months' bid infant was so afflicted with eruptions that ordinary domestic remedies failed to give any relief. In his hips would often appear the seeming track of a little wire-like worm, and on other parts of his body bad sores came and remained till I procured he CUTICURA REMEDIES. For some time I used he soap and salve without a blood medicine, but hey did not do so well as when all were used together. It has now been nearly a year since the other. It has now been nearly a year since the caption was healed, and I very much feared it could return with the warm weather of this year, in the summer is passed and not one sore has opeared on him. Mrs. A. M. WALKER,

Sore from Waist Down I had three of the best physicians in Paducah, and they did me no good. I used your CUTICURA lightness, and they have cured me sound and well. I was sore from my waist down with ecoma. They have cured me with no sign of return. we my life to CUTICURA, for without a doubt, I ould have been in my grave had it not been for

our remedies. Allow me to return my sincerest anks. W. H. QUALLS, Paducah, Ky. **Cuticura Remedies** usands of little babies who have bee thousands of fittle babies who have been a geomizing, itching, burning, bleeding, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases could that a host of letters would be received by rictors of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Few into the agony these little ones suffer, these great remedies relieve in a single the most distressing eczemas and itchturning skin diseases, and point to a speedy manent cure, it is positively inhuman not arm without a moment's delay.

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OLIFE
MOTHER CHILD

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Mrs. L. O. Vaughan, Phorlan Laker Co. Sent by expension receist of price, \$1.20 per battle id by all draggests. Book to mothers mailed free

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form of malignant SKIN ERUPTION, besides being efficacious in toning up the system and restoring the constitution, when impaired from any cause. Its almost supernatural healing properties justify us in guaranteeing a cure, if directions are followed. SENT FREE "Book of Wonders." BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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with the Ball corset: if you want ease and shapeliness, you buy it-but you don't keep it unless you like it.

After two or three weeks' wear, you can return it and have your money.

Comfort isn't all of it though. Soft Eyelets, and "bones" that can't break or both of these. FOR SALE BY

WAR FEELING AT HOME.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Volunteer Company, and Breathes Forth Threats and Slaughter-He Attends a Public Meeting.

[Copyrighted and published by special arrangement with G. W. Dillingham, New York, publisher.] THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.



into the village. The peasantry was glad to see me. The skoolmaster sed it was cheerin to see that gigantic intelleck among 'em onct more. That's what he called me. I like the skoolmaster, and

very sensible man. Such men must be They don't git news very fast is Baldsville, as nothin but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the wars. 'Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the dimicratic ticket for goin on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the Squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet \$5 he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So

allers send him tobacker when I'm off on

a travelin campane. Besides, he is a

it went-sum was for war and sum was The newspapers got along at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. 'Squire Baxter sed he didn't b'lieve in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of Eagles of Liberty in his garrit, that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whisky and destroy our other liberties, But the old 'Squire got putty riley when and he sed he reckoned he should skour up his old muskit and do a little square up his old muskit and do a little square fitin for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket he'd voted, and he was too old to Bolt now.

The next mornin I 'rose with the lark (N. B .- I don't sleep with the lark, tho. A goak.)

My little dawter was execootin ballids, ccompanyin herself with the Akordeon, and she wisht me to linger and hear her sing, "Hark, I hear a angel singin, a angel now is onto the wing."

"Let him fly, my child!" sed I, a-bucklin on my armer, "I must forth to my Biz." I had a seris time gittin into my milli-tary harness, as it was bilt for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me putty clost. Howsever, onct into it, I lookt fine—in fact, aw-inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?" ed I, walkin into the kitchin.

"Know you, you old fool? Of course

We air progressin pretty well with our lrill. As all air commandin offissers, there ain't no jelusy, and as we air all exceedin smart it t'aint worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed exclosively of Commanders-in-Chiefs, orriggernated, I spose I skurcely need say, in these Brane. Considered as a idee, I flatter myself it is putty hefty. We've got all the tackticks at our tongs' ends, but what we particly excel in is restin muskits. Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the

We'll be chopt into sassige meat before we'll exhibit our cote tales to the foe. We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle! "Ever of thee,"

A. WARD. A WAR MEETING. ville. They broke out all over us.

Our complaint just now is war meet in's. They've bin havin 'em bad in varis parts of our cheerful Republic, and nat'rally we caught 'em here in Baldins-Posey County is aroused. I may say, indeed, that the pra-hay-ories of In-

Our big meetin came off the other night, and our old friend of the Bugle was elected Cheerman.

The Bugle-Horn of Liberty is one of Baldvinsville's most eminentest institootions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. Slinkers, is a polished, skarcastic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forget how he used up the Eagle of Freedom, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road.

"The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but our aunt isn't baldheaded, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the Editor of the Eagle of Freedom sees it?" This used up the Eagle of Freedom feller, be-cause his aunt's head does present a skinned appearance, and his sister SARAH is very much one-eyed, For a genteel home-thrust, Mr. SLINKERS has

I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin', when my daughter entered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a portfolio, and in his other paw claspt a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. SWEIBIER, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphy.

"He is a artist, papa. Here to one of his master-pieces-a young mother gazin' admirin'ly upon her first born," and my daughter showed me a really pretty picter done in ile. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he? does he?" said I-"well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you charge, sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence?"

My daughter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the emphatical manner in which the door slam'd I concluded she was summat disgusted at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in italics. I went into the closet and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so vi'lently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry offisser's sword and things, kink-Ball's corsets have which it aroused my Bersy, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my bare-footed hed, and dragged me out of the closet, incidentally obsarving that she didn't

exactly see why she should be compelled. at her advanced stage of life, to open assylum for sooperanoosted idiots. My wife is one of the best wimin on

this continent, altho' she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No. not always. But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The Editor of the Bugle arose and got up and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. "Human gore,"

said he, "is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field." A voice-"Why don't you go yourself,

you old blow hard?" "I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekance the Editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin from an attack of College in a naberin' place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national capeetle? "DAN SETCHELL," I said. "He can do

and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirelin foe, and they'll all skedaddle! Old SETCH can do it." "I call the Napoleon of Showmen," said the Editor of the Bugle,-"I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues. and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene-I call him to order."

it afternoons. Let him plant his light

I will remark, in this connection, that the Editor of the Bugle does my job "You," said Mr. Hinkins, "who

away from the busy haunts of men do not comprehend the magnitood of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where people comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of man, that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men." "I really trust that the gent'l'man will

not fail to say suthin' about the busy haunts of men before he sits down." "I claim the right to express my sentiments here," said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shali

brook no interruption, if I am a Soft- landlord. "Gin'rally they don't have more. "You couldn't be more soft, my young friend," I observed, whereupon there was

cries of "Order! order!" "I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man. "You might inlist as a liberty pole," said I in a silvery whisper.

"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some strikin and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy light to wade in gore, but my bleedin' tendency to make people sleep pretty in. peratively necessary that I remain here "I am willin' to inlist for one." he said.

"What's your weight, parson?" I take vigorous measures to put down the

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said. "Well, you can inlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your dooty bein' to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein' perform d! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in mor-

He didn't seem to see it; but he made good speech, and the editor of the Buale rose to read the resolutions, as follers: Resolved, That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin' on, Resolved, That we believe Stonewall

Jackson sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine-At this point he was interrupted by the sounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs,

and a party of wimin, carryin' guns and led by BETSY JANE, who brandish'd a loud and rattlin' umbreller, burst into "Here," cried I, "are some nine-months

"Mrs. Ward," said the editor of the Bugle—"Mrs. WARD and ladies, what means this extr'ord'n'ry demonstration?"
"It means," said that remarkable female, "that you men air makin fools of yourselves. You are willin' to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetin's is very nice in their way, but they don't keep STONEWALL JACKSON from comin' over to Maryland and help-in' himself to the fattest beef critters. What we want is more cider and less

"Gentl'men," said I, "that's my wife!
Go in, old gal!" and I throw'd up my
ancient white hat in perfeck rapters. "Is this roll book to be filled up with the names of men or wimin?" she cried. "With men-with men!" and our quoty was made up that very night.

A. WARD.

CONCERNING THE DRAFT SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS

OF ARTEMUS WARD. Many Citizens Take Up Stage Driving as

an Occupation to Avoid Military Service-Intelligence Received Relative to the. Attitude of the Government. [Copyrighted and published by special arrange-ment with G W. Dillingham, New York, pub-lisher.]

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.



pected honor thus conferred upon me I shall feel compeld to resign the position in favor of sum more worthy person. Mod-

esty is what ails me. I meanter-say, I shall hav to resign if I'm drafted everywheres I've bin inrold. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrold in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin' I should hav eventooaly becum a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin' and elected myself Brigadeer-ginral quite unanimiss. hadn't no idea there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibitin', and made tracks for Baldins-

My only daughter threw herself onto my boosum, and said, "It is me fayther! I thank the Gods!" She reads the Ledger.

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!" aid ARTEMUS, JR. He reads the Clipper. My wife was to the sowin' circle. I knew she and the wimin folks was havin' a pleasant time slanderin' the females of the other sowin' circle (which likewise met that arternoon, and was doubtless

derin' the fust named circle), and I didn't send for her. I allus like to see people

My son Orgustus was playin' onto a floot.

It'll cost some postage stamps to raise this fam'ly, and yet 't 'ud go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the

An old bachelor is a poor critter. He may have hearn the skylark or (what's nearly the same thing) Miss KELLOGO and Carlotty Patti sing; he may have hearn Ole Bull fiddle, and all the Dodworths toot, an' yet he don't know nothin' about music-the real, ginuine thing-the music of the laughter of happy, well fed children! And you may ax the father of such children home to dinner, feelin' werry sure there'll be no spoons missin' when he goes away. Sich fathers never drop tin five-cent pieces into the contribution box, nor palm shoe pegs off onto blind hosses for oats, nor skedaddle to British sile when their country is in danger-nor do anything which is really mean. I don't mean to intimate that the old bachelor is up to little games of this sort-not at allbut I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here—only stays. He ought to 'pologize, on behalf of his parients, for bein' here at all. The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old bachelor don't die at all -he sort of rots away, like a pollywog's

My townsmen were sort o' demoral ized. There was a evident desine to evade the Draft, as I obsarved with sorrer, and patritism was below Par-and Mar, too. [A jew desprit.] I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazzy of the tavrun than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin' four abreast, wending their way up the street. "What's them? Is it cavilry?"

"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line 'tween here and Scotsburg. That's them. They're Stagedrivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!" I saw that each stage-driver carried a

letter in his left hand. "The mail is heavy today," said the more'n half a dozen letters 'tween 'em. Today they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!"

"And the passengers?

"There ain't any, skacely now-days," said the landlord, "and what few there is very much prefer to walk, the roads is "And how ist with you?" I inquired of

the editor of the Bugle-Horn of Liberty, who sot near me. "I can't go," he sed, shakin' his head in a wise way. "Ordinarily I should de-

to week that our Gov'ment is about to I strolled into the village oyster saloon, where I found Dr. Schwazey, a leadin' citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin' in more'n his

for the purpose of announcin' from week

"Hello, old Beeswax," he beliered "how's yer grandmams? When you goin' to feed your stuffed animils." "What's the matter with the eminent physician?" I pleasantly inquired. "This," he said, "this is what's the

matter. I'm a habitooal drunkard! I'm exempt!" "Jes' so."

and he pinted to a plate before him. "I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used tempritly.' "Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now

"Do you see them beans, old man?"

because I est beans then. I never mix my vittles!" "It's quite proper you should eat a little suthin' once in a while," I said. "It's a good idee to occasionally instruct the stummick that it mustn't depend excloosively on licker for its sustainance."

"A blessin'," he cried; "a blessin' onto the hed of the man what inwented beans. A blessin' onto his hed!" "Which his name is GILSON! He's a first family of Bostin," said I. This is a specimen of how things was

goin' in my place of residence. A few were true blue. The schoolnaster was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin', he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin' in their midst onet more. I have before had occasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents.

The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin'. The meetin' was largely attended. We held it in the open air round a roarin' boufire. The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein' seldom marred by ingrammaticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What

do you expect will come of this kind of doin's? Nihil fit"-"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Fellow-citizens, let's giv three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit!" The schoolmaster turned a little red. but repeated—"Nihil fit."
"Exactly," I said. "Nihil fit. He

vasn't a strategy feller." "Our venerable friend," said the choolmaster, smiling pleasantly, "isn't osted in Virgil." "No, I don't know him. But if he's a able-bodied man he must stand his little

The schoolmaster wound up in elouent style, and the subscriber took the I said the crisis had not only cum it-

self, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said, with a evident intention of makin' us a good long visit. It's goin' to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so too. This is a When in Wilson at the Livery, Feed, good war. For those who like this war, and Sale Stables of ELLIS & WIG-it's just such a kind of war as they like. GINS, on Goldsboro Street, where your t's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My wife says so too. If the Federal army succeeds in takin' Washington, and they seem to be advancin' that way pretty often, I shall say it is strategy, and Washington will be safe. And that noble banner, as it werethat banner, as it were-will be a embler, or rather, I should say, that noble banner-as it were. My wife says so too. [I got a little mixed up here, but they didn't notice it. Keep mum.] Feller citizens, it will be a proud day for this Republic when Washngton is safe. My wife says so too. The editor of the Bugle-Horn of Lib-

erty here arose and said: "I do not wish to interrupt the gentleman, but a important despatch has just bin received at the telegraph office here. I will read it. It is as follows: Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion! [Loud applause.] That, said I, is cheering. That's soothing. And Washington will be safe, Sensation.] Philadelphia is safe. Gen.

PATTERSON'S in Philadelphia. But my heart bleeds partic'ly for Washington. My wife says so too. There's money enough. No trouble about money. They've got a lot of first-class bank-note engravers at Washington (which place, I regret to say, is by no means safe) who turn out two or three

enjoyin thearseives exally well in sian- | cords of money a day-good money, too. Goes well. These bank-note engravers made good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginny, more especially among the honest farmers of the Shen-

was bildin' cob-houses in a corner of the andoah valley. My wife says so too. Then it isn't money we want. But we do want men, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. We must crush the ungrateful rebels who are poundin' the Goddess of Liberty over the head with slung-shots, and stabbin' her with stolen knives! We must lick 'em quick. We must introduce a large number of firstclass funerals among the people of the

South. Betsy says so too. This war hain't been too well managed. We all know that. What then? We are all in the same boat-if the boat goes down, we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who caused the war. That's played out. The war is upon us-upon us all-and we must all fight. We can't "reason" the matter with the foe. When, in the broad glare of the noonday sun, a speckled Jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut-stand do we "reason" with him? I guess not. And why "reason" with those other Southern people who are trying to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my wife, says

The meeting broke up with enthusi-We shant draft in Baldinsville if we can help it.

An Indian Whom the Prince Befriended "Oronligateklia, M. D., Toronto," was written on the register at the Grand Paeific hotel by a good looking, broad shouldered six footer. The guest is an Indian who in his youth was chief of a when he visited Canada was favorably impressed with the dusky young chief and after some little urging the latter consented to go England to be educated at the expense of his royal highness. He graduated at Oxford and subsequently took a medical degree in a school in London. Since that time he has practiced in Toronto. He is polished and refined in his manners. - Chicago Tribune.



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