THE NECESSITY

FOR THE SPECIALIST,

DR. H. WAGNER,

Has long been acknowledged and more so at this day than any other. The vast field of medical science is ever increasing, and its numerous branches are brought nearer and nearer to perfection, and no one man can any longer grasp them all Hence the necessity for dividing the labor. And it is true beyond all doubt that disease, affecting the genito-urinary organs need special study more than anything else, if we would understand and know how to treat them properly.

DR. H. WAGNER is fully aware that there are many physicians, and some sensible people, who will condemn him for making this class of diseases a specialty, but he is happy to know that with most persons of refinement and intelligence a more enlightened view is taken of the subject, and that the physician who devotes himself to relieving the afflicted and saving them from worse than death, is no less a philanthropist and benefactor to his race than the surgeon or physician who by close application excels in any other branch of his profession. And fortunately for humanity, the day is dawning when the false philanthrophy that condemned the victims of folly or crime, like the lepers under the Jewish law, to die uncared for has passed away.

A Few Reasons

Why you should try the celebrated Dr. H. Wagner's methods of cure:

1. "Dr. H. Wagner is a natural physician." O. S. FOWLER, The Greatest Living Phrenologist.
2. "Few can excel you as a doctor." DR. J. SIMMS, The World's Greatest Physiognomist.
3. "You are wonderfully proficient in your knowledge of disease and medicines." DR. J. MATTHEWS.
4. "The afflicted find ready relief in your presence." DR. J. SIMMS.
5. "Dr. H. Wagner is a regular graduate from Bellevue Hospital, New York city; has had very extensive hospital practice, and is thoroughly posted on all branches of his beloved science, especially on chronic diseases." DRS. BROWNELL & EWING.
6. "Dr. H. Wagner has immortalized himself by his wonderful discovery of specific remedies for private and sexual diseases."—Virginia City Chronicle.
7. "Thousands of invalids flock to see him."—San Francisco Chronicle.
8. "The Doctor's long experience as a specialist should render him very successful."—Rocky Mountain News.

Plain Facts Plainly Spoken.

At one time a discussion of the secret vice was entirely avoided by the profession, and medical works of but a few years ago would hardly mention it.

To-day the physician is of a different opinion; he is aware that it is his duty—disagreeable though it may be—to handle this matter without gloves and speak plainly about it; and intelligent parents and guardians will thank him for doing so.

The results attending this destructive vice were formerly not understood, or not properly estimated; and no importance being attached to a subject which by its nature does not invite close investigation, it was willingly ignored.

The habit is generally contracted by the young while attending school; older companions through their example, may be responsible for it, or it may be acquired through accident. The excitement once experienced, the practice will be repeated again and again, until at last the habit becomes firm and completely enslaves the victim. Mental and nervous afflictions are usually the primary results of self-abuse. Among the injurious effects may be mentioned lassitude, dejection or irrascibility of temper and general debility. The boy seeks seclusion, and rarely joins in the sports of his companions. If he be a young man he will be little found in company with the other sex, and is troubled with exceeding and annoying bashfulness in their presence. Lascivious dreams, emissions and eruptions on the face, etc., are also prominent symptoms.

If the practice is violently persisted in, more serious disturbances take place. Great palpitation of the heart, or epileptic convulsions, are experienced, and the sufferer may fall into a complete state of idiocy before, finally, death relieves him.

To all those engaged in this dangerous, practice, I would say, first of all, stop it at once; make every possible effort to do so; but if you fail, if your nervous system is already too much shattered, and consequently, your will-power broken, take some nerve tonic to aid you in your effort. Having freed yourself from the habit, I would further counsel you to go through a regular course of treatment, for it is a great mistake to suppose that any one may, for some time, be t every so little, give himself up to this fascinating but dangerous excitement without suffering from its evil consequences at some future time. The number of young men who are incapacitated to fill the duties enjoined by wedlock is alarmingly large, and in most of such cases this unfortunate condition of things can be traced to the practice of self-abuse, which had been abandoned years ago. Indeed, a few months' practice of this habit is sufficient to induce spermatorrhœa in later years, and I have many of such cases under treatment at the present day.

Young Men

Who may be suffering from the effects of youthful follies or indiscretions will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity. DR. WAGNER will guarantee to forfeit $500 for every case of seminal weakness or private disease of any kind and character which he undertakes to and fails to cure.

Middle Aged Men.

There are many at the age of 30 to 60 who are troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of thin milkish hue, again changing to a dark and torpid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal-weakness. Dr. W. will guarantee a perfect cure in all cases and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

Consultation free. Thorough examination and advice, $5.

All communications should be addressed, Dr. Henry Henry Wagner, P. O. 2389, Denver, Colorado.

The Young Man's Pocket Companion, by Dr. H Wagner, is worth its weight in gold to young men. Price, $1,25. Sent by mail to any address.

Let Your Light Shine.

Dr. Wagner, the celebrated specialist, of Denver, Colo., 343 Larimer street, believes in letting the world know what he can do, and is doing for thousands of his fellowmen. His treatment for lost manhood is sure to win him a name that posterity will bless. Ten thousand testimonials from all over the United States from those he has cured, is proof positive that he does cure the worst cases of these diseases. The afflicted from chronic and sexual diseases of every kind will find him their best friend. Read his advertisement in all our city papers, and call on him for advice, as we know you will corroborate us in saying he is the sufferer's true friend.—Rocky Mounrain News.

Relief to the Afflicted.

In medicines, as in science, the specialists are the ones who always comes to the front and accomplish great results. This remark is especially applicable to Dr. H. Wagner, of this city. He stands at the top of his profession, and the cures he performs for the unfortunate would seem wonderful if not properly viewed in the light of scientific acquirements. He is endorsed by the most eminent of the medical faculty. His office at 343 Laramir street, where he will speedily effect a cure for the suffering of either sex, no matter how complicated their complaint.—Pomeroy's Democrat.

Chronic Complaints Require Time for a Cure.

Persons at a distance who wish to be treated by Dr. Wagner need not feel backward because of inability to visit him. If they will write to the doctor he will send a list of questions which enables him to send medicines, counsel and advice to thousands he has never seen. He has patients in every city, town and station in Colorado, as well as all over the United States. See his address in his advertisement.—Denver Tribune.

Shall We Reform ?

Specific remedies for all diseases is the theory practice at present of educated and experience physicians, and in all large communities they have their specialties, to excel in which they direct their studies and practice. Dr. Wagner is a successful illustration of this modern school of specialties, and his unprecedented success in the treatment of private diseases is as wonderful as it is flattering.—Prof. J. Simms.

Those persons who need medical relief for the most delicate of diseases will find an accomplished and successful physician in the person of Dr. Wagner, No. 343 Larimer street, who is highly recommended by the medical profession at home and abroad.—Pomeroy's Democrat. Bigotry and ignorance must give way to wisdom, and the wise physician believes in letting his light shine for the glory of his fellow men. Printer's ink is the torch he can best use to guide the weary and sick one to the fountain of health. If this article should be instrumental as a "TORCHLIGHT" set upon a hill to guide suffering humanity to 343 Larimer street, Denver, Colorado, it will answer the purpose for which it was written. Address

DR. HENRY WAGNER,
P. O. box 2389, or call at 343 Larimer Street, Denver, Colo.

☞ Read the column headed "The Necessity for the Specialist."

IN THE COLORADO CANYONS.

A Correspondent Takes a Ride on the Engine and Sees the Wondrous Grand Canyon of the Arkansas.

Life in Leadville, With a Glimpse at the Sanctum of a Fighting Editor.

Provo, Utah, Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"Is it against your order to let any one ride on your engine?"

"It is, sir, strictly."

"Well, then, may I ride on the engine with you?"

The engineer surveyed me with a good deal of curiosity.

"Just through the Grand canyon of the Arkansas, you know?"

"Well, such monumental audacity ought to be rewarded, I am sure. All right; get on."

And so I enjoyed the coveted boon. An observation coach is always attached to the train when it reaches Canyon City, at the entrance of the gorge, but the privilege of riding on the engine I prized as an even more valuable one. Mounting the pretty little iron horse, I was soon tucked away in the very front of the fireman' side of the cab, and in a moment more the restless little locomotive plunged forward, and with a whistle-neigh of delight, aimed for the canyon. Two miles found us at the grand gate, and then commenced an experience the memory of which must linger as long as reason remains. As we entered the steep, narrow defile, the solid perpendicular walls seemed to rise before and behind us, as if to shut us in forever. The Arkansas beat over the rocks, and dashed furiously down the canyon. As we were performing the ascent, the engine quivered and trembled with the strain which it was made to endure, while its puffing and snorting echoed and re-echoed along the valley. Narrower and narrower grew the channel, while the train hugged the north wall more and more closely. Now we were in the Royal Gorge portion. I could understand now why there had been such a fight between the Santa Fe and Rio Grande folks for the possession of this ledge. Two railways can never pass through the canon, unless some second company be found which is willing to sink millions of dollars and expend many years in blasting a new passage. Indeed, at some points there is scarcely room for the narrow gauge. I could, indeed, discern an artificial ledge on the opposite side of the canon at some points, which the Rio Grande constructed when it seemed as though the Santa Fe folks were in the ascendancy; but I fancy that was a little piece of "bluff" work.

The curves in the track are innumerable. Looking out ahead, it seemed sometimes impossible to believe that the engine would follow the sharp curves; but the track proved firm, and we were not plunged into the foaming current, as seemed at times imminent.

I have only one criticism to pass upon the grand canyon of the Arkansas. There was only one place where our train had a chance to straighten out. I think there ought to have been just one more curve thrown in at that place. There was one break in the canyon, and here was a thriving field of several acres of cabbage that would challenge in size the growth on any Eastern agricultural tract. It was the only thing which broke the primeval nature of the region for miles and miles. At Salida, a typical western village of mushroom growth, we took the Leadville branch, and in something over three hours our train climbed the heavy grade which leads into the most notorious mining camp in America, if not in the world.

AT LEADVILLE.

The time chosen for a glimpse of Leadville could not have been more opportune. For a year or so things have been going on in a very matter-of-fact way there, but the act of Alderman Joy in smiting Cowen, the city editor of The Leadville Herald, had thrown the camp into a fever of excitement, renewing a large measure of the recklessness which characterized the early career of the town. Cowen lay close to death, apparently, and lynching was freely talked of on the streets and advocated in print. A glimpse of Joy, the brutal bully who so shockingly mutilated a popular newspaper man, did not impress me with a sense of his pugilistic propensities. He was a coward at heart, and rather cunning and crafty than openly murderous. In fact, he was of a quiet, rather than a noisy disposition. Still, Leadville hesitated to put its city official out of the way, despite his manifestly foul record. The town had evidently quaffed a draught of civilization during the year that made it less willing to act, although still free to threaten. One characteristic little scene on the street may illustrate the degree of progress made. Joy, being out on bail, ventured forth one morning and was soon surrounded on the street by a growling throng of indignant citizens. The encounter took the form of an angry dialogue between one or two cronies of Joy and the incensed crowd. The latter openly remarked that Mr. Joy should be prepared to die, as he certainly had only a few hours or days, at the most to spend on this mundane sphere. In fact some immediate menances were made, and one or two of the more impulsive patted their hip pockets cheerfully and suggestively. Finally the crowd dispersed. Later in the day I was in the postoffice, and Joy was passing out unattended, just as Mr. Abbott, the managing editor of the Herald, entered. Each cast a black look at the other. Meanwhile a blockade had occurred at the street crossing outside, and the editor caught up with the obnoxious alderman. For a moment the two stood scowling at each other in silence. Then a gap occurred in the teams, and Joy started forward, nervously glancing back as if in doubt, advanced a little ways, and then retreated, and waited for Mr. Abott to take the lead. The incident illustrated the alderman's real cowardice. He dared not walk in front of the offended editor.

They are also having an exciting railroad war in Leadville just now. The Denver & Rio Grande, which is a veritable Briareus, reaching out with its 1,700 miles of narrowgauge arms, and grasping the wealth of the entire Rocky mountain district, is the only road at present reaching the city, although numerous lines have been projected. The South Park division (narrow gauge) of the Union Pacific has been paying the Rio Grande $100,000 rental annually for the privilege of running its trains over the latter's tracks from Buena Vista. Notice has been given that this lease will be vacated soon, and the South Park folks are hurriedly constructing a line of their own. This action has brought on the war. Each is doing its best to thwart the other. As matters stood when I left the town, the South Park had full permission to cross the necessary streets in getting into the city, but any engineer or conductor assisting to man a train in so doing was liable to arrest and a fine!

THE FIGHTING EDITOR.

For exhilarating journalism commend me to Leadville, even as it is to-day. Entering The Herald office, I was shown into Mr. Abbott's private sanctum; and the first thing my eye rested upon was a handsome new double barreled gun, leaning up against the editorial desk.

"You combine the pen and the sword," I observed

"Oh, I don't place any reliance in that," observed Mr. Abbott; "I keep these beauties for real emergencies," and he pulled a couple of silver mounted revolvers from his hip pockets. "These I can command at an instant's notice. But it is nothing to what it used to be in those days when I first started out to tell fearlessly in print what I honestly thought. Many an editorial have I written with a cocked revolver in one hand. Many an anonymous squib have I received announcing that I was a doomed man. And many a time have I been unable to see any means of escape when a noisy mob was pressing about me. It happens to be a little exciting just now, but in general things are very subdued in camparison with what the used to be."

THE MARSHALL PASS.

Leaving Leadville, we were soon back to Salida, where a special, powerful mountain locomotive was attached in front of the regular locomotive, and we began the ascent of the famous Marshall pass. "Try not the pass," the old man said in Longfellow's Excelsior, and he must have had special reference to this Marshall pass, the overcoming of which by a railroad was one of the most stupendous engineering feats ever attempted; but we tried the pass, and it succumbed before our assault. The engines labored while making the ascent in a way that was almost pitiable. Like a long snake the train slowly wound up the steep mountain sides, scarcely moving at times. At one time we could look down from the crest and view four tiers of tracks, including our own, and we knew that no other railroad came within a great many miles. Two or three loops were frequently visible at a time. On, on, and up, up, our locomotives coughed their painful way. Now naked trees covered the mountain sides, and we were told that we were up to the vegetation point. The air grew sharp and rare. Snowy peaks and icy crags towered above us. The day before snow had been encountered, but it had melted during the night, and we were not able to indulge in that coveted privilege, an early September snowball fight. Nevertheless, the frosty atmosphere made us wrap our overcoats about us as we stood on the car platform, and the warmth afforded by the snow sheds was perceptible. Some had headaches on account of the rarified atmosphere. But the magnificent panorama from the summit, commanding a view of Colorado for many miles, and defying description, amply compensated for all these temporary inconveniences.

Having made the descent successfully, our train hurried along orer a more level country and into Gunnison, the prosperous young city of Western Colorado.

At Gunnison an observation car was attached to the train, and we were soon viewing the splendors of the Black canyon, through which the deep sea-green waters of the Gunnison river madly course. It is impossible to speak extravagantly of this canyon, which has but just been opened to tourists, and which is quite as grand if not as savage—as the more famous Royal George. Here arose the majestic Currecanti Needle, and near by, on the opposite side of the channel, the Chippeta falls provoked expressions of admiration. Now we crossed tributaries, or "arroyas," as some of them are called, on short but lofty iron bridges; and now the train passed immediately under overhanging masses of rock that must have weighed hundred of tons. Especially beautiful are the cascades which occasionally leap down the sides of the canyon. So delicate and silvery is the spray, that the cataract looks like a long white bridal veil. Looking up at the giant walls makes the passenger dizzy. No poet of romancist ever conceived anything half so grand. No fairy tale ever hinted at such picturesque munificence.

At last we escaped from the canyon, and hurrying by such incipient cities as Montrose, Delta and Grand Junction, the last named a village of some 1,500 inhabitants, we crossed the Gunnison river and entered Utah. As if in recognition of the escape from Colorado, a region of desolate wastes was substituted for the country just traversed. For a great many miles no house was encontered. An occasional whisky bottle beside the track alone told of the onward march of civilization in this benighted section. Yet it was not monotonous, like most stretches of desert. In the distance the Sierra La Sal mountains formed superb background pictures. The alkali which whitened these distant hills often imparted a striking beauty to them as they glittered in the sunshine. Sometimes we went for miles directly away from where the conductor pointed out the locality of Salt Lake City. Fresh trout and all kinds of game awaited us at the eating houses where we stopped. Indeed, the train paused once or twice to let off hunters and anglers. Sabbath desecration is lamentably common here in the West. The miners either work or go on a spree, which is hardly preferable. The farmers mow their grains and dig their potatoes. The tourists fish or hunt. The citizens go on an excursion to some neighboring lake. EMILE.

The Hula-hula in Honolulu.

From the Overland Monthly.

Not many moons ago came an ancient mariner. He had seen the world, but a hula-hula had never gladdened his eyes; so a hula was at once appointed. It was a long, low room, dimly lighted; male musicians squatted on the floor against the wall; female dancers posed in front of them; lamps were ranged before their feet like footlights; the ancient mariner and his guests reclined upon musty divans at the other end of the room.

There is nothing more exhilarating than the clang of gourds, half a dozen of them, tossing in the air and being beaten by savage palms; and this to the running accompaniment of voices that are precipitated by the concussion of savage throats. You mark its effect upon hula dancers as the evening wanes; the tireless hands and feet, the quivering limbs, the convulsions that succeed one another with ever-increasing violence; the extraordinary abdominal gyrations, the semi-nude gymnastical rivalry that ultimately plunges the dancers into paroxysms that far outstrip the sensuous ecstasies of the whirling dervish—but it is quite impossible to describe a hula.

A Liberal Offer.

Philadelphia Press.

Mariner John Roach wants the Government to pay him $21,000 and a few odd cents for taking care of the United States ship Roanoke for six years. How would it strike him to take the boat in part pay and the rest it money?

BETTER THAN HANGING.

The Cuban Criminal's Quick Painless Death by the Garrote.

Description by an Eye Witness of the Execution of the Havana Murderer, Ramon Torres.

Philadelphia Press.

Those who have sailed by daylight into the beautiful harbor of Havana, will, perhaps, recall a dark and low stone building upon the right shore, almost directly opposite Moro Castle, which is perched on the other side of the bay. This building is the prison in which criminals are confined who have been sentenced to death. Attached to it is a chapel, where many a poor wretch has received the last consolations of religion, and the worn stone sill of the door bears witness to the many feet that have passed out to return on earth never any more.

In the month of May, 1866, General Dulce being Captain-General of the Island of Cuba, one Ramon Torres, a private in a Spanish infantry regiment stationed at Havana, for some cause or other, in a moment of passion, drove a knife to the hilt in the bosom of his superior officer, killing him on the spot. The culprit was of course immediately arrested and sent to prison, where he was at once tried and condemned to die by the garrotte. Spanish law sometimes renders swift justice, and in this case but a few days intervened between the murder and its expiation.

When the death sentence is passed upon a criminal, the Jazgado, or court of justice, proceed to the prison and, calling the criminal out of his cell, the judge reads the sentence to him. After doing so he generally makes him an address, exhorting him to prepare for the awful change that is coming upon him. The prisoner is then taken in irons to the chapel, where he remains until he goes out to his execution. There is a bed in the chapel where he can rest, and a priest is always with him. During the period he is here no reasonable request is denied him, and everything that can contribute to his comfort is readily furnished.

A GARROTING GRAPHICALLY PICTURED.

On the day of the execution of the subject of this sketch, about five thousand troops were paraded outside the prison walls, while almost as many people of the city and surrounding country were also on the ground. Suddenly there came a chorus of voices from the building singing in unison a funeral dirge. It was the farewell of the doomed man's fellow prisoners, a ceremony never omitted by them. The sun was gleaming brightly over the still, smooth water, the dark green foliage scarcely stirring in the gentle breeze, and amid all the quietness and beauty of nature, this wail awoke in the heart thoughts so sad as never to be forgotten to one's dying day.

All at once the prison doors were flung wide open and the criminal, a man of small stature, came forth with a priest and soldier on either side, the former holding in his hands a crucifix, while he occassionally leaned down and encouraged the doomed man. Immediately following came the verdugo, executioner, wearing a dark dress, having upon each of its sleeves an embroidered ladder, the insignia of his office. Two drummers followed beating the funeral march. It being a Spanish custom on such occasions to loosen the drum snares, the peculiar rattle they produced was far less agreeable than the muffled drum we are accustomed to hear.

The garrote was erected near, and directly North of the prison walls, at a place called La Punta, "the Point." It was with difficulty the poor wretch could walk to the spot, and he seemed frequently on the point of sinking to the earth. The instrument of death stood upon a wooden platform and was composed of an upright piece of scantling with the iron collar and lever attached, while below was a rude seat.

THE SPINAL MARROW CRUSHED.

Arriving at the foot of the platform the death sentence was again read, and the alguacil de corte—corresponding to our Sheriff—asked the prisoner if he had anything to say to the people. He merely shook his head, by way of reply, and was at once seated, his legs tied and his arms pinioned, with the hands crossed on his breast and the collar fixed about his neck. At this point of the proceeding the verdigo pulled from his person a long, bright knife, and handed it to the police who were present. A black cap was then drawn over the prisoner's face and the priest began to recite the *Credo*. When they came to the words "His only Son," the *verdugo*, by a swift and dexterous turn of the lever, launched the soul of the poor wretch into eternity. There was but a momentary quiver of the limbs and a straightening of the form, then all was still, for the man was stone dead. The mode of punishment is far more merciful than the hideous and bungling performances frequently gone through with at our gibbets.

The troops then wheeled into column and marched away to the beat of drums, and now came the strange sequel to this dismal spectacle.

As soon as the ground was cleared one of the police went forward and, seizing the verdugo, arrested him for murder, hurrying him to the prison where the Juzgado were still assembled. Placing him in their midst he accused him of having killed a man, and denounced him as a murderer. The Judge asked him what he had to say in answer to this charge.

"It is true," replied the verdugo, "that I killed the prisoner, but I deny being a murderer, for, although I committed the act charged—displacing his arms with the badge—I did it in the cause of justice, and in pursuance of the law, all of which I was compelled to do by virtue of my office."

"The accused is innocent, and is discharged," answered the court, and thus the formula of Spanish law was satisfied.

Providence Spring at Andersonville.

Letter to the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

I was astonished at the article in last Sunday's issue by one D. M. Richardson—not surprised at his defence of the infernal scoundrel Wirz so much as his description of the origin of Providence Spring in Andersonville Prison. His statement that that spring was the result of heavy rains in August, 1864, washing a gully in the hillside between the dead line and stockade, is absolutely false. It is equally false that Wirz or any one else built a reservoir at the mouth of the spring. It is equally false that Wirz laid mains to the mouth of the spring, or in any way had aught to do with it.

I was a prisoner in Andersonville from April 4, 1864, to September 10, 1864. The heavy rains he speaks of were in June, 1864. It began raining on the 1st day of June, and rained more or less every day up to the 21st day of June. It was between the 10th and 21st of June when the stockade at the west side was washed down. It occurred in the afternoon. I was quartered close to that spot, and know whereof I speak. He is again mistaken when he says that the rebels fired shells over the camp when the water washed down the stockade. They did not fire a shot, not a single shot. But they did send a lot of infantry on that side of the camp—outside—and the rebel batteries were shotted, and their whole guard was under arms, but not a shot was fired.

Now to return to the subject of the spring. The rains did not at any time wash a gully in the side of the hill. There never was a gully made or washed in the side of that hill. The hill had been dotted with pine and scrub oak, and it had never been cut off, and, a side from this, that hill where the spring was located was in a state of nature between the dead line and stockade. The fact is that for some distance up the side of that hill the ground was damp and marshy-like, there being a heap of water along it for some distance. After it burst out, as it did burst out without human help or aid, the prisoners made a board-trough and run up to the spring's mouth, under the dead-line, and down that through into our buckets, canteens, and tin cups it poured its limpid waters, and thus was the camp furnished with the blessed cooling draught. I know these things are so, for I was there, and many a time I waited my turn to get water at the spout, or trough's end, for half an hour.

SHERIDAN AND TEXAS

The General's Uncomplimentary Comparison of the Lone Star State with the Other Place.

The talk, says The Philadelphia Times, turned on Texas, and Sheridan was asked the origin of the saying attributed to him: "If I owned hell and Texas, I'd rent Texas out and live in hell." "Its true," he said, laughing heartily, "and I'll tell you how I came to say it. I was in Texas when the civil war was raging between the Mexicans under Juarez and the French under Maximilian. I went down on the Rio Grande with an understanding with the American authorities to scare the French, I was there engaged in strategic movements intended to frighten the French, for some days. Then we rode to Galveston. Arriving there, hot, dusty and dirty, after a long day's ride, having had no change of clothes for a week, I was disgusted with everything in the world. I stepped up to the hotel register, wrote my name and just then a man spoke to me and said: "General how do you like Texas?" and in the intensity of disgust I gave him for and answer what you have quoted. Next morning it was in a Galveston paper—the shortest interview you have ever read. The man I had talked so frankly to was a newspaper reporter."

"But there was one fellow," continued Sheridan, "who got even with me for it. He was the editor of a hardy little country paper in a border county. He copied the saying:

If I owned hell and Texas I would rent Texas out and live in hell.—[Phil Sheridan.

"And added the comment; 'Well, damn a man anyhow who won't stick up for his own country!' He did not neglect to send me a copy of his paper."

Green Food for Swine.

Professor S. R. Thompson, of the Nebraska Agricultural College, speaks from experience on pork growing in The American Agriculturist for November, says:

Green food makes thriftier and larger hogs. Farmers who raise many pigs and feed them exclusively on corn, know that some of the shoats swill cease to grow at an early age, begin to lay on fat and never reach the size of good, merchantable hogs. This tendency to fatten prematurely, at the expense of bone growth, is not seen to any great extent in grass fed hogs. A pig fed on bulky green food will develope a larger stomach than one fed on concentrated food, like corn; and when you come to fatten it, this enlarged capacity will enable him to eat and digest more corn, and thus fatten faster than the other, and be a more profitable hog to grow for market.

Grass fed hogs are healthier than those grain fed. Every intelligent breeder knows the advantages of feeding green food to sows about to farrow. They have less difficulty with their pigs, are less liable to destroy them, will give more milk and nurse them better. Grass fed hogs are less liable to disease. The dreadful hog cholera is not much to be feared where hogs have the run of a good clover pasture. Undoubtedly, if exposed to contagion, they would take the disease, but they are not likely to develop it. For example, a farmer had his hogs in a small pen destitute of grass, with no water except a muddy pool, which soon was made as vile as possible by the hogs. After a while the hogs began to die in considerable numbers, with symptoms resembling cholera. The owner was alarmed, took them out of the pen, turned them on a patch of green rye and gave them water from the well. The disease was checked and the deaths ceased.

How may green food be most cheeply provided? Rye is the crop best adapted to this purpose, in the region west of the Missouri. This should be sown early in the fall, on well prepared soil, and if the growing season continues late, so that the rye is likely to joint, it must be fed down closely. The best condition for it to go into winter is when it covers the ground with a thick mat of low leaves with but little tendency to shoot. Rye in this condition is fit to turn on as soon as growth begins in spring. The amount of feed which two acres of such rye will furnish, is surprising. If not fed down too close, and the stock be turned off about the middle of May or the first of June, the rye will still make a fair crop. Hogs are sometimes left on the rye until it fills, when they will pull it down and eat the heads; but this practice is not commended. This is a time after the rye is a foot high until it is in milk, that hogs do not eat it well. A better plan is to have a field of clover, or of clover and timothy or orchard grass, ready for the pigs when the rye is too large to be longer available. When the rye is getting too large, the clover is in the best state to turn upon. The clover will do well until about the middle of June, when, if the weather turns off hot and dry, it grows quite slowly. It is well to have a patch of oats sown near and ready to tide over this time. If not needed it can grow for the harvest. During the hot weather of July, August and September none of the crops named above can be fully relied on, and this is especially true where they have been fed too closely. Sorghum or brown dourra may be sown broadcast about the last of May and again the middle of June to be used in July and August. Experience shows that sorghum may be eaten off close to the ground when a foot or eighteen inches high, without serious injury. It will come up again and grow right along. It is also an excellent plant to stand dry weather.

A Relic of Fremont's Days.

Virginia (Nev) Enterprise.

Charles Humphreys has presented the Truckee Republican office with a large-sized grape-shot, which was found at the brick yard on the Donner Lake road. It measures seven and a half inches in circumference, and weighs about three pounds. It was found by Mr. Robb about two feet from the surface, and is considerably rust eaten. It is supposed to have been either shot or left there by General Fremont in 1846. John Meloche also has a smaller grape-shot, which was found imbedded eight inches deep in a saw-log at Glenbrook a few years ago. These are known to have been shot there by General Fremont in 1846. A party were out on the lake near what is not known as Rowland's Station, and General Fremont, to show the ladies how he could cut the limbs of the trees with grape-shot, fired a shot into the woods. Three large saws were ruined by them at the Glenbrook mill.

The Pests of the Theater.

Providence Press.

Some of the peculiar people are noticed at the theaters again this season. They include the man who drops his programme regularly from the balcony to the parquet; the woman who always lays her head on her male companion's shoulder when she laughs at anything funny in the play; the man who tells his neighbors about what is coming—he's seen the play before; the woman who annoys the person on the seat back of her by constantly moving her head from side to side; the man who stands up and very deliberately removes his overcoat in the most interesting part of the drama; the man with the squeaking boots who comes in late, walks with a good deal of emphasis; the man who laughs so loud as to remind me of an earthquake; and last, but not least, the baby who is sometimes too small to be seen but always large enough to be heard.

Maryland, My Mary-land.

Cincinnati Commercial.

With the opening of the Maryland campaign the Baltimore American gives notice that, as electioneering enterprises, kissing babies and making church donations are obsolete. It mentions a Worcester county candidate who started out with a lot of calico, and soon nearly every man's wife in the district was sporting a new apron. The women were delighted, but the men became jealous. One old fellow loaded up a shot gun for the calico dispenser, who took alarm and fled the country.

COMMERCIAL.

COUNCIL BLUFFS MARKET.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 76c; No. 3, 63c; rejected, 50c; good demand.

Corn—Dealers are paying 31@32c; rejected corn, Chicago, 40@45c; new mixed, 49c; white corn, 50c; the receipts of corn are light.

Oats—In good demand at 20c.

Hay—4 00@6 00 per ton; 50c per bale.

Rye—40c; light supply.

Corn Meal—1 25 per 100 pounds.

Wood—Good supply; prices at yards, 5 00@6 00.

Coal—Delivered, hard, 11 00 per ton; soft, 5 50 per ton.

Butter—Plenty and in fair demand at 25c; creamery, 30c.

Eggs—Ready sale at 15c per dozen.

Lard—Fairbank's, wholesaling at 11c.

Poultry—Firm; dealers are paying for chickens 16c; live, 2 50 per dozen.

Vegetables—Potatoes, 50c; onions, 50c; cabbages, 30@40c per dozen; apples, 3 50@4 00 per barrel

Flour—City flour, 1 60@3 40.

Brooms—2 00@3 00 per doz.

LIVE STOCK.

Cattle—3 00@3 50; calves, 5 00@7 50.

Hogs—Market for hogs quiet, as the packing houses are closed; shippers are paying 4 00@4 75.

A YOUNG MAN'S CASE.

Mr. S. S. Hodges, Jr., of No. 147 Park street, Lewiston, Me., relates the following personal narrative, May 14, 1883: "About fifteen months since I had a severe attack of typhoid fever, was very lame and confined to my bed for eleven weeks, and when the fever left me I was in a very debilitated condition. My back and loins seemed to have no strength, and I had no vitality or appetite. I tried various kinds of medicine recommended by my friends, but found they did not improve my condition. I was induced to try Hunt's Remedy, which has been used with such great success here in Lewiston that it has a very enviable reputation of being a most reliable medicine I purchased one bottle, and can date my improved health from the time I commenced using it, and my progress continued very rapidly; I gained in strength and experienced less pain in my back, my appetite increased, and after using three (3) bottles my pains were all gone, and my health entirely restored, and I can most heartily recommend Hunt's Remedy to any who may need a true remedy for debility, kidney or urinary troubles."

A GOOD MECHANIC.

Mr. L. J. Jones, of No. 10 Charles street, Portland, Me., writes us these convincing facts. May 11th, 1883: "I have for several years been troubled with liver complaint and indigestion, and have suffered at times terrible distress, and have tried many different cures, so-called, that have been recommended at times. I one day noticed in one of our papers the testimony of a person that had used Hunt's Remedy and been cured of diseases similar to mine. I purchased a bottle of one of our drug stores in Portland, and before I had used the first bottle sound that I was improving beyond my expectations; have used in all six bottles, and I have no trouble from indigestion, no distress or pain in back as I formerly had; and since I have been cured my wife has used it for kidney trouble and it has cured her. We can both say that Hunt's Remedy is a blessing to any that are troubled with kidney or liver diseases, or indigestion. We gladly recommended it to our friends or to any sufferers from liver or kidney diseases, and you can use this letter as you may choose for the best interest of suffering humanity."

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They always have the largest and best stock.

NO STAIRS TO CLIMB ELEGANT PASSENGER ELEVATOR TO THE DIFFERENT FLOORS.

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The use of the term "Short Line" in connection with the corporate name of a great road, conveys an idea of just what is required by the traveling public—a Short Line, Quick Time and the best of accommodations—all of which are furnished by the greatest railway in America.

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It owns and operates over 4,500 miles of road in Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota; and as its main lines, branches and connections reach all the great business centres of the Northwest and Far West, it naturally answers the description of Short Line, and Best Route between
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Chicago, Milwaukee, Waukesha and Oconomowoc.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison and Prairie du Chien.
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Chicago, Beloit, Janesville and Mineral Point.
Chicago, Elgin, Rockford and Dubuque.
Chicago, Clinton, Rock Island and Cedar Rapids.
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Swift's Specific has been the means of bringing health and happiness to thousands who were pronounced incurable of Blood and Skin Diseases.

HEAR THE WITNESSES.

SAVED FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH.

Up to May last I had spent at least five hundred dollars for treatment by many of the best medical men, without any benefit. I suffered excruciatingly, and all my best friends advised me that the icy hand of death was fast approaching. I caught at S. S. S. like a drowning man at a straw. After taking two bottles I could feel a change for the better. The sores began to discharge freely and the Rheumatism to abate. When I had taken six bottles every sore had healed and my skin began to assume a natural appearance. I persisted until I had taken twelve bottles, large size, and THERE IS NOT A SYMPTOM OF THE DISEASE REMAIN ING, and I feel as well as I ever did. I have gained twenty-one pounds in flesh, and my friends wonder at my improved condition. I have recommended it many, and in every instance with complete success. *I believe that S. S. S. has saved me from a horrible death.*

C. H. SMILEY, Quincy, Ill.

I am sure that Swift's Specific saved my life. I was terribly poisoned with Malaria, and was given up to die. Swift's Specific relieved me promptly and entirely. I think it is the greatest remedy of the age. C. G. SPENCER, Sup't Gas Works, Rome, Ga.

Write for a copy of the little book—free.

$1,000 Reward will be paid to any Chemist who will find, on the analysis of 100 bottles S. S. S., one particle of Mercury, Iodide Potassium, or any mineral substance.

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To the Traveling Public!

—THE—

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Is now undergoing thorough repairs, both within and without, and the proprietor intends it shall be SECOND TO NONE in the State, next to Omaha.

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