THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

Oh! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought or trouble, no blast of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by
And Peace had folded her pinions there,
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Oh, the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry;
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there—
Though never a word could his small lips speak;
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,
And his hopeless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command;
'Go up, thou bald-head from No-man's-land!"

But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bears in Scripture, they'd rend me there,
The while they worshiped with bended knee
This ruthless wretch with the missing hair;
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow,
"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land?"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim.
'I'll take the tyrant under my care;
Watch what my hour-glass does to him.
The veriest humbug that ever was planned
Is this same bald-head from No-man's-land."

Old Time is doing his work full well—
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But, ah! with sorrow my heart will swell
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.
Could I stay the touch of that shriveled hand,
I would keep the bald-head from No-man's-land.

For the loss of Peace I have ceased to care;
Like other vassals I've learned, forsooth,
To love the wretch who forgot his hair
And hurried along without a tooth,
And he rules me, too, with his tiny hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

—[Harper's Magazine.

STORY OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but, as I never saw myself any one so affected, I am disposed to be incredulous on the subject."

The above remark was made to Dr Maynard as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa, discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the Doctor turned to his wife and said: "Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant and dressed very becomingly was purely colorless; but, as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The Doctor and I had been fellow-students, but, after leaving college, we had drifted apart—I to commence practice in an Eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the West. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and, seating herself by her husband's side, related the following episode·

"It is nearly two years ago since my husband was called one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a 'wake' in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving-women. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattering houses. The windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the outside doors, all except the front one, which I left for the Doctor to lock after going out, so that if I should fall asleep before his return, he could enter without arousing me. I heard the Doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of the messenger who awaited him; and, after a sharp rattle of carriage-wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself by the parlor astral, and soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons. But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring, when the clock in the Doctor's study adjoining the parlor struck 12, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home now very soon, I closed my book, donned a robe-de-chamber, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaf. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing, I was so oppressed with the deep stillness. The human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to 'wake,' who had been killed by an accident at the saw-mill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the Doctor. But no he would not tread like that; the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes were fixed on the window-blind. I saw the slats move slowly and softly, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes, peering at me. O horror! who was it? I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move—I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly-white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a moment the blind closed noiselessly as it had been opened, and the cautious footsteps came toward the door. "Merciful Heaven!" I cried, in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, 'the Doctor, in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key.'"

"God forgive me!" ejaculated Dr. Maynard, interupting his wife, and looking far more excited than she. "I can never forgive myself for such a thoughtless act. Please proceed, my dear."

"I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and helpless as a statue I sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I never beheld before. He was dressed in a long loose robe—a sort of gaberdine, and a black velvet skull cap partially concealad, a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in its directness; heavy grizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent, and the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the Ancient Mariner's He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"'Madame, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard [hereupon he again bowed profoundly] has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive,' he added, glancing at my neglige robe, 'that you were expecting me.'

"'No,' I found voice to stammer. 'The Doctor has said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night."

"'Ah! he wished to spare you no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension,' he returned, advancing, and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me from head to foot with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. 'You have a remarkably fine physique, Madame,' he observed, quietly; 'one that might deceive the eye of the most skilled and practical physician. Do you suffer much pain?'

"Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone, miles away from aid or rescue, with a madman.

"'Ah!' he continued reflectively, "your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse,' he said, rising and bending over me.

"I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where, on the table, was an open case of surgical instruments.

"'Do not be alarmed, Madame,' he said to me as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession.

"Involuntarily I raised my hand and cried:

"'Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you?"

"'Madame,' he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long sinewy fingers, with a grip of steel, 'you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the Emperor of the French stating that he is suffering from an iliac abscess, and is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation upon your breast;' and, before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms, and was carrying me into the study, where there was a long table with green baize. On this he laid me, and holding me down with one hand with the strength of a maniac, he brought forward from some hidden recess in his gown several long leather straps, with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"'Madame, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation.'

"At this I gave a long-drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise.

"'But,' he continued, 'I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it so that you may see for yourself, reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to the medical science, and of which I am the sole discoverer, and then replace it again.'

"He then began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in perceptible tremor.

"The mechanism of the heart is like a watch,' he resumed; 'if it goes too fast, the great blood-vessel that supplies the force must be stopped like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned, and repaired, and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louise of Prussia. Had I been consulted before her death I would have saved her by taking out her heart, and removing the polypi, between which it was wedged like as if in a vise; but I was called too late. The King and I had a little difference; he was German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation.'

"He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I raised my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. 'O sir, give me an anæsthetic, that I may not feel the pain!' I pleaded.

"Indeed, indeed, Madame, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician,—of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season.'

"As he said this, he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeing all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"'Doctor, said I, with assumed composure, 'I have the utmost confidence in your skill,—I would not trust my life to another; but, Doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to staunch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau.'

"Ah, Madame," he said, shaking his head sagaciously, 'I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty.'

"Then placing his hand on my bosom he added with horrible espieglerie:

"I'll scarcely mar that whiter skin than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster.'

"'O, God!' I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance.

"Quick as thought a heavy woolen piano-cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and bound tightly around him. As quickly was I released, and the thongs that bound me soon held the maniac.

"My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and, taking the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger, who had now returned with the Doctor in pursuit of him. As the poor wretch was being hurried away, he turned to me and said: 'Madame, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu!' I afterward learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to that table my hair was as black as a raven; when I left it, it was as you see it now,—white as full-blown cotton."—*Washington Gazette.*

A Romance of Real Life.

In New York in 1796 my store was in Maiden Lane, within three doors of the store of John Mowatt, an extensive dealer in shoes. His foreman was John Peluse, who sat behind the counter stitching shoes and waiting on customers as they stepped in. One day a corpse was found in the dock at the foot of the street. The Coroner took the jurymen from the neighborhood among them John Mowatt and his foreman John Peluse. The corpse lay on the table in the center of the room. Some of the jurymen remarked that as John Peluse looked on the corpse he started, turned pale, and looked as if he was going to faint. He rallied, however, but his subsequent movements occasioned some curious remarks. The jury having rendered a verdict of death by drowning were discharged. Mowatt turned around to look for his foreman, but behold he was not there. We stepped out of doors and saw him high up the street on a half run, when he quickly turned a corner. All sorts of inquiries were made, but nothing could be heard of him. This, with his turning pale at the first view of the corpse, occasioned some strange surprise among the jurors for many days afterwards.

John Mowatt was a bachelor of thirty-five, and Peluse had seen about thirty summers.

On a certain day, about one month thereafter, a lady in deep mourning stepped into Mowatt's store and asked for a pair of shoes. While John was trying how the shoe fitted the lady inquired: "You had a man in your store—John Peluse by name—what has become of him?"

"Yes," said Mowatt, "but what has become of him I would give a good deal to learn." He then related the story as above stated.

"Strange," replied the lady. "And you have not seen him since?"

"No," replied Mowatt, I have not seen him since."

"Yes, you have seen him," replied the lady.

"I certainly," said Mowatt, "would not contradict a lady of your appearance, but I have not seen him to my knowledge."

"Well, then," said she, "I am John Peluse; and that subject on whom we held the inquest was the corpse of my husband. My family name is Randall. I was born in Philadelphia. I married, against the wishes of my parents, John Connor, a sober, industrious man, by trade a shoemaker. He took to drinking, neglected his businesss, and once struck me while in liquor. We had no family, so I resolved, while we were stitching shoes together, to learn his trade and leave him. I soon made a passable shoe, when I assumed male attire, came to New York, and you gave me work as a journeyman. The rest you know."

John told the present narrator, some days after, that on hearing this he was dumbfounded.

"Well, madam," said John, "what are your plans for the future?"

Says she, "I have not yet formed any plans."

"Well," said John, "I liked you as a journeyman, and when my foreman I was pleased; suppose we now go into partnership for life?"

In forty-eight hours thereafter they were married. She was a fine-looking woman, and might have passed for twenty-five.

This, perhaps, is the first instance on record of a woman's sitting as a coroner's juryman on the corpse of her husband.

The above is a simple tale of truth.

The proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country is to reside in a foreign one.—*Shenstone.*

How He Lost His Damages.

Soon after dinner Thursday a citizen of Third street entered a lawyer's office and began:

"My wife has been bitten by a dog."

"Good!" replied the lawyer. "You must claim damages in the sum of $500."

"Yes; she was bitten three times by he brute," continued the husband, "and of course I want damages."

"Well, now, you go home and tell your wife to go to bed and stay there for at least a week. Have her groan and take on, and suffer great pain and distress, and call in the neighbors to witness her sufferings. We'll just make the man who owns that dog get up and howl."

The man left in a joyful frame of mind, and yesterday he came back, looking sorrowful.

"No use trying," sadly said he, shaking his head. "My wife waited just long enough to find out that the dog wasn't mad, and then she started out to make twenty-two calls this afternoon, and I guess we haven't got a case."—*Detroit Free Fress.*

A Fortune-Teller.

Susan Shrock had the reptation, in Princeton, Ky., of being a wonderfully trustworthy fortune-teller. She was not an old hag, according to custom, but rather young and pretty. She predicted that C. Lewis Hollingsworth would meet death at the hands of an unknown man on the highway, and that his horse would return home alone, and that his body would never be found. A few days ago he started on a horseback-journey, and soon the horse came back riderless. His wife was grief-stricken until she learned that Susan had disappeared, and that her husband had taken his best clothes and all the money he could accumulate. Now she is searching for his body, but she expects to find it alive, near by Susan.

The Hawkeye Insurance Co.

The Hawkeye Insurance Co. of Des Moines, has just made its annual statement to the Auditor of State, and it shows that that company is in a most flourishing condition. It is a matter of State pride that this home company is able to make such a satisfactory showing. The assets of the company amount to $511,225.65, while its liabilities, including capital stock and reinsurance of all outstanding risks, are but $208,509.85—showing a net surplus of $202,715.76. During 1876 the company sustained a loss for every working day, yet not a loss remains unpaid, and only one of the three hundred losses has been contested. The business of the Hawkeye for 1876 was larger by twice than any other State company, and no company, home or foreign, makes a better or more satisfactory showing to its patrons. Mr. E. J. Ingersoll, President, and Mr. A. Howell, Secretary, both give their personal and constant attention to the company's business, and to them is due the credit of having reared an Iowa institution which has no superiors among the world's best companies.

Philosophy is a modest profession; it is all reality and plain dealing. I hate solemnity and pretence, with nothing bupride at the bottom.—*Pliny.*

Tooth-drawers are practical philosophers that go upon a very rational hypothesis—not to cure, but to take away the part affected.—*Steele.*

We know of many cases where women have had their home duties greatly lightened by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia.) We advise you to try it and satisfy yourself of its merit.

See the advertisement of Mr. W. C. Chamberlain, the well known seedsman of Dubuque. He is one of the most extensive dealers in the West, and none give better satisfaction.

YOUNG MAN, you can procure a scholarship in Baylies' Business & Commercial College of Dubuque, (none better in the west) at a discount by addressing W. E. ANDREWS, Des Moines, Iowa.

☞ Worms in horses can be cured by the use of Uncle Sam's Condition Powder.

Prof. W. Paine, A. M., M. D.

The Professor is the author of numerous standard works on medicine and surgery, and a Professor in different Medical Colleges, for upwards of twenty years. He is the original discoverer of the germs of disease, and the remedies for their instant and positive destruction. His Catarrh Vapor, $1.00 per bottle, cures Catarrh, all lung affections, and neutralizes all poisons in the body. His Liver Renovator Pills, 25 cents per box sent by mail, cures constipation and all bilious diseases. His Fever and Ague Cure, $1.00 per box, sent by mail with full directions, positively cures every case. For special medical or surgical treatment, address or apply to 222 North 9th street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 201 West Washington street, Chicago, Ill. Advice free.

Never squander a moment for we are never sure of an hour, neither delay the purchase of Ellert's Daylight Liver Pills.

A handsome, durable, convenient FOLDING LAMP SHADE, with beautiful Lithographic views of the Centennial Buildings. Every family, office and student needs it. Sent post paid on receipt of 25 cents or 5 for one dollar. Agents wanted. Address, HAMILTON & SCHAFER, Fort Madison, Iowa.

☞ The horse is one of the noblest and most useful of animals, and his owner should guard his health as carefully as he would his own. Uncle Sam's Condition Powder is the best medicine for horse diseases of all kinds.

It is now admitted by Doctors, Druggists and ruptured people that HOWE'S SPRING PAD BELT TRUSS is the best and easiest known. The Factory is at Council Bluffs Iowa, Box 1176.

☞ For influenza, or horse distemper, there is no better remedy than Uncle Sam's Condition Powder.

For eruptive diseases of the skin, pimples and blotches, Vegetine is the greatest remedy, as it removes from the system the producing cause.

☞ Uncle Sam's Harness Oil will make old leather soft and pliable as when new, and prevent the ripping of the stitches. Try it.

☞ Are you suffering with a cold, cough or any bronchial complaint? If so, go to your druggist and get a bottle of Ellert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry. It is the best known remedy for all such complaints. Sold by all druggists.

In all cases of doubt lean to the side mercy and in all cases of aches and pains try Ellert's Daylight Liver Pills.

Every Soldier who was wounded or contracted permanent disease in the army can get a pension by writing to John Kirkpatrick, Cambridge, Ohio.

CHAMBERLAIN'S
Garden Seeds For Iowa Soil.
[ESTABLISHED IN 1868.]

The subscriber having twenty-one years experience in supplying seeds adapted to Iowa soil and climate, solicits orders from gardeners and farmers, believing that from no other source can better or as good seeds be obtained for Iowa culture.

PRICE LIST:

These seeds will be sent by mail post paid at the prices named below, excepting Peas, Beans and Corn, for those seeds thirty cents per quart must be sent for postage. Remit money by draft, post-office order, or express.

	qt.	pk.	bu.
Early Valentine Bush Beans	50	1 00	5 00
" Mohawk " "	50	1 00	5 00
Black Wax " "	35	1 00	6 00
Large Lima Pole "	40	1 00	9 00
	oz.	¼ lb.	lb.
Egyptian Turnip Beet	20	50	1 50
Long Blood "	10	30	1 00
Early Smooth Blood "	10	30	1 00
White Sugar "	10	20	75
Early Winningstadt Cabbage	30	60	3 00
" Jersey Wakefield "	60	1 00	6 00
Large Late Drumhead "	30	75	3 00
Premium Flat Dutch "	30	75	3 00
Improved Long Orange Carrot	15	30	1 25
Nonpareil Cauliflower	1 00	5 00	
Dwarf White Solid Celery	30	1 00	3 00
Large White Solid "	30	1 00	3 00
	qt.	pk.	bu.
Crosby's Early Sugar Corn	20	1 50	5 00
Stowell's Evergreen "	20	1 50	5 00
	oz.	¼ lb.	lb.
Early White Spine Cucumber	15	30	1 00
Long Green "	15	30	1 00
New York Imp'd Egg Plant	75		
Early Curled Simpson Lettuce	50	1 00	3 00
Boston Market Head "	50	1 00	3 00
Green Citron Musk Melon	15	30	1 00
Mountain Sweet Water Melon	15	30	1 00
Weathersfield Red Onion	15	40	1 25
Large Yellow "	15	40	1 25
Long Smooth Parsnip	15	25	1 00
	qt.	pk.	bu.
Imp'd Daniel O'Rourke Peas	30	1 75	6 00
Philadelphia Extra Early "	35	2 00	7 00
Champion of England	30	2 00	6 00
Black eyed Marrowfat	20	1 00	3 50
	oz.	¼ lb.	lb.
Long Scarlet Radish	10	20	1 00
Scarlet Turnip	15	25	1 00
Yellow Rush Scalloped Squash	15	25	1 00
Boston Marrow	15	30	1 00
Salsify or Oyster Plant	15	35	1 25
Round Leaf Spinach	10	25	60
New York Market Tomato	25	75	2 50
The Trophy Tomato	40	1 25	
Red Top Strap leaf Turnip	10	25	80
Yellow Aberdeen "	10	25	80
Imp'd American Ruta baga	10	25	80

Small packages of seed, five cents each.
W. C. CHAMBERLAIN,
DUBUQUE, IOWA.

We Always Go to the
Aborn House
WHEN IN
DES MOINES, IOWA,
BECAUSE IT IS THE
Best in the City.
PRICES REASONABLE.
Omnibuses Run to all Trains,
The proprietor is
G. B. BROWN.

Burlington Business College.
—AND—
Telegraphic Institute
Complete Boarding Arrangements in private families.
POSITIONS SECURED.
For further particulars, address
D. BURGESS, Principal,
Burlington, Iowa.

TRADE Na MARK.
Agents Wanted
To canvass for Enlarging Pictures. We are paying larger commissions, doing finer work, and making a greater variety of pictures than any other Copying House in the United States. Address, with stamp, L. J. PITNER, successor to Nason & Bro. 212 and 214 State st. Chicago, Illinois.

J.D. SEEBERGER,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
HARDWARE
IRON, STEEL, NAILS, FENCE WIRE,
TIN PLATE, SHEET IRON,
CIRCULAR SAWS & BELTING, WAGON STOCK, &c.
New store cor. Fifth street and Court avenue one door south U. S. Postoffice. Des Moines.

MONEY
To Loan in Iowa, Eastern Nebraska, and Northwestern Missouri,
Upon improved farms in sums of $500 and upwards, for a term of 1 to 5 years; interest at 9 per cent, payable semi annually.
Choice Iowa farms of $2,000 and upwards made at 9 per cent. interest.
SCHOOL BONDS WANTED. Apply to
BURNHAM & TULLEYS
Council Bluffs Iowa.

AGENTS WANTED
EVERYWHERE, to sell GREENE'S Patent Shirt Bosom Stretchers And Ironing Board.
Most perfect, durable, and cheapest ironing board in the world. Send for circulars, terms, etc
GREENE & BRO.
Office 159 La Salle St., Room 5 Chicago.

PILES AND FISTULA positively cured without pain, or the use of knife, ligature or caustic. A SURE CURE OR NO PAY. With patients from a distance we will contract to pay all traveling and other expenses if we fail to effect a radical cure. No charge for consultation or examination.
MINER & PHILLIPS, 167 Madison street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED OF YOUR CHOICE of $100 salary per month and expenses, or $100 commissions, selling our Magic Self Copying Ink, Book and Compound ink press, brush or water needed; also for the sale of our Sunday School Pocket Savings Box. Send stamp for Circulars. National Manufacturing Co., 140 Monroe street, Chicago.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.
BEST If you want the BEST SELLING ARTICLE in the United States send two 3 cent stamps.
F. PAINE & CO.,
401 North Clark St., Chicago.

WE will guarantee that active men can make from $10 to $25 a day by selling our goods in cities and country towns. It only necessary to show your samples to make sales. Circulars free. Room 9, 99 Madison street, CHICAGO, ILL.

ELASTIC TRUSS.
This Truss is worn day and night with comfort, by adults and children until cured. Send for circular and price list. Sent by mail everywhere by
C. J. REED,
235 State St., Chicago, Ill.

If your Druggist is not Supplied with
DR. SYKES' SURE FOR CATARRH
Just send Ten Cents to Dr. C. Sykes, 100 E. Madison St., Chicago, and say where you saw this card.

BAYLIES'
Commercial College,
DUBUQUE.
The OLDEST and only incorporated BUSINESS COLLEGE in the State.
Special discount to teachers of public schools and to clubs.
Graduates assisted in obtaining situations.
Students received at any time for a thorough Commercial or Telegraphic course.
Superior boarding arrangements. New, large and elegant rooms.
For circulars or information, address (stating where you saw this advertisement),
C. BAYLIES, Dubuque, Iowa.

HAIR Complete stock, best goods at lowest prices. Wholesale and retail. Goods sent C. O. D. to any part of the U. S. Send for Price List. Hairdressing latest styles, 50 cts. Alex Bogle's Complexion Powder. E. BURNHAM, 202 W. Madison St., Chicago.

DIVORCES legally and quietly obtained, in every State and Territory for incompatibility or other causes. Thirteen Years' experience. A. J. DEXTER, 152 Dearborn St. Rooms 8 and 9, Chicago, Ill. Unquestionable references given. Fee after decree.

MONEY TO LOAN!!
THE NEW ENGLAND LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY,
DES MOINES, - - - IOWA.
Is prepared to furnish money on Real Estate at reasonable rates. D. O. ESHBAUGH, Sec'y.

GENERAL
PURCHASING AGENCY
of H. C. WILCOX, 121 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.,
Who makes purchases on orders of all descriptions of Merchandise to be had in Chicago or any other market, at lowest prices obtainable, without extra charge to the purchaser. Refers by permission, to the following well known gentlemen:
H. F. LOWE, Asst Cashier Merchant's Savings Loan & Trust Co., Chicago.
ALEX. BISHOP, of Bishop & Barnes, Bankers, Chicago.
G. F. RANE & CO. Manufacturers of Inks, Chicago.
WM. DOWD, Pres. Bank of North America, 44 Wall street, New York.
G. P. UPTON, Associate, Editor Tribune, Chicago.
G. E. PLUMER, " " " Inter Ocean.
R. R. SCHERMERHORN, Assistant Agent U. S. Express Co., Chicago.
Family Supplies of all kinds a specialty. Correspondence solicited on any point pertaining to business. [Please state where you saw this advertisement.

THE "MORRISON" PLOW.
STEEL BEAM, Lighter than Wood or Iron, Stiffer and Stronger than either.
For sample plow or price, address—
Morrison Brothers, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

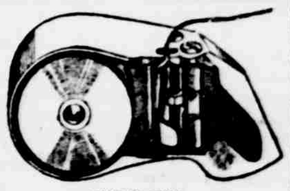
ALSO WOOD BEAM PLOWS, CULTIVATORS AND HARROWS.
A perfect plow made and finished every fifteen minutes.

THE KELLY BARB FENCE!
THE BEST FENCE IN THE WORLD.
ALL STEEL WIRE with next strong barb—weight only one pound to the rod. Point beveled from both sides. Best machine made. Fully licensed under ALL THE BOTTOM PATENTS. No danger of being troubled for infringements. Ask your Hardware Merchants for the KELLY BARB FENCE. Manufactured by
THE TRUAX WIRE BARB CO., 477 Madison Street, Chicago.

DR. M. W. THOMAS
MEDICAL AND WATER-CURE
INFIRMARY
307 FOURTH STREET,
[2 doors north of Savery House.]
Cures Every Variety of Disease with Curative Agents, that that Never Fail in
SKILLFUL HANDS,
Namely, Water and Electricity.
Their Fixtures for applying the Water and Electric treatment with the various baths, including the world-renowned Turkish Bath, which of itself often cures after all other means fail, gives them advantages not possessed by any other physicians in the State. Tape-worms removed in eight hours. Cancers cured without knife or pain. Consultation free.
This system of treatment is most admirably adapted to the treatment of
Female Diseases.
Many are being treated with the best results—a restoration to health. This department is under the care of MRS. M. W. THOMAS.

Sick Headache.
NOVEMBER 8, 1873.
EDITORS OF REGISTER—To whom it may concern—I have been afflicted with the sick headache from a child. I have been treated by many physicians but obtained no relief, until two years since I began treatment under Dr. M. W. Thomas, and am happy to say had been under his treatment but three months when I was entirely cured. For which I am truly grateful, and would recommend all suffering from the same disease to try the same remedy. Very truly yours,
MRS. G. W. STIFFLER.
The medicines for sick headache can be sent to any point by express. Medicine sent for one month for six dollars. The money must accompany the order.

SPECIALTIES:
Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh, we treat by inhalation and constitutional treatment.
Cancer cured without the knife.
Tape worm removed in eight hours.
Piles cured without an operation.
Surgical diseases and deformities treated successfully or no charge.

NEW AMERICAN
SEWING MACHINE.

THIS IS THE
SELF-THREADING SHUTTLE,
AND THE
New American Sewing Machine
IS THE ONLY MACHINE IN THE WORLD WHICH USES IT.
Its advantages are that it can be threaded with ease in the Dark as well as by Daylight, the thread drawing immediately into its place, requiring no re-adjusting of the tension. The upper thread on this machine is threaded with equal ease, and it is more easily operated than any other Shuttle Machine the world has ever seen.
☞ AGENTS WANTED. ☜
CHICAGO OFFICE, 344 Wabash Avenue, or Des Moines office, Des Moines, Iowa.

SEEDS.
BEAUTIFUL Illustrated Book Free OF CHOICE Fresh Seeds,
BEST & CHEAPEST IN AMERICA,
OR MONEY REFUNDED.
Warranted best in the world. Lowest prices. Send for free book.
B. M. SHUMWAY,
Rockford, Ill.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
Send your address for our
Catalogue for 1877
Everything Warranted as Represented.
Six packets Extra Choice Flower Seed and the Catalogue for 25 cents. We make a specialty of Apple, Osage Orange, and Honey Locust seed. Also seed Sweet Potatoes. All correspondence cheerfully attended to.
S. L. FULLER & CO.,
719 Walnut Street, DES MOINES, IOWA.

ARNOLD'S SECTIONAL
BALING PRESSES
For baling Hay, Husks, Rags, Broom Corn, Cotton, etc. The only CHEAP PORTABLE Press in the market. Operated by Horse or Hand powers. Every Press warranted as represented. Patron the home manufacturer and save heavy freight bills. Send for Circular to C. JAY ARNOLD 2 Court Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

CATARRH.
If you are afflicted with this modern leprosy and have tried all the so called "sure cures" without permanent relief, ask your druggist for DR. KARSNER'S CATARRH TREATMENT. A trial bottle free; or INCLOSE EXPRESS CHARGES (20c) TO US FOR IT. We want a reliable agent in every county, to whom we offer extraordinary inducements. Try this remedy fully at our expense. Call, or address, with stamp for circulars. PACKARD BROS. SECURITY OFFICE, Ill.
W. C. HAMILTON,
Room 1, 79 W. Madison Street, CHICAGO.

BLUE GLASS.
Such as recommended by General Pleasanton for promoting the growth of plants & cure of diseases.
FOR SALE IN ANY QUANTITY—CUT TO ANY SIZE.
E. S. SAGE & CO., Wholesale Glass Dealers, 174 Randolph street, CHICAGO, ILL.

U. S.
MAIL!
All Persons at a distance treated by Mail with Perfect Success by describing their Symptoms.
(Send for our large and beautifully illustrated paper, sent free to any address.)
DR. TOWNSEND'S
OXYGENATED AIR!
CURES
CATARRH!
WE MAKE A SPECIALTY of treating patients by Mail. Please describe your symptoms.
Bronchitis!
ALL PERSONS THAT read this are invited to send for our large and beautifully illustrated Paper, sent free to any address.
ASTHMA!
WE GUARANTEE to CURE Coughs, Colds, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, Neuralgia, and nearly all other severe attacks when all other remedies fail.
Consumption!
DYSPEPSIA WE CURE. Liver and Kidney complaints are effectually reached by Oxygenated Air.
BLOOD DISEASES
CANCERS
—AND—
TUMORS!
CURED without cutting or drawing blood, with very little or no pain. And yet we positively guarantee to cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney complaints, Blood Diseases, Cancers and Tumors.
W. M. Park, M. D.,
LATE OF THE
McCLELLAN U. S. A. Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., who has been so successful throughout New England in the cure of Cancers and Tumors, takes charge of this department.
Address all letters as heretofore.
E. F. TOWNSEND, M. D.,
122 High Street, Providence, R. I.
Physicians wishing to locate in some Iowa or city in this business, can be furnished with territory and our illustrated papers for advertising the same, by addressing as above.

Caution!
There are unprincipled persons in Boston and elsewhere that are putting up a BOGUS LIQUID and trying to palm it off as MY TREATMENT, or Oxygenated Air, and claiming it to be like mine. None genuine unless the words "DR. TOWNSEND'S OXYGENATED AIR" are blown in bottle and portrait on label.

DIVORCES Legally and quietly obtained for incompatibility, etc. Residence unnecessary. Fee after divorce. A. GOODRICH, attorney at law, 124 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS AND INVENTORS, EDSON BROS., U. S. and Foreign Patent Agents, 317 G st., Washington, D. C. Established in 1856. Fee after allowance. Circular of instructions, etc., sent free.

Iowa Printing Co. Des Moines. 48

FOR MODELS, PATTERNS, special and Experimental Machinery, in all branches, address HILL & SHEPARDSON, Rockford Ill.