

## SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

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Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great nervousness on my part, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—no pain in my side and back, no nervousness all out of my brain, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the King of Medicines.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

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Small Size, \$1.50. Medium Size, \$1.75.  
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A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.  
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Remove Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Redness, etc. It is the best of all skin preparations. It is so simple to use that even a child can use it. It is so effective that it will remove all skin blemishes. It is so pleasant that it will be used every day. It is so cheap that it will be used by all.

**\$500 REWARD**  
The above reward will be paid to any person who will produce a Patent Rubber Paint, for preserving Shingles, Siding and Gravel Roads. Warranted to last five years. All orders promptly filled. Send 5¢ for sample. STEWART & SONS, 1111 Broadway, New York City.

## POOR SOPHIE GALITZIN.

The Beautiful and Haughty Young Duchess of Chaulnes Dies Alone in a Humble Cottage.

New York World.

A short, sensational and sorrowful life was brought to a close on Wednesday, when the duchess of Chaulnes (nee Princess Sophie Galitzin) died at the age of twenty-five in a humble cottage in La Villette. She was married in 1875 to the duke of Chaulnes, and their feeble little children are the last survivors of the great house of Luynes, the foundations of whose fortunes were laid by d'Albret, first page to Louis XIII., afterwards constable of France. He and his two brothers once were compelled to make their visits to court semi-weekly because they only had one gala costume between them; a little while later and each was the husband of an heiress and had been adopted into a family of the ancient nobility. The matrimonial successes of the Luynes are chronicled by Saint Simon and other writers of his time. Of late years the hand of death and misfortune has been heavy on the family. The duke of Chaulnes was killed by a fall from his horse in 1854. His elder son, who served in the Pontifical army, was killed while leading a battalion of Mobs in the war of 1871. The younger son, whose widow has just died, never recovered from the effects of the same severe campaign in which he was wounded. Their sister died suddenly. Their mother, the duchess of Chevreuse, who still survives, is an energetic, ambitious and implacable little woman, a devotee in religion, and perhaps also slightly demented through her misfortunes. Her son's marriage with the beautiful and dashing Sophie Galitzin, a daughter of the Prince Augustin, who sacrificed an estate of \$140,000 a year by abjuring the Greek faith for the Catholic, was a sore trial for the duchess. Two women could not very well be imagined who were less likely to get on together. The bride was gay, intelligent, wild, high tempered, fond of society and hunting; the mother-in-law austere and impatient of opposition. As for the husband, the last spark of his ancestral energy seems to have burned itself out during the campaign against the Prussians, and he has been represented as so lazy that he took his meals and was shaved in bed, and only abandoned the blankets to go to chapel under his mother's watchful eye.

It is not quite a year since the "duel of the duchesses" scandalized French society. Had they been fishwives instead of representatives of two of the great families of France and Russia they could not have abused each other more virulently, and, whatever else was to be believed, the revelations of aristocratic life were even less savory than those that come from the gutter. The duke of Chaulnes had died and the custody of his children had been intrusted to their grandmother; for their possession his widow contended, alleging a series of persecutions and outrages that did not yield in their romantic and thrilling character to anything recorded in the literature of the inquisition. The young duchess alleged that she was shut up in a country mansion and nagged perpetually; that when sick it was not her mother-in-law's fault if she recovered, and that the elder lady, maddened at her son's marriage, inflamed his mind with suspicious and did her utmost to compel her daughter-in-law to commit suicide. The duke was induced to depart on the alleged voyage, which has furnished an incident for the plots of how many novels and dramas, and returning unexpectedly at night proceeded to "draw" his wife's apartments, accompanied by all the inmates of the chateau, guests and servants, afterwards compelling her to appear in the hall and upon her knees confess her infidelity and plead for the forgiveness of which she was unworthy. On another occasion the young duchess was awakened from her beauty-sleep to behold the alarming spectacle of one priest at the head of her bed and a second at its foot. They duly prayed over its startled occupant, and stood aside while the old duchess produced a paper and bade her sign it. Mme. de Chaulnes sprang from her couch and fled towards the door, but her husband appeared at the portal to cut off her retreat with a cocked revolver, and she had to sign the document and declare herself unworthy to have the charge of her children. And what her husband was dying despite his wishes and her frenzied pleading, she was refused the last sorrowful privilege of closing his eyes, and thrust from the gates penniless and friendless. The young duchess did not deny having signed the compromising documents, but insisted that her will had been forced by threats of death, and she gave the final romantic touch to her case by attempting the abduction of her children. Aided by a gentleman who was said to have declared his passion for her and to have received the promise of her hand and heart as soon as he had compassed the rescue of the little ones from their gorgon grandmother, and provided a faithful maid servant and a retainer, she fled in a simple cloak, to steal the children, a cloaked carriage with relays of horses being in readiness, and a fishing-smack awaiting the party's arrival at the seashore. The plot, however, miscarried.

One story is proverbially good until another has been told, and when the duchess of Chevreuse came to put in her evidence she alleged the existence of an altogether different state of things. She insisted that the young duchess was too much occupied with her numerous lovers to pay any attention to her children, and that one of these lovers had been chased by the servants, but had escaped through his fleetness of foot. He was a prudent swain, as appeared from the fact that he rigged a rope to the window of the chateau so as to escape the more readily, and that he put on a pair of rusty boots that his footpads on the snow might not betray him. His gloves, handkerchiefs and love letters, however, remained as trophies. The young duchess was described as "knocking her children about," and even turning them out of bed to make room for her dogs; she was accused of consuming great quantities

of opium and regarding the fevered dreams of her sleep as things that had really happened. Her misadventure killed her husband, and he died during her name and imploring his mother to keep his children from contamination by their mother. Altogether, whichever story was to be believed, the mekest and most miserable woman of the country had no reason to envy the life of the rival chateaus.

The crypts, as readers of The World may remember, sustained the allegations of the grandmother and gave her the custody of the children. Since that time but little has been heard of the young duchess whose life has just gone out. A Russian chronicle thus described her at the time of the trial in May, 1882: "She was in deep mourning. Her golden sleeve of half mourning her back in a long, loose net of yellow silk, hardly distinguishable from the burnished mass it contained. If the duchess de Chaulnes had a perfect mouth she would be a woman of rare beauty. It is not ugly. The lips are red and fresh and not too wide. But the expression is silly. She has a languid, suffering air, the world and has an eye for physiognomy, would know before she spoke that her conversation is disjointed, precipitate and monotonously rapid. She might, her teeth being clinched, insert her forefinger between the upper range—which is white and even—and the under. The eyes are of opal gray. At the Palais de Justice they were artificially encircled with luster, which gave a languid, suffering air, and by force of contrast blanched the fair complexion."

Durkee's Salad Dressing, a ready-made, rich and delicious dressing for all salads of meat, fish or vegetables. Cheaper and infinitely better than home-made. No sauce equal to it.

## A BURNED SOUL.

A Love Lorn Maiden Seeks Relief from an Editor, and Gets It.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"It is really a most delicate thing that I come to see you about," she flattered, and the managing editor placed a chair for her he looked grave, for the blushes chased each other over the prettiest face he had seen for many a day.

"What's his name?" asked the managing editor with soothing encouragement.

"Sir!" faltered the beauty, turning a puzzled pair of bewildering blue eyes full upon him. "How—how did you know? What made you ask me that question?"

"And I suppose you have set the figure at \$75,000," continued the managing editor, smiling covertly at his superior sagacity.

"Do you measure my precious soul by penny bags and filthy checks?" she demanded, with a flashing glance and blushes that chased each other faster than the wind.

"I don't," replied the managing editor, "but the jury will. I would if I were a juror!" and he smiled again, this time in admiration of the delicacy of his compliment.

"I don't think you quite understand me," sighed the fair visitor. "I am in great trouble, and I have come for advice. There is a young man—"

"Is there any way I can brace you up?" inquired the managing editor, rubbing his nose with a cocked air, as a gentle hint in the direction of his resources.

"No, thanks!" she remonstrated, recovering herself with an effort. "You are very kind. I don't think you can do anything for me at all. Is your religious editor in?"

"Shouldn't wonder," retorted the managing editor, dryly. "Here he is," and he pointed out the man who does the truly pious for the paper.

"What is it?" asked the religious editor, sharply. "Falter in the bible class, librarian, tenor in the choir, any of them?"

"Y—yes," she stammered. "It's the tenor. We were converted at the same time, and now we are afraid—"

"Infernal rascal!" growled the managing editor, wiping away a tear. "Let us write him up."

"Well," continued the religious editor, still more sharply, "what about him? Is the librarian getting jealous? Class leader threatening to tell your mother? Anything of that kind?"

"If he does, I'll write an editorial on him myself," muttered the managing editor, chivalrously.

"Not exactly that," smiled the sufferer through her tears. "You see—Oh! how can I tell you!" and she broke down again.

"Want him clubbed?" demanded the managing editor, brandishing a bottle.

"Not for worlds!" she exclaimed, throwing herself before him as if to protect some one in danger. "Let her alone!" shouted the religious editor, with all might. "Now go on. You left off by both being converted together. What next? Is he after the soprano?"

"She thinks he is, and there is where my trouble is. You see, she isn't a Christian—only a singer, you know—and she can dance with him at parties. Now what I want to know is whether it would be wicked for me to dance too until I cut her out. Please tell me!" and her lips parted and her eyes were suffused with tears of anxious inquiry.

"Certainly not!" growled the religious editor, who didn't seem in the least daunted by the question.

"W—what?" demanded the managing editor, his lower jaw dropping. "Is that all?"

"Why certainly," responded the beauty. "Isn't that enough? What did you suppose was the matter? The whole church was against me, and when I said I would leave it to you, the superintendent but the tenor \$5 you would decide against me."

"That's about the way with them all," explained the religious editor, as the gratified girl took her departure and the two editors stood gazing at each other. "You'd think they were in all sorts of scrapes until you come to question them, and then you find that it is only some little point in religious etiquette that anybody could decide. By the way, what did you suppose the matter was?"

"Nothing," replied the managing editor.

"I didn't know but what she had lost some money on a dog fight, or something of that kind," and the managing editor went back to his work with a sigh, while the religious editor surreptitiously abstracted the cork-screw, and winked at himself with a prodigious wink.

COLORED AND OLD.—A young girl deeply regretted that she was so colorless and old. Her face was too white, and her hands and feet felt as though the blood did not circulate. After one bottle of Hop Bitters had been taken she was the rosiest and healthiest girl in the town, with a vivacity and cheerfulness of mind gratifying to her friends.

Hanging the Wrong Man. You see, William Bowers was as much to blame as any of us, and being he was the man who was hung, he ought to have entered into particulars to a further extent than he did.

I shall always blame him that he didn't.

William was placid. I knew him for three years, and only three times did I know of his countenance undergoing a change for even a second.

Once he met a grizzly face to face, and that placid expression gave way to a look of surprise and interest. He was pursued on another occasion by twenty-four Indians, and his countenance expressed homesickness. The third change is what I am going to tell you about.

There had been a good deal of robbing and killing around the camp that summer, and I had been told that it was impossible to lay a hand on one of the perpetrators. The men had become rolled and desperate, and it was generally understood that the first offender who fell into the clutches would step off the head of a barrel to be brought up suddenly by a rope and a flimsy.

One day when some of the boys were turning from Pot-Luck Creek with flour and pork, they came upon the placid Wm. Bowers in a bad situation. He was bending over the body of a man named Powers, who had been settled by the thrust of a bowie, and his hands were bloody.

The placid William was nabbed. What did he say? Nothing at all! What did he say? Why, when the boys laid hands on him he quietly reached to his pocket, pulled the body only five minutes before, and was inspecting it in hopes to discover signs of life.

Too thin. And too placid to fit that crowd. The camp didn't waste any valuable time over William's case. Within the hour a court was convened, William was arraigned, and the dead body was placed in sight of all. Circumstances were against the prisoner, but there were some things we forgot. William had been a quiet, honest, civil resident of Diamond gulch. He had never been known to carry a bowie-knife. He had, been down the trail to wash some shirts, and had discovered the body on his return. He scarcely knew the murdered man by sight, and could therefore have had no hand in the murder.

The victim had little or no money, while the accused had the biggest pile of any man in camp.

But placid William should have kicked. Which he didn't do worth a cent. He pleaded not guilty in a careless, indifferent manner, as if the result was of no particular consequence to him.

He had just about going to wash his shirt and of the finding of the body, but there was nothing anxious about him.

"If you believe me let me go; if you do not believe me bring on the rope!"

That was the sum and substance of his defense, and it was bad for William.

When it was too late we saw where he could have proved his record clear if he had tried to, but we had sent him to answer before the highest court of all.

Well, the court could scarcely fall to convict under the circumstances, and in less than an hour it became the painful duty of the judge to arise and remark:

"William, you have been found guilty of murder. Do it make any great difference to you whether you are hung this afternoon or to-morrow? Weather's liable to change, you know, and we may not have such an afternoon again for a week."

The placid William replied that he would be ready in half an hour, and he was.

He went to his shanty, accompanied by Col. Smith, and when he had disposed of his property and written a letter to friends in the east, he walked coolly to the gallows tree, mounted the barrel, and never winked an eye when the noose was slipped over his head.

Then came a painful pause. William was about to be launched into the great unknown.

It is a serious thing to kick a barrel from under the feet of a fellow man and let a rope catch and choke him to death. We felt it so, and when the pause came we could hear each other's hard breathing.

"William Bowers!" solemnly remarked the judge, "you are about to hang!"

"Yes," calmly replied the prisoner. "And now once more I ask you if you are guilty of the awful crime?"

"No," was the equally calm reply. But he had been tried, convicted and sentenced, and the sentence must be carried out. If was when the man advanced to pull away the barrel that William's countenance lost its placidity. For five seconds he seemed a stranger to us all. A white shadow crossed his face, a look of fear crept into his eyes and his jaw fell.

Then placid William was himself again. He braced right up, shut his teeth hard and he died with a countenance as unreadable as a stone.

blame. He should have seriously objected to being hung.

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## Roots with Meal and Hay.

National Live Stock Journal.

Cattle and hogs will greedily eat sugar beets or other roots when on a full ration of corn. They will relish the roots because they have a cooling and sedative effect upon the stomach and bowels. Corn is so full of carbon as to have a tendency to produce a feverish state of the system when given too largely. Roots have the same effect upon the system as succulent grass. English farmers use roots largely in the fattening ration, but they also feed with them rape-cake, linseed cake, etc., or other nitrogenous food. Roots, like Indian corn, are too poor in nitrogen as a single food for growing young animals or for fattening. Corn and roots together would be much healthier than corn alone, but a better fattening ration would be oats and corn with roots, or better still, corn, cotton-seed meal or linseed meal and roots. With a small proportion of linseed meal, say three pounds, with nine pounds of corn meal, roots would not be so necessary for health, as the linseed meal would keep the bowels in good condition. Oats, bran and sugar beets or mangolds would fatten hogs and keep them healthy. Hogs especially are benefited by the use of roots. They are usually fed on corn alone, which we believe often induces cholera and other diseases. The roots give them a bulky and cooling food—just what they so much need. Bran is a bulky food, and fed with corn, is beneficial to hogs. Sugar beets with good clover hay will grow young animals or fatten mature ones. The clover is rich in nitrogen, and the roots in carbon making a well-balanced ration."

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