A Forty-niner Tells of the Judge's Bloody Work.

HOW HE MURDERED BRODERICK.

Full Description of the Famous and Fatal Duel-Baker's Remarkable Funeral Oration Over the Senator's Bier.

A Lafe For a Life.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 14.-[Special Telegram to THE BEE. ]-There is nothing talked about on the coast to-day except the killing of Judge Terry. When the news of the shooting reached San Francisco it caused the greatest excitement and all the papers issued huge special editions containing every detail of the bloody occurrence which could be secured. Judge Terry was probably the best-known man in the state, but his tragic end called forth comparatively little regret. He was unpopular both with the masses and with the classes, but the few friends he did have were warm ones. For the past few years he had been before the public only as one of the principals in the Sharon-Hill case, and the record he made in earlier days had become almost a reminiscence. Still there are a few of the old settlers who remember the stormy career of the judge during the days of the vigilance committee and the period of the slavery

An old '49er, who was present at the fatal meeting between Judge Terry and Senator Broderick in 1859, to-day told me the story of that bloody duel and the incidents preceding it.

A bitter campaign had just been

waged in the state, with Senator Broderick the leading figure on the one side and Judge Terry as his principal opponent. The great issue was the slavery question. Broderick, although a democrat, opposed the extension of slavery, while Terry was the leader of what was known as the chivalry branch of the democratic party. During the campaign personalities were indulged in, but it was not until the close of the struggle that Judge Terry issued the fatal challenge.

David C. Broderick, the victim of Terry, was born in Washington, D. C., and was first known in New York as a good stonemason and a leader among the somewhat unruly firemen who made the city a turbulent place forty-five years ago. Gifted with certain rude force, he won the affections and esteem of the volunteer firemen and roughs, who were such a powerful element in New York in the old days. The men whom he controlled were rougher than he, but among them he was believed, feared and implicitly trusted. His personal courage and magnetism were marvelous, there was no storm violent that he could not ride upon it, no exigency so trying that he could not cope with it. He rose to be chief engineer in the days when that office gave its incumbent absolute sway over a great mass of willful and almost lawless men. He had a natural turn for politics, and, fascinated by his success while supported by the suffrages of the firemen of New York, he ran for congress in 1846 and was defeated. Soon after this disap-pointment the California gold fever broke out, and he sailed for the new El Dorado of the Pacific, where, in the wild struggle for place and power, he made himself felt. In wild, uneasy California was his congenial element. Broderick, warm, generous, brave, bold and indomitable, led manfully in that unique battle of life. Broderick was elected senator in the first legislature, and his hand was often heavy on the lawless men who again and again attempted to bring chaos into the state In 1856 he was elected to the United States senate. His instincts were all against slavery, and he became the open foe of his colleague, William M. Gwin, then the pro-slavery senator from California. During the mysterious and plotting days of Buchanan's administration Broderick was the bold and fearless champion of freedom in the territories. He was the trusted friend and supporter of Stephen A. Douglas, and when the so-called Lecomption issue came up in congress not even Douglas himself was more scornful and emphatic in his denunciation of it than Broderick. The enormous patronage of the young state of California was given to Gwin, who, during the late rebellion, received the dukedom of Senora from Maxmilian, was in favor of Jefferson Davis, and was finally captured and immured in Fort Lafayette. Broderick was to be got rid of. It was said that a caucus of his political enemies was held in San Francisco to decide who should challenge him to fight a duei. David S. Terry, who was fixed upon to send the challenge, was from Kentucky, and was an accomplished duelist, while Broderick was only not a duelist, but not even a good shot with the pistol, and it is a matter of tradition that Terry was selected to give the obnoxious anti-Lecomption senator his quietus. "The code" held sway in California in these days. Broderick was proud, sensitive and tenacious of his manly dignity. He went out to the field in the gray of the morning with the fixed consciousness that he was

going to his execution. There were eighty spectators present when the seconds held their conference and the pistols were examined and loaded. A half dollar was tossed up, and Judge Terry won the choice of weapons. Mr. Hayes, the second of Judge Terry, marked off the ten paces and warned the spectators to move back out of the line of fire. out of the line of fire. Broderick was the coolest man of his party, his sec-onds appearing nervous and ill at ease. Mr. Haskell, his second, after partly untying the senator's cravat, stepped back and wrung his hands. He then back and wrung his hands. removed the cravat. This incident un-manned Broderick for a moment. Broderick wore a long surtout and had soft woolen hat drawn down over his brow. Terry was similarly attired. The requirements of the code were strictly followed. Broderick was searched closely for concealed mail, but Mr. McKibben, cealed mail, but Mr. McKibben, who was to search Terry, only touched his waistcoat and bowed. Broderick had by this time lost some of his composure. He was nervous, and twitched at the skirts of his surtout. He and Terry had taken their positions. Terry stood erect and firm, apparently indifferent to everything out his thoughts. The pistols were cocked and they were delivered to the principals. The conditions were stoody tions were slowly read and the instruc-tions as to the firing given. The men held the weapons muzzle downward. "Gentlemen, are you ready?" was asked. Broderick replied after Terry, saying: "I am ready." "Fire, one \_\_\_"

There was a report from Broderick's pistol, followed in a second by Tarry's. For some reason Broderick's pistol exploded before it had been brought to a vel. The bullet buried itself in the ound a third of the distance short. ad it gone all the way it would have ruck its mark, for it went in a percelly direct line. The report of Terry's tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me, facturers. Ask your druggist. evel. The bullet buried itself in the ground a third of the distance short. Had it gone all the way it would have struck its mark, for it went in a per-

TERRY'S RED-HANDED CAREER | pistol had bardly died away when Broderick was seen to start. He turned balf way round and grasped at the air as though trying to recover his balance. His head dropped and he fell flat on his back, his pale face upturned to the sky. Dr. VonLoehn, his surgeon, was too agstated to be of service. The blood spurted from the senator's wound, and Von Loehn did not seem to know how to stop it. Mr. Brocks, a friend of Terry, finally stepped forward, and in the name of Judge Terry offered the ser-vices of his surgeon, Dr. Hammond. But it was of little use. The ball had entered the right breast and passed

through the upper jobe of the left lung. Davis, the owner of the ranch, who had been a silent spectator of the duel, started to his feet as Dr. Hammond began cutting away the clothing from ne wound, and shouted excitedly: 'That is murder, by God!' He moved toward Terry, but was restrained. vas fortunate that this remark had been heard only by the Broderick party, for there were plenty of triends of Terry there all armed to the teeth.

Terry had not moved. His arms were folded with the muzzle of a pistol projecting behind him. He was erect as ever, with a look of inquiry upon his face, as though he expected a call for a second shot. His coolness and nerve were remarkable even in that gather ing. As he fired he was heard to say:
"Ah! I struck him a little too high." Assured that Broderick's wound was fatal, he started for his carriage and was followed by his friends. They drove rapidly to San Francisco, and from there Terry went to his ranch at Stockton whence he quietly awaited events. He was arrested on September 23 by two detectives from San Francisco and was put under \$10,000 bonds, but the case finally went by default.

Terry was chief justice of the supreme court of the state, but resigned that office to fight Broderick. Although he escaped all punishment for Broderick's assassination, he was for some weeks in the hands of the San Francisco vigilance committee for stabbing a man named Hopkins. When he finally regained his liberty he left the state for a time, and commanded a Texas regiment in the confederate army during the rebellion.

Over the bier of Broderick, exposed

in one of the open squares of San Fran-cisco, Edward D. Baker, the friend of Lincoln and afterward senator and general, and who was killed in the battle of Ball's Bluff, delivered the following funeral oration, which is printed for the first time:

A senator lies dead in our midst. He is wrapped in a bloody shroud, and we, to whom his tolls and cares were given, are about to bear him to the place appointed for all the living. It is not fit that such a man should pass to the tomb unheralded; it is not fit that such a life should steal unnoticed to its close; it is not fit that such a death should call forth no rebuke, or be followed by no public lamentation. It is this conviction public lamentation. It is this conviction which impels the gathering of this assemblage We are here of every station and pur-suit, of every creed and character, each in his capacity of citizen, to swell the mournful tribute which the majesty of the people offers to the unreplying dead.

He lies to-day surrounded by little of funeral pomp. No banners droop over the bier, no melancholy music floats upon the reluctant air. The hopes of high-hearted friends droop like fading flowers upon his breast and the struggling sigh compels the tear in the eyes that seldom weep. Around him are those who had known him best and loved him longest; who have shared the tri-umph and endured the defent. Near him are the greatest and noblest of the state, possessed by a grief at once carnest and sincere; while beyond the masses of the people whom he loved, and for whom his life was given, gather like a t under-cloud of swelling and

ndignant grief. In such a presence, fellow-citizens, let us linger for a moment at the portals of the tomb, whose shadowy arches vibrate to the public heart, to speak a few brief words of the man, of his life and his death. Up to the time of his arrival in California, his life had been passed amid events incident to such a character. Fearless, self-reliant, open in his enmities, warm in his friendships, wedded to his opinions, and marching directly to his purpose through and over all opposition, his career was checkered with success and defeat; but even in defeat his energies were strengthened and his character developed. нів воуноор.

When he reached these shores his keen observation taught him at once that he trod a broad field, and that a higher career was before him. He had no false pride; sprung from a people and of a race whose vocation was labor, he toiled with his own hands, and sprang at a bound from the workshop to the legislative hall. From that time there con-gregated around him and against him the element of success and defeat—strong friend-ships, bitter enmities, high praise, malignant calumnies-but he trod with a free and proud step that onward path which has led him to glory and the grave. Fellow citizens! the man whose body lies

before you was your senator. From the moment of his election his character has been

malighed, his motives attacked, his courage impeached, his patriotism assailed, been a system tending to one end. was his crime! Review his history—consider his public acts—weigh his private character —and, before the grave incloses forever, judge between him and his enemies:

As a man—to be judged in his private relations-who was his superior! It was his boast, and, amid the general license of a new country, it was a proud one, that his most scrutinizing enemy could fix no single act of immorality upon him! Temperate, decorous, self-restrained, he passed through all the excitement of California unstained. No man could charge him with a broken faith or violated trust; of habits simple and inexpensive, he had no use for gain. He overreached no man's weakness in a bargain, and withheld from no man his just dues. Never in the history of the state has there been a citizen who has borne public relations more stainless in all respects than he. boast, and, amid the general license of a new less in all respects than he.

THE CODE A DELUSION. One year ago to day I performed a duty such as I perform to-day over the remains of Senator Ferguson, who died as Broderick died, tangled in the meshes of the code of honor. To-day there is a more eminent sacrihonor. To-day there is a more eminent sacrifice. To-day I renew my protest; to-day I
utter yours. The code of honor is a delusion
and a snare; it paiters with the hope of a
true courage and binds it at the feet of crafty
and cruel skill. It surrounds its victim with
the pomp and grace of the procession, but
leaves him bleeding on the altar. It is a
shield, biazoned with the name of chivalry
to cover the malignity of murder. to cover the malignity of murder.
It substitutes cold and deliberate prepara-

tion for courteous and manly impulse, and arms the one to disarm the other, it may pre-vent fraud between practiced duclists who should be forever without its pale, but it makes the mere "trick of the weapon" superior to the noblest cause and truest courage. Its pretense of equality is a lie—it is equal in all the form, it is unjust in all the substance—the habitude of arms, the early training, the frontier life, the border war, the sectional custom, the life of leisure, all these are advantages which no negotiation can neutral-ize, and which no course can overcome.

And now, as the snadow turns toward the

east and we prepare to bear these poor remains to their last resting place, iet us not seek to repress the generous pride which prompts a recital of noble deed and manly virtues. He rose unaided and alone; he began, without family or fortune, in the face of difficulties; he inherited poverty and obscurity; he died a senator in congress, having written his name in the history of the great struggle for the rights of the people against the despotism of organization and the corruption of power.

HE TRIED TO STAND PIRM.

He leaves in the hearts of his friends the tenderest and proudest recollections. He was honest, faithful, earnest, sincere, generous and brave; he feit in all the great crisis of his life that he was a leader in the ranks; that it was his high duty to uphold the interests of the masses; that he could not faiter, When he returned from the fatal field, while the dark wing of the archangel of death was casting its shadow upon his brow, his greatest anxiety was as to the performance of his duty. He felt that all his strength and all

and I could not." I trust it was no shame to my manhood that tears blinded me as he said it. Of his last hour I have no heart to speak. He was the last of his race. There was no kindred hand to smooth his couch or wipe the death damp from his brow, but around that dying bed strong men, the friends of his early manhood, the devoted adherents of later life, bowed in irrepressible grief,

"and lifted up their voices and wept."

But, fellow-citizens, the voice of lamentation is not uttered by private friendship alone
—the blow that struck his manly breast has
touched the heart of a people, and as the sad tidings spread, a general gloom prevails. Who now will speak for California! Who will be the interpreter of the wants of the Pacific coast!

Ah who that callant spirit shall resume Leap from Eurotas' bank, and call us from the tomb!"

But the last word must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart, we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we eave thee to the equal grave,

Cushman's Menthol inhaler cures catarrh, hendache, neuralgia, asthms, hay tever. Trial free at your druggist. Price 50 cents.

CRUEL AS A DEMON.

Washington Lady Describes Sara Bernhardt's Uncontrolable Temper. A Washington society lady who just returned from Europe tells a new story on Sara Bernhardt which ought to have the effect of softening the language which some people use in discussing Sara's critics, says the New York Even-

ing World. The Wasnington lady was a great admirer of the actress, and while in Paris last spring took occasion to call on her. The Bernhardt sometimes amuses herself painting and modeling. She re-ceived the Washington lady very kindly, and invited her exceedly to call again. After a lapse of a few weeks another visit was made to the actress. She was found very much absorbed in the half-finished figure of her little model which she had been working at.
At the request of the Washington lady, who was anxious to see her at work, she continued working. After a while a frisky little spaniel, the pet of Sara, rushed into the room, wagging his tail and panting with delight. little dog sprang upon the lap of the actress, but she was so much interested in her work that the spaniel did not re-

ceive the expected caressing.

After the dog had interrupted her work by repeating this evidence of affection several times she became very much irritated, and expressed herself with energy in highly seasoned lan-

But the little spaniel, not understanding, kept on his gambols until Bernhardt, evidently exasperated, arose with a shrick and with a demoniacal expression on her face, lifted the poor little animal by the loose skin at the back of the neck, and raising the top from a Chonbeschi stove, which stood in the room, thrust the yelping animal in on the hot coals; then shutting the cover down she calmly resumed her work, as if utterly unconscious of the heartrending cries of her pet, which grew fainter and fainter as he slowly roasted to death.

The Washington lady who witnessed this savs: "You can imagine my position. The expression on Sarah's face was that of a wild beast hungry for blood. I have never seen any thing like it. But I did not dare to remonstrate or go to the

little dog's rescue for fear that I might share a like fate. But I left Sarah's presence as rapidly as I could, and you may be sure that I did not return.' A Pointer-Mr. W. H. Collins is a Kansas City druggist who has made the business a success and is now sole owner of one of the finest drug stores in the west and enjoys a large patronage. He

says: "Not from a financial standpoint, but on its merits, I candidly and cheerfully recommend Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is one of the few preparations I have found an extensive sale for solely on

A PUGILISTIC PREACHER.

He Saved a Policeman From a Gang

of Toughs. Shortly before 11 o'clock last night. the first persons to leave the Casino tabernacle were convinced by the noise and tumuit in Johnny Considine's saloon that a lively "scrap" was in progress, says a Detroit dispatch. Some one informed Patrolman Corey, officer on the beat, and he hurried to the scene. As he approached Consadine's place he saw men struggling in the doorway, but, catching sight of his shield and buttons, the beligerents suspended hostilities. Corey asked what the trouble was about. For a reply he received a severe cursing from the felow whom he had addressed, followed by a vicious lunge at his face. The officer dodged the blow and grappled with his assailant, throwing him to the ground. He then took a firm hold of his collar and started up street with him. Arriving at the corner of Gris-wold street and Michigan avenue the prisoner made further resistance. The officer attempted to handcuff him, but was immediately sur-rounded by the "gang" which had rallied in numbers and followed on from the saloon. With curses they set on the officer intending to release the man under arrest. Evangelist H. Q. Wills. who had just come from the tabernacle. where he had been holding services took in the situation at a giance, handed his prayer book to a friend, drew up his sleeves, and then jumped into the "imminent, deadly breach." through the crowd of toughs like whirl wind, throwing men right and left until he reached the officer's side. With fists clinched, eyes blazing indignation and face set in determination the evangelist lifted up his voice and said: "The man that dares interfere with this officer in the performance of his duty has got to meet me. Do you Evidently everybody heard for not a move more was made looking toward a rescue, While the officer took the prisoner to a patrol box and pulled for the "wagon." The fellow was taken to the Woodbridge street station and locked up. "I want to shake hands with that man Wills," said Patrolman Corey, after the trouble was all over "for there is no doubt he saved my life That gang would have kicked me to death in order to rescue their friend.'

Never Give Up. If you suffer with asthma, bronchitis, or any other disease of the throat or lungs, nothing can surprise you more than the rapid improvement that will follow the use of SANTA ABIE. If you are troubled with catarrh, and have tried other medicines, you will be unable to express your amazement at the marvelous and instantaneous curativ the marvelous and instantaneous curative powers of CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE. These remedies are not secret compounds, but natural productions of California. Sold at \$1 a package; three for \$2,50, and guaranteed by Goodman Drug Co.

The Trafulgar.

The largest ship in the British navy, the Trafalgar, launched two years ago, has at last tried her engines, with suc-cess. She is 345 feet long, 73 feet beam, and 12,818 horse power drove her 17.28

To tone up the system and stimulate the appetite, take Angostura Bitters. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manuA MOUNTAIN ON THE MARKET

England's Famous Snowdon to Be Sold at Auction.

ONE OF THE PRIDES OF ALBION.

Gents, 'Ow Much Do I 'Ear Fur This Helegant 'Ill, Wid the Waterfalls and Everythink Throwed In?"

Old Snowdon on the Block. LONDON, August 2.—[Special to THE BEE.]—To be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, by Bousfield & Co., at the Mart Tokenhouse Yard, London, etc. - Snowdon.

The above notice appeared in the London newspapers a short time since. Some American buyers or possible buyers may perhaps want to know of what they would become owners under this sale. Snowdon is the Englishman's mountain; not a part of a long range like the Rockies, but a single sturay old peak, standing up by himself, to face the snows and mists of winter, and the nordes of tourists in the summer. The cockney will be surprised indeed to learn by the hand-bills of the sale, that there is any one who can claim any greater or more particular right in the old giant than himself. Has not this been our stamping ground, where, until our family costs are lighter and our summer vacation longer, we must satisty our Alpine climbing proclivities? Are we, the great British public, to have our way barred by some miserable speculator, who will possibly fence up our venerable friend, and either keep us out altogether or charge us a sordid entrance fee for our right to roam over his summit? No; fortunately the cockney is protected by the great English

law of prescription.

We might, and possibly the auctioneer will, expatiate on the beauties of the surrounding country which is nurtured and watched over, as it were, by this grand old veteran and his brothers, some of which are hardly inferior to himself—the crystal waters of Lake Lanberris lying at his foot, the min-iature waterfalls precipitating themselves into little grottoes, shaded with ferns and carpeted with moss, the happy sparkling trout streams, dancing over their rocky, uneven beds, the gray old weather-fluted, ivy-covered bridges, and snug little hamlets in the valleys, with their comfortable old-fashioned inns, standing with open doors to receive the weary traveler, or the jaded city clerk, who for twelve long months has fretted away his life in a London cellar.

But this is not our object. We wish merely to introduce to our readers the old fellow who is the subject of this sale; the contemporary of the Druids and everything uncient and rugged in the history of our island.

The question arises, what can a fel-low do with it. A mountain is not everybody's money. Barnum might, perhaps, take it away in sections; but then comes the question of "waste to the freehold;" for as Mr. Bonsfield gives us to understand, the freehold is not to be sold; and then, too, there is the cockney's right of "easement," if clambering along loose particles of rock can be called an "easement." No; the purchasers' right of use and enjoyment is like the license of the English liquor seller, "to be drank on the premises." The prospectus states there are some houses on the mountain, which bring in a rental of £200 per annum, and the prospect, or rather probability of finding copper or something of that specu lative nature, if you will only dig far enough for it. The most lucrative part of "these desirable premises" is the little level plateau at the summit, where a fellow willingly pays half a crown for a small bottle of bass, rather than walk down to get it, and eggs and bacon in proportion. To supplement this profitable side of the question, the auctioneer after the manner of his kind, pictures the happy purchaser complacently looking over the preci pice into the lake below, and contemplating with satisfaction the enjoyment which his mountain will afford to all comers without charge or distinc-

tion. The sale commences, and after some minutes of doubt and hesitation, a son thinks that it is th £1,000 to him probably the reverence gentleman considers that when he is up on the top he will be nearer to heaven than he can possibly be at any other spot in the United Kingdom. But this will not buy t, and after a succession of lingering bids, and when the gentleman in the box has declared that he will accept advances of £5 at a time, this pride of our land, this hero of our geography primers this hoary son of ages is knocked down or the despicable sum of a little over £5,000, the price of a modern dwelling house. The owner is changed, but the mountain still remains the same, old

DRUID. Snowdon. Self-Defense Against a Dangerous Foc Forwarned is not forearmed in the case of those who incur the risk of an attack from that dangerous foe, malaria, unprovided with a means of defense. But if those in peril are aided, sustained and reinforced with the great fortifying safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, miasma, prolific breeder of evils manifested in the shape of bilious remittant and chills and fever, ague cake, dumb ague, and the calentura of the Isthmus and Central American coast, is nullified and reudered harmless. Our western pioneer settlers and miners, dwellers in tropic lowlands, and vistants of and dwellers in malarious localities n this country and many quarters of globe, have for years been acquainted with the fact and are constantly provided with this unparalleled defensive medicine and remedy. All disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, rheumatic and kidney complaints and rheumatism are conquered by it.

The Decline of Immigration.

At Castle Garden there are many heories of the great decline in European immigration to this country dur-ing the first half of the current year It is said to be owing to the reduction of the surplus population of several countries of Europe by the immigra-tion of past years, to the difficulties encountered by many immigrants in finding employment here, to the new inducements offered to settlers by several South American governments, to the action of our consuls abroad in preventing undesirable persons from leaving for New York, and to the strict enforce-ment here of the contract labor law. The falling off in the arrivals at Castle Garden during the first half of the year as compared with those in the corresponding period of last year was nearly 37 per cent, or from 289,325 to 173,678; and this falling off was from all the European countries from which immigrants come to the United States.

\$35.00 Is now the rate via the Northern Pacific railroad from Omaha and Council Biuffs to all north Pacific coast points, including Portland, Tacoma and Seat-tle. Through tickets are on sale via this route daily. This is the only line running through the eastern and cen-tral portions of Washington territory. Stop-overs are given on Northern Pa-cific second-class tickets at all points in Washington.

THE SNOW PLANT. A Lovely Flower That Blooms in the

Sierra Mountains. One thing that never fails to interest all who see it, when it is found on the mountain heights of the Sierras, is the snow plant, known to botanists as the Sarcodes sanguinea, meaning blooded flesh, says the American Garden. No flesh or blood could be so exquisitely beautiful; imagine a rosy and snowtinted, crowned hyacinth, from eight to twenty inches in height, every miniature bell wound about by a rosy and frosted silver ribbon, all topped by a huge head of asparagus in hoar frost and silver. The frosted papilla is very marked on every sepal and bract. Though the whole translucent spike is flushed with rose and carmine, the petals are the deepest and most briliantly colored parts of the flower, which

is five parted, and each open one show-ing slightly the stamens and pistils. There have been seen specimens bearing eighty perfect flowers and a pseudo-bulb twenty-two inches in cir-cumference, brittle almost as spun glass, and although solid as a pineapple when first dug up, dried away to the size of the stem. All attempts at cultivation have thus far failed, the bulbs refusing to stand transplanting and the seeds to sprout. It was once said that they would not survive below the level of the summer snow line, but they have been since seen almost covering the ground far below. The snow banks eem, however, to protect them from the winds sweeping among the mountains, and they make their early growth and development beneath the driven snow, and when the approach of summer leaves the surface of the ground exposed it is covered in a few days with the red crowns of the snow plants.

An Absolute Cure. The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped bands, and all skin erup; tions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles-Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINT-MENT. Sold by Goodman Drug cempany at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

The Rabb't Killed the Snake. Tom Fuller, of Geneva, Ga., says that he saw a rabbit whip and kill a snake a few days ago. The snake had caught a young rabbit and was trying to swallow it. The old rabbit rushed by the snake and bit at it as it passed. It then ran by the snake again and bit it, and re peated the run several times, biting the snake each time. The snake finally dropped the young rabbit, crawled off a short distance and died.

### Save Your Hair

BY a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measies. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."

— J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

# Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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Office hours, 9 a. m., to 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. a. to 1 p. m.
Specialists in Chronic, Nervous Skin and Byecialists in Chronic, Nervous Skin and Blood Diseases.

23° Consultation at office or by mail free. Medicines sent by mail or express, securely packed, free from observation. Guarantees to cure quickly, safely and permanently.

NERVOUS DEBILITY By Spermatorrhea, seminary of the state of t

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