

FREMONT WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
BY A. H. BALSLEY.
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The Fremont Weekly Journal.

Established 1899. Vol. XLIII. FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO; FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1872. New Series Vol. XX, No. 24.

"THE PHILOSOPHERS STONE" -- PAY AS YOU GO.

It is of the greatest advantage to the consumer, benefitting him who buys more than the one who sells.

C. M. DILLON & Co.

Will on the 1st day of July, 1872, adopt the CASH SYSTEM!

BUY AND SELL FOR CASH!

Having One Price for All.

The credit system is expensive, uncertain and dangerous way of doing business. Its abandonment reduces our expenses more than one-half, and will enable us to sell BETTER GOODS AT LOWER PRICES than can possibly be sold under the system of credit.

We shall convince our friends that we can and will sell

HARDWARE!

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AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!

And do all kinds of ROOFING, EAVE TROUGH and JOBBING at LOWER PRICES generally, than any credit store in Fremont.

Franklin says: "ECONOMY IS WEALTH."

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

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Dividends Paid Annually on Contribution Plan on All Cash Policies.

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DRS. RICE, Medical Examiners. 51-51

THE FREMONT WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published every Friday morning, in BUCKLAND'S OLD BLOCK, (UP-STAIRS), FREMONT, OHIO.

The Fremont Weekly Journal is Republican in Principle, and will be devoted to Political, Local Matters, Literature and General News.

The aim of the Publisher is to make the JOURNAL a first-class Family Newspaper.

AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM THE FREMONT JOURNAL is the best in the County.

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NEW TYPE AND GOOD PRESSES, AND JOB WORK.

In all its branches, promptly done and neatly executed. Everything from a Triple Sheet Poster to the smallest Visiting Card, will be furnished in the shortest possible time, and at the lowest prices.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Persons wanting Job Work done, either PLAIN OR ORNAMENTAL, are invited to call, or address A. H. BALSLEY, Publisher Journal, Fremont, Ohio.

Poetry

OLD MUSIC.

Back from the misty realm of time,
From the years ago,
From the days of the simple rhyme,
And here the melody and rhyme,
Of olden songs, of strains sublime,
Like carols of birds at dawn.
And ever we hear them, soft and low,
"Tis their music we long ago,
Hipping their liquid shill-shill,
Drifting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy toes.
Some faces our hearts will ever hold,
The heavy we hear them, soft and low,
"Tis their music we long ago,
Hipping their liquid shill-shill,
Drifting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy toes.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE END OF AN EXPERIMENT.

"It's a very convenient house," said Squire Northall. "Water filtering cisterns, apparatus bed, dry basement—everything in apple pie order. Such an opportunity don't occur every day."
"Yes," said Miss Grace Pennybaker, eyeing the premises in a keen, business sort of way. "What do you think, Gertrude?"
"I think as you think, aunty," said Gertrude, who was the most docile little white lamb of a creature that the imagination could conceive. "Then we'll take it," said Miss Grace, "I'll pay a quarter's rent in advance, and sign the papers to-morrow night."
The Squire took snuff in an embarrassed sort of way and said: "Excuse me, ma'am, but is it true that you're one of those women's rights people?"
"What difference does it make whether I am or not?" shortly demanded Miss Pennybaker. "Because I don't believe in that sort of thing," answered the Squire, "and I won't let my house to one of 'em."
"Well then," said Miss Grace, bravely, "do believe in a woman's right to vote if she chooses, to lecture if she chooses, to stay at home and make puddings if she chooses, and to be just as independent as she chooses. If that's being a woman's advocate, I'm one."
"Then," said the Squire, thrusting his hands deep into his trousers pockets, "I'd rather not let my house to you."
"Then you can let it alone," said Miss Grace, tipping her round hat defiantly on her nose. "Come, Gertrude."
And the obedient niece dutifully followed in her warlike aunt's footsteps.
"What shall we do, aunty?" Gertrude asked, when they had walked on a little way.
"Let her house to Mephistopheles himself if he had come with a dress coat, French boots, and suitable recommendation from the real estate agent."
"What kind of a neighborhood is it?" asked Miss Pennybaker.
"Well, I've lived out old Mrs. Hall, 'taint very likely." The doctor who lives in the big house, an eccentric sort of a man, that won't have a woman nowhere around, and there ain't no society, and—
"I don't want society," interrupted Miss Pennybaker, "but I'll take the keys, and I'll take possession at once!"
Great was Miss Pennybaker's gleeful self-congratulation, when she found herself safely installed in "Laurel Lodge," which was the name of the Swiss cottage on the hill.
"Roses, daffodils, honeysuckles, and plenty of currant bushes," she chuckled. "I'll send for a load of books at once, and get your case up in the room, Gertrude."
"It will be so nice, aunty," said Gertrude, who was one of those human mirrors who reflect the thoughts, ideas and propensities of those who surround them.
Miss Grace Pennybaker was fat, fair, thirty-five—a smooth-browed, merry-eyed old maid; and Gertrude, at sixteen was just like a daisy—fresh, innocent and blushing.
Miss Pennybaker believed in the independence of women, and had a store of theories which she ventilated on every possible occasion. Gertrude believed just what her aunt did.
"And now," said aunt Grace, "I'll show that old blockhead Northall whether two women can be independent or not."
"I don't think you'll have a man about the premises," Gertrude believed that whatever man she do women can do much better, if she only chooses to turn her whole mind upon it.
So aunt Grace had the walls white-washed by an Irish fellow, the garden laid by a stout German, and her piazza columns painted by a sharpshooter daughter of the soil who "worked round the neighborhood" for ten shillings a day and her board.
"Yes, aunty, dear," said Gertrude, descending from her chamber with a purple velvet bound prayer-book in her hand, and a white muslin dress, and a round hat to match. Miss Grace demurred somewhat.

The Right Hour Truce.

The surrender of the eight hour strike is but a hollow and short-lived truce. They have all given under protest written or oral, and with no expectation that the arrangement will last long. Those who have yielded most subserviently have frankly told their hands that the new terms are only an experiment, and that it would be sure to fail; and the next fall or winter, or whenever slack work or hard times come, the concession would have to be reconsidered. The strikers themselves believe to realize this and are already anxious for the future. The success of the strike so far as it has been a success, has depended wholly on the present advantage the men enjoy. Building work and work of many other kinds is in good demand at this particular season; and the employers, being taken by surprise, and not being able to stand a loss from suspension of their business, have been forced to surrender. It is a fair question whether they will not all lose money by the abridgment of the labor period and the increase in wages; but they suspended they would undoubtedly have lost more. The moment a tight pinch comes there will be a perfect certainty of large loss by keeping the shops open, and of less loss by closing them, and the latter will be done unless the workers will stand a lengthening of hours or a decrease of wages. Then it will be the employers' turn to make these peremptory "demands," which at present emanate only from the hands of the strikers. The workers will stand a lengthening of hours or a decrease of wages. Then it will be the employers' turn to make these peremptory "demands," which at present emanate only from the hands of the strikers. The workers will stand a lengthening of hours or a decrease of wages. Then it will be the employers' turn to make these peremptory "demands," which at present emanate only from the hands of the strikers.

"Sorry He Did not Learn a Trade."

A young man, well dressed and of prepossessing appearance, called at our office recently and inquired in great earnestness if we had employment for any kind of a man, but he had four days, if no longer, as he was a stranger in the city, out of money, and unable to pay for a few days' board and lodging. He further stated that he was a book-keeper, but after a diligent search, he had found no one who wanted any help in that line, nor could he obtain employment at anything that he felt competent to perform in a satisfactory manner. The positions of clerk and book-keeper he remarked, were all filled, and applicants for them far in excess of demand. "I am sorry," said he, "that I did not learn a trade."
The appeals of the young man excited our sympathy, but, requiring no further assistance in the office, we were obliged to reply to his eager questioning that we could not employ him.
The door closed after him, and he again went out to continue what, in all probability, proved to be a fruitless search for employment. But his words lingered behind us, and we sat musing on them, recalled to mind the oft repeated expressions of the mechanic, in which he reproves himself for want of foresight in selecting an occupation. Here I am doomed, he says, to toil in a shop, or work which is labor, and for what? I must call the call of a whistle, or like a servant, heed the summons of a bell; and I must be content to stand in a store as a clerk, or might have been leading a much easier and more pleasurable life.
In the cases cited, we find one dissatisfied with his selection, and wishing to change his place. And the difficulty of changing is so great, that we shall decide for them and the classes they represent, so that the seeming mistakes in selection may be remedied. We acknowledge we are unequal to the task.
Food, clothing, tools, machinery, houses, ships, and an almost endless variety of other things are continually in demand, which require the labor of farmers and mechanics; while that class which makes changes—many many look—through pride or any other motive, parents disregard the law and encourage their sons in seeking after situations as clerks, book-keepers, etc., rather than to engage in those pursuits which there is always a natural demand for. Whenever there is a corresponding amount of suffering as a penalty. Hence we find the so called respectable occupations are gilded, while the mechanical branches are suffering through the lack of skilled labor. An advertisement for a clerk will quickly bring to the office door a small army of applicants of all sizes and ages, while the want column may plead several days for a good mechanic, and fail to meet with a response.
"Sorry he did not learn a trade." Let apprentices and journeymen, who may be bewailing their lot, at once resolve to thus repine no longer, but by hard study and close application master their trades, and having done so, demand a fair compensation. Men by adding to skill, honesty, punctuality and economy in expenditures, there need be no fear that they shall be compelled at any time to beg for sufficient employment to pay for a day's board and lodging.—Cochran's Journal.

Saturday Night.

How many a kiss has been given—how many a curse—how many a caress—how many a look—through many a kind word—how many a soul lost to a narrow chamber—now many a babe has gone from earth to heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now which last Saturday night held a babe in arms, and next morning a week is a life. A Saturday is history. It makes events of sorrow and gladness, of which people never heard. Go home to your family, man of business! Go home to your wife, crying "weaners!" Go home to the child that awaits you, wronged and full of life's breakers! Go home to those you love man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by.
Leave your books of complex figures—your dingy office—your busy shop! Rest with those you love, for heaven only knows what your next Saturday night may bring you! Forget the world of care and battles of life which have furrowed the cheek! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has awaited your coming sadness, in tears and in silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence and meet to rest, strive to be a better man and bless heaven for giving his children so dear a stepping-stone in the river to the eternal, as Saturday night.

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat is a narrow channel, and the play of our oars is the windings of the grassy borders. The trees shed their young blossoms over our heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope and grasp eagerly at the beauties around; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are busy. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the prospect of a picture of enjoyment and industry passing around us—excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be disappointed, we may be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river steers us to its home till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the floods are lifted up around us; we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

PRIVATE HABITS OF GREELY.

Observed in 1867 by Marked Twain.

An intimate acquaintance with a distant relative of the editor of the Tribune puts it into my power to furnish the public with the last—positively the very last—link necessary to perfect the chain of knowledge already in his possession concerning Mr. Greeley; I mean his private habits. We know all about it as regards every department of his life and services. Because, whenever a magazine or a book-maker is employed to write, and cannot think of a subject he writes about Horace Greeley. Even the boys in the schools have quite building inspired "compositions" about "The Horse," and have gone to doing "Horace Greeley" instead; and when declamation day comes around, he is the subject of "The Horse" for "war" and Patrick Henry, but for peace and Horace Greeley. Now, the natural result of all this is that the public have come at last to think that this man has no life but public life, and that he is a public man, no habits but public habits. This is all wrong. Mr. Greeley has a private life. Mr. Greeley has private habits.

Mr. Greeley gets up at three o'clock in the morning; for it is one of his favorite maxims that only early rising can keep the health unimpaired and the brain vigorous. He then wakes up all the household and assembles them in the library by candle light; and, after quoting the beautiful lines:
"Rise early, rise early,
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"
he appoints each individual's task for the day, sets him at it with encouraging words, and goes back to bed again.
At half-past eleven o'clock Mr. Greeley rises again. He shaves himself. He considers that there is great virtue and economy in shaving himself. He does it with a dull razor, sometimes humming part of a song (he knows parts of a tune, and takes an innocent delight in regarding it as the first half of Old Hundred), but parties familiar with that hymn have felt obliged to confess that they could not recognize it, and, therefore, the noise he makes is doubtless in accordance with the original composition of Mr. Greeley's, and sometimes, when the razor is especially dull, he accompanies it peculiarly dull, he accompanies himself with a formula like this: "— razor, and the — outcast who made it."—H. G.
He then goes out into his model garden, and applies his vast store of agricultural knowledge to the amelioration of his cabbage; after which he writes an able agricultural article for the Tribune, in which he tells the farmers, his soul cheered the while with the reflection that if cabbages were worth \$11 apiece, his model farm would pay.

He next goes to breakfast, which is a frugal, abstemious meal with him, and consists of nothing but such things as the market affords, nothing more. He drinks nothing but water—nothing whatever but water and coffee and tea and Scotch whisky. He smokes cigars, through pipe or any other motive, parents disregard the law and encourage their sons in seeking after situations as clerks, book-keepers, etc., rather than to engage in those pursuits which there is always a natural demand for. Whenever there is a corresponding amount of suffering as a penalty. Hence we find the so called respectable occupations are gilded, while the mechanical branches are suffering through the lack of skilled labor. An advertisement for a clerk will quickly bring to the office door a small army of applicants of all sizes and ages, while the want column may plead several days for a good mechanic, and fail to meet with a response.
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When he is going to appear in public, Mr. Greeley spends two hours on his toilet. He is the most painstaking and elaborate man about getting up his dress that lives in America. This is his chiefest and his pleasantest foible. He puts on his old white overcoat and turns up his collar. He puts on solid shirt, saved from the wash, and leaves one end of the collar unbuttoned. He puts on his most dilapidated hat, turns its wrong side backward, casts it onto the back of his head, and puts an extra dent in the side of it. He puts on his most notorious boots, and spends ten minutes tucking the left leg of his pants into his boot-top in what shall seem the most careless and unstaid way. But his cravat is it into the arrangement of his cravat that he throws all his soul, all the powers of his great mind. After fixing at it for forty minutes before the glass it is perfect—it is askew in every way—it overflows his coat collar on one side and sinks into oblivion on the other—it clings about his throat around about his neck—the knot is conspicuously displayed under his left ear, and it stretches one of its long ends straight out horizontally, and the other goes after his eye, in the good old-fashioned and marvellous manner, completely and marvellously as the appareled Mr. Greeley strides forth, rolling like a sailor, a miracle of astounding costume, the awe and wonder of the nations!

But I haven't time to tell the rest of his private habits. Suffice it that he is an upright and an honest man—a practical, great-grained man—a useful man to his nation and his generation—a famous man who has justly earned his celebrity—and whose name is so honored and so loved by any other country, even though he does take so much pains and put on so many frills about it.

P. DORR & SON

Have introduced a new protocol

SHOES

REPAIRING DONE IN NEATEST STYLE.
Our Custom Shop does the best work at lowest satisfaction guaranteed.

FOR THE

SPRING & SUMMER TRADE!

FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES AS FOLLOWS:

Ladies' Calicoes, \$1.00 to \$3.00
Men's Kip Shoes, \$2.50
Men's Kip Shoes, \$2.50

Repairing done in Neatest Style.
Our Custom Shop does the best work at lowest satisfaction guaranteed.

SIMMONS' Liver Regulator.

Preparation of Food and Beer, warranted to be strictly vegetable and free from any injurious or stimulating agents, and known for its beneficial effects in all cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and other ailments of the stomach and bowels.

DR. SIMMONS' Liver Regulator.

Preparation of Food and Beer, warranted to be strictly vegetable and free from any injurious or stimulating agents, and known for its beneficial effects in all cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and other ailments of the stomach and bowels.

REGULATOR.

Preparation of Food and Beer, warranted to be strictly vegetable and free from any injurious or stimulating agents, and known for its beneficial effects in all cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and other ailments of the stomach and bowels.

FOR SALE.

60 FEET FRONT by 82 1/2 feet deep, on corner of Coughlin and Arch streets, now occupied as a boarding place. Possession given immediately.

2 STORY FRAME DWELLING on Birchard Avenue, 123 feet front, 82 feet deep, plenty fine fruit, on the best corner of the city. Possession given immediately.

SEVERAL CITY LOTS, eligibly situated. One 24th case, balance in 30 acre lots.

FOR SALE.—In the village of Norwalk, on Main Street, one mile east from the Court House, seven 17 acres of land, in high state of cultivation. House, barn, sheds and outbuildings. Possession given immediately. This line has all kinds of Fruit, Berries, Grapes, etc. Specially suited for a gardener, with ready means for irrigation. Price, \$1,000. Terms on application.

2 STORY BRICK, open front, dwelling above, tin roof, on State street, a first class location for a family grocery. Price \$400. Will give ample time for payment.

2 ACRES, beautiful sandy soil, lot No. 3 in 3rd Ward, will be sold at \$1,000. Possession given immediately.

A SPLENDID FARM of 117 acres in Madison township, belonging to the estate of Gen. Beck, deceased. It covers nearly the balance of the best timber, some orchard of fruit, and is well watered. It is but a short distance from the village of Norwalk, Ohio. Price, \$10,000. Call at R. A. C. KEELER'S Agency.

1,000 LOTS, more or less, in the city of Norwalk, Ohio, ranging in price from \$5 to \$10. This is a short distance from the village of Norwalk, Ohio. Call at R. A. C. KEELER'S Agency.

TO COLONISTS.

IF YOU ARE GOING WEST, call at R. A. C. KEELER'S Agency, 2d Story Buckland's Old Block, Fremont, Ohio.

Medical Aid.—Dr. C. Smith, M.D., for prompt relief in all cases of cholera, dysentery, and other ailments of the stomach and bowels. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere.

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