# FORTY YEARS AGO.

Fashions of Our Fathers, and Things That Were Familiar, Now Obso-

(Prentice Mulford.)

Forty years ago the lecturer and lecture course had not made their appearance. The village debating society was of regular winter occurrence, discussing "Which was the greater man, George Washington or Christopher Columbus?" or "What invention has been most useful to mankind, the art of printing or the mariner's compass?"

The land was free for all to shoot over. Breech-loaders and "shells" or "cartridges" were unthought of. Gunners cut their own wads, poured the charge of powder into the muzzle, then a handful of shot, adjusted the percussion cap and banged away. But if the fowling-piece was not improved, the game of all descriptions was far more plentiful. Forty years ago deer were still native to the pine forests of Long Island, and a yearly hunt for them was organized by the sporting element of

this country. The trunk of the period was covered with sealskin, the bristly hair outward, and studded with small brass nails. The baggage-smasher had barely been de-veloped. Valises were long and narrow. Saddle-bags were not out of date.

City hotels called the guests to meals by the gong or dinner-bell. The land-lord sat at the head of the table, and carved the breakfast steak. The guests dined together all at the same hour. Dinner was served with great parade and formality. The waiters removed the covers from the chafing dishes at a given signal, bore them aloft out of the room, then reappeared and carried off dishes to be carved at side tables.

The oyster saloon of that time was furnished with "stalls" and curtained recesses, affording parties more secluhung without, a cloth-covered, balloon shaped sign, painted red, inside of which a candle was stuck at night.

The bar of the period was more dingy than that of the present, but the liquor was better. Brandy was not obselete. In the city drinks were three cents "before the screen" and six cents behind it. Six-cent drinks were deemed extravagant and so were three-cent cigars. Among old and prosperous families could be found more cut-class decanters and port or Madeira either in the closet or on the sideboard than to-day. Hundreds of the smaller agricultural villages forty years ago maintained one or two "taverns" where now there are none. Tippling and intemperance among our native population was far more general.

The "solid men" of the town belonged to engine companies, and pumped faithfully at fires. A village fire often terminated in a subdued and respectable drunk. Exhaustion justified unusual recourse to stimulants at unaccustomed hours, and the rest followed. The village engine was always under repair after a fire and always broke down at one. Householders were required by law to keep leathern buckets to be used at fires. They hung in the hallway and had the owner's a h printed on them in white letters.

## Isn't Driver Enough.

At the Gentlemen's Driving park, where William H- Vanderbilt and other owners of fast horses speed their teams I carge across a man who found delight in semething that had never struck me. Vanderbilt was urging his best pair around the course for the first time since he was overturned in the sport by a collision. The gait was a slashing one, and I asked a spectator, who had timed a mile of it, how swift it was. " Two thirty-six, glory to God!" was

the unexpectedly fervid answer. "But they can do much better than

that." I said.

"Yes, and that's what makes me grin. They can do better, but Bill Vanderbilt can't make 'em. He ain't driver hundred, them horses wouldn't go their you s'pose he'd plank down a goodsized fortune if it would buy skill enough to speed that team? I'll bet you \$10 on it."

Vanderbilt is not singular in being unable to drive his borses for the best that is in them. Bonner, Work, Rocke feller-all of these, owners of the fastest four teams in the world-are compelled to put professional drivers into usually the trainer of the beasts, knows their peculiarities perfectly, and is understood by them to be their complete master. Not one of the men I have ted can drive his horses within ten seconds as fast as they will go for the trainer.

## The Small Boy.

But do not be hard on the small boy. He is a human and he loves the woods and all that there is in them and when he loves a thing he will work for it, Our teachers and parents might make a note of this. He loves the pure air and the refreshing mudholes. Atschool with every door and window closed, he feels stupid and sick. He cannot tell how many two times two are without counting his fingers, and sometimes is not bright enough for that. But place him on a raft in a pond in some lonely dell, or let him chase the chipmunk through the thorn brush; he may neglect to make exact calculations as to dinner time, but he will tell you exactly how many jumps the chipmunk made and bring home more observations on the phenomena of nature than the best naturalists can properly note in a week. The moral is that the small boy needs air, and not so much wind pudding. This is a suggestion made for the parents, and teachers also.

## THE MODERN GINEVRA.

But the "Spring-Lock Hid in Ambush There 'Didn't Fasten' H r Down Forever."

(Detroit Free Press.) The fair Imozena D'Enstis had been wellded to the knightly Sam Higgins. The elergyman had been handed \$2 in cash to pay for the splicing, the guests were filling themselves up with catables, and everything was sliding along as smoothly as a cider mill sailing down on a spring freshet, when all at once the bride was missing.

Her newly found husband looked under

the table, but she was not there. The guests separated to search. looked down the well-others down cellarothers in the hen-coop and smoke-house and

behind the pig pen. No Imogene. Then some said that she had been abducted, while others scoffed at the idea of a girl weighing 196 pounds and having a scream which could be heard two miles, being carried off in broad daylight, and in a neighborhood where the Democrats had over two hun-

dred majority. A detective was called in. He looked at her old shawl, measured the length of her shoes, and decided that it was a mysterious affair. He would take the case if desired, but would not promise any satisfactory solu-

tion under a year and a half. The fair Imogene's father hadn't betrayed much excitement up to this point. The wedding feast was the first square meal he had tackled for six months, and he wanted to fill up before giving way to emotion. He was now full. He turned around upon the excited and distressed guests, commanded them to hush their hullaballo, and disappeared up

When the coy Imogene slipped away from the feast it was to see if her husband would miss and follow her. She slid up stairs, mounted to the garret, and after brushing the cob webs off her nose she advanced to the big blue chest in the corner. The chest had been made to hold her father's government bonds, and was hooped with iron and provided with a spring lock, which never cost less than a dollar. Her mission was to hide in the cliest and see if her husband would be soft enough to climb up there and throw up the lid and call peek-a-boo. As the reader

knows, he wasn't the man to catch on. The old man D'Eustis walked up stairs and made his way to the garret through the same sion and quiet than those of to-day. It trap-door the bride had used. He thought she night be up there to take a last farewell look at the bunches of catnip, moldy school books and broken spinning-wheels. He could not see her. He called aloud, but the whistle of the tug on the river was the only answer. He turned to go, but something whispered to him that perhaps he might find a plug of to-bacco or a bottle of stomach bitters in the old chest. He advanced with beating heart and threw up the lid,

"Why, pop, is this you!" cried the fair Imogene as she sprang up and ripped her bridal dress clear down the back.

"Yes, this is me!" growled the old man 'and what the jimcracks are you doing here!', "Hiding from Sam."

"I'm a tarnal mind to box your ears, big as you are! Here you've raised a regular city convention all over the house, spoilt a dress which cost me \$14 with the making, upset your mother, and scart old Mrs. Spigot into a fit!" "Please, pop, I -"

"You git! Drap yourself through that trap-hole, skip down there and tell the crowd that you don't know beans when the bag's untied.

And the bride got. And her husband was so mad that he burned up a free railroad pass to Chicago, and her mother cried, and her father went off down town to play poker, old chest and the spring lock business didn't pay 10 cents on the dollar

## He Agreed That It Would.

In from of a Detroit butcher shop vester day a butcher sat cleaning a revolver. It was a rusty old "Colt" which had not been used for years and was to be put in order and traded off. A shoemaker came along directly and observed:

"Of course there'll be an accident?" "Y-e-s, I presume so,"

"It isn't loaded, is it?" "Oh, no." "But it will go off?"

hit my foot at that distance?"

"It will." "I never saw a revolver without wanting to handle it. Let me look at that weapor. Ah! I'm satisfied now that it doesn't contain any stray bullets. Do you suppose you could

"Certainly I could. Now, if she was loaded I'd take a dead sight like that and pull the

trigger and-" The shoemaker jumped two feet and yelled enough for it, you know. If he had a like an Indian, and when he came down he thousand millions instead of two danced and kicked and galloped around until people thought him crazy. It was only after best clip for him. He has to hand the ribbons over to Johnny Murphy when if the shop that my one found out the he wants to show their speed. Don't trouble. The butcher had put a bullet along the sole of his foot close enough to draw blood.

> "I told you she'd go off!" howled the shoe maker, as he sat with his boot in his hand. "And dishi't I agree with you!" innocently responded the butcher.

## Paralyzing a Baggageman.

"Check my baggage, sir?" exciaimed a not unmusical voice at the Central depot yesterthe buggies when a remarkable per- day morning. The tosser of personal propformance is desired. This employe is erry reached out his borny hand with the bit of brass in the same nonchalant way that he has done it a thousand times before. indifference was dispelled when he saw the voucher disappear in the pocket of a gentle man's coat, which was stretched over the skirt of a full length lady's dress. Lifting his astonished eyes from the frills and ruffles of the ample lower garment he saw a well-rounded chest clothed in a neat-fitting waistcoat; next a shapely neck encircied with a No. 16 turn-down collar increased his wonder; then a head with closely-cropped black hair surmounted by a jaunty Derby hat, filled

him with astonishment. The mystery was soon solved, for in answer to a few kind questions the one robed in mystery declared that she was a girl; that her name was Miss Bryant; that she hailed from Fulton, Oswego county, and was not a doctor nor a disciple of Mary Walker or Miss Bloomer. And she likewise affirmed that she was not a reformer, never knew of any one who had adopted her mode of dress, and did not know as any one would. He object was comfort and economy. heeded not the suppressed whisper of the ladies or the glance of askance of the gentle men, but busied herself in an apparent authetic reverie over a little bouquet fastened on the lappel of her cont.

## Decided at Last.

A Texas debating society debated the question, "When a watermelon vine runs on to another man's land, who owns The referee decided that the BOB TINKHAM'S LITTLE TADDIE.

Why the Old Lawyer Shoved Back From the Table and "Didn't Feel cabe the comedian. "Let me tell you Like Playin' Keerds."

After the hand was played, and while the ho-seman and the justice were dis-cussing as to whose deal it was, the old the Titans. We met every Tuesday lawyer sat with elbows on the table, his chin resting on his hands. He we all had funny names. I, for instance, seemed to be thinking of something far, far away. Now and then his heavy gray head nodded slightly and his parted lips moved as if he were saying something away down in his soul. He had were then a reigning sensation, forgotten the game; his mind was over. and Phillip Day and myself, whelmed with the past, and the fond after three months' study, sucmemories that flitted before his eyes aided the glistening drops that stood in tricks, etc., and gave seances them to shut out the vision of the pres- imitation of them, exposing all their

"There's your hand." The words aroused the old lawyer, and he raised his head, but his eyes held fast their gaze on the table top.

"Boys," said he, roughly brushing the tears from his eyes, and wiping his spectacles, "I s'pose it's awful foolish like fur a big feller like me to sithere acryin', but when I seen them marks there they 'minded me o' the day Bob Tinkham sot right here where I do now an' kep'-game there on the table. That was nightwenty years ago, but somehow I can't get it off my mind how Bob sot here a-laughin' an' jokin', an' havin' the best kind o' time, an' all at once, without a bit o' warnin', how Jim Dempsey come carryin' Bob's little boy Taddie in, an' said as how the pale little fellow had been run over by a hay rack and was dead. Bob was jest makin' that 'ere mark that's only half as long es the rest when Jim kicked in the door and put the boy on the floor right there by that 'ere winder. I've seen a good many pretty solemn-like things, but that was the solemnist thing I ever seen. Little Taddie warn't dead, but jest as Jim put him on the floor he opened them preity little blue eyes o' his'n an' said: "Oh, papa." Then to see Bob Tinkham—great, big, husky man as 'e was—git down on 'is knees an' cry like 'is heart 'd break, it was enough to make the meanest man in the world boo-hoo right out. An' then little Taddie said: "Oh, papa; it's gittin so dark—oh—oh papa, don't let little Taddie die. Tell Dod not to let - and Taddie broke off what little he was sayin' jest as his pa had broke off makin' that mark right in the middle, an'he never said another word in the world.

"An' Bob Tinkham, as he never prayed since he come to Oxford in '37. put his hands towards the roof an' told God he didn't know nothing about prayin', but he'd give anything he had if Taddie'd jest open his eyes once more and only say papa jest once. An' then he prayed like I never heard nobody pray before sence I was born; an' I said to myself 'tain't big fine words that gits up to heaven, but it's feelin's jest like Bob Tinkham's. An', boys, sure as you live, I've been sorry ev'ry

#### looking at the floor. Military Bridge Building.

Europe this season has been bridge brought in more than a thousand building at Presburg by a battalion of Austrian pioneers (engineers), assisted by 298 reservists. At the place chosen the Danube is 369 metres broad, with maximum depths of seven metres, and the velocity of the current is more than four miles an hour. Bridges of different kinds, formed both by pontoons or is to run from Paris to St. Petersburg boats and rafts, were thrown across on will be supplied with adjustable wheels, succeeding days. Openings were made which will enable them to travel on vaon some occasions for ships to pass, and rious gauges. From Paris to the Rusclosed again in the usual way by swing- sian frontier the same gauge is used, ing a part of the bridge back again to but there it changes, and at the frontier its place. Slight bridges were con- stations, Eydt Kuhnen and Warballan, structed for light traffic and stronger the wheels will have to be readjusted. for heavier carriages. Sometimes the Travelers will thus be able to go the bridge was made in the common way, whole distance without the inconvenby adding pontoon to pontoon; some- ience of having to change carriages. times rafts were first constructed, then The speed of the train will be one not swung into their places and fixed there. hitherto attempted on the continent. It On one occasion the bridge was partly is to be ninety kilometers, or fifty-six built with the ordinary military means miles (without stopping) an hour. It and partly with material found on the is announced that the trains are on an hour and a half to an hour and three- kitchen, dining saloon, reading and quartes. The opening for ships to pass drawing rooms, and all the other comwas made in two minutes and a half fortable arrangements essential to modand closed in three minutes and a half, ern traveling.

## Cremation in Portugal.

The cremationists have won a decided victory in Portugal. After a long and man to a colored gentleman, "why you bitter fight between the advocates of are skulking around my premises? the plan, led by physicians and scientists generally, and the opponents, who were boss?" chiefly priests, the government has "Velecided to make cremation optional ner." with the people generally, and comin districts infected with the plague. The government is said to favor a general compnisory cremation law, but is restrained from making so radical a change out of fear of the church.

## A Suspicious Surgical Instrument.

"I thought," said the senior Baggles, I'll let the lessons go den." as he produced a suspicious-looking black bottle from his son's valise, "that there was nothing but your surgical in-struments in this bag." "That's what I said, dad." "Then, sir, what do you call this?" "That? Oh, that's my eyeopener, dad; very useful instrument; very useful; indispensable, I assure

### flow Henry Irving Began.

"Know Irving?" said Frederick Macwhen I first knew him. It was twenty years ago in Manchester, England, that Irving, a number of other actors, and evening for intellectual intercourse, and was named Othello on account of my gentle nature, and Irving was called Apollo because he was not considered handsome. The Davenport mediums ceeded in mastering their ropes, methods. We played for charitable purposes, and all that sort of thing, and created quite a sensation. Irving was with us, playing the part of Dr. Ferguson, an individual who did the talking for the Davenports. I wrote a few funny lines for him at the time, and he elaborated the effort into a humorous speech worthy of Mark Twain. Although we never gave one of these seances for money, we consented to appear at Irving's benefit before he went to London, and we performed all the operations of untying the ropes, etc., in the light instead of in the dark cabinet, as the Davenports did. The benefit realized £300. Irving went to London, and his career of success has never stopped since."

#### A Point on Periury.

On one occasion, says Oakey Hall in his reminiscences, a witness, to all moral conclusions, perjured himself, and yet he seemed cool and natural. Presently the recorder of the court turned in his peculiar, affable way, and said: "My friend, the room is not hot, the day is cold, and yet you are in a perspiration, are you not?" There were no signs of this, but the witness instantly caught up his handkerchief and began to mechanically wipe his forehead: "Are you ill; you look so pale?" He responded by turning pale and gulping down some water. the counsel for the defense showed signs of wishing to interfere, being afraid of his witness breaking down; but the recorder interposed with: Sorry to have agitated you, but my duty is like yours" (the recorder had an impressive voice), "to ascertain nothing but the truth and the whole truth." Then the witness turned and said: "Please let me go; I am indeed ill." His testimony was withdrawn by consent. At the conclusion of the case the recorder said to me: "I knew he was committing perjury, for he had a peculiar tremor of the eyelids, which, for my nearness to a witness, I can always see. And this tremor may generally be noticed in men and women who are lying."

## An Unknown Hero,

What a small world we live in, after sence that I couldn't a laid down all! And how round it is, too! Here on there an' died an' let little Taddie live. the heights, alone, save for the many beautiful babies born to him since he with roomatiz all over me so's I can't sat down under his oaks, built his house, do nothin' worth anything for anybody and planted his vine and fig tree many -I kin live along furever, but a little vines and many fig trees, in fact-I find boy like Taddie, jest when he's havin' a dear old sailor, a fellow world builder all the fun there is in life has to up an' of the far west. A dozen years ago or die and leave everybody that loves 'im so he found this spot with the encircled an' wants 'im to live. I tell ye they kin city below, the Potomac far away; yet say what they're a mind to 'bout there in his very dooryard, with many ships, bein' no other world after this 'un, but the old Roman arena before him, aye, ef there ain't then things ain't built on the very wild beasts devouring Christhe foundation of justice, that's all. tians over yonder at the capitol-finding Say, boys, I don't feel like playin' all this before him, I say, he sat down keerds no more to-day." And the old here, would go no more away, but gave lawyer pushed back from the table and up his commission and has been here sat a long, long time with his elbows on ever since, planting grapes, growing his knees, and his face on his hands figs, looking down into the president's dooryard. And this silent little man, too modest to let me mention his name, is the very man, the humane and gallant soldier who went out unarmed, all Among the military maneuvers in alone, some fifteen years ago, and armed Apache Indians, a feat that THE TALL SYCAMORE OF THE WABASH. startled the country at the time, I remember.

From Paris to St. Petersburg. The carriage of the fast train which The time occupied varied from "the American pattern," including

## Taking Walking Lessons.

"I would like to know," said a white "What does yer mean by skulkin',

"Walking around here in this man-

"How does yer 'speck a manter walk, pulsory in all cases of death occurring boss? Sorry I can't walk ter suit yer. 'Speck I'll hafter go away an' take a few lessons. "I am not talking about your actual

manner of walking. I mean that I want to know what business you have "Oh, dat's it? Glad dat yer ain't got

no fault ter find wid my walk. Reckon

## Lafayette's Tomb.

Gen. Lafayette's remains lie neglected and almost forgotten in the old Piepus cemetry, on the outskirts of Paris. Very few tourists ever ask to be shown there, and when they do make the request reluse to go on being told that they would be compelled to drive Under the sceptre of the exar of through narrow, crooked streets, entirely Russia live thirty-eight different nation- deserted save for the few solemn and colored man who lived about a mile and a littles, each speaking its own language, balf from the two farms, owned the melona which is foreign to all others.

### LIFE

Life! I know not what thou art, But know that thou and I must part; And when, or how, or where we met, I own to me's a secret yet, But this I know, when thou art fled. Where'er they lay these limbs, this head, No clod so valueless shall be, As all that then remains of me.

O, whither, whither dost thou fly,

Where bend unseen thy trackless course, And in this strange divorce, Ah, tell where I must seek this compound

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame, From whence thy essence came, Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed From matter's base encumbering weed\*
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed

hour
To break thy trance and resume thy power?
Yet can'st thou, without thought or feeling O, say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together, Through pleasant and through cloudy weather; 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear; Then steal away, give little warning, Choose thine own time; Say not good night—but in some brighter Bid me good morning.

SHIPPING DRESSED MEATS.

THE REFRIGERATOR WHICH IS IN USE-THE WORLD'S MARKET.

We learn from a foreign journal that the first consignment of dead meat to England from this country was made about October, 1875. Since that time the trade has steadily increased until now it reaches an aggregate value of more than \$10,000,000 annually. At first the meat was preserved during the Atlantic voyage by a draught of cold air blown over blocks of ice. This system, however, made the meat moist, and it has been superceded by refrigerators, in which a draught of cold air keeps. the meat at a temperature as little as possible below freezing point.

The Bell-Coleman refrigerator, which is in common use for this purpose, is based upon the principle of compressed air being thoroughly cooled and then allowed to expand. In the act of expansion it becomes cold enough to freeze water. To accomplish this the air is taken by air pumps from the meat chamber and then compressed, after which it is cooled by jets of water and passed through a system of tubes. After passing through the expanding apparatus the air is discharged at the rate of 40,000 cubic feet an hour into the meat chamber. The air is drier and this system works better than was common in the first experiments of preserving meat during a long voyage by means of blocks of ice. In this manner salmon has been kept frozen for six months, and tons of English fish have been conveyed to Australia in the same way. During the Egyptian campaign supplies of frozen meat were sent for the use of the British troops in Egypt, and that which was left in the cool kets.

The prejudice which for a long time existed with regard to frozen meats is wearing away. In many countries, notably in Russia and Canada, there are frozen meat markets during the cold season, the supply consisting of meat, fish and game from remote parts of the world. In Sydney, Australia, the entire meat supply is frozen in an immense refrigerating apparatus, the air sometimes falling to a temperature of 137 degrees below the freezing point. The general good health of the people who eat this frozen food attests the wholesomeness of such a diet. Meanwhile the exportation of frozen meat from the United States is increasing with every year, and the English hope to still further augment their supply by cargoes from Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania.

The special correspondent of the In-dinapolis (Ind.) Journal embodied in a recent communication the following from Hon, Daniel W. Voorhees: I consider St. Jacobs Oil a splendid remedy. I suffered from an affection of the back and kidneys. with some rheumatism—in fact it was rheumatism of the back. I used St, Jacobs Oil and found it very efficacious. It gave me instantaneous relief, and finally cured

New York, Boston, Providence, Hart-ford and New Haven have started tramp wood-sawing yards.

Nothing better for asthma than Piso's Cure for Consumption. Twenty-five cents per bottle.

After hanging one hour, O'Donnell's head was found to be completely separated from the spine.

## ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough—prompt measures of re-lief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore, use the great anti-scrofulous or blood purifier and strength restorer, Dr. Pierce' "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spliting of blood and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's Treatise on Consumption send two stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The directors of the Louisville Exposition have decided to give another show next year.

Pure blood means perfect health. Use Samaritan Nervine and the result is certain-i, c., health.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

"Oh, my back?" is a common exclamation and expresses a world of misery and suffering. It is singular this pain arises suffering. It is singular this pain arises from such various causes. Kidney disease liver complaint, wasting affections, colds rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork and ner-vous debility are the chief causes. When thus ailing, seek prompt relief. It can be found best in Brown's Iron Bitters. It builds up from the foundation by making the blood rich and pure. Leading physicians and ministers use and recommend it. It has cured many and if you are a sufferer try it.

Dujardin's Life Essence positively cures hysteria,, and all nervous affections.

Did any scientific physician know the formula from which 'Ammen's Cough Syrup is prepared, he would not only recommend, but prescribe it to his patients troubled with a cough or cold, or any disease of the throat and lungs. Try ii. It has no equal. For the benefit of those who would say "another humbug," a trial 15-cent size is prepared. Ask your druggist to get it for you. In bottles at 15 cents, 50 cents and \$1.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases, \$1.

Strength for the weary-Dujardin's Life

A fire at Candelaria, Nev., on the 18th destroyed sixteen buildings at a loss of \$100,000.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochindria, should enclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Keely Motor Company recently paid Pennsylvania \$1,150 in taxes on stock.

Mrs. Oriena Marshall, of Granby, O., says: "Samaritan Nervine cured me of epilepsy."

Dujardin's Life Essence makes the old feel young again.

Dr. M. T. Gamble, Farmington, Ill., says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters in my practice and they give satisfaction."

Dujardin's Life Essence conquers nervous debillity, loss of memory.

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts,

For a cough or cold there is no remedy equal to Ammen's Cough Syrup.

I have used Dujardin's Life Essence, and have found all the benefit to be hoped for from its composition. Its marvelous efficacy in sexual exhaustion, so injurious to the system, induces me to recommend its use, as its formula is not secret.
J. Bowen, M. D., M. R. S. S.

Dujardin's Life Essence gives brain force and vital energy.

Rev. W. B. Bush, Grafton, Mass., says: "I have derived benefit from using Brown's Iron Bitters for a low state of blood."

Dujardin's Life Essence is THE GREAT FRENCH NERVE TONIC. Joseph Poole was hung in Dublin on the 18th inst. for killing John Kenney.

THE WEAKER SEX

Are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

The railroad strikers on the Canadian Pacific in Manitoba still hold out.

Dujardin's Life Essence is the remedy for the overworked brain.

and that which was left in the cool chamber of the ship was returned to the lungs. Brown's Bronchial Troches England and sold in the London markets.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. Brown's Bronchial Troches give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS." 15c., 25c., 50c., at Druggists, Complete cure Coughs, Hoarse ness, Sore Throat.



Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Neadache, Toothache, Cumungo, Backsteine, reconsert, comments, Servitsee,
Buryas, Nemids, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER ROBLY PAISS ASD ACHES.
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Nervous and Blood Diseases. To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Pros-tration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or Kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic appetizer or stimulant, Samaritan Nersis invaluable.
Thousands TRE GREAT proclaim it the most wonderful Invigor-

ant that eversustained a sinking system. MEDICAL CO., Sole Pro- CONOUEROR. prietors, St. Joseph. Mo. REDINGTON & CO., Agents, San Francisco



nt from eminent physicians and has iong occupied a fore most rank among standard proprieta-ry remedies. Its properties as an al-properties of disorder. crative of disorder-d conditions of he stomach, liver preventive of mala-rial diseases are no

DR. T. A. SLOCUE, 151 Pozzi St., Naw York