TWO!

Two on a cliff, with the kiss of the sea
Filling their hearts, and their lips and their hair;
Two without shelter of rock or of tree,
Facing pure peace, or the sands of despair!
But one in the soul that can lift them along;
One in the spirit, and one in the touch;
One in the melody, one in the song;
Who can wish more, or dare ask for as much?

Two in a boat on the toss of the tide;
Two in sight of the leaf and the knoll;
Two on the breast of the waves that are wide;
Two on the narrow gold strips of the sand.
But one on the ocean of love and at rest;
One midst the rush, and one in the roar;
One like a bird winging home to its nest;
Who asks as much, or dare hunger for more?

Two in the gold of the sun as it sets;
Two close together at death of the day;
Two in the world that forgives and forgets;
Two with the joy of the beach and the bay.
But one in the kiss, and one in the prayer;
One in the heaven, and one in the blue;
One in the light, and the life, and the air—
Who can ask more! Oh, my darling, can you?

A COWBOY AND HIS VIRGIL.

An Amherst Graduate Who Turned Into a "Blood and Thunder Kid."

The following story of John B. Finch, the temperance orator, appears in The Omaha Herald. It is a much better story when told by Mr. Finch himself:

Mr. Finch enjoys hunting, and frequently takes his horse and rides out on the plains of Nebraska. One day about dusk he came suddenly upon a deep ravine. A spiral column of smoke curled skyward, and told him there was a camp below. The rider dismounted. His scheme was to visit the emigrants and get a drink—of water. He turned to descend, when a cowboy, six feet tall and armed from head to foot, stood before him.

"Come down to the camp and see us," said the cowboy.

Mr. Finch decided that since he had been invited it would be impolite for him to decline.

"There are four of us now," said the cowboy, complacently. "Come inside and join us in a game of poker."

Mr. Finch was too well bred to refuse so kind a request. He congratulated himself that he was poor. He also realized that life is sweet. The game continued till an early hour. Mr. Finch didn't lose much; he didn't have much. Something seemed to strike the cowboy; he started.

"Come outside by the fire," said he to Mr. Finch. "I have something to show you."

The stranger knew it would not be obliging if he did not comply.

"I wish you would explain to me," said the cowboy, bringing a mysterious looking book out of the tent, "this passage in Virgil. It always puzzled me in college. I'm rusty in my Latin now. I wish you would help me. Here it is; construe, please."

Mr. Finch was perfectly willing to do everything he could to help his unfortunate friend.

"Thanks. It's very clear to me now. I feel relieved."

The two returned to the tent. The cowboy reached under a pile of blankets and drew out a neat roll of parchment, daintily tied with a violet ribbon. It was a sheepskin, an Amherst degree. The cowboy's name was Edward Robinson. He was "Blood and Thunder Kid," the bloodiest, most unprincipled and most reckless cut-throat outside the Lincoln jail. The story of the cowboy's life was soon told. His companions in college were evil. He looked upon the wine when it was red. He got his degree by a terrible brace. He became a ranchman, a cowboy, a cut-throat.

A Criminal Lawyer's Methods.

[Courier-Journal Interview.]

"In selecting a jury for an important trial what characteristics do you look for in the men who are examined for jurors?"

"I try to get men about whom I know something and whose mode of reasoning in regard to facts I am acquainted with. When I have a given line of facts to prove I want men on whom those facts will impress themselves."

"Your long experience has no doubt made you a good judge of human nature?"

"That is a great point in criminal practice and I have studied it closely."

"Have you ever tried the art of reading men's thoughts while addressing them as jurors?"

"Oh, yes."

"Have you succeeded often?"

"Very frequently I have been able to state to my perfect satisfaction how the jury stood before they retired."

"Major, were you ever absolutely certain of an innocent man being convicted?"

"I have known of several of such cases, but I never knew of an innocent man being hung. Innocent men are very often sent to the penitentiary, because such men are conscious of their innocence and make no effort to defend themselves. Some of them consider any step toward defense as an admission of guilt, while, on the other hand, a guilty person will begin to prepare for defense immediately after the commission of the crime.

The Ink Plant.

[New York Star.]

There is in New Grenada a plant, Cordia Thymifolia, which might be dangerous to our ink manufacturers if it could be acclimatized to Europe. It is known under the name of ink plant. Its juice, chanchi, can be used in writing without any previous preparation. The letters traced by it are of a reddish color at first, but turn to a deep black in a few hours. The juice also spoils steel pens less than common ink. The qualities of the plant seem to have been discovered under the Spanish administration. Some writings, intended for the mother country, were wet through with sea water on the voyage; while the papers written with ink were almost illegible, those with the juice of this plant were quite unspoiled. Orders were given in consequence that this vegetable ink was to be used for all public documents.

Goat's milk is extensively used in Europe for feeding high-priced puppies. It is said to agree with them much better than the milk of cows.

DISTINCTION AND DIFFERENCE.

[Chicago News.]

But yesterday I spoke of Jones.
Poor Tom! His luck was always hard!
"Oh, yes!" said Brown in careless tones,
"He's an unlucky dog, old pard!
"Just so!" said I, "suppose that we
Chip in and give the lad a lift."
"Guess not," said Brown, "don't count on me,
I think you'd better let him shift."

To-day again I mentioned Jones,
And said he hadn't been round.
"Yes, yes!" said Brown in eager tones,
"I wonder where he can be found!
I wish he'd happen now this way!
He's just the man I want to meet!
You haven't heard! Why, yesterday
He made a rousing pile on wheat!"

JEWS OF NEW YORK.

Hosts of Israel Who are Victorious in Business.

Hebrew Wealth, Energy, Influence and Success---Young Men and Maidens---The Causes of Success.

[J. E. Ralph in San Francisco Chronicle.]

One of the first impressions that a stranger on a visit to this city gets is that it is a veritable New Jerusalem—a city full of Jews. You seem to meet Jews or be reminded of them wherever you turn. Take Broadway, for instance. You notice that nearly all the signs bear foreign names, and that while some are Irish, some Polish, some French or Italian, the great majority are German. Look again and you see that nine-tenths of the Germans are German Jews. You can tell that by the faces in the doorways, and there are Jews, too, under the signs bearing the names of either nationalities. Turn down one block to Church street, the main thoroughfare of the great dry goods district, with its towering piles of marble, iron, and brownstone, holding such treasure that a fire scarcely ever destroys a building there without its being reckoned a million-dollar conflagration. There are $300,000,000 of insurance risks on that little district.

THE HOSTS OF ISRAEL.

Why, you say to yourself, nearly every face in the stores is a Jew's face—nearly every firm's sign is made up of Jews' names. See the great palaces of the clothiers, the biggest and showiest stores in the metropolis—seven in ten are owned by Jews. What a raft of Jews there is on Wall street, with the great house of Seligman at their head. What a hold the Jews have on the amusement trade, from Rudolf Aronson, the musical caterer, and Theodore Moss, treasurer of Wallack's theatre, down to the firm of Morris & Hickman of the principal Bowery museum. What scores of rich Jew lawyers there are. What a place the Jews hold in the brewing trade. Why, there is a noted Jew pugilist; there are several Jew burglars; the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the United States is Mother Mandelbaum, a Jewess, and Rudolph, the billiard expert, is a Jew. Two daily morning newspapers belong to Jews and every daily paper numbers Jews among its editors and reporters. Everybody who buys a pack of playing cards anywhere in the United States pays tribute to a Jew, a Mr. Cohen. The great markets are full of Jews and the big east-side slaughter-house district is wholly composed of Jews. The most singular street in New York, Division street, which presents a long line of millinery stores side by side, without any other sorts of stores to interrupt the singular array, is exclusively a street of Jews.

A CITY WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

Lexington avenue, one of the choicest residence streets of the city, lined with fine houses, is a Jews' street, and the adjacent blocks of the side streets are almost given up to Jews. What sort of a firm went bankrupt the other day and gave about $1,000,000 preference to creditors—the largest sum of preferred credits ever fixed upon? A Jew cloth house. Who married the fat woman? A Jew boy. Jews have built churches here hardly surpassed in cost or beauty. There is no more liberal, extensive or noble charity than the Jewish hospital, the Mount Sinai. No class spends more to support the opera or to make art flourish here than the Jews. I don't care where you go or what you do in New York, whether it be to walk or ride, to shop or visit, buy or sell, to be amused or fed, you will be sure to meet Jews at your elbows, by your side, behind the counters, the desk, the box offices, in police uniforms, clubs—you had better quit New York if you have got any silly prejudice against the chosen people of God.

WHY THEY SUCCEED.

Yet all this effect is produced by about 100,000 Jews. It is less than one-tenth of the population that has managed to assert itself so as to stamp New York as the Jew's paradise. It has happened that there are a dozen reasons why Jews should remain with us, establish industries, build homes, found charities, mingle with Christians and identify themselves with Gotham as they have not done with any other city in the world except London. They have come to New York because it is the business centre and affords the most opportunities for turning over and making money. They have put themselves forward as they have not done elsewhere, even in London, not only because this is the principal city in a free country, without any established church of its own, but because they have found that whatever prejudices may exist against them in the minds of individuals, there is no general or popular expression of that feeling. We New Yorkers, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, are very fond of saying that there is no public spirit here. Nobody cares what blockheads or scoundrels are elected to form our city government; nobody cares whether we have the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty" or not; nobody cares whether Central park is being neglected or beautified; nobody cares whether our harbor is being gradually filled up with the garbage our servants are too lazy or corrupt to carry out to sea; nobody in New York cares for anybody but himself. "Hurrah for me, and you go to the devil!" is the motto of the New Yorker. Everybody says that of us and we have little doubt that it is true.

INFLUENTIAL JEWS.

Well, see how that works in the case of a Jew. If he settles down in an inland country town the children hoot him in the streets and peg stones at his store windows. His custom is confined to the poor and ignorant, to whom he sells the lowest grades of goods at the lowest line of prices. There is no Christian door open to him, no Christian hand extended towards him, and at the same time there is no Jewish community with its Hebrew tongue and synagogue to make him feel that he belongs to a body of influence with a common interest to bind it together. Let him come to New York. Nobody will hoot at him or stone his windows. That is the fate of the latest and most odd and weakest comer—the Chinaman. A Jew does not attract attention. A hundred of them with bags on their backs and beards to their waists, all walking together up Broadway, would not excite remark. Our Jew son sees that and walks more proudly and goes about his work with more confidence. Next he finds his fellow-Jews honored in every commercial calling. He finds them lavish and they take him into splendid homes, let him share pews with them in palatial synagogues on Murray Hill. He reads the names of Jews among the guests at public dinners. He subscribes to Jews' newspapers, gets Jews' meat with ease wherever he may live, runs across Jews everywhere and actually finds that they are treated so well in New York that the younger men do not understand how it is that Jews are murdered and stoned and hounded by the people in certain parts of Europe. Better still, whatever he undertakes or wherever he goes, he meets ten Christians to one Jew and he observes that they buy and sell with him, invite him to lunch with them, to drink with them, to ride with them. Once in a while he hears a Christian say that some of the best friends he has in the world are Jews. Our Jew son comes to the conclusion that his feet have fallen into pleasant paths. If he has good qualities in him they are developed and asserted. Some of the best Jews in the world (and the nicest people in the world in many respects are your fine Jews) are to be found in this modern Jerusalem.

BEAUTIFUL HEBREW MAIDENS.

I only wish you could meet some of their daughters coming out of a public school of an afternoon. Such complexions as they have! The olive and the peach are blended in their cheeks. Such eyes! You must go to southern Spain or Italy to see other eyes to compare with them. Such plump and shapely forms, so wholesome and healthy. Are these in their silks and jewels the hated, mean, miserly, grubbing, self-denying Jews we read about? you ask. Come and see their brothers. Washington and Julian Nathan, sons of the murdered millionaire, were for years considered the handsomest young men in New York. Look at the young Hebrews in the theatres, the music halls, the billiard rooms, the clubs. See how fashionable and costly is their dress. See how they fling their money about.

JEWS WHO ARE NOT STINGY.

You say all Jews are stingy. These young swells are not. You say that if they spend a dollar they expect to make five by it. That may be so in business, but Lord! Lord! here they are spending money like water on each other for drinks, for women's smiles, for seats at the play, for extravagant dinners. To tell the truth, I wonder what their old fathers who began life with a peddler's pack or a second-hand clothes shop would say if they could see the young bucks as I see them constantly in the vortex of fashion, or pleasure, or sin up town late at night. And yet, on the other hand, we New Yorkers have observed that a Jew will be as close as the door of a burglar-proof safe, denying himself not only the luxuries but some of the very common-places, until he can afford to do the other thing, and then, presto! he has a palace on Murray Hill, costly pictures, a corps of servants, dancing, and French and music masters for his children and sealskins and a phæton for his wife.

Ghastly Work in Photography.

[Chicago Times.]

"Have you had much to do in the way of photographing dead people?"

"A great deal. In fact, at one time I made a specialty of that line, and I'll tell you how I came to do it. When I first came to Chicago, business was dull, and I got poor. One day, when pushed to my wits' ends for money, I was struck with an idea which I have followed out successfully ever since. The death columns of the morning newspapers were carefully gone over, and when the funeral was advertised from an humble neighborhood I was usually sure of a $5 bill. I visited the houses and offered to photograph their dead. Out of a dozen visits I would probably get one job. In a couple of years my reputation grew, and finally I came to be almost as frequently sent for as the minister. Only last June a messenger came from a South Chicago family, desiring me to photograph their dying father. When I got there he was too far gone, and I had to wait. Half an hour after the old gentleman had breathed his last, and before he became stiff we had him sitting in a chair, with his eyes held open with stiff mucilage between the lids and brow, and his legs crossed. He made a very good picture. I once photographed two children—sisters—who had died the same day of diphtheria. They were posed with their arms about each other's necks. An Irish family living in Bridgeport called on me about a year ago to take a picture of their dead son—a young man—with his high beaver hat on. It was necessary to take the stiffened corpse out of the ice-box and prop it against the wall. The effect was ghastly, but the family were delighted, and thought the hat lent a lifelike appearance to the picture. Sometimes, and at the suggestion of the family, I have filled out the emaciated cheeks of dead people with cotton to make them look plump. The eyes are nearly always propped open with pins or mucilage, but when people can afford to engage an artist it is an easy matter to paint the eyes afterward. Some time ago I took a picture of a dead man who had been scalded to death. It was a full length photograph, and an artist was engaged to fill out burns on his face and then make a copy in oil. For that piece of work I received $50 and the artist was paid $500.

A REMARKABLE SURGICAL CASE.

How a Man with His Jugular Vein Cut Had His Life Saved by a Mountain Doctor.

[Louisville Commercial.]

"I see," said an old storm-tossed and weather-beaten tramp in a Jefferson street saloon yesterday afternoon, as he laid down The Commercial, "that a story is going the rounds about a Polish Jew having his throat cut one time from ear to ear and then being hung up by an angry mob and left to die, but it seems he didn't die, for he is now living in Buffalo. The story goes on to say that the windwipe was completely severed but that the jugular vein escaped injury, and thus the man's life was saved. The papers speak of him as a physiological wonder who puzzles the medical schools. Pshaw! these fellows as have never heerd of any remarkable occurrence make me sick. I remember a wonderful case as came under my personal observation when I wuz 'travelin' in east Tennessee. I struck one of them little mountain towns one time when they wuz holding county court. Every man had a bottle of moonshine, and they wuz all feelin' mighty happy. Finally they got a leetle bit too hilarious, and a fight sprung up betwixt a great big duffer and a leetle bit of a wiry feller. The big duffer could 'a eat the leetle feller up, clothes and all, but the first thing he done was to pull one of these old pot-metal knives and jab the blade into the leetle feller's neck. It went in right alongside the jugular, and then it bent kinder around and under it. When the big fellow went to pull it out he ripped the leetle feller's jugular right square in two, and you oughter seed the blood fly. It squirted about twenty-five feet. As the leetle feller dropped, everybody in the crowd cried, 'Oh, he's a goner; his jugular vein's cut,' and they expected to see him croak inside of three seconds, but there was one of them mountain doctors there, and to look at him you'd think he didn't know a jugular vein from a trombone. 'Stand back,' said he, 'give me a chance at him,' and he elbowed his way through the crowd to where the leetle fellow lay breathin' his last. He pulled out of his pocket somethin' as looked like a crooked darnin' needle, and then he fished around in the wound until he caught hold of both ends of the jugular vein and pulled 'em out. Then he tied the ends tight with a piece of thread to keep the blood from squirtin' out until an old feller in the crowd whittled down a pipe-stem to make it fit in the jugular. When it was shaved down small enough the old doctor inserted the pipe-stem and tied the ends of the vein around it. In less than two minutes that little feller was on his feet and looking around for the feller that cut him."

"You mean to say he recovered?"

"Course he did, and you'll find the case recorded in the medical works. Only case of the kind ever heard of in America."

"And the pipe-stem never bothered him?"

"No, only it made him sick at the stomach at first. The stem was a good deal stronger than the kind he had been used to handlin' and it made him feel a leetle bit dizzy for a few days."

Soap-Bubbles and Color.

[Chicago News.]

Prof. Holeman, of Philadelphia, has made experiments in the effect of sound on the colors and shades of soap-bubbles. Being reflected on a screen, they were at first a bluish gray. An intonation of the voice through a tube connected with a bubble first brought out a number of black spots on the reflection; and these were succeeded by a bright green mingled with pink. The same tone always caused the same formation, but had no control over the color.

A baptism in hades' depth
As hot as boiling tar
Awaits the man who quits a room
And leaves the door ajar.
And he who softly shuts the door
Shall d[illegible] the blest,
Where the w[illegible] from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

—[New York Sun.

Mr. Peter Mallen, 212 W. Twenty-fourth street, New York, says that he suffered six years with rheumatism and found no relief until St. Jacobs Oil, the sovereign remedy, was applied, which cured him completely.

REVIEW OF A GREAT AND BENEFICIENT WORK.

Two recognized epochs of human life have been completed since we began this work. It is meet that we make a halt, long enough at least to take note of the region over which we have journeyed, and to examine the horizon which opens up to us.

Twice seven years ago one of us started single-handed to inaugurate and develop a new use; at once scientiful and practical, professional and commercial, business-like and beneficient. They only who have tried it know the difficulties to be encountered in creating an entirely new business and securing its recognized entrance into the rank and file of business. That we have done this gives us the right to speak.

For eight years this single-handed work was prosecuted. The operator had a conviction that in the Compound Oxygen he found the mode of redeeming his fellowmen from the sufferings of disease, more potent and benign than the world had ever seen. This inspired him with the courage to abandon a lucrative practice which he had been twelve years in building, and to overcome all obstacles in the way of realizing his dream—of proving to the world that his conviction was securely founded. That this has been fully accomplished, thousands of people—either cured or made richer in greatly improved health—stand ready to testify.

Sixteen years ago the senior partner had his attention called to a few persons who were taking the Compound Oxygen. They declared that they were improving with satisfaction. He felt sure they were being *stimulated;* and that, consequently, they would soon show the effect of all stimulation, and retrogade below the point of health at which they began the treatment.

By carefully watching the cases for several months, his prediction failed of verification in a single case. He then induced several of his own patients—cases which any physician would have considered very doubtful under any system of medication—to try the effect of the Compound Oxygen. With surprise he watched them making commendable speed healthward. He put members of his own family under treatment, and with like good results.

All this provoked a conflict in his mind. He had proof that in the Compound Oxygen there was an agent that would cure many sick ones whose condition would baffle the medical skill of any physicians whom he knew. And many others whom he might cure in six or twelve months would get well in as many weeks under the action of that agent.

Now the question forced itself upon his mind and peremptorily demanded an answer: "What are you going to do with this latter class of patients, who confide to your care the restoration of their health? As a faithful physician is it not your duty to take the surest and shortest way to secure to them that for which they are paying you?" Well, what is the proposition? "Evidently, send such patients where you know they can be better served than they can be under your care and ministration. But that would be suicidal. "No, the proportion of such patients would be small." True, but the public will not discriminate. They will see only that the doctor sends his patients elsewhere to be cured, and therefore, he lacks confidence in his medical skill. "Well, there is one way out of the dilemma; get possession of the superior curative agent and thus make peace with your professional conscience and prove yourself a friend of suffering humanity." What, and be jeered by one's friends, and tabooed by one's professional brethren? "That appears to be about the price. But what is the alternative?" Result: He gives up his hard-earned practice, secures at great price the knowledge of and the right to administer the Compound Oxygen in this city.

This included only the office treatment in Philadelphia. Soon he was exercised by the fact that the operation of an office business was very limited. Something must be done to dispense the blessing far and wide. Accordingly, at no little expense, he hastened to make known to his professional brethren the virtues of Compound Oxygen and to furnish them with outfits for administering it. As he ought to have known would be the case, his efforts excited ridicule and reproaches.

Nothing daunted, he entered upon a long series of experiments, which resulted in the conviction that there was a much better method of accomplishing the end in view than the one which had failed. Hence the widely known Home Treatment.

In this untried field he labored for a year, meeting many failures in his experiments, working hard at details, and creating a literature which the work absolutely required. On the last of June, ten years ago, the practability of the enterprise was demonstrated. But he had exhausted his resources, broken his health, and almost sacrificed his life. The ship was built and launched, but three years' struggle proved to him that he could not freight and man it. Six and a half years ago he found a man who could appreciate the value of the work in hand. Our united forces have fulfilled the brightest hopes of the pioneer.

A new departure was the order of the day. The first and essential thing to be done was to let those who needed our curative agent know that we were in possession of it. Knowing that many fortunes have been sunk in advertising, we decided to put that part of the business into the hands of one whose skill and experience had been proven. It is enough to say that the methods which he adopted have revolutionized important branches of advertising.

From the outset we have dealt truthfully with the suffering sick, realizing that *they* at least had a right to demand such dealing. We knew that we had a curative agent superior to any other in the world, and, therefore, the simple truth about it would be the best credentials it could have; hence we were not tempted to invent testimonials, nor to steal genuine ones, nor to romance on any.

The growth of the business has been phenomenal. During the first year the business doubled each month. During the last four years we have recorded in our books, statements of diseases, reports of progress, repeated advice and prescriptions, of over twenty thousand persons. Much more could be said in proof of the success of our work as a commercial enterprise; but let this suffice. It is of much greater importance to prove that our professional success has exceeded the other.

What have we to show in this direction? During those fourteen years we have treated thirty thousand patients. Among these a large proportion had been sick for years. They had exhausted the skill of the best physicians of all schools, different sanitariums, various natural health ersorts, shops of nostrum mongers and months of hygienic traveling. In many of these cases it has cost more to remove the baleful effects of the treatment practiced on them, than those of the original disease. How many of them have been *desperate* cases may be inferred from the fact that we have filled scores of orders—sent unconditionally—in which the patient had passed beyond the reach of any remedy on its arrival. And out of this unpromising multitude, ninety per cent have been either cured or greatly benefitted.

We have proved that a number of diseases which by common consent have been assigned to the category of "*incurables,*" no longer belong there. We have cured a number of cases of Bright's disease. Two of these cases were brothers, whose father, one brother and one sister had died of the same disease. We have treated four cases of *Loco-motor ataxia,* or *progressive paralysis.* In all of these the progress of the disease has been arrested (which no system of medication has ever been known to do), and the patients have made genuine progress towards health. We almost never fail to cure asthma—even of fifteen years' standing—unless the case has been spoiled by the use of narcotics; which served as palliatives, but constantly aggravated the disease. The same can be said of the "*approbrium medendi,*" hay fever. The cases of consumption—confirmed phthisis—which the Compound Oxygen has cured can be counted by scores. We are confident that we make more *genuine cures* of catarrh—nasal larryngial, bronchial and pulmonary—than all the catarrh specialists in the country.

A distinguished member of the New York Bar, who appeared to be a wreck, both physically and mentally, and who had settled up his worldly affairs, resumed his active business after three months' treatment; and this business he has successfully followed for a year. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who had been disabled for nearly two years by a dangerous exhaustion of the brain, has for a year and a half been prosecuting her professional work with more ease and energy than ever before. The Hon. W. D. Kelley, the Father of the National House of Representatives, will tell any one that he owes the last ten years of his life to Compound Oxygen; and it can hardly be disputed that during this period his labors have not been surpassed by those of any other member of Congress. William Penn Nixon, of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean,* says that he owes his life and some years of his active usefulness to the virtues of Compound Oxygen. The public know very well the unqualified testimony which Mr. T. S. Arthur has borne in favor of the Compound Oxygen as exhibited in his own case.

But why multiply examples? We have published many hundred statements in the patients' own language of the effects of Compound Oxygen in almost every kind of disease.

Now what of the future? Having accomplished what we have, and against such odds, our progress hence-forward should be broader, more successful and more beneficient. As was to have been expected, proprietors of sanitariums and health resorts, whose business has been diverted from them by the popularity of the Compound Oxygen, try to show that our agent is inert. But until they can rationally account for the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it, their tirades are in vain. Of course there are—and there will probably be more—imitators of the Compound Oxygen. Some have already stolen our title, our literature, and even our testimonials. One of them having obtained from William Penn Nixon an opinion of Compound Oxygen in his own case, now publishes it as though Mr. Nixon was cured by his treatment instead of ours! Some of those agents may be innocuous; but we have a good reason to believe that many of them are positively injurious. They will have their day.

But despite all factious opposition Compound Oxygen must become increasingly popular, so long as it possesses the ability to effect such remarkable cures as now attest its merit.

For full information regarding the treatment and its use, address

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

Colored undertakers can give reliable statistics about the black-bury crop.

NOT a costly medicine. 25 doses Piso's Cure for Consumption for 25 cents.

The capote of medium size is the bonnet for the near future.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

De Brazza, the explorer, is not dead as reported.

No sensible man prefers wealth to health. Some few have both; very many haven't either. Well, you may have first choice. Which will you take? "Health." Very well, what's your ailment? "A little of everything." What's the cause? "Blood out of order, kidneys weak, digestion bad, heart's action irregular." Yes, and every disease can be traced to these same sources. Just take a few bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters; it will remove the causes of disease and restore you to robust health. Ask your druggist and use Brown's Iron Bitters.

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

Everybody that has tried Ammen's Cough Syrup continues its use; besides they tell their neighbors of it. We were in a drug store the other day when a customer asked for a bottle of Ammen's Cough Syrup, saying: "I do not know anything about it myself, but my neighbor advised me to buy it for my cold, and tells me that the use of three bottles has entirely cured his cough of two years standing. In fact, he says 'It is the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds and lung complaints,' and that a one-dollar bottle did him more good than all the prescriptions he had from the doctors."

We call attention to the advertisement of the Chicago Magnetic Shield Company in another column.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective.—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

NOTHING LIKE IT.

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