## A PERSONAL CARD.

**A Matter in Which the Public Should Have a Deal of Interest.**

Why does the government spend so much money and risk so many lives in trying to capture the counterfeiter?

"Suppose he does counterfeit government bonds and notes, surely the government is rich enough to stand any loss his act may confer!"

But the individual citizen could ill afford to be put to continual financial loss if such desperadoes were let go unwhipped of justice.

It is only the valuable thing that is counterfeited; it is only in the light of purity and virtue that impurity and vice can be known. No one in these days would counterfeit a Confederate bond or note.

People who commit fraud always do it by simulating the highest virtue; by preying on the cleanest reputation, by employing the fair name of virtue with which to give respectability to vice.

Let us explain: Seven or eight years ago, so we have been informed many times in public prints, a New York state gentleman was pronounced, as many millions have been pronounced before, incurably sick of an extreme disorder. By suggestions which he believed were providential, he was led to the use of a preparation which had been for several years employed by a select few physicians in New York city and one or two other prominent places. The result was that he was cured, he whom doctors without number and of conceded ability said was incurable. Having secured possession of the formula, *absolutely and irrevocably*, he determined to devote a portion of his accumulated wealth to the manufacture and sale of this remedy for the benefit of the many who suffer as he suffered, in apparent hopelessness. In less than three years, so tremendous became the demand for this remedy and so exalted the reputation, that he was obliged for his purposes to erect a laboratory and warehouse containing four and a quarter acres of flooring and filled with the most approved chemical and manufacturing devices. Probably there never was a remedy that has won such a meritorious name, such extraordinary sales and has accomplished so much good for the race.

Unprincipled parties *who flourish only upon the ruins of others*, saw in this reputation and sale an opportunity to reap a golden harvest, (not legitimately, not honorably) for which purpose they have made imitations and substitutions of it in every section of the country, and many druggists, who can make a larger profit on these imitation goods, often compromise their honor by forcing a sale upon the unposted customer.

Yes, undoubtedly the manufacturers could well afford to ignore such instances of fraud so far as the effect upon *themselves* is concerned, for their remedies have a constant and unremitting sale, but they feel it to be *their duty to warn the public* against such imitations and substitutions, non-secret and otherwise. The individual who buys them and the public who countenances their sale alone suffer in mind, body and estate therefor.

The authors of some of these fraudulent practices have been prosecuted and sent to prison for their crimes, but there is another class who claim to know the formula of this remedy and one Sunday school journal, we are told, has prostituted its high and holy calling so far as to advertise that for twenty-five cents it will send all new subscribers a transcript of the Warner formula! This formula, by the way, must be a wonderful kaleidoscopic affair, for there is hardly a month passes when some paper is not issued which pretends to give the only correct formula!

The manufacturers inform us that they would be perfectly willing that the public should know what the true formula of Warner's safe cure is, (none that have been published are anything like it), but even if every man, woman and child in the United States were as familiar with this formula as with their A B C's *they could not compound the remedy*. The method of manufacture is a secret. It is impossible to obtain the results that are wrought by this remedy if one does not have the perfect skill acquired only by years of practice for compounding and assimilating the simple elements which enter into its composition.

The learned Dr. Foster, the honored head of Clifton Springs sanitarium, once said that having roughly analyzed this remedy he recognized that the elements that compose it were simple but he attributed the secret of its power to the method of its compounding, and this method no one knows except the manufacturers and no one can acquire it.

Our advice to our readers, therefore, cannot be too strongly emphasized. As you would prefer virtue to vice, gold to dross, physical happiness to physical misery, shun the imitator and refuse thereby to lend your aid financially to those who seek to get, by trading upon another's reputation and honesty, a sale for wares and goods which on their merits are fit only to be rejected as the veriest refuse. You can neither afford to patronize such people nor can you afford to take their injurious compounds into your system. When you call for Warner's Safe Cure see that the wrapper is *black with white letters* and that the wrapper and label bear an imprint of *an iron safe*, the trade mark, and that a safe is *blown in the back of the bottle* and that a perfect 1c *promissory note stamp* is over the cork. You can't be imposed on if you observe these cautions.

We have the highest respect for the remedy we have mentioned and the highest regard for the manufacturers, and we cannot too highly commend their dignified and considerate tone in relation to those who would traduce their fair name and ruin the best interest of the public in such matters.

—The Egg of Columbus. "Who was Columbus?" asked a teacher of his class, in one of the public schools of Austin. "Columbus was a bird," replied a little girl. The whole class laughed vociferously, and the teacher asked the little girl what she meant by such a silly answer. She explained, shedding bitter tears, that she had read in the book of an older sister a piece of poetry about the egg of Columbus, and as only birds lay eggs she supposed Columbus was some sort of a bird.—

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Victor Hugo leaves a fortune estimated at $2,500,000.

—Lawrence Barrett carries $120,000 insurance on his life; Edwin Booth, $85,000; and Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, $60,000.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—The widow of the late President Barrios has one of the finest houses in New York. It is on Fifth avenue and cost $300,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The King of Greece has conferred upon Dr. Manis H. Henry, of New York, the gold cross of the Royal Order of the Savior for his distinguished services in the cause of science.

—Moses Dow, the founder of the *Waverly Magazine*, is still living, though old and very feeble. He is a genial man, but greatly infatuated with Spiritualism. Hardly any of the matter printed in the magazine is paid for, and its profits are said to be $30,000 a year.—*Boston Budget.*

—J. E. Carpenter, the English songwriter, whose death is announced from London, was the author of "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" widely popular twenty-five years ago, and not without admirers now. It was founded on a chapter in "Dombey and Son," and brought the writer considerable money.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Colonel William Kent, of Concord, N. H., ninety-two years of age, and a brother of the late Governor Edward Kent, of Maine, is of the opinion, says the Concord *People and Patriot*, that he is the only person now living who heard Daniel Webster's first public address, made in Concord July 4, 1806, at the old North Church, then the only church in town.

—Prof. Day, of Yale, in speaking of the work of the revisers of the Bible, now concluded, recently said: "You can not understand the immense comfort it is to be relieved, after a long twelve years of secrecy, from the necessity of declining to answer the questions of many of my best friends in regard to the rendering of particular passages."—*Hartford Post.*

## SAFE HIDING.

**How a Florida Matron Kept Her Fruit From Spoiling.**

Mrs. L. is a thrifty housekeeper. As her family is a large one, her preserving kettle is one of immense proportions, and as the fruit seasons came around, first strawberries and then blackberries, her preparations began to assume their usual majestic proportions. New to the place, she did not depend upon her own judgment, but conferred with some of the older residents, who assured her that they had found only one practicable way of keeping blackberries, and that was to bury them in the ground. So, after the jars were all prepared, Mrs. L. hired an old darky to dig in a certain spot, where he diligently went to work. Perhaps a quarter of an hour had passed, when the old black man appeared holding up a junk bottle. "Pears if de yerth was full ob dese yer," he said. "I goes to one place an' I digs an' up pops a bottle, and den I goes to anoder spot an' digs an' up pops anoder bottle. Seems if dis yer place is possessed ob bottles." Mrs. L. took them. They were heavy. For a moment visions of enchantment passed before her view. Were they filled up with jewels—with gold? For they were all carefully sealed.

"Try again," she said, cheerfully. "When my husband comes in I will have them opened."

"Yes, miss's," he said, and turned reluctantly to the task. Half an hour elapsed. Mrs. L. went out to look, and lo! before her bewildered sight there was an immense array of bottles—bottles black as old Tony; bottles standing, lying down, bottles everywhere. "Ise got out a heap," said Tony, looking up, awe-struck, "an' dey isn't done coming yit. I 'spect Satan done struck up a whisky field har. I clar to goodness I's just a little skeered," and the old man looked over his shoulder.

Just then the man of the house came, and he was more startled than his wife.

"It might be nitro-glycerine, you know."

"Good heavens! and if he broke one with his spade we should all go to glory," supplemented the husband.

Presently a little odd figure was espied coming along the sandy road. It was the gossip and news-monger of the settlement, and she was coming directly to the L. mansion. She and Tony made their appearance together, the latter with despair written on his eyeballs.

"I'se done digging," said the old man, shaking his head mournfully; "I'se heerd o' bottles buried up an' bewitched, with souls on der inside. I don't like no such work, an' I'll tank ye for de pay so fur."

"Goodness preserve us! you've found those bottle!" cried the new-comer, her bright little eyes snapping. "Well, you are lucky! There's enough for a regiment, already."

"Enough of what? What is it?" asked Mrs. L.

"Why, pickles, tomatoes, ketchup—lots o' things! Them Thomas people that lived here put 'em up. I remember Miss Thomas standin' jest there where you're a standin' now, and laughing at the long rows o' bottles. You see, if she'd a come back, they'd a kept boarders, and she put up enough to last for a year. But she went for a vacation, and took sick and died in her old house on East; and I did pity her husband so! He married a Miss Meekly a year after, so he got over it—most men does—and then he went away, and he died, so I don't see but them tomatuses is all yourn. I remember he spoke of 'em 'fore he went away, an' said he'd dug an' dug, an' couldn't find out where his wife had put 'em, and she couldn't tell. No more I wouldn't, for my come after to use—an' I'm glad she didn't. Lord! but ain't you lucky? Don't need to put up a pickle—not one."

The old darky was soon appeased and set to work again. I think he extracted sixty or seventy, and then went to work at the blackberries. I suppose that must be a good way to preserve them, for Mrs. L. says the catchup is delicious. So you see things can be put away so safely that they can't be found when wanted.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Dr. Backus, of Rochester, N. Y., stepped out one spring morning to survey his lawn, which he had neatly terraced and sodded the day before. A pair of swine had broken out of their pen during the night and rooted the fair surface until it looked like a battle-field where several nine-inch shells had just exploded. The doctor was too old to cry and too pious to swear, and he therefore observed with some emotion: "Well! you never *can* lay dirt to suit a hog!"—*Albany Journal.*

## SHY OF POISON.

**How People Instinctively Shrink from Drugs Containing Morphia and Opium—A Reporter's Researches.**

[From the Washington *Daily Post.*]

For many years physicians have been much exercised over the use of drugs and medicines containing opiates or poisons. Opium smoking by the Chinese and the introduction of the habit into America is an evil which has been sought to be remedied, and the police of Philadelphia have recently made successful raids on opium "joints" and arrested the proprietors. A more insidious form of poison than this, however, and one which largely effects not only the health but the lives of children, is that which comes in the form of popular medicines. Nine out of ten of these, it is known, contain narcotics or deadly metallic oxides. The difficulty, however, has been to find a substitute for such things which would be purely vegetable, and at the same time effect a prompt cure. That such a discovery had been made was announced recently, and Dr. O. Grothe, chemist to the Brooklyn Board of Health, and a graduate of the University of Kiel, Germany, publicly certified that he had analyzed the remedy and found it free from narcotics, opiates or injurious metallic oxides, and a harmless happy combination, which will prove highly effective. Hearing that Dr. Samuel K. Cox, a graduate of Yale, and expert analytical chemist of this city, had also analyzed the remedy in question and given public testimony as to its purity and efficacy, a reporter of THE POST was told by him that he had given such a certificate, and that he believed the remedy marked a new stage in the treatment of throat and lung diseases. He knew also that many public men in Washington had given the remedy a trial, and felt confident if they were called upon that they would cheerfully indorse it. One of them was Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, Senator-elect from Kentucky. Mr. Blackburn, on being approached, said he had used the remedy with marked effect and found great benefit, especially during his occupancy of the Speaker's chair. It had removed all irritation from his throat and relieved a cough which had troubled him much.

Senator Gorman, of Maryland, said that he firmly believed in the remedy, which he had personally tested. Congressman J. H. Bagley, Jr., of New York; Wm. Mutchler, of Pennsylvania; J. H. Brewer, of New Jersey; Hart B. Holton, of Maryland, and J. P. Leedom, Esq., of Ohio, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, were emphatic in their endorsement of the remedy. Messrs. Ed. A. Clark, Architect of Public Buildings; E. A. Carman, Acting Commissioner of the Agricultural Department; Thomas S. Miller, chief clerk in the Surgeon-General's Department; H. E. Weaver, ex-Congressman from Mississippi, and now chief of the collecting division in the General Postoffice; J. H. Gravenstine, head of the labor division in the same department, and F. B. Conger, City Postmaster, and son of Senator Conger of Michigan, all pronounced it a valuable discovery, and had found its effects not only soothing, but lasting. The remedy in question is Red Star Cough Cure. It is free from opiates or poisons and is purely vegetable.

A physician who stands in close relation to the Board of Health of the District of Columbia said that there are two things which seriously affect the health of the people.—impure water and impure drugs, and therefore the benefits of a discovery like Red Star Cough Cure cannot be overestimated. Thousands of children die annually from the use of cough and soothing syrups containing opiates or poisons, and even adults are exposed to the danger of blood-poisoning from such a cause. In view of these facts members of Boards of Health in various cities; public men of Maryland, from the Governor down, and leading practicing physicians throughout that State have over their own signatures testified that Red Star Cough Cure, which by the way costs but twenty-five cents a bottle, cannot fail to be a boon to the suffering and afflicted. The reporter's investigations were thorough and unprejudiced, and the testimony, obtained, judging from its character, cannot be gainsayed.

—The Argentine Government is more successful than that of any other Spanish-American country in securing immigration from the Mediterranean countries. It pays part of the passage money and assigns each family immigrating to the confederation farming lands, to be paid for on instalments.

—German students of photography are making considerable progress toward the perfection of a process whereby negatives may be obtained in all the colors of the original. Prof. Vogel, who has been experimenting many years, has succeeded in reproducing blues, yellows, reds and greens.

—A gondola voyage across the Adriatic from Venice to Trieste has been made involuntarily by the Comte de Bard, nephew and heir of the late Comte de Chambord. While the Comte was boating on the Venetian lagoons with an artist friend, his gondola was suddenly blown out to sea, and although the little vessel was only intended for canal navigation, she crossed the gulf safely to Trieste.

—The Count de V——, Prime Minister to the King of Sardinia, affected mystery so much in all his transactions, both public and private, that, happening to hurt both his legs very severely, he employed a surgeon for each limb, while each was kept ignorant that the other was employed. The treatment, therefore, adopted by the medical men, and the nature of the drugs they administered, being quite inconsistent, the consequences proved fatal to the Minister.—*Paris Morning Journal.*

—From a return published by the Berlin municipality of the population of the German capital, it appears that Berlin had on December 1st, 1880 (the last census day of the German Empire), 1,123,608 inhabitants, including the military. By the end of 1881 the population had risen to 1,156,382 souls; 1882, to 1,192,073; 1883, to 1,226,392; 1884, to 1,263,196. The garrison of Berlin was at the end of the latter year 20,034. A fresh census of the German Empire will be taken on December 1st next.

## FAST TROTTERS.

**A Luxury Which Every Well-to-Do Farmer Should Enjoy.**

It is a remarkable fact that while farmers are encouraged in all sorts of extravagances by agricultural journals and societies in stocking their farms with thoroughbred cattle, sheep, swine and poultry, they are warned against thoroughbred horses, notably fast trotters, with the same earnestness as against any moral pestilence. A horse that can trot a mile under a 2:40 gait is considered the rightful property of professional gamblers and an adjunct to all sorts of wickedness.

The arguments against fast trotters are many, but the one most often urged is to the effect that a fast horse makes a fast man in the corrupt sense of the term "fast." In a word, the opinion prevails that the farmer and his sons, so soon as they possess a horse of proud pedigree, with promise of great speed, are immediately transferred from upright honest tillers of the soil to jockeys and gamblers, with no interest outside of the turf. Another plea against fine roadsters on the farm is that there is more risk and less money to the farmer in the rearing and training of trotters than in the production of general purpose and draft horses remarkable for size and strength.

That there is a demand, at remunerative prices, for heavy horses, no one disputes nor is it doubted that horses of Percheron or Clydesdale origin are valuable animals on any farm, but just why these facts should debar fine roadsters a place along with other improvements in these progressive times, does not seem quite clear. From an economical standpoint alone well bred trotters are entitled to a place on any progressive man's farm if only for breeding purposes, inasmuch as fine carriage and road horses always find a ready sale. A horse to possess beauty, style, speed and endurance must be well-bred, hence the necessity of well-bred sires and mares, to get and to bear the colt for roadsters. And then, while many people do not appear to know it, farmers are entitled to just as many luxuries as are men in other walks of life, when they can afford to pay for the same. In a word, if a well-to-do farmer or his sons appreciate and take pleasure in fine roadster, there is no law against their having one. Indeed, there is a striking incongruity in the fact of a man's investing thousands of dollars in cattle and sheep, with pedigrees recorded in herd-books, and driving behind a rawboned horse taken from the plow or truck-wagon which, under the hammer, would not bring $50.

There appears no reason why, with other luxuries, farmers should not drive horses possessing gameness and speed, without bringing themselves or their families within that circle of dissipation supposed to be bounded by the racing track. Indeed, the chances are ten to one that the introduction of improved horseflesh on farms and in country villages would keep many boys at home who, without some of the luxuries of life, are tempted elsewhere to find their enjoyment.

The possession of fine horses unknown to the turf for enjoyment pure and simple, is of more common occurrence than the average observer may suppose. Such horses are to be met, too, in small and unimportant places where they lend a wonderful influence to the general awaking and stirring up of sleepy communities.—*N. Y. World.*

## WHY DOES THE BOY WHISTLE?

**A Question Worth Thoughtful and Careful Consideration.**

This problem becomes one of practical interest at once, when we remember that if we can but find the cause of an evil we can generally find a cure for it. It is certainly worth thoughtful consideration.

If the above question was propounded to a person who had never heard a boy whistle, if we can imagine such a being, he would doubtless answer that boys whistle because they love music—just as birds sing. Such an idea, of course, never occurs to any one who has ever heard a boy whistle. A philosopher would be more apt to think that the boy whistles because he dislikes music; that he has an innate antipathy to all harmonious sounds, such as it is well known some other animals have, and that instead of merely trying to escape, like them, from the hated sounds, he delights in offering a continual and public insult to harmony and all its lovers. This theory is also sustained by his well-known admiration and friendship for organ-grinders and cornet players. But on more careful consideration it is evident that this idea is too abstruse for the mind of the boy, and he certainly never rests long enough from the whistling to think of so much.

It has been suggested that perhaps he whistles because he thinks it is a manly vice, something like smoking and drinking, only cheaper. But the fact is, men seldom whistle, except in moderation, and the boy is so much farther than the man in this respect that it is as absurd to suppose that the younger imitate the elder as it would be to assert that Irving Hall copies its political methods from Tammany.

The plausible theory is that the boy whistles to attract attention to himself. It is true that the boy is ordinarily anxious to be prominent, whether for the sake of a new imitation gold scarf-pin or merely a cigarette, and we might rest satisfied with this explanation if it was only one boy that whistled, or even a few boys, but when all boys whistle, their well-known shrill and defiant caricature of some popular tune becomes only a signal of warning to drive all within range from the vicinity.

The last and best suggestion is that the boy whistles simply because he loves noise. It is undoubtedly a fact that the boy is very fond of noise, and he will go a long way to hear a brass band or even a cabinet organ. But it is also evident that noise is not his sole object in whistling, for there are too many other means of making even more noise within his reach for which he does not care. The kazoo is inexpensive and has great possibilities. Bones make a sharp and disagreeable sound, and should be very popular with him. A tin horn is simple and has a very harsh and resonant tone. And yet none of them has enjoyed any permanent popularity with him. No, there is something beside the love of noise that impels the boy to whistle. Something which the boy does not know himself. Something which we shall never find out. Something which makes the frogs croak and the ass bray and the flies buzz.—*Life.*

### WHAT SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS DID.

A farmer in Missouri writes that he has had a tough time. The potato bugs got into his fields; his children had whooping cough, and his wife was crippled with rheumatism. Then he invested fifty cents in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and twenty-five cents in one of Red Star Cough Cure, and health and happiness returned to his home.

### A BANKER AND HIS FRIENDS.

Alvarado Howard, Esq., is treasurer of the savings bank of Stafford Springs, Conn. Like many other bank men he had suffered from overwork. There is a sort of headache which is peculiarly the lot of the bank man, closely applying himself to business. With it comes a weary and broken down sensation of inability to give full attention to business. All this Mr. Howard suffered, with lack of appetite, loss of flesh, and the other symptoms which with unpleasant plainness tell the story of dyspepsia.

"I was very low-spirited," said Mr. Howard to one of our correspondents who visited him at his cozy cottage at Stafford Springs. "My wife was greatly concerned about me. I had taken advice and medicine from the regular physicians, but with very little advantage. Some friends of my wife had taken Compound Oxygen, and had sent her circulars and pamphlets about it. She was much interested in what she read of it, and said she thought this was what I needed. While she was away from home for two or three weeks I sent for a 'Treatment.' You may judge of the effect of the Oxygen on me when I tell you that, although I had not told my wife I had got it, she noticed from the character of the letters I wrote her that I was in better spirits, and consequently in improved health."

"Had the Compound Oxygen then so soon begun its good work on you?"

"Yes; it did its work much more quickly than I had any reason to expect. I was surprised, for although I anticipated good results, I had not supposed they would be felt so quickly. Within a week I was so much better that I was going to put the Oxygen away and take no more of it. But I concluded that it would be better to keep on with it for a while. I did so for a few weeks and was so completely restored to health that I had no further need for any remedy. That was three years ago. Since that I have never been without Compound Oxygen in the house, and I do not intend to be without it at any time."

"Then you have had to resort to it pretty much all the time?"

"By no means; only occasionally, when I have had a cold or something of that kind. But my wife has used it and derived great benefit from it, and so have the children.

"I believe my wife would have been dead but for Compound Oxygen. Her lungs troubled her. The pain was very severe, particularly in the left lung. The symptoms were those of incipient consumption. Both last winter and winter before she took Compound Oxygen through nearly all the cold weather and with the most remarkable effect. It strengthened her, removed the lung-pain and generally and particularly built up her health.

"As for the children: my boy is eight years old. He has grown up quickly and is half a head taller than most other boys of his age. He has taken Compound Oxygen for colds and as a tonic and strengthener. Nothing has ever served him better. We have the utmost confidence in it for him. Baby is six months old, and has learned to inhale like a grown person. She had a cold with catarrhal symptoms, and was entirely relieved and cured with Compound Oxygen. I may add that I myself am naturally disposed to catarrh. Since I have used this Oxygen, which is now about three years, the catarrhal troubles have not annoyed me.

"Three or four weeks ago I was suddenly taken down with quinsy. Compound Oxygen had done so much for me in other respects that I tried it for this. I took it pretty hot, putting the tube well down my throat so as to reach the sore and swollen parts. Almost at once it brought down the swelling and took away the pain. Do you wonder that I so thoroughly believe in such a remedy?"

"I think you said you had friends who had used it, Mr. Howard? Has their success with it been as great as yours?"

"Yes; so completely satisfactory that I recommend it to every friend that I have.

"A lady who was with us, but who now lives in Boston, was troubled with severe colds. My wife urged her to use Compound Oxygen. 'It is all folly,' she replied. 'When one of my hard colds takes hold of me, I must let it run and take its course.' But the Oxygen broke up in three days as severe a cold as she had ever been taken with.

"My sister who lives in New Haven, a married lady, some twenty-four years ago strained her voice and injured her lungs and throat, the injury resulting in chronic bronchitis. For about three years she has used Compound Oxygen, which has kept her alive, for she was very near dying. That she should be entirely cured of such a deep-seated and protracted malady would be too much to expect. But she has been greatly relieved and her life made incomparably more comfortable than it otherwise could have been.

"A young lady, a friend of ours, living a few miles out of town, has for a long time been troubled with lung disease. The doctor said her left lung was badly diseased, and it was only a question of time when she must die. Her digestive and other functions were much deranged. Both she and her sister were prejudiced against the use of Compound Oxygen, and the only way I could induce them to consent to the use of it was to send for a 'Treatment' and assure them that if it did no good in three or four weeks I would stand the expense of it. A week after she began to use it she said that she never had tried anything which had done her so much good.

She has now improved wonderfully, though of course not yet entirely cured, but oh, how different from what she was!

"Mr. M. C. Kinney, our Town Clerk of Stafford, had two or three attacks of asthma. The old-school physician, who had treated him, of course condemned Compound Oxygen, and said it was no better than so much warm water. Mr. Kinney took the Oxygen, however, and was greatly relieved."

"Well, Mr. Howard, you really seem to have become a sort of an apostle of Compound Oxygen to all your friends and neighbors. Is it not so?"

"Call it what you choose. I believe in this thing with all my heart. Whatever it is made of I don't pretend to know. I know only what it has accomplished for me and my friends, and therefore I freely advise those who are sick to use it. And I have seen its benefit in relieving those who were too far gone for entire recovery. It cannot be expected to work miracles; but even to relieve those who must die is a great achievement for it. Here, for instance, is the case of a young lady who was taken with a severe throat difficulty, which settled on her lungs and ran into consumption. I had some Compound Oxygen in the house and I placed it at her disposal. This was too late to save her, for she was by this time very far gone. She lived for a few weeks, but during these weeks she experienced great relief. The family wished that they had known of the Compound Oxygen, and had used it, long before.

"Another—a gentleman and his wife who are now in California. The lady had a cankered sore throat and a bad cough. The doctors said she was drifting into consumption. Her husband and disliked to displease the medical man by trying a remedy contrary to his advice, but I asked him which he would rather do, please the doctor and bury his wife, or save his wife and confound the doctor. He finally sent for a 'Treatment.' His wife tried it and her sore throat soon got well. She began to gain in her general strength and health. They had made their arrangements to go to California and soon after went there. I have since heard from them. The lady is now strong and hearty, with her health entirely restored.

"A young lady who is a neighbor of ours was for years in such a low state of health that she could not half enjoy her life. She had been under medical attendance in a chronic-sort of a way, which gave her little or no benefit. We gave her circulars about Compound Oxygen. She received them courteously, but said she was already under medical treatment and did not want to make a change. One day she came to our house with such evidently improved health that we at once asked her what she had been doing. 'You needn't say anything about it,' said she, 'but I've been taking Compound Oxygen.' I could tell you a long story about her improvement, but suffice it to say that we are all surprised to see how she has gained. She had been able to take but little exercise. If she was going a quarter of a mile she would order the carriage. She now takes exercise like other people, and although slender and by no means robust in appearance, is in the enjoyment of such good health that she no longer has occasion for the services of the doctor."

Mr. Howard added that he could give instances of other friends for whom Compound Oxygen had performed similar benefits. It will be seen from the record of those he has given that the benefits of Compound Oxygen cover a very wide range of suffering, and are applicable under the most diverse circumstances. Whatever the difficulty nobody need despair of finding relief by means of Compound Oxygen. To learn more about it send for the pamphlet treatise on the subject which will freely be mailed to all who address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filled by H. A. Matthews, 615 Powell St., between Bush and Pine streets, San Francisco.

Twenty-six tramps were arrested and locked at Merced, Cal., in one day.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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A sure cure for COUGHS, COLDS, and INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION. PRICE, 50 CENTS.

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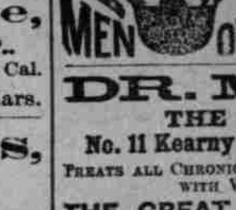


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