### TO A DAINTY.

Why, little rimless wheel of Fate,
With silver spokes and hub of yellow,
What gentle girl, in accents mellow,
Has sought your aid to find a mate?

Who swept your slender spokes apart,
Hath one some dear acquaintance name-less?
And who was he—the loved one, claiming
The choicest chamber in her heart?

O tiny hub of golden hue
Kist by her fingers' tender pressing,
Still yet, methinks, she's vainly guessing
If what you prophesied were true.

You died between her finger-tips,
Sweet gypsy maid of wisdom magic;
Pray, is it worth a death so tragic,
To hear the music of her lips?

### ALMOST.

"Mamma, Maude Verney has written for me to come out and see her this winter, and be present at her marriage; mayn't I go?" I exclaimed, bursting into her room with Maude's open letter in my hand.

"I would like you to do so, my dear," said my dear, good mother, "and we must manage it somehow."

Now I have a convenient thinking machine in *ma mere*, so I know "managing somehow" means that I am to go.

"Who knows? I may come across the "fairy prince" while I am gone; only fairy princes ride through the world in search of heiresses nowadays," I rattled on.

"I fancy human nature is much the same as ever," said mamma, with a glance of maternal bride at my mischievous self, whom she was pleased to think attractive.

I started on my dreamed of visit with a heart made glad by visions of future triumphs at ball and soiree; long chats with Maude, who is my dearest friend and confidante, and last, by no means least, the knowledge that as pretty and stylish an outfit as any girl need desire was packed in the trunks awaiting the train. As I left my beautiful mountain home, I little thought I should return a woman who had sipped from the intoxicating cup of joy, only to find its draught more bitter than the waters of Marah. But I am anticipating.

Maude was overjoyed to see me, and we were soon installed in the pretty room prepared for my reception, deep in the confidences so dear to girlish hearts. We were interrupted by the dressing-bell, and as Maude rose to leave she said,—

"Look your prettiest to-night, Lena, for there will be several persons to dinner; and then Bert has heard me speak of you so often that I want you to make a good impression on him."

"And who is this 'Bert' for whose benefit I am to don my war gear?" I asked.

"He is sister's brother-in-law, on a visit, and just now is the lion of society. He is handsome as a god, but rather fickle; and besides, some people have coupled his name with May Atkins', who is also on a visit to me. However, I know you can capture him; but guide your heart.

"Trust me for that," I laughed with my mouth full of hairpins. "I'll vanquish him with his own weapons, though I'm no flirt."

"Oh, of course not!" laughed Maude.

I donned a lovely dress of pale pink, with a soft, creamy overdress, and gold bands on my arms, while great creamy roses nestled in the dark hair that would curl and break loose from every restraint Dame Fashion sought to impose upon it. I knew I was looking well as I entered the room where most of the guests were assembled. I was conversing with an inane looking young man when Maude pinched my arm and whispered,—

"Behold, the conquering hero comes."

I raised my eyes and saw—but how shall I describe Bert Montrose? Not above medium height, his physique was perfect. His well-poised head was covered with clustering rings of auburn hair; dark blue eyes that sparkled with mirth and mischief one moment, and the next would grow softly luminous as the waves of old ocean when the moonbeams rest upon them. Beautiful, sensitive lips, almost concealed by the drooping mustache. He was standing by a lovely girl, whose dark, tropical loveliness served as an admirable foil to his light beauty. She reminded me of a rich pomegranite, with her dark, peachy skin and bright color.

"Who is the girl?" I asked Maude.

"Why, May Atkins, of course. See they are coming over here, and I'll introduce you; then he shall take you in to dinner; so you can begin your attack at once."

After the forms of introduction were over dinner was announced, and Mr. Monstrose offered me his arm. We were seated directly opposite Miss Atkins, and as I exerted myself to entertain my companion, I caught her dark eyes fixed on me with a glance that seemed to declare me her enemy. After dinner I was called on to sing, and I sang "Pretty Birds." As I turned, Bert was standing at my side, his blue eyes shining.

"Sing something else," he commanded, and I obeyed, and sang again and again.

When I finally arose he said,—

"Come out on the veranda and tell me of yourself. Where did you learn to sing like the 'pretty birds' themselves?"

"From those same birds," I answered. "You must know, Mr. Monstrose, I am but a country lassie, or a second Rasselas, out on an expedition to see something of the world."

"Let me be your 'good angel,' and point out the most interesting objects."

"Agreed," I answered.

So next morning he took me out, and I shall never forget the look in May Atkins' eyes when I came down dressed for walking, and Bert met me, with only a courteous "good-morning" for her.

So it was. At ball and soiree he was ever at my side, and I knew I had given my heart, but not unasked, for eyes, tones, actions can speak, though no word of love had passed between us.

*** *** *** ***

This generally marks an ellipsis of time, but in this case it is intended to indicate a momentous period of my life. I was out on a shopping expedition, and being tired, went into a restaurant and ordered coffee. As I drew behind my screen I became aware that the compartment next mine was occupied, and I was about to change mine when I heard a name that enlisted my attention at once; so I became an unwilling listener to the conversation that followed.

"Bert, what do you mean to do about Miss Lena Mays? You are going it pretty strong in that quarter, old fellow, it strikes me."

"Confound it all Jack," I heard a voice that I loved best say, "I am more in love with her than anybody I ever saw.

"Bert, my friend, are you doing right? Do you forget the wife up in the Blue Mountains who has at least a nominal claim on you?"

"My God! Jack, can't you let me forget that as well as I can? There, forgive me, old fellow; I am a villain, I know, and you are a true friend; but this new, absorbing love has made a coward of me. Every time I see that girl I say I will tell her my story; but when I look into her eyes, so full of love and trust—for she loves me, Jack—my strength fails and I leave her, more in love than ever."

"Bert, take my advice; don't go near her again, but leave on the next train, and try to forget her."

"I'll do it! But let's get out of here; this hot air stifles me."

Married! O my God! Bert married! My brain seemed on fire. How I got home I never knew, but somehow I got there, and sending word down that I had the headache, and for no one to trouble about me, I threw myself on the bed and tried to realize it. I went over the conversation again and again, but all I could remember was that Bert was married, and that I loved him! Maude came to the door and knocked, but I did not answer, and she went away, thinking me asleep.

When morning came I rose and dressed. Summoning pride to my aid, I went down to breakfast, resolved to see Burt once more. When I entered there was no one there but Bert, and when he turned and saw me he came to meet me exclaiming.—

"Lena darling, what is the matter?"

I wrenched my hand from his detaining clasp, and coolly walked over and took my seat. How dared he take my hand and called me darling!

Others came in, and inquiries as to my health followed, thus covering my annoyance at what seemed a *tete-a-tete*. As I left the room Bert followed me, and saying, "As I leave to-day I must ask a few moments' conversation," he opened the library door and motioned me in. I sank into a chair, for I was too weak from my night vigil to stand; but he came and leaned on the mantle, where he could watch my face.

"Lena, I have come to make the most humiliating confession a man ever made. No, do not interrupt me," he continued, not allowing me to speak. "Let me tell my story just as it is. Years ago I, too, lived in a country village, and played in the woods with the birds and squirrels for my companions. Then I came to the city, and temptation assailed me, and—I yielded. In an evil moment I signed a name to a check that would have been my ruin but that the daughter of the man whose name I used loved me, and she made the offer to buy it back herself if I would marry her. You do not know anything about such things, my darling, nor how such women will do anything to carry their point. Suffice it to say that I am married, but have not seen my wife for five years, as she has long since tired of the toy she bought, and lives a free life, apparently, as I do."

He paused, and, knowing that I should break down, I arose, and was turning to leave, when Bert came to me, and ere I knew it I was clasped in his arms, and passionate kisses were rained down on my hair, brow and lips.

Then he as suddenly released me, and almost pushed me from him.

"There, go," he said. "Forgive me, darling, but I never loved any one before in all my life, and now it is too late."

He buried his face in his hands, and sank into a chair. I went up to him and laid my hand gently on his bowed head.

"Good-by, Bert," I said. "I pity you, but I have fought my battle and come off victorious. I heard your conversation in the coffee-room yesterday."

He raised his head and looked at me as if he did not understand.

"In the coffee-room? Oh, yes! Then you knew the truth this morning?"

"Yes, and yet I wanted to know the whole truth, so I let you tell your tale. But now I must leave here, and I will say that I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

"Lena, if we had met without this cloud between us, what then?" he asked, his eyes full on me.

"Bert, what 'might have been' does not concern us, and our present forbids other feeling than friendship; so good-by, and God bless you!"

He took me in his arms and kissed me as we kiss our dear dead; and so we parted, my love and I. I came very near happiness once, and the crown of womanhood was almost on my head; but I like my life in my own dear home, and the episode of my girlish days that made me the old maid I am has lost its deep anguish.

### HAPPINESS.

It is a mistaken idea, entertained by many, that riches are necessary to perfect happiness. It is scarcely necessary to state a fact so well understood, that many men and women possessed of great wealth are exceedingly unhappy. A thousand things occur in the fluctuations and busy scenes of life to bring sorrow and discontent to the homes of the rich as well as those of the poor. It is in the homes of the people of moderate means, as a rule, that happiness is found. The highest riches do not consists in a princely income; there is greater wealth than this. It consists in a good constitution, good digestion, a good heart, stout limbs a sound mind, and a clear conscience. Some one says that good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and lands. Better than money is a good disposition, and that man is rich who has generous impulses, a noble soul, and who has the courage to keep the even tenor of his way, whatever may betide him. Such a man is rich, though not accounted so when measured by a money standard, but he stands unmeasurably higher in point of true worth than the avaricious cormorant whose only claim to consideration consists in his money-bags.

"A woman's devilish deed" is the heading of an article in an exchange. We haven't read it, but we suspect that the editor's wife has been putting up a new clothes-line, and that the editor has come home late in the night and hung himself up on it by the chin.

President Villard of the North Pacific denies that company has any interest in the proposed Marquette, Houghton, and Ontanagon Railroad, in the southern peninsula of Michigan.

## LOUISIANA.

**How First Consul Bonaparte Sold the Great Mississippi Region to the United States to Prevent its Seizure by England.**

Events beyond the ocean were working more rapidly for the interest of the United States than any influence the Government itself could exert. Before Mr. Monroe reached France, in the spring of 1803, another war cloud of portentious magnitude was hanging over Europe. The Treaty of Amiens, which proved only a truce, misconstrued and violated by both parties, was about to be formally broken. Fearing that in the conflict to come England, by her superior naval force, would deprive him of his newly-acquired Colonial empire, and greatly enhance her own prestige by securing all the American possessions which France had owned prior to 1763, Bonaparte, by a dash in diplomacy as quick and as brilliant as his tactics on the field of battle, placed Louisiana beyond the reach of British power. After returning to St. Cloud from the religious services of Easter Sunday, April 10, 1803, he called two of his most trusted advisers, and in a tone of vehemence and passion said:

"I know the full value of Louisiana, and have been desirous of repairing the fault of the French negotiators who lost it in 1763. A few lines of a treaty have restored it to me, and now I must expect to lose it. * * * The English wish to take possess on of it, and it is thus they will begin the war. * * * They have twenty ships of war in the Gulf of Mexico. * * * The conquest of Louisiana would be easy. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach. * * * The English have successively taken from France the Canadas, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and the richest portions of Asia. But they shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet."

The discussion went far into the night. The two Ministers differed widely in the advice which they gave the First Consul. One was in favor of holding Louisiana at all hazards; the other urged its prudent cession rather than its inevitable loss by war, The Ministers both remained at St. Cloud for the night. At day-break the Minister who had advised the cession was summoned by Bonaparte to read dispatches from London, that moment received, and which certainly foreshadowed war, as the English were making military and naval preparations with extraordinary rapidity. After reading the dispatches the First Consul said:

"Irresolution and deliberation are no longer in season I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I will cede, it is the whole colony without any reservation. I know the value of what I abandon. I renounce it with the gravest regret. To attempt obstinately to retrain it would be folly; I direct you to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States. Do not even await the arrival of Mr. Monroe. Have an interview this very day with Mr. Livingston. * * * But I require a great deal of money for this war. I will be moderate. I want $50,000,000 for Louisiana."

The Minister who was opposed to the sale interposed, in a subsequent interview, some observations "Upon what the Germans call the souls, as to whether they could be the subject of a contract for sale." Bonaparte replied with undisguised sarcasm: "You are giving me the ideology of the law of nature. But I require money to make war on the richest nation in the world. Send your maxims to London. I am sure they will be greatly admired there." The First Consul afterward added: "Perhaps it will be objected that the Americans will be found too powerful for Europe in two or three centuries; but my foresight does not embrace such remote fears. Besides, we may hereafter expect rivalries among the members of the Union. The confederations, which are called perpetual, only last till one of the contracting parties finds it to his interest to break them."

Louis Napoleon embodied, the substance of these views in his "Idees Napoleonnes," and sixty years after the First Consul spoke the words quoted his nephew believed the time had come; and the Mexican invasion, based on the assumed destruction of the American Union, was undertaken. The destruction which followed was not of the Union, but of the unhappy Austrian Prince who represented his policy, and later of the Emperor himself.

Two days after this conversation Mr. Monroe opportunely arrived, and on the 30th of April the treaty ceding Louisiana to the United States was formally signed and sealed. Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston had no authority to negotiate for so vast an extent of territory, but the former was fully possessed of President Jefferson's views, and felt assured that his instructions would have been ample if the condition of France had been foreseen when he sailed from America. Communication with Washington was impossible. Under the most favorable circumstances an answer could not be expected in less than three months; and by that time British ships would probably hold the mouths of the Mississippi and the flag of St. George would wave over New Orleans. Messrs. Monroe and Livingston realized that hesitation would be fatal, and they boldly took the responsibility of purchasing a territory of unknown and almost unlimited dimensions, and of pledging the credit of the Government for a sum which, rated by the ability to pay, was larger than a similar pledge to-day for $500,000,000. The price agreed upon was $11,250,000 in 6 per cent United States bonds, the interest of which was made payable in London, Amsterdam and Paris, and the principal at the Treasury in Washington, in sums of $3,000,000 per annum, beginning fifteen years after the bonds were issued.

In a separate treaty, made the same day, the United States agreed to pay 20,000,000 francs additional, to be applied by France to the satisfaction of certain claims owed to American citizens. Thus the total cost of Louisiana was 80,000,000 francs, or, in round numbers, $15,000,000.

It seems at this day scarcely credible that the acquisition of Louisiana by Jefferson was denounced with a bitterness surpassing the partisan rancor with which this generation is familiar. No abuse was too malignant, no epithet too coarse, no imprecation too savage for the assailants of the great philosophic statesman, who laid the foundations so broad and deep for his country's growth and grandeur. President of a feeble Republic, contending for a prize which was held by the greatest military power of Europe, and whose possession was coveted by the greatest naval power of the world, Mr. Jefferson, through his chosen and trusted agents so conducted his important negotiations that the ambition of the United States was successfully interposed between the necessities of the one power and the aggressive designs of the other. Ready to side with either of those great powers against the other for the advantage of his own country; not underrating the dangers of war, and yet ready to engage in it for the control of the great waterway to the Gulf—the President made the greatest conquest ever achieved without antecedent war, and at a cost so small that the total sum expended for the entire territory does not equal the revenue which has since been collected on its soil in a single month in time of great public peril. The country that acquired forms today the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missoury, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, west of the Mississippi; Colorada north of the Arkansas and Oregon, besides Indian Territory, and the Territories of Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Washington.

This *coup d'etat* of the First Consul was an overwhelming surprise and disappointment to the English Government. Bonaparte was right in assuming that prompt action on his part was necessary to save Louisiana from the hands of the English. Twelve days after the treaty ceding Louisiana to the United States was signed the British Ambassador at Paris, Lord Whitworth, demanded his passports. At Dover he met the French Ambassador to England, General Andressy, who had likewise demanded his passports. Lord whitworth loaded General Andreassy with tokens of esteem, and conducted him to the ship which was to bear him back to France. According to an eminent historian, "the two Ambassadors in the presence of a great concourse of people, were agitated, uneasy, sorrowful. At the moment of so important a determination the warlike passion subsided, and the men were seized with a dread of the consequences of a desperate conflict. At this solemn moment the two nations seemed to bid each other adieu, not to meet again till after a tremendous war and the convulsion of the world."

The consequences that would have followed England's acquisition of Louisiana must have proved in the highest degree embarrassing, if not disastrous to the Union. * * * Had England seized Louisiana, as Bonaparte feared, the Floridas, cut off from the other colonies of Spain, would probably have fallen into her hands by easy and prompt negotiation, as they did, a few years after, into the hands of the United States. England would thus have planted her colonies on the three land sides of the Union, and on the ocean side her formidable navy confronted the young Republic.

No colonial acquisition ever made by England on any continent would have proved so profitable to her commerce and so strengthening to her military position as that of Louisiana. This fact was clearly seen by Bonaparte when he hastily made the treaty ceding it to the United States. That England did not attempt at once to seize it, in disregard of Bonaparte's cession, has been a source of surprise to many historians. The obvious reason was that she dreaded the complication of a war in America when she was about to assume so heavy a burden in the impending European contest.

The inhabitants of the Union in 1803 were six millions in number, of great energy and confidence, a large portion accustomed to the sea and able to send swarms of privateers to prey on British commerce. Citizens of an independent government would be even more formidable than were rebellious colonists in the earlier struggle with the mother country, and, acting in conjunction with France, could have effectively maintained the contest. Considerations of this nature doubtless induced the Addington Ministry to acquiesce quietly in a treaty whose origin and whose assured results were in every way distasteful and even offensive to the British Government. — [Blaine's Forthcoming Book.

### FEMALE EANCIES.

A relic-hunter—A fellow endeavoring to capture a widow.

"Sixteen cows, twice a day," is the boast of a Vermont milkmaid. She ought to have rest in the udder world.

Pasteur of germ theory fame, says it is dangerous to kiss any one who is fasting. Moral—Always treat your girl to ice-cream early in the evening.

"No, my daughter didn't do nothing at the exhibition; she ain't much of a scholar, you know; but everybody says she was the best dressed girl in her class."

Advice to sweet girl graduates: Before reading your essay at commencement go through it carefully and cross out 75 per cent of the adjectives. You can then pitch in and distinguish yourself.

How old does a single woman become before being considered an old maid? If homely and poor 21 years is about the figure; if rich and handsome 173 years is the limit

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring: "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah!" sighed a dandy, standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," retorted the the young lady, sharply, "you'll grow."

"Yes," said Mrs. Towser, as she expatiated upon the beauties of her flower garden, "I have given it great care, and if you come over in a week or two, I expect to be able to show you some beautiful scarlet pneumonia's."

Professor, to a young lady student —"Your mark is very low and you have only just passed." Young lady —"Oh, I am so glad." Professor, surprised—"Why?" Young lady—"I do so love a tight squeeze."

An English servant girl, who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home, was told that she "looked really aristocratic." To which she responded: "Yes, in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

If the ordinary attire of a lady at a fashionable ball is called "full dress," we want to hide behind the parlor door when she appears to semi-dress. That is to say, we don't want to exactly, but it would spare our blushes if we did.

We hear from Chicago that hogs are steady. They are just as steady in New York, and are to be seen most any day, at dinner, putting their knives in their mouths, making a noise like a mountain torrent when swallowing their soup, and sticking their table-napkins under their chins.

Why certainly, Ezra, certainly Anybody can answer a little question like that. They are called "end men" because they are the last persons the wandering joke reaches in its earthly pilgrimage.


### NO HOME EXEMPT

**The Source of Those Mysterious Troubles that Come to Every Household Explained.**

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting:

*To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:*

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow, are first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses, even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and travelled from Maine to California—but I grew worse. Ne two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with the scale and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foot, rector of St. Paul's church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foot detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitious, however, was Dr. Foot, that I finally promised that I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the 1st day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music in this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often developes without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia;" and other common diseases, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptom of kidney difficulty. Certain agency and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am, throughout the entire land as a practioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements, based upon facts which I am prepared to produce, and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

REV. T. MARSHALL WEST, ELLICOTT CITY, MD says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and debility and have been benefited."



### A MILITARY MAN MADE HAPPY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—General G. C. Kniffin, in a letter stating his wife was cured of a painful ailment by St. Jacobs Oil, writes that after witnessing its magical cure of pain he would cheerfully pay $100 for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, if he could not get it cheaper.


The largest circulation—the circulation of the blood.


"Golden Medical Discovery" (words registered as a trade-mark) cures all humors from the pimple or eruption to great virulent eating ulcers.


Men, like swords, to be notable, should be good tempered.


From Magnolia, Ark., Mr. T. J. Gunnels, writes: "*Samaritan Nervine* cured my son's fits."

High chairs at low prices at H. Shellhaas', 11th St., Oakland.


The modern Yankee who has traveled spreads the news by "tipping" the waiters.


The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.


Funny, isn't it, that you always see the night-fall before any stars begin to shoot.


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