FIGHT FOR LIFE!

Awful Position of a Young Man.—Thrilling Experience in the Grasp of a Monster.

Like a miserable wretch encircled in the deadly fold of the anaconda, hopelessly struggling against an inevitable fate, is the unfortunate sufferer of Paresis, or softening of the brain. He fights in vain against the cruel monster; he sees his intellect failing; he notices the constantly recurring attacks of forgetfulness and absent-mindedness stealing o'er him and becoming more and more frequent; he sees and realizes that his mind—once the willing servant of his will—is rapidly escaping from his grasp; and his mental sufferings over the consciousness of the fact are indescribable. In this fast American age of ours this dread malady is rapidly increasing. The vital statistics of the last census, as well as those of all the Lunatic Asylums of

the country show this to be a fact. All eminent nerve and brain specialists agree that not alone to mental overwork is this dread condition attributable, but that to follies, excesses and dissipation (bringing on as they do nervous exhaustion, depleted vital force and loss of manly vigor), is the awful curse of Paresis more frequently traced. Statistics show that when one student or brain-worker is affected, a dozen others are men who have led fast lives, or those who suffer from the results of boyish ignorance.

The man who commences to feel the preliminary symptoms of this most insidious and awful disease, realizing his powers are failing, and that something should be done, frequently calls on the average medical practitioner, who, being unable to help him, either laughs at his troubles as "imaginary," or gives him some simple, harmless prescription, of no benefit whatever. Only from the eminent specialist on brain and nerve diseases, who has devoted a life of study in that direction, can the victim hope for relief, and even the expert is powerless to cope with the disease when it has been allowed to advance too far. Three physicians attached to the medical staff of the Cosmopolitan Dispensary have made diseases of the nerves and brain a life study, and with the aid of modern American and European discoveries in medicine, galvanism and electricity, are having wonderful success in treating such cases. They are able to re-create nerve force, and can assure a speady and permanent restoration to mental and physical health, strength and vigor in all cases which have not reached an absolutely incurable stage. Hundreds have been cured of various diseases. Among them are Charles Hempler, 55 Davis street; William P. Kane, 1713 Post street; Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Smith, 1705 Market street; Mrs. M. J. McManus, 814 Jessie street; Alexander Wood, 505 Seventh street; I. M. D. Wright, 1324 Florida street; Andrew M. Martin, 48 Ridley street, Peter A. Anderson, 1300½ Stockton street; H. E. Snook, 1021 Market street; Mrs. Michenfelder, 11 Hopeton terrace; Miss Grace Sachs, 4 Lewis street; J. P. Hanson, 211½ Geary street; Mrs. Pauline Voss, 2610 Manchester street; James J. Welsh, 310 Clementina street; Fred Gronsand, William Tell House, Bush street; Miley Dolan, 126 Ivy street, all of San Francisco; C. F. Eckhart, of Gilroy, Cal., A. Astory, of San Rafael, Cal., and others. Write to some of them and learn for yourself. Hundreds of patients are being treated by mail, as our new system of question blanks enables a thorough diagnosis to be made, so that medicines and directions can be sent by mail or express, with assurances of successful treatment. Every character of disease treated. Each visitor seen privately, and all communications received in sacred confidence. Out of town patients write. COSMOPOLITAN DISPENSARY, Stockton, Ellis and Market streets, San Francisco.

A man must feel at home to be easy in conversation. Send a barber to Congress and he will not talk at all.

If you have ever used Dobbins' Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you *know* that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it *now*. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

"I love you," desperately yelled the young man. "I do not return your love," replied the miss, alwayvery correct; "I reciprocate it."

The good reputation of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for the relief of Coughs, Colds and Throat Diseases has given them a favorable notoriety.

Let every enfeebled woman know it! There's a medicine that'll cure her, and the proof's positive!

Here's the proof—if it doesn't do you good within reasonable time, report the fact to its makers and get your money back without a word—but you won't do it!

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right remedy in nearly every case of female weakness.

It is not a miracle. It won't cure everything—but it has done more to build-up tired, enfeebled and broken-down women than any other medicine known.

Where's the woman who's not ready for it? All that we've to do is to get the news to her. The medicine will do the rest.

Wanted—Women. First to know it. Second to use it. Third to be cured by it. The one comes of the other.

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the little regulators.

N. P. N. U. No. 372—S. F. N. U. No. 449

RAPID RISE TO WEALTH.

Story of the Leap to Financial Success of Adam Dudenheifer.

A party of gentlemen were talking in front of the Hotel Sandersville a few evenings ago, carrying on a running conversation about men and events. They were calling up little reminiscences of the past, when one of them remarked:

"Years ago, just after the close of the war, I remember there lived in this county a man who every day walked between the plow handles, tilling his little farm for a livelihood, contented and serene, seemingly careless and unmindful of the hard life he daily led. By his fellows he was not accredited with any unusual degree of business tact, nor was it the case that his judgment in matters of finance was sought by any of his acquaintances.

"If he was overly shrewd no one knew it; if he anticipated any successful achievements beyond the sphere in which he moved he did not let any one know of this latent ambition that fired his brain. Finally he drifted away from these parts. At first he went to Savannah. Soon after reaching that city, having made a favorable impression on a lady who had some means and who assisted him in pecuniary matters, he became associated with John L. Martin in the cotton commission business. In that he prospered fairly well, and eventually married his benefactress. Retiring from the cotton trade he went to New York some time in the seventies. There he struck in, it seems, with the 'magicians of finance' in the great metropolis, and prosperity has beamed on him ever since.

"At the annual election of stockholders of the Central railroad in Savannah Gen. Alexander, the president, voted by proxy 3,700 shares of that stock, the property of Adam Dudenheifer, of New York, and that was only a meager portion of his accumulations. The Adam Dudenheifer that lived in pinched circumstances in this county years ago is now the same Dudenheifer that is accounted almost, if not entirely, a millionaire in the most populous and wealthiest city in the Union.

"His life, so far as rapid money making goes, is a marvelous success, and yet it is but the history of other men. From the bottom he has risen and worked his way through adverse circumstances to a position of security and ease. It is all in the man, after all."—Sandersonville (Ga.) Progress.

Too Many Suits.

"I must get some new clothes," observed a fairly well dressed young man to a friend down town the other day.

"What's the matter with those you have on?" asked his friend.

"Why, they are all I have. I can't get along with one suit."

"You can't, hey?" demanded the friend. "What do you want with more than one suit. You can't wear but one at a time, can you? Some few years ago, during a period of affluence, I laid in a stock of clothes. I bought four suits. Well, you have no idea of the amount of worriment those clothes were. I tired myself out every morning trying to decide which one I should put on. It was a relief to me when there was but one left.

Look at these dudes, I've no doubt that when they first get up in the morning the expression on their faces are those of almost human intelligence. But the wear and tear of deciding which one of forty pairs of trousers they will put on must be simply awful. It shoys on them when they appear on the street. It gives them the tired look which always marks them. No, sir. Forty pairs of trousers, if they can make a dude look sick, would drive a man of intellect to suicide.—New York Times.

A Paper Collar That Cost $125.

"One's wants are one's needs," has been said, but paper collars at $125 each are not now regarded as necessities. Still that amount has been paid for one of these almost obsolete articles of male attire, and Maj. D. W. Sanders enjoys the reputation of having broken the record by his purchase. It was during the war, and Maj. Sanders, then an officer in the Confederate army, was in Tennessee. He received a month's pay, $150, in Confederate bills, and then discovered that he needed a clean collar. He found a man who had a spare collar and began negotiations, but the happy possessor of the article did not want to part with it. After some trouble, however, he persuaded the owner to sell, but only when $125 had been offered. It is difficult, however, to estimate what the cost of a clean shirt would have been about that time, even when the quotations of paper collars are given.—Courier-Journal.

Far Ahead of Darwin.

A Chicago man is lecturing on a theory of evolution that annihilates Darwin. He believes that man is a development from plants through the brute kind. The Chinaman, he says, sprang from an alligator, the alligator from a pine log and the pine from electricity in the earth. The negro came from the gorilla, the Englishman from the bulldog, the Irishman from the terrier and the German from the goose.—New York Evening World.

A Lion Tamer's Magic Wand.

Science comes along to rob the lion tamer of much of the glory that comes from the danger of his work. There has lately been invented a light wand with an insulating grip for the hand, connected by a flexible wire with a battery, of which the power can be varied at will. An experiment with this form of applied science is said to have been successfully made.—New York Journal.

A grandson of Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph, is employed in the electrical division of the patent office at Washington. He has developed an aptitude for the science which has made his name famous, and occasionally contributes acceptable articles to the electrical papers.

The most recent additions to the catalogue of scientific terms have been made by a professor at Aix-la-Chapelle, Dr Michaelis, who has taken out patents for the manufacture of acetylaethylenphenythydrazinsacure and its aethylphenylhydrozinbernsteinsacure.

A new vegetable fiber, called "gamoodie," is imported from Celebes into Holland, and is made to take the place of moss and hair in upholstery.

Our word blizzard is said in England to be a corruption of the phrase "blazing yard," applied to a severe gale.

Optional Courtesies.

Among optional courtesies may be enumerated that which governs the conduct of persons in crowded public conveyances. South of Mason and Dixon's line no man would brave public opinion by remaining seated when a woman maintained a standing position, even were she the humblest of her sex. A foreigner would argue in such a case that he had paid for his seat, and that there could be no more reason for his rising in a street car than if he were occupying a seat at the opera or at a hotel table.

In New York, which is too cosmopolitan a city to be cited as an example, street car etiquette is decidedly variable, and whether or not it is necessary to vacate a seat in a lady's favor is a much mooted question. One thing is certain, and that is, that youth and beauty appeal to both high and low, even the most boorish individual being willing to relinquish his rights in favor of a woman with a pair of bright eyes and a stylish figure.

The poor wage worker, in her faded cotton gown and with fingers showing evidences of toil, is rarely the recipient of such courtesy. The man in broadcloth, who has been seated in his luxurious office most of the day, keeps his seat without a qualm of conscience, and holds his paper before his face to obstruct the view of the appealing eyes and worn figure.

Women in public vehicles often exhibit a remarkable selfishness and a total disregard for the comfort of others. Many of them accept a seat to which they have no legal right with a saucy toss of the head and without recognizing the courtesy by as much as a bow or a "thank you." An audible expression of thanks is the least a lady should offer in exchange for the sacrifice of a place, and this should be tendered as freely to the threadbare clerk as to the dude in fine raiment.—Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Looking for Light at the City Hall.

I am building a house. I wanted to get the necessary permission to tap the water main, and went to the City hall for that purpose. I might have gone down into the state of Indiana to have secured the permit, but it occurred to me that I had better ask in Chicago. I stepped into one of the elevators and told the driver what I wanted. He landed me on the public library floor. I soon discovered I was in the wrong place.

I took another elevator, and told the driver of that one what I wanted. He let me off somewhere and told me where to go. I followed his directions, and found myself face to face with Superintendent Howland. I didn't ask him, for I saw he was busy. I found an officer in the corridor, and told him what I was trying to get at. He sent me to the place where dog licenses are issued, and a smart clerk in that department laughed at me.

I didn't blame him very much. I met a friend who has been in the City hall since its occupancy, and he conducted me to the proper place. I had lost nearly an hour. Why don't the proper authorities see that men of intelligence are put in places where inquiries are made?—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

The Opal.

While most gems owe their tint to the presence of some foreign coloring matter the many hued and beautiful opal differs. It is opaque, deriving its beauty from the marvelous property it possesses of decomposing the rays of light, and thus reflecting from its polished surface all the colors of the rainbow. It needs, therefore, no brilliant, but appears to the best advantage when alone. It is at present among the most prized of gems, and has held its place for ages.

Mark Antony once offered £170,000 for an opal the size of a hazelnut, but the owner, Nonius, a Roman senator, preferred exile to parting with his treasure. In spite of their value opals are unsafe investments, for time and exposure dim their luster, while their sensitiveness to heat is so great that the warmth of the hand has been known to crack them. The finest stones come from Hungary, and among the Austrian crown jewels are gems of greater size and beauty than that which tempted the Roman emperor.—London Court Journal.

Danger from Musical Instruments.

A French military surgeon has been making researches on wind instruments which had been used by phthisical bandsmen, and warns musicians of the importance of disinfection. He recommends that instruments should be filled with a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid, or, in the case of metallic instruments, that they should be dipped into boiling water. These precautions are of the utmost importance when phthisical persons have used the instruments; for it was found in such cases that liquids used to wash them out presented a virulence similar to that of a pure culture of tuberculosis.

Fortunately, the danger is small as long as the interior is thoroughly moist, which of course it usually is; but when an instrument has been lying by for some time, so that the interior has become dry, there is real danger of air containing dried germs of the disease being drawn into the lungs of the person who next plays upon it.—New York Ledger.

Our Duty to Bores.

Just how far it is the duty of a man—or a woman either—to let an outsider take his valuable time from business affairs is, in my mind, a question. I think none of us ought to sacrifice a whole morning or an entire afternoon to the polite duty of being bored to death by people whose woes we cannot help, whose affairs do not interest us, and between us and whom there is not a strong bond of friendship or common interest. And I believe the editor, publisher or other business man whom I had been persistently "talking blind" for any considerable period would be justified in politely, and with his most fascinating manner, calling my attention to the door.—Helen M. Winslow in Boston Globe.

Warm Walls Repel Dust.

Heated bodies repel minute particles of dust, the repulsion operating alike in the open air and confined spaces. Assuming the correctness of this view, it follows that if the floor, walls and ceiling of a room be warmer than the contained air, the dust will be repelled from the walls to the air, and the reverse of these conditions of temperature will bring about the opposite result. According to this view, those methods of warming rooms should be adopted which heat the air instead of the solid objects, thus excluding open fires.—Globe Democrat.

A PROFITABLE PUBLIC FOREST.

Pleasure Grounds Which Pay Annually Large Sums Into a City Treasury.

The Sihl-Wald has been owned by Zurich ever since 1369 at least, and has been carefully administered for centuries. It is now managed on the most approved scientific principles by a corps of trained foresters and a permanent working force so well organized that important work is successfully executed by common laborers under the supervision of a forester of the lowest grade. Economy as strict and watchful as that of any private enterprise prevails, together with a wise and open handed liberality in providing for the welfare of the property. One year the net profits were something over $8 an acre, or a total of about $20,000 for the city treasury.

The city does the entire work—lumbering, manufacturing and administration. It employs the best modern labor saving devices, such as lumber slides, portable railways and a railway to the mills. In the saw mill the principal machinery is American, and in its factories the forest management works up the product into a great variety of marketable material, and also manufactures nearly everything it uses. An elaborate and costly apparatus has been successfully introduced for injecting wood with a solution of copper sulphate under hydrostatic pressure, making its products last twice or three times as long as ordinary wood, so that there is a wide demand for the telegraph poles, railway ties, wooden pavement, shingles and other articles treated in this way.

The net profits of the forest will be largely increased by a new railway building into the valley. Almost half the annual yield of wood is from thinnings alone. The proportion of firewood is generally 74 per cent., yielding 64 per cent. of the total revenue.

In this economic treatment of the forest its value as a pleasure ground is not forgotten. The management maintains throughout the domain a network of well kept roads and paths, with occasional benches along them, while it aims to preserve the landscape unharmed and make the place thoroughly and pleasantly accessible.—Boston Herald.

A Fish Story.

Col. Sinn, of the Park theatre, is telling one of the fishiest of fish stories. He says—and he never smiles when he says it—that he was yachting and bluefishing off Fire Island, and that a big ten pound bluefish ran away with his hook and squid, and that, although there were several hooks aboard, there were no more squids; that he wrenched off the silver handle of a handsome umbrella that had been presented to him the winter before by his son Walter, and running the hook through it used it for a squid.

"The silver head," said the colonel, "was bright and highly polished, and shone in the water like a thing of life. I had not been trolling with it five minutes before I felt a tremendous tug on my line and then a quick slackening. I pulled it in and found my umbrella handle had been captured by a fish. That ended our fishing for that day, and we returned to the Surf hotel much disgusted.

I had entirely forgotten the incident, when one day a year later, after returning from Europe, I happened to be dining at John Baylis' with a party of friends. We ordered bluefish. Mine host brought on the table in due time a magnificent fellow that must have weighed fully twelve pounds. I determined to carve myself, and, sharpening my knife, cut it open in the middle. Would you believe it, to my surprise, right in the stomach of that fish I discovered the silver head of my umbrella that I had used for a squid the year before!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Whistling Jugs of Peru.

The silvadors or musical jugs found among the burial places of Peru are most ingenious specimens of handiwork. A silvio in the William S. Vaux collection of Philadelphia consists of two vases, whose bodies are joined one to the other with a hole or opening between them. The neck of one of these vases is closed, with the exception of a small opening in which a clay pipe is inserted leading to the body of a whistle. When a liquid is poured into the open necked vase, the air is compressed in the other, and, escaping through the narrow opening, is forced into the whistle, the vibrations producing sounds.

Many of these sounds represent the notes of birds, one in the Clay collection of Philadelphia imitates the notes of the robin or some other member of the thrush tribe peculiar to Peru. The closed neck of this double vase is modeled into a representation of a bird's head, which is thrushlike in character. Another water vase in the same collection representing a llama, imitates the disgusting habit which this animal possesses of ejecting its saliva when enraged. The hissing sound which accompanies this action is admirably imitated. A black tube of earthenware, ornamented with a grotesque head in low relief, to which short arms are attached, pressing a three tubed syrinx to its lips (Clay collection), deserves especial mention, as it suggests the evolution of this instrument from a single tube to more complicated forms.—Swiss Cross.

A Noble Sentiment.

Dumley—Brown told me last night, in strictest confidence, Robinson, that everything is all right with the pretty little widow, and that they are to be married in June.

Robinson—You don't say so!

Dumley—Yes; but you mustn't say anything about it. When a man confides in me I like to respect confidence.—The Epoch.

Not Altogether Invaluable.

A self important official in the patent office was talking grandiloquently to his chief the other day about his importance to the department.

"Why, sir," he said, "what would happen were I to die some night?"

"There'd be fifty applications for your place inside of twenty four hours," replied the chief, and the subordinate withdrew.—Texas Siftings.

Naval Carrier Pigeons.

The French authorities are attempting to make use of carrier pigeons for conveying information from war ships at sea to certain stations on land, and with this object have fitted up on the St. Louis a dovecote, painted the most gorgeous colors, in order to permit the birds to recognize their home from a great distance.—Scientific American.

A Heroic Girl.

Miss Clara—Oh, Ethel, I had my ears pierced to-day!

Miss Ethel—Weren't you dreadfully frightened?

Miss Clara—A little at first, but I kept saying "solitaire," "solitaire," "solitaire" to myself, and before I knew it it was all over.—New York Sun.

HAPPY MISS NELLIE KEOWN

Of the Hotel Portland—How She Was Cured of Rheumatism by Drs. Darrin's Electric Cure.

A CARD.—I have been suffering for a long time with rheumatism in my right shoulder and arm. It became so bad it was with great difficulty I could use my arm. It was helpless and painful. In this condition I came to Drs. Darrin for relief. I went under treatment three weeks since, and am now happy to say that I am perfectly cured by electricity. Can be referred to at the Hotel Portland, Portland, Or. NELLIE KEOWN.

An Open Letter.

DRS. DARRIN—GENTLEMEN: I now take the pleasure of writing you that after a full course of your electro-magnetic treatment I am entirely cured of pain in my chest, which has troubled me for over eight years. Having been under treatment of doctors of Liverpool, Glasgow, Calcutta and San Francisco, none of them did me any good until I came under your treatment, which I am sure has permanently cured me, for which, gentlemen, I beg to remain yours gratefully,

Seattle, Wash. WILLIAM LITTLE.

Deafness Cured in Ten Minutes.

MR. EDITOR—DEAR SIR: I reside in North Yakima, Wash. I consulted Drs. Darrin for deafness over three years ago. My left ear was totally deaf. With one operation with Drs. Darrin's electro-magnetic cure, of ten minutes, I was made to hear as well as ever in my life. It remains permanent to this day. I was also cured of a flesh growth over my eye. Can be referred to as to the truth of my statement. C. V. FOWLER.

Drs. Darrin can be consulted free at 704½ Washington street, Portland, from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily. They treat all curable chronic, acute and *private* diseases, and will send their circulars, question blanks and remedies to any mail or express address. Drs. Darrin have been practicing their peculiar electric treatment for the past twenty-seven years, and that they do cure where all other methods fail is shown by the above remarkable cures.

No woman ever made a hit by striking her husband for money before breakfast.

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

About to visit some section of country where malarial disease, either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent, was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along or procure on arriving that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malaria-plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourge and robbing it of its fell destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels, and counteracts the unfavorable effects of overexertion, chilly and moist exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.

"Your bookkeeper is quite an expert in accounts, isn't he?" "I should say so; he owns a trotting horse and three suburban residences."

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by druggists. Price, 75 cents per bottle.

By the Water Route.—"Is that the water tower over there?" "Eh? Yes—that is practically, you know; it is the steeple of the Baptist church."

THEIR ONLY MEDICINE CHEST.

William W. B. Miller, Deer Lodge, Montana writes:

"I have been using BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the last thirteen years, and though I have had nine children, I have never had a doctor in the house except three times, when we had an epidemic of scarlet fever, which we soon banished by a vigorous use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I have used them for myself, two or three a night for a month, for liver complaint, dyspepsia and constipation, for diarrhœa, cramps, wind colic, indigestion, one or two BRANDRETH'S PILLS fixed the children at once. A box of pills is all the medicine chest we require in the house. We use them for rheumatism, colds, catarrh, biliousness and impure blood. They never have failed to cure all the above complaints in a very few days."

Bismarck says: "War is never caused by newspapers." Bismarck is evidently not familiar with Texas journalism.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Lesey 838 Market street, San Francisco.

Beware of imitations of the celebrated Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.

READ AND BE CONVINCED.

COQUILLE CITY, Or., Dec. 31, 1890.

J. Eugene Jordan, M. D., Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: It has been some time since I wrote a letter to you, but I have been so well that it has not been necessary. You remember when I first wrote you in May, 1889, I was in a fearful condition with a complication of troubles. I could not stand on my feet five minutes at a time unless walking around; it seemed as though my back would break apart. You remember that I had an enlarged lung or a bunch under my short ribs on the left side, and it seemed to me as though I would smother to death. I also had liver and stomach trouble. In fact, my health was completely broken down so that I would have been much better dead than alive. Could not do any housework at all. Now I am getting so stout; my side does not trouble me, and I can do all my housework, washing and all. Please publish my testimony in any of your books or papers, as I was just as bad as any one could be and get well. There are a great many weakly people here that I know your medicines would cure if they had them to take, and I am sure if it was near here so that it could be procured they would take it, as all know how much I have suffered.

I beg to remain
Very respectfully,
MRS. C. C. MEYERS.

DR. JORDAN'S office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James.

Consultation and prescriptions absolutely FREE.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION. The Histogentic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription; "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

THAT'S IT.

St. Jacobs Oil The Great Remedy FOR PAIN, CURES RHEUMATISM.

18 Hill Street, San Francisco, Cal., April 23, 1890.

"Having been sorely afflicted with rheumatism, my mother and daughter with sore throat, we have, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, been cured." LOUIS IMHAUS.

CURES NEURALGIA.

Ellenville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1890.

"I suffered with neuralgia, bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and soon recovered. I treated a sprained ankle with same results." THOS. M. VAN GORDER.

CURES SCIATICA.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19, 1889.

I suffered a long time with sciatic pains in the hips; found no relief till I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me. CHAS. A. FULDA.

ALSO CURES
Promptly and Permanently
LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES.

CANCER CURED.

Electricity Finally Cures It.

Last month Mrs. Lemuel Dorr of Bedford, Taylor county, Ia., came to Peoria to have Dr. Toel remove a cancer from her left breast. She had been suffering from it for seven years, and had been operated upon in Iowa three times with the knife, but the cancer had always returned. Dr. Toel performed the operation by means of electricity, thus avoiding all loss of blood. When the wound was entirely healed, Mrs. Dorr returned to Iowa.—National Democrat.

Dr. Toel is now located in Portland. The cancer, with hundreds of other cancers and tumors successfully removed by him, can be seen in his office. Dr. Toel has studied four years at the Universities and large Hospitals of Germany, Switzerland and England, and is the only surgeon in the Northwest who operates by electricity without loss of blood.

DOCTOR TOEL

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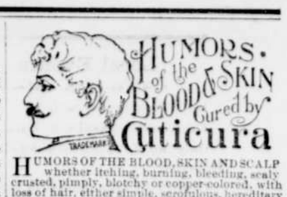

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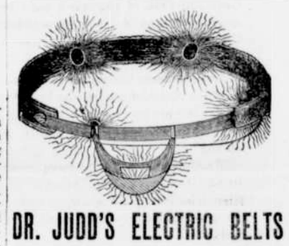

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