WHY HE CARRIED A POTATO.

THE BROKER ALWAYS KEPT ONE IN HIS HIP POCKET.

He Did Not Carry It For Luck, But to Keep Rheumatism at Bay—A Friend Points Out a Better Thing and Investigation Proves Him to be Right—A Wonderful Discovery.

New York World, March 6, 1887

RIDING down town the other morning on the Third avenue road I caught a later train than usual and found the car full of 1-o'clock brokers on their way to Wall street to begin their day's business. Four natty-looking men occupied the cross seats opposite each other in the middle of the car. They were evidently well acquainted and old-time social as well as business friends. The talk was stocks, of course—how Lackawanna went down and O. T. up and down, and the discussion was getting warm when the oldest member of the party pulled out a handkerchief from his hip pocket and in the action dropped something on the floor. All four stopped talking until the lost object was finally fished out from under a seat. The finder gravely examined it, held it up for the inspection of the others and asked, "What the dence is it?"

"A potato," replied the owner, looking a little sheepish and reaching out for it.

"What are you carrying it around in your pocket for? Do you expect a famine? Have you got a steak also in your coat pocket?"

"No, but I want my potato. It is for rheumatism."

"For rheumatism?"

"Yes; don't you know that if you carry a potato in your pocket it will cure rheumatism? It hasn't cured me yet," he added thoughtfully, caressing his knee with gentle touch, "but I live in hope. So give me my potato."

As he got his mascot and the other three gentlemen laughed at the superstition of their friend, who went on to tell how he had suffered for two years with twinges of rheumatism and how nothing seemed to do him any good. The one who had found the potato said that it served him right to suffer so. Any man who did not know enough to take the proper medicine ought to have the rheumatism, and have it bad, too. The potato carrier protested that he had tried all kinds of remedies and employed the best physicians in New York city, but without effect.

"But you haven't tried the right thing," continued his friend. "My wife was troubled the same way for years, and in four months was completely cured. I will bet you a dinner for the four of us at Delmonico's that I can tell you a secret that will make you well before the summer hotels open again. Of course, you won't believe I shall succeed, so I am sure to win the bet." The average broker takes to a wager as naturally as a duckling to the water, and of course the bargain was agreed to. The young man fished about in his wallet and at last from some secret hiding-place drew out a card inscribed: "Pardee Medicine Company, Rochester, N. Y." "You write to the company," he said, passing over the card, "and get half a dozen bottles of Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and if you are not satisfied I shall be glad to furnish the dinner. But there is not the slightest probability of my being the victim. I am sure to win and you are sure to get cured. For four years my wife was almost a constant sufferer. Except in the brightest weather she was always complaining. We tried everything, but somehow the disease seemed to hang on. Then an old doctor, retired from practice, who spends his time reading, told me that he had heard of a discovery of a new way of treating rheumatism. An old English army physician, Dr. Pardee, had discovered a new remedy that treated rheumatism in a perfectly new way—as a disease of the blood. The thing struck me as at least possible, and with some little trouble I got Dr. Pardee's address and sent for some of the medicine. The result you see in this wager. Why, after the very first bottle my wife was a different woman. That was only last year, and ever since I have gone about praising Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy just as if I were a paid agent. Wonder whether I couldn't collect from the Pardee company for the good I do? But here is my station," as the conductor called out Hanover square, and the four friends filed out together.

Of course I don't know yet who won the wager; but I mean to find out as soon as possible, and will tell you all about it and the dinner. But this illustrates as well as anything I have seen in a long time the fondness for betting which possesses the average Wall-street man. In no other place in all this green earth would two men dare to make such a serious thing as rheumatism the subject of a wager.

I fell in with an old friend, a doctor, shortly after this and was telling him about it, when he said: "Do you know that discovery you heard mentioned is a singular thing. Of course, as a regular practitioner I ought not to say anything about it, but I have looked into the matter some and am convinced that Dr. Pardee has struck upon something that medical men have been searching after for years. Ever since the days when Socrates taught in Athens and Antony made love to Cleopatra, man has been cursed with this disease. Down through the ages, century after century has slipped away and still this scourge has maintained its hold on the children of men. Liniments, lotions, blisters and all kinds of local applications have had their day and passed away. It has remained for the genius of the nineteenth century to discover the true cause of the disease. As the blood is the life, so any interruption to the healthful course of the blood finds expression in this form of pain. Now, Dr. Pardee has located the cause of the trouble and seems to have marked out a remedy. It is what men hoped for when the Pyramids were building and it is what men are hoping for now. If he has, at last, solved the problem the discovery will take its place in history by the side of the discovery of chloroform and the grand inventions of the age."

It seems odd to the laymen to connect such apparently different diseases as neuralgia and rheumatism, yet they both come from the blood, says this physician, and are cured by somewhat similar remedies. The medicines of the Pardee Company, in their action upon the system, are said to give to the patient a feeling of freshness and vigor, to send the rich blood pulsing through the veins in a fashion that makes women feel like heroines and men like conquerors. Somehow, and in some way that I don't profess to understand, it takes hold of the kidneys and liver, stirs these organs up like a farmer rousing a lazy tramp, and makes such things as sick headaches and those gloomy, depressed feelings that some people are often possessed of, impossible. I don't know why the medicine does all this, but I have half a dozen wildly enthusiastic friends who say it has helped them in that way, and that suffices for me. All Pacific Coast druggists keep the Pardee Remedy.

Will Be Invited In.

"If I diskiver a suspicious character hangin' around my place at night, will de law let me pepper him wid bird shot?" inquired a colored citizen at police headquarters yesterday.

"Hardly. Has he tried to enter the house."

"No, sah."

"Has he offered you any violence."

"No, sah. He simply hangs around."

"Then you have no right to pepper him."

"H'm, good-day."

"What is the case?" asked a reporter who followed him out-doors.

"Jist dis, sah. De suspicious character am my darter's beau. I'ze turned him outer de house but he keeps hanging around. I reckoned if I could gin him a dose o' bird-shot it would cool his luve an' send him off, but bein' I can't I shall invite him in an' hurry up de marriage. I nebber fool around wid such affairs. De fellow has either got to skip or took me for a fadder-in-law inside of fo' weeks."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mary and William College.

There is a sad illustration of the decadence of power in the present condition of that once famous and prosperous institution of learning, the Mary and William College, the first endowed college in America. In order to preserve the State charter it is necessary that the college bell should be rung every day, and as there is neither school nor pupils this duty devolves on the president. Every day, storm or sunshine, the lonely professor may be seen wending his way to the old college, and soon the melancholy sound of the school bell wakes the echoes in the silent and deserted building and preserves the sad memorial of happier days to the city of Jamestown and State of Virginia. It is, indeed, a mournful commentory upon departed greatness, but there are hopes that it may yet be resuscitated as a seat of knowledge.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—I remember a poor little boy of my acquaintance who was so bullied into the polite "shall" by a would-be genteel governess that at last he was driven to speak of a "Shall-of-the-Wisp" and "Shall-iam the Conqueror."—*London Truth.*

—Omaha miss—"Mamma, may I read the paper to-day?" Mamma—"I have not looked it over yet." "When will you?" "I don't know, dear, I am very busy. You can read it if you'll promise to skip all articles about lords and ladies."—*Omaha World.*

—"Yes, Bill, I'm engaged to Miranda. But, do you know, she is most excessively timid?" "When you are married to her, Joe, much of that timidity will wear off. You'll be taking off your boots in the lower hall at night inside of the first six months."

A LUCKY MERCHANT.

Two Portions of the $150,000 Lottery Prize Won Here.

At one of the tables in a commercial lunch room on Pine street, a group of business men were gathered yesterday over their midday repast.

"Heard about the luck of one of the Dannenbaum brothers?" asked a bald-headed old chap who has made a fortune in the hardware business.

"No," said the other in a breath.

"Won $15,000 in the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed a red-faced gentleman who has built a mansion on Van Ness avenue with his profits on paints and oils. "Which one was it, Sol?"

"The one with black whiskers," answered the hardware capitalist.

"That's Joe," observed several of the company, and then they determined to try their own luck in the next drawing.

The sign of J. & S. Dannenbaum, wholesale dry goods dealers, is easily discovered on Sansome street, between Bush and Sutter. A *Call* reporter found the fortunate Joseph in his office at the back part of his store filling out blank bank checks. He made no concealment of the fact that the March drawing at New Orleans had made him $15,000 richer. About a week before it occurred he bought two tickets from a persuasive peddler of the coupons who entered his place. One of them happened to be numbered 66,551 and this number drew the first capital prize of $150,000. Joseph Dannenbaum thereupon sent on his certificate for one-tenth of that amount and received his money through the London, Paris and American bank of this city. His firm is well known here and in San Diego and Vallejo, where the brothers have stores.

Another local holder of one-tenth coupon with the same number received his prize of $15,000 through Wells, Fargo & Co's bank of this city, but he is averse to having his name disclosed and it has not transpired.—*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Call*, April 6.

THE NOISY DRUM.

Visit to a Town Where Thousands of These Fearful Instruments are Made.

The casual visitor would never suspect that the quiet rural village of Granville, Mass., sends out into the world thousands of noise-making instruments, cheap, it is true, but none the less welcome to the average boy. This place can practically be called the center and heart of the drum-making business. It turned out 200,000 last year. It was in 1854 that the idea of engaging in the drum-making business first suggested itself to a Mr. Cooley. He had been to Pittsfield, where a relative of his, Samuel Cooley, was making a few drums in an old barn. Disgusted with the business, Samuel Cooley was about to throw it up; he offered it to his nephew, John, with the remark that there was doubtless money in it. Returning to Granville, J. P. Cooley broached the subject to his friend Noble, whom he found a ready listener. They went to work, made a drum, which is still cherished at the old shop, took it to Boston, showed it, received orders, and coming back invested $4.50 in material, and thus started probably the biggest concern of its kind in the world. The first year, 1854, they built a little shed and altogether turned out 150 drums, mainly of one pattern. Year by year the business increased, their quarters had to be enlarged, their help multiplied, and to-day 125 men and women are kept busy turning out daily about 1,200 drums.

Within the last four years business has greatly developed. The old-fashioned drum with wooden barrel, which was formerly the only kind in the market, is being rapidly supplanted by the neater and lighter model with a tin barrel. For the manufacture of the latter tin of various colors is employed, blue and red predominating, though the larger quantities are made of a brass imitation. This tin comes in sheets of two sizes, 14x20 inches and 20x28, the sheets being packed in cases holding 112. These sheets are first sent to a knife, which cuts them into various lengths, from which drums varying from six and one-half inches across the head to thirteen inches are made. This done the strips are each punched with a hole, then secured and tightened together. Hoops are placed on the inside rims and the barrel is then ready to receive the sounding skin. This is generally a sheep skin, which is stretched tightly across the head above and below from the outside by hoops. These skins are sent to the factory all ready for use from England. It seems with all their notions and multiplex ideas even magnative Yankees have not been able to prepare successfully such skins from American sheep. Consequently all are imported from Liverpool. They come in hogsheads holding from 50 to 120 dozen, and cost from $1.75 to $2.50 per dozen. Noble & Cooley expended for skins alone last year $8,000, using mainly the higher-priced kind. Previous to using the skins they are stretched and dried by steam in the winter and the sun in summer. Before being stretched over the drum barrels they are once more moistened, generally in a solution of pure water or water slightly tinctured with ammonia. Then remains the tightening of the drum hoop. This is done either by strings or rods. The first are diagonally, leather tighteners being inserted to stiffen the sound skins. The rods are hooked on one end and screwed at the other. Of this latter kind the consumption is over six times that of the old-fashioned. The wooden drums differ but slightly from the above. The barrels in this case are generally bass or white wood, occasionally oak. The stay hoops are of oak or beech. Before the strip of wood can be used it needs to undergo many processes, among others being bending, planing and sweating. The first drums made used to be boiled in open tanks and the limit that could thus be prepared daily was less than fifty. The introduction of machinery and more perfect methods has increased the daily production, so that 2,000 drum pieces is considered nothing more than one man's fair day's work.

It is interesting to watch the continuous process by which a log, roughly hewn from the forest, is transferred to a drum barrel. The machines which affect this transformation are various. The most important is that which does the slicing. The log, no matter how thick, is placed between the teeth of this huge machine, usually being reduced to three feet in length, and the slicing begins. The knife receives it, and as the log revolves the piece sliced is received on a wooden cylinder and then rolled up. Seventy-five thicknesses make one inch of the log. If, then, the log is three feet through, one revolution will yield a piece nine feet long, and the total length sliced from the log would extend over a mile. Cutting machines further reduce this huge sheet to the desired length. A core of six inches thickness is left, which is taken out of the jaws and split into drum-sticks or ten-pins. The veneers are heated, then bent and are soon ready to be shaped as a drum. There are also planing and sand-paper machines, all run by water power. The strips are put through the bender from three to six at a time. The sticks are smoothed by rolling in revolving barrels, the process being continued for three or four hours. This about completes the manufacture of drums, each part being distributed among one hundred and twenty-five workers in the factory.—*Springfield* (*Mass.*) *Cor. Detroit Free Press*

—Business man: "Been off again, eh?" Dime-museum man: "Yes. I am nearly driven to death trying to get attractions; never saw such a scarcity of freaks." Business man: "Well, I heard the other day of a man in Dakota who walked seventy-five miles to pay a bill."—*Omaha World.*

—"My pen is weary, I shall write no more," warbles a poetess. We can't find it in our heart to blame that pen for being weary, and we thank the poetess most sincerely for her good resolution.—*New Haven News.*

—A Jersey City man recently sold his wife for twenty dollars. It is difficult to understand what makes New Jersey women so valuable. In many places they are given away.—*Norristown Herald.*

JUDICIAL MURDER.

Why a Prominent St. Louis Citizen Has No Faith in Circumstantial Evidence.

I have little faith in circumstanial evidence, having seen so many instances where it was in error. In direct testimony a witness may distort the truth, but in circumstantial evidence he has a double opportunity to lie, and no way of tripping him up. I remember a case in Mississippi, happening when I was a boy, that has made me chary about using circumstantial evidence since I have been engaged in the practice of law. This victim was a poor man, who came there from the North, got hold of a small farm to cultivate, and constructed a log hut down by the river, in which he lived all alone. Near him resided a rich planter. Around his hut the country was very soft and swampy. It was off the main road and was not seen frequently by travelers, but a bridle-path leading near the hut was used considerably by people around there to cut off the distance to town. This rich planter one day, in closing up his season's crop, went to town to settle up with his agents, and it was expected would have considerable money with him on his return. The time passed for him to return and he did not come. Later his horse arrived home, riderless. A search was instituted, and early the next morning the body of the planter was found in the swampy land off the bridle-path. His pockets had been rifled, and it was clear that the murder had been committed for robbery. Beside the body was found a derringer, with the name of the occupant of the hut engraved on it. Leading to the body from the hut and from the body back to the hut were well defined tracks. At the hut the man was found sleeping, the mate to the derringer by his side, his shoes muddy, and his hat filled with papers taken from the dead man's pockets. The shoes fitted the tracks nicely, and a very strong case of circumstantial evidence was made out. He was tried, convicted and hanged. He protested his innocence so strongly on the scaffold that the sheriff delayed the performance of his duty. Within twelve months after that a hard case in that county was mortally wounded, and on his death-bed he confessed to having committed the murder, and gave up money and papers he had secured. He said he had crossed from the road to the hut in his stocking feet, had put on the poor man's shoes, armed himself with his derringer and laid in wait for the planter, and after committing the murder had fixed the evidences of guilt around the still sleeping occupant of the hut.—*Thos. B. Harvey, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

GERMAN LIEUTENANTS.

Men Who Have to Work Hard Except in Time of War.

No student of law, physic or divinity, no city clerk or shopman, no skilled operative or handicraftsman works as hard, or for as many hours daily, as does a Lieutenant in any branch of the German military service, says the London *Telegraph*, making a statement which will seem incredible to those who know these officers only by their smart appearance. In the literal sense of the expression, he is a slave to duty. It is more especially in time of peace that his labors know no intermission—save during the brief intervals allotted to him for his meals—between the hours of seven in the morning and nine at night. War time he regards as a comparative holiday, the relaxations of which would be altogether delightful were they not accompanied by the urgent probability of getting shot. As long as the Fatherland continues to be on friendly terms with its neighbors, the German subaltern's life—week in, week out, from the opening to the close of the year—is what Mr. Mantalini would have called "one dem'd horrid grind" of teaching his men every item of their duty in barrack and field. The constant demand thus made upon his time, intelligence and professional aptitude is the necessary outcome of the German compulsory short service system, which only keeps the conscript two years and seven months with the colors, but requires that he shall be converted into a perfectly efficient soldier by the expiration of that period. To achieve this end his officers have to be at him all the time. They drill him, instruct him in the construction and use of his weapons, indoctrinate him to a certain extent in tactics, inspect him in many several ways with relation to his diet, habits and general conduct; in short, look after him with benevolent severity from rosy morn to dewy eve. With such a weight of duty and responsibility ever hanging to their shoulders, it may well be understood that they have no time for recreation, and that their day's work done, they are only too glad to seek in well-earned slumber a brief rest for their wearied bodies and minds. Yet these overworked men are notoriously the best military officers in the world, although with respect to pay, leave and promotion, they are at a disadvantage compared with their comrades of every European army; to whom, however, their untiring devotion to their country's service and splendid self-sacrifice, set an example which, we sincerely trust, British subalterns will not hesitate to follow.—*Liverpool Globe.*

Friendship's Truest Gain.

The truest gain of friendship is in being a friend, rather than in having a friend. Only he who knows how to be a friend unselfishly and unswervingly, knows what true friendship is, or knows what a true friendship is worth. He whose chiefest cry is, I must have a friend! is not likely to obtain his wish in this direction; nor is he probably worthy of being loved as a friend. But he who says, with all his heart, I will be a friend, whatever it costs, is likely to compass his heart's desire so far: and he may also gain a friend far worthier and dearer than any he ever dreamed of.—*S.-S. Times.*

—A half dozen rich young men in New York have banded themselves together by vows not to wear overcoats this winter.—*N. Y. Mail.*

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

—Over 191,000 tons of rock were quarried from the phosphates beds near Charleston, S. C., last year, all but 11,000 tons of which were shipped to foreign points. The State receives a royalty of one dollar a ton.

—*Science* states that an examination by an occulist of the eyes of 1,100 persons who work by the incandescent electric light fails to show any injurious effects produced by that light. The arc light may cause eye trouble if in too close proximity.

—A German engineer named Henkels has invented a ventilating window-pane which admits fresh air while preventing a draught. Each square metre of glass contains five thousand holes, which are of a conical shape, widening toward the inside. The new device has already been adopted by many of the German hospitals.

—The wool produced in this country is used almost wholly for the manfacture of cloths, and very little carpet wool is raised in the United States. We produce annually about 330,000,000 pounds, but the production this year will fall short. Australian wool does not compete with us much, as it is of a far higher grade and is used in different manufactures.—*Chicago Journal.*

—"More confections are made and sold," says the Boston *Globe*, "in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, with a combined population little more than the single city of Paris, than in the whole of France. In each of these cities goods are made by the ton, and often sold in single orders ranging from ten to fifty barrels each. Transactions on a similar scale are unknown in any other country in the world."

—A new flower pot has been invented by a lady in Arkansas. The pot has two walls, one within the other, the space between forming a reservoir for water. Near the bottom of the inner wall there are holes through which the water flows to moisten the earth. Water is poured in through a spout fixed to the outer wall. It is said that where the water is supplied at the bottom in this way the roots of the plants are sent down deeper to find the moisture, and surface roots are not so liable to be formed.

—The consumption of cotton in the United States grew from 375,000 bales in 1845 to over 2,000,000 bales in 1882 and 1883, and to 2,162,000 bales in 1886. The dates cover the cotton years, which begin October 1 and end September 30. Of the amount consumed during 1886 a fraction over 1,781,400 bales were taken by northern spinners, against 1,537,000 taken in 1885 and 1,537,000 in 1884. During like periods southern spinners took respectively 381,000, 316,000, 339,500 bales.—*Troy Times.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—John Luce, of Schoharie, N. Y., died leaving bequests amounting to $280,000, but his sole wealth only footed up twenty-three dollars.

—A learned man must write and speak a long time before he can show his learning to the world. A fool can show his ignorance at the first pop.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"Where shall we go for the winter?" asks a writer. Northern Manitoba is a good place. There is said to be considerable winter there.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A good many fables begin, "Once on a time." Oddly enough, too, when married men have been once on a time, they are apt to invent fables.—*Somerville Journal.*

—When you hear a man boast that he has given his wife a check on her birthday, it may be well to inquire whether it was woolen stuff or only cheap calico.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A Massachusetts woman recently lost the use of her jaw, and the doctors say that she has worn out the muscle that acts as a hinge. We somehow wonder that this does not occur oftener.—*New Haven News.*

—A scientific writer tells how water can be boiled in a sheet of writing paper. We don't doubt it. We have known a man to write a few lines on a sheet of writing paper that kept him in hot water for three years.—*Burdette.*

—A publishing house advertises a certain writer as "the popular female authoress." Lest there should still be some doubt as to the sex of the person, it might not be out of place perhaps to add that this female authoress is a she woman.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THE EFFECTS OF MENTAL EXHAUSTION.

Many diseases, especially those of the nervous system, are the products of daily renewed mental exhaustion. Business avocations often involve an amount of mental wear and tear very prejudicial to physical health, and the professions, if arduously pursued, are no less destructive to brain and nerve tissue. It is one of the most important attributes of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that it compensates for this undue loss of tissue, and that it imparts new energy to the brain and nerves. The rapidity with which it renews weakened mental energy and physical vitality is remarkable, and shows that its invigorating properties are of the highest order. Besides increasing vital stamina, and counteracting the effects of mental exhaustion, this potential medicine cures and prevents fever and ague, rheumatism, chronic dyspepsia and constipation, kidney and uterine weakness and other complaints. Physicians also commend it as a medicated stimulant and remedy.

WHAT A POSTAGE STAMP WILL DO.

Now read this carefully, and note every word, for it may lay the foundation for your future happiness and health. Any man or woman, young or old, that suffers with any disease, no matter what it is called, or of how long standing, or who has doctored you, if you will sit down and write me a full history of the case, and all the symptoms, I will write you my opinion of the case, the probabilities of a cure and cost. I am prepared to treat everything requiring surgical appliances as well as medicinally; am a graduate; 30 years practice. Men and women both can write to me in strictest confidence. Persons coming to the city are requested to call on me. Enclose a stamp and address

W. B. FORDEN, M. D.

Office—8 and 9, First National Bank, Portland, Oregon.

DR. PRENTICE.

The Successful Specialist of the East astounds the Medical World of the Coast by his Wonderful Operations and Cures.

A few months ago Dr. Prentice visited San Francisco a stranger, yet in that short space of time he has effected so many wonderful cures that his name is now known in every household on the Coast. His cures and operations were so quick and miraculous that some physicians of good standing were even willing to take their oaths that they were impossible. Now in a few months Dr. Prentice has had scores of cases from the leading cities and over the entire Coast that prove the truth of his wonderful cures. Miss Kittie Slocum, employed at No. 817 Sansome street, for seven years had her features disfigured by her eye being fixed immovably in one corner. She could not look straight ahead or turn it up or down. She was treated by various oculists, and last by a professor in a leading medical college of San Francisco, Cal., who treated it for six months; said an operation or further treatment would do no good, so he abandoned the case as hopeless. Miss Slocum, knowing the reputation of this professor to stand high, felt doomed to suffer her misfortune for life, and compelled to exclude herself from many pleasures of this world. Without hope she went to Dr. Prentice just one week ago, and to-day she can look as straightforward as any one. She is cured, and has a new and happy life opened for the future. During the past three months he has cured 538 cross-eyes, of which the following are a few: The most wonderful case is that of Albert Vandenburgh, of Stockton, Cal. Had cross-eyes all his life. Dr. Prentice straightened them in less than 15 seconds. Dr. Prentice's operation for cross-eyes causes so little irritation to the eye that patients return home the same day that the eyes are straightened, not even being obliged to bandage the eyes. Dr. Prentice's success in curing cross-eyes is the wonder and envy of leading physicians of the country. He never takes more than one minute to straighten a cross-eye. He also, in most instances, cures the worst cases of Piles, Fissure and Ulcer of the Rectum in one treatment, without cutting, burning or crushing, so that his patients can return home in from one to three days after treatment. C. M. Henrie, Windsor Hotel, San Francisco, Cal., suffered many years with bleeding and internal piles. Dr. Prentice, in one treatment, made a perfect and permanent cure. OGDEN STEVENS, of the Clara Morris Combination, Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco—Severe cases of Piles and Fistula perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Prentice in one treatment. His success to the treatment of Catarrh is fully equal to that of the diseases mentioned above. He cured F. Clayton, 2423 Buchanan street, S. F., Cal., of a case of 50 years standing; B. C. Sampson, 1607 Campbell street, Oakland, Cal., had such a bad breath that he avoided company for six years. Baroness Emma Seaman, 132 Fourth street, San Francisco, Cal., deaf from catarrh several years, cured by Dr. Prentice. Mr. L. S. Mastick is a young man well known in this community and in Alameda, where he resides. He had been afflicted from childhood with stammering in a most aggravated form. Hundreds of dollars were spent and the best physicians and specialists were consulted in order, if possible to effect a cure. All this proved fruitless, and the young man came to be regarded by his relatives and friends as an incurable stammerer. Mr. Mastick, however, never entirely discouraged, investigated the claims of all who pretended to be able to cure stammering. A short time ago he met Dr. Prentice, of 626 Sutter Street, and decided to place himself under his care. The young man stated to a "Bulletin" representative yesterday that the doctor cured him in one treatment of a few hours' duration. He now converses as fluently and distinctly as though he had never been afflicted with an impediment of speech. The case is regarded as most remarkable by the young man's friends, and with them, Dr. Prentice is the wonder, as well as the hero of the hour. [*Extract from San Francisco Daily Bulletin.* The above are but few of the hundreds of cases cured by Dr. Prentice of 626 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. We are informed that the doctor will leave in a few weeks for Europe, so we advise those wishing to see him to call at once.

Silver should be washed with a chamois skin, saturated with silver soap, each time after use, thus avoiding general cleaning.

YOUNG GIRLS

are at a critical period when they are about maturing and developing into women. The lack of watchful care at this time may result in fixing irregularities upon delicate organs and entailing a long list of "female weaknesses." All this may be avoided, and the young women come through this period clothed in all the beauty and strength of a perfectly healthy organization by the aid of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," prepared especially for female troubles by one of the most successful physicians of the day.

Try swallowing saliva when troubled with a sour stomach.

PILES CAN BE CURED.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., May 18, 1885.

For thirty-two years I suffered from piles, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many another sufferred from hemorrhoids. All those thirty-two years I had to cramp myself to pay doctors and druggists for stuff that was doing me little or no good. Finally I was urged by one who had had the same complaint, but had been cured by BRANDETH'S PILLS, to try his cure. I did so, and began to improve, and for the past two years I have had no inconvenience from that terrible ailment.

RICHARD BENNETT.

Try a silk handkerchief over the face when obliged to go out against the cold, piercing wind.

* * * * Male weakness and loss of power promptly cured. Book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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