The Louisiana Democrat.

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ALEXANDRIA, - LOUISIANA.

TIMBER PERSERVATION.

Three Practical Methods for the Artificial Protection of Timber.

A committee of the American Society of Civil Engineers has, after protracted investigation, made an elaborate report upon the artificial preservation of timber. They specify eight different processes which have been tried in Europe and this country, only three of which they consider as important or practicable for the purposes of the civil engineer. These are, first—injecting in closed cylinders under pressure; second—steeping or immersion, and third—the Boucherie process, consisting of hydraulic pressure applied to the log. Of these three they recommend the first as on all accounts the best, most effective and most expeditious. It is believed to be nearly impracticable to use on a commercial scale any of the other modes of application of antiseptics. They say that while these preservative agents penetrate but little into the dense structure of white oak, burr oak and yellow pine, and are of doubtful utility for white pine, and chestnut or spruce, they readily impregnate and preserve hemlock, sweet gum, mountain pine, loblolly pine, beech, poplar, ash; black, red, gray, water and sour oak, cottonwood and maple. The material is either some solution of mineral salts—the best, on the whole, being chloride of zinc—or creosote. The zinc is liable to wash out in situations where it is exposed to moisture, and on this account when it is used the committee recommend that it be applied first and followed by a creosote treatment so as to exclude moisture. In Europe wood that has seasoned six months or more is generally operated upon, but in this country, where the work is often done where there is not time for air-seasoning, it is necessary first to steam the timber in order to secure good results. In any case it is desirable to dry it after treatment before using, especially in the case of railroad ties. As to the question of economy the committee hopes that its investigations, which have covered a period of five years, have shown that in some—and approximately in what—cases it will be a gain. As the price of timber rises the proportionate saving will of course be greater. With the prices that prevail in Germany there would have resulted, according to careful computations of Privy Counselor Funk, from the impregnation of the 60,000,000 ties laid there in 1878, a saving of about $1,000,000 a year, had all been treated as were 35,000,000 of them. As to the absolute necessity of creosoting piles and other timbers exposed to the *teredo*, the committee say there can be no doubt.—*N. Y. Post.*

THAD OLIVER.

A Few Words in Honor of an Unfortunate Southern Genius.

While visiting the beautiful little town of Buena Vista, some time ago, I tumbled on some reminiscences of the brilliant genius who wrote "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night." Poor Thad Oliver! Bright, fascinating, brilliant and dissipated. He could make the finest speech of any man at the bar. He was better half-drunk than his brethren were in their coolest moments. His puns, his enigmas, and jokes, to say nothing of his sweet little poems, were quoted by a large circle of enthusiastic friends, but he lived out his days before he had time to fulfill the promise of his youth.

I can well imagine how that sensitive soul was moved to formulate that grand poem, as he stood picket at some lonely post beside the dark Potomac River, while

The stars up above with their glittering eyes
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

He had no accurate notion of the value of his work, and the scrawl was passed from one to another of his comrades, and around the camp fire they read and commented upon it. They were true critics. One of his comrades told me that he had been moved to tears by the lines:

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two on the low trundle bed.
In the cot far away on the mountain.

And when the battle was over, when poor Thad had been roughly saluted by the grim messenger and lay in an unknown grave on a battle-scarred slope among the Virginia hills, then the litterati read and wondered. First one and then another of the sweet singers of the earth were credited with this masterpiece of poetry. And there lay the author, unheeding the wrangling and conflicting criticisms of those who wisely sat themselves in the seat of judgment.

Hark! Was it the night wind that rushed through the trees?
Was't the moonbeams so wondrously dashing?
It looked like a musket, Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood was ebbing and splashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead.
The picket's off duty forever!

—*Cor. Atlanta Constitution.*

Remedial Office of Laughter.

The interaction of mind and body in disease is well set forth by Dr. Haecker, of Leipsic, who states that tickling, which he styles a variable, intermittent excitement of the nerves of the skin, produces irritation of the sympathetic nerves, with the result of the expansion of the pupil and a contraction of the blood-vessels, and that the consequent diminution of pressure on the brain, permeated with blood-vessels, is so considerable as not to be without danger; that powerful expiration operates against such a diminution of pressure, and therefore laughter, which is simply intermittent forced movements of expiration, is a decided remedy for the effects of tickling.—*Lancet.*

—A large pump has been at work in the Grand Central Mine at Tombstone, A. T., without diminishing the water in the lower levels for the last three months. It has just been discovered that the water pumped out found its way back into the mine and was simply being handled over and over again.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Fifty years ago a gas vein was discovered in Western Pennsylvania by persons who were boring for salt water. It was the first gas-well that history gives any account of.—*Pittsburgh Post*

"UP TO SNUFF."

The Trick of an Imp, as Told in Seven Chapters.

[Fliegende Blatter.]

I.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.

A Texas Darky Explains the Advantages of His System of Defense.

The frequency with which unloaded guns and pistols are discharged with fatal results is suggestive of the suspicion that some of the alleged deplorable accidents are the result of deep design.

These peculiar accidents remind one of a conversation that occurred between two negroes.

"What has yer got wropped up in dat paper?"

"Dat's a pistil, one ob dis heah pistils what's easy on de trigger, what cocks hitself and shoots hitself off."

"Whaffor does yer want a pistil? Can't yer 'fend yerself wid a knife?"

The other negro, who was a very hard case, shut one eye, and with a smile that was calculated to produce a shudder, replied:

"When a pistil goes off and kills a man yer kin make folks believe it went off by akcerdent, but ef you say a knife killed a man akcerdentally some folks will be shore to hab doubts."—*Texas Siftings.*

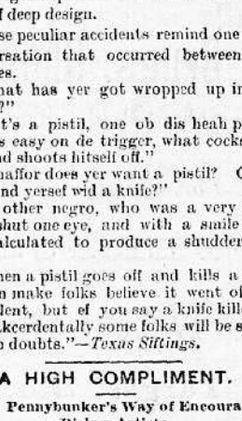
A HIGH COMPLIMENT.

Judge Pennybunker's Way of Encouraging Rising Artists.

"What did you think of my playing?" asked an amateur piano performer of Judge Pennybunker, who is a musical critic.

"Splendid, perfectly lovely. There is a

II.



magic spell about your music that is simply indescribable."

"Do you really think so?"

"Why, it is so grand, so perfectly magnificent, that you deserve an audience composed entirely of musicians like Beethoven."

"That's the highest compliment a musician can receive."

"Yes, but you deserve every bit of it. Yes, sir, an audience composed of musicians like Beethoven would appreciate your piano recitals."

After the performer had gone away a gentleman asked Pennybunker what he meant by such extravagant praise of such poor music.

"I beg your pardon, I didn't praise his music," replied Pennybunker.

"You said he deserved an audience comprised entirely of musicians like Beethoven."

"And so he does. Don't you know that Beethoven was so deaf that he could not hear a single note of the loudest orchestra? That's the kind of an audience he deserves."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Nice Old Police Force.

An old and innocent-looking man was waiting at the Third street depot the other day for a train, and as he was walking in and out a good deal the police officer on that beat cautioned him to look out for confidence men.

"Oh, I know all about confidence men,"

III.

was the reply, and that ended the conversation for that time.

In about an hour the old man came rushing up in an excited state of mind and cried out:

"Some infernal skunk has picked my pocket of twenty-two dollars!"

"Well, I cautioned you."

"You're a liar! You told me to look out for confidence men, and never said a word about pick-pockets! While I was a-telling one chap that I was no greenhorn, and that nobody could confidence me, his partner got into my pocket. You're a nice old police force, you are!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not That Kind of a Ring.

"Deep in the satin recesses," his letter ran, "of this fairy-box you will find a ring. I had it made for you to inclose, as it were, my sentiments on this joyful occasion."

Her heart stood still.

"How beautiful!" she murmured, as she took up the box. "How simple and poetic a way of asking me to be his wife, and so direct. Ah!" and she kissed the bluish paper and tenderly untied the string.

"I tremble," she whispered. "Will it be a diamond, or a ruby, or——"

It was neither. It was a napkin-ring.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Plantation Philosophy.

Ef dar is a place o' torment fur anermals, de balky hoss is gwine dar.

It doan meck no diffunce how big er liar

IV.

er pusson is he hates de pusson dat won't tell de truth.

De road ter nearly eberythin' good is bersot wid differkilities. De meat o' de bony fish is de sweetest.

It's mighty seldom dat yer ken tell er pusson 'zactly how yer wants er thing done, an' nine times outen ten it is better fur er pusson ter do it hisse'f, fur eben ef it ain' done so well, he is better pleased wid de job. When yer itches 'twixt de shoulders it's er mighty hard matter ter tell er pusson whar ter scratch.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Trio of the Trousers.

A Gardiner man brought a pair of pants of a trader recently, giving an order on a prominent ice dealer for payment. The pants didn't fit, and he wished to exchange them, but this the dealer refused to do, as they were slightly soiled. The man was indignant and sought the advice of a lawyer. The lawyer went to the dealer and persuaded him to take the pants back and return the order. The man who returned the clothing was delighted, and didn't think it at all exorbitant when the lawyer demanded the order in payment for his services. The dealer got the pants; the lawyer got the order, and the purchaser got—left.—*Augusta Journal.*

Married Men as Duelists.

Here is a good story apropos of dueling. Two frequenters of the principal cafe at Arles quarreled, with the result that two friends of the one who considered himself the affronted party waited on the other, a corn merchant in the town. The latter received them courteously, but after hearing their message sent them back to his antagonist with the reply: "Tell M. Carjuza," he said, "that it would give me great pleasure to fight him were we on an equality as adversaries. But M. Carjuza is a bachelor and I am a married man and the father of three children. Tell him that when he, too,

V.

is a married man and the father of three children I will seriously consider his challenge."—*London Figaro.*

The Bad Little Girl.

She was in the parlor entertaining Dr. Pillgarlic while her big sister was putting the finishing touches to her toilet up-stairs. While she was munching the candy he had given her, she suddenly put her hand to her cheek.

"Oh, dear, I've got toof-ache!"

"That's too bad," he said sympathetically.

"I wish my teef was like Sister Lillie's," she said, artlessly.

"Why?" he asked.

"Then, when they ached, I could take 'em out an' put 'em in a mug till they got through."

And then Sister Lillie, who had entered, led her out with the remark that "little girls should have been in bed long ago."—*Sam, the Scaramouch.*

Where He Was Struck.

Witness—Yes, sir. He struck me on the bridge——

Lawyer (sharply interrupting)—How is that? You said awhile ago that he struck you on the balcony?

Witness—So he did, sir. I'm tellin' you no lie.

Lawyer—Did he strike you more than once?

VI.

Witness—Only once, sir. Begorra, I was quite satisfied.

Lawyer—How then could he strike you on the bridge and on the balcony at the same time and with one blow?

Witness—Anyhow, he did, sir.

Judge (interfering)—On what balcony?

Witness—The balcony of the hotel, your Honor.

Judge—And on what bridge?

Witness—The bridge of my nose, sir. Had the spalpeen waited, I'd a told him.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Child's Definition.

"Mother," said a little Rockland girl, looking up from her book, "what does transatlantic mean?"

"Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. Don't bother me; you make me forget my count."

"Does trans always mean across?"

"I suppose it does. If you don't stop bothering me with your questions you'll go to bed."

"Then does transparent mean a cross parent?"

Ten minutes later she was resting in her little couch.—*Rockland Courier.*

Getting Used to the Public.

Young Pianist (downhearted)—Oh, it's no use, I don't seem to have any luck. The people are continually telling me I can't play, and have no talent whatever.

VII.

Veteran Pianist—Don't be so downcast, my boy. You'll soon get used to the ways of the public. Why I've had the same thing said to me a great many times, only yesterday, in fact, and by a man whom I esteem highly.—*N. Y. Star.*

Objected to Being Tipped.

De Guy—I heard you were arrested the other day on account of a beastly row with a waiter.

Allcash—So I was. He had me arrested for giving him a tip.

De Guy—Impossible! Who ever heard of such a thing?

Allcash—True as shooting, though. He was deuced insolent, and I just tipped him over the table with my boot.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Anxious Judge Peterby.

Mrs. Judge Peterby is a very spare woman. She is excessively thin. A few days ago her husband said:

"I don't really think that you ought to go out on the street, Mariah."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Well, you know there is so much danger just now from mad dogs. They will bite at almost anything."

"But I don't think I am in any more danger than anybody else."

"O, yes you are. Dogs love to gnaw bones."—*Texas Siftings.*

Silver-Tongued.

"Say, pa, is speech silver?"

"Yes, my son, the proverb says: 'Speech is silver, silence is gold.'"

"Well, I just saw a couple of Dutchmen on the corner, but I couldn't understand a word they said—must have been talking German silver."—*N. Y. Herald.*

HOME AND FARM.

—To increase the laying, every other day give one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper pulverized, to one dozen fowls with their common food. Keep them free from lice.—*Western Rural.*

—Tea is best made in an earthenware tea pot, which should be kept dry, for if allowed to remain damp after use it becomes musty. The water should always boil when the tea is added. Tea is not wholesome taken on empty stomach.—*Exchange.*

—Thimbles lined with india rubber are now employed and are said not to fall off so easily as the ordinary unlined thimble. They are also warmer to the skin, and free from the metalic "rust," which sometimes takes the form of verdigris, a substance of poisonous nature.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—Fried Cakes: One beaten egg, three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, six tablespoonfuls of sour milk or buttermilk, one teaspoonful of salt and one small teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with nutmeg. Flour to make as stiff as biscuit.—*The Caterer.*

—Fritters: One pint sweet milk, the yolks of three eggs, stirred in a thick batter with flour, a pinch of salt and three tablespoonfuls of baking powder; lastly, add the whites of the eggs, well beaten. Drop into hot lard and cook until done in about a teaspoonful of dough for a cake.—*The Household.*

—There is much good feed in the pumpkin, but for the hog it should be cooked and either meal or grain mixed with it. In this way a supply of pumpkins can be made to greatly lessen the cost of fattening pork. During the last month of feeding the hogs should be given grain exclusively to harden the pork and make it shrink less.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—In sections of the country where exen are used for draft purposes, it is found that the labor of "breaking" is greatly facilitated and lessened by early training; and an early beginning to accustom the young steers to the yoke, as well as the halter, economizes much time, and makes better ox-teams. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."—*Toronto Mail.*

—Speak of punishing a horse, always be careful about using a whip on a horse you don't know; see how differently horses take a whipping; just like youngsters—some will tremble and lose their spirit, others will become stubborn and balk; a spunky one will jump right out of your hands, and you might not get him back in time enough to save a broken wagon or head.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Spiced Grapes: Eight quarts of grapes (the wild grapes are used), seven pounds of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of ground cloves and allspice. Take off the skins, boil the pulps till tender, then strain through a sieve. Boil the skins in one pint of vinegar with the spices two hours, using judgment as to when it is cooked enough; add the pulps and boil slowly a little as for jelly; when like jelly, put up hot in glasses.—*Boston Budget.*

—It will not pay farmers to attempt growing evergreens from seed. While very small the plants are tender and need protection alike from sun and cold. Nurserymen manage it by stretching covers of some sort over the plants in the rows. These covers remain during the season. Even with this precaution many trees are lost. Young evergreens in the forest get this protection naturally from the shade of trees, and through a large proportion of all that start fail, enough are left to reach maturity.—*N. Y. Times.*

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

A Business That Requires Continual and Honest Study.

It is the reading man who makes the best success in life, for he keeps up with the progress of the times. In the papers he finds the steady record of all that is being done or learned in raising sheep and growing wool. It is not an uncommon experience to find inexperienced flockmasters in the midst of a dilemma to them, which is no dilemma to others; and it ought to be a fact recognized by everybody who is engaged in the business of raising sheep and growing wool, or who contemplates engaging in it, that there are some intricacies about it. The idea is too prevalent that sheep will take care of themselves. Years gone by they were largely left to do so, and as we have often remarked, they will probably do better with less care than any animal on the farm. But if sheep husbandry is to be made a really profitable business, it must be understood and have intelligent and industrious attention. And this, of course, must begin with the breeding.

But while the flockmaster can learn much by reading with reference to this, he can not learn everything, and it is as important for him to know this as it is to know that he would be benefited by reading. There is a great deal that can only be learned by experience in almost every business. But in sheep husbandry there is conspicuously such a thing as natural adaptability, and unless a man is naturally fitted for the business he will never be be a successful flockmaster. One writer says that "it is a gift of nature," and he is largely right. But with this "gift" an intelligent beginning will likely result favorably. To the vast majority of breeders sheep husbandry is not the nice art that it is to the originator of a breed. Sheep are kept for the money they bring in from year to year, and the highest aim is to keep the flock up to a standard, or to improve it to an ideal standard. Get such a ram, therefore, as you want, one that is strong, and of marked prepotency; and if you get a ram of that character, better keep him just as long as possible. You will then have a uniform flock, and know what you will have right along. If more than one is used, aim to strengthen the weak points of one by using the others according to a defined system. The subject of in-and-in breeding will likely present itself very soon to the intelligent, thoughtful breeder. If the system is followed to any extent, it must be with the utmost care,

In the selection of the ewe for breeding purposes, it will be well to select carefully if the flock furnishes the opportunity. When a flock is being bred up, there is often little to choose between the ewes. They may be all poor enough, and it is necessary to take such as we have. Short stapled, light shearers, of course, are to be rejected when there is a choice. Long necked, flat ribbed and leggy ewes are not fit to breed from if anything better can be had. Neither breed from one with a sharp rump. If you have a ewe whose hind quarters are very heavy as compared with the fore-quarters, she will make a good breeder.—*Western Rural.*

A DESERTED VILLAGE.

The Last Shanty of Frogtown, Maryland, is Tottering.

They were talking about dead mining camps. "I have seen dead camps," said the man from the east shore of Maryland, "and I have seen dead oil towns, but the deadest town I ever saw was the remains of the once prosperous Frogtown down on Delaware Bay. It was once a station on one of the first railroads built in this country, a line six miles in length. I passed through the place last week. The engine stopped for water or something, and I saw a gaunt, hungry-looking girl, clothed in a greasy calico wrapper, reaching out of the door of a hovel and tearing off a clapboard. It was the last board. All the rest had been pulled off before for firewood, and all the other houses in the town had gone the same way. This was the last house and the last inhabitant. As soon as the gaunt, hungry woman completes her work of destruction she, too, will go.

"They used to have accidents on the roads in those old days," continued the Marylander, meditatively. "The cars were wheeled over wooden rails covered with thin iron strips nailed down to the wood. The ends of these rails used to curl up and run through the floors of the cars and out through the roof. Usually there would be a man on the end of 'em. And it sometimes took several hours to pick him off.

"They make all sorts of fun of East-shore people," he continued, after a pause, "and some of the inhabitants are queer specimens. They grow on trees, you know; some drop off before they are ripe, and that accounts for the variety of the fruit. You will meet men with one cheek bone two inches higher than the other, others with one side of their mouths turning down and the other side turning up; some without any chins, others with chins extending out like horns; some with feet and hands like hams, others misshapen and bent and warped and twisted out of all semblance to humanity. A new generation is springing up, however, and the latest born are very like other mortals. Soon nothing will be left of the East-shore men but tradition."—*Chicago News.*

A Mysterious Physician.

A Sicilian doctor, who asserts that he has discovered a sovereign remedy for cholera, saves the expense of patenting it by simply refusing to make its nature known to any one, and administering it in a private room where he and his patient are alone together. This air of mystery, no doubt, tends to stimulate the faith of the simple Sicilians, and on that account it is quite possible that the virtue of the cure would indeed vanish if the secret were revealed. Meanwhile, the authorities of Palermo very naturally insist on knowing something of Dr. Reforgiato's method before they officially recognize it and give him facilities for exercising it.—*N. Y. Post.*

In the Hospitals.

Baltimore and Philadelphia hospital physicians are prescribing the new proprietary medicine, Red Star Cough Cure. It contains neither morphia, opium, nor any other injurious ingredients. The price is only 25 cents.

LOVE is a little confidence game, in which both parties are taken in—by the clergyman.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

WHEN trains are telescoped the poor passengers see stars.

FOR removing dandruff and promoting the growth of the hair, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

A DESIRABLE thing in gloves—A warm lining.—*Boston Courier.*

FER'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.

GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

A YANKEE clinched his argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and Mississippi by saying: "Why, look here, mister, there ain't enough of water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi River."—*N. Y. Post.*

PAT took the bull by the horns when he said that all the men in China were washer-women.

PEOPLE with telephones in their houses have more holler days than other folks.—*California Maverick.*

A MAN about to build a house advertises for proposals. Why don't the girls try that plan?—*Lowell Citizen.*

SOME men are like eggs. You can't tell whether they are good or bad until they are broke.

WHY teach a girl to speak several languages when as a wife she can talk him baldheaded with one?—*Chicago Tribune.*

A BROOKLYN man has printed a book to prove that the earth is flat. He judges by himself.—*Fall River Advance.*

"SEE hier, fadder. Dot celebrated Dr. Hammond says dot in a t'ousand years all mankind will be bald." "My gracious, my son, ish dot so? I guess may be den ve better mark our schtock of combs down."—*Chicago News.*

THE Widow Larkin says the main reason why so many men have family trouble is that they marry a miss.—*N. Y. Journal.*

It was a Vassar girl just graduated who inquired: "Is the crack of the rifle the place where they put the powder?"—*Troy Times.*

EVERY man is made better by the possession of a good picture, even if it is only a landscape on the back of a hundred-dollar note.—*Norristown Herald.*

UNCLE GEORGE—"And so you go to school, now, Johnny? What part of the exercises do you like best?" Johnny—"The exercise we get at recess."—*Boston Transcript*

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A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

A Physician Presents Some Startling Facts.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we can not excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers entire:

To the Editor of the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

SIR:—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, and 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 they are unusually tired and can not account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. 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 nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and 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. 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 can not understand!

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; 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 many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during 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. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and 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 water was filled with tube-casts 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. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was *a good sign* for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally 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 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, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. 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 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 verify it fully. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia" and the other common complaints, when in reality it is from 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 if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families inheriting it 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, from convulsions, apoplexy or 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 symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts 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 the professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

A SNOW-PLOW is like a bad habit—A good thing to cut adrift.—*Boston Bulletin.*

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral, in thousands of cases, has cured a cough in a few days.

THE sigh of the seamstress—A-hem.—*St. Paul Herald.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

PEOPLE we must put up with—Hotel keepers.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Do You Feel

All tired out, almost prostrated, without appetite, nervous, depressed and despondent? Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you strength and vigor, restore and sharpen your appetite, build up your nervous system and clear your mind.

Do you have pimples and boils breaking out on your body, scrofulous sores or bunches, or other indications of impure blood? Hood's Sarsaparilla will remove every vestige of impurity and vitalize and enrich the blood.

Do you have headache, indigestion, heartburn, distress after eating, faintness, or other symptoms of dyspepsia? Hood's Sarsaparilla will tone up the digestive organs, remove every disagreeable symptom, and completely cure you.

Do you have pains in the back and the disagreeable evidences of difficulties with the kidneys or liver? Hood's Sarsaparilla rouses these organs to their proper duties and enables them to resist the attacks of disease. Give it a trial.

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six *for* $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

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Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.
—THE BEST TONIC

For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., IT HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only iron medicine that is not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion

It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other iron medicines do*

MRS. MARY A. R. POWERS, 2320 S. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I was broken down in health, had no appetite, and was always tired and drowsy. I have taken three bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters, and have been restored to health. I can recommend it highly."

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MRS. C. W. HANKINS, Warren, Ark., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for a tired, weak feeling and it made me feel like a new person. I consider it the best tonic made."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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ALL REQUIRE AT SOME AGE
TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY of Sweet Gum and Mullein.

4TH STAGE—COUGHS.

A slight cough, when neglected, may settle on the Lungs, and Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption be the results. It should therefore have attention at once, by the use of Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein.

The Sweet Gum from a tree of the same name growing in the South, combined with a tea made from the Mullein plant of the old fields. For sale by all druggists at 25 cents and $1 00 per bottle.

WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

ELY'S CREAM BALM when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

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A particle is applied into each nostril; is agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER

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To Whom Pensions Are Paid.

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Send for Description and Maps of NORTHERN PACIFIC COUNTRY, the Free Government Lands and CHEAP RAILROAD LANDS in Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The Best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to Settlers. SENT FREE. Address, CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

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Is a cure for Liver Complaints and ills caused by a deranged or torpid condition of the Liver, as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Malaria, Rheumatism, etc. It regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the system.

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Celebrated "ECLIPSE" HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, can not be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of the U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

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German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects a cure where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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