A FANTASY.

We may not choose our paths below,
Nor pass the narrow bounds
That still confine us as we go
Upon our daily rounds.

But visions of the far away,
The beautiful, the true,
Bright glimpses of a brighter day—
Still come to greet our view.

I breathe the city's stifled air,
I tread its paths of stone,
And 'mid the crowds that idly stare,
I walk my way alone.

As if up-built by magic hands,
Fair temples round me rise;
And treasures rare from distant lands
Here greet my wondering eyes.

Wealth, beauty, fashion, walk the street,
Sweet music greets the ear;
Each day this thought I still repeat—
"Man rules supremely here."

But far beyond the crowded street
And the city's gilded domes,
I see the fields of waving wheat
And the quiet country homes.

I hear the humming of the bees
All through the summer day;
And in the shadows of the trees
I see the lambs at play.

I breathe again the balmy air
That tells of fragrant flowers,
And shield me from the sunlight's glare,
In blossom-laden bowers.

I turn to look on mountains grand,
And valleys far between—
But works of art on every hand
Dispel the cherished scene.

Again the noise and din of trade
Shut out all pleasing sounds,
And I still make, as I have made,
The city's beaten rounds.

But in my heart is a vision fair,
And a joyous melody,
As the shell bears with it everywhere
The music of the sea.

—T. J. RICHARDS.

## LOVE IN A FOG.

Annunziata, Francesca Belloni's nurse, was standing at the top of a large flight of stairs. There were tears in her faded eyes, and tear stains on her withered old cheeks, as with trembling hands she plaited and unplaited the hem of her embroidered apron.

She dared not go into Francesca's room, for the child she had rocked in her bosom turned from her with sighs and moans:

"Go away, Nunziatina; leave me in peace, always in peace."

She dared not go down stairs where the old master was closeted with the Signor Dottore, for the professore was not like himself this morning. He was disturbed and bewildered, and was impatient of Annunziata's lamentations. Why had the malign Englishman ever come to trouble this peaceful home on the Lieva? Those cold English, cruel and icy as their chill, foggy land! All had been going smoothly for the dear Signor Antonio until the maledetto di Inglese turned the head of our little Francesca!

"Aime, aime," Annunziata moaned and wept, and plaited her apron. Her heart was very full, for she loved the Signor Antonio like a son. Then she saw the Signor Professore coming up the stairs with the Signor Dottore, and she curtsied and wiped her eyes.

"Well, Annunziata, how are we getting on?" inquired the dottore cheerily.

"Ah, Signor Dottore, it is a sad day for this house," sighed the nurse.

"No, no, Annunziata, my friend. A trifle, a trifle. You are all making too much of a girlish caprice——"

Annunziata softly opened the door and peeped into Francesca's room. She shook her head sadly and then threw the door open, saying, "Enter, signori."

The room was almost dark. A heavy red damask curtain was drawn across the principal window, and Francesca lay on a couch in a shadowed corner, with her head buried in the red velvet cushions. The thick masses of her black hair stood out in relief against the rich crimson of the pillows. Her face was hidden. She never stirred as her father and the doctor went into the room.

The poor old professore was dazed and puzzled. He knew more of marine biology than of women. A great disturbance was wrought in him by this distracting behavior on the part of his little 'Cesca. He had not the smallest idea what to do. Francesca's strange affection for his disguished English student amazed him. The milordo was an impassioned pupil. Science was his mistress. He had never another thought. Blind professore!

The professore crossed the room with a hurried, uncertain step, and put his hand timidly on Francesca's shoulder.

"'Cesca, my little one, look up. Here is the Signor Dottore."

Francesca lifted her head. There was a faint, dusky glow on her olive cheeks. Her great dark eyes were dry, but deep and luminous with emotion. She clasped her father's hand between her two little hot palms.

"Babbo, il mio babbo!" she cried. "Let me die. I care no more to live. I wish to sleep in the grave. Oh, yes, to sleep forever, forever with my mother."

The professore turned pale to the roots of his white hair. But the dottore, with an important manner, took Francesca's hand in his and felt for the pulse at her wrist. Francesca drew her hand away and buried it under the cushions.

"Go away, Signor Dotorre; go, go, I do not want you. I wish to die and go to my mother. How miserable I am. What torment!"

The professore looked anxiously at the dottore. The Signor Dottore, who felt the unruffled calm of profound wisdom, screwed up his eyes and twinkled sagaciously at the troubled professore, as much as to say: "He, he! learned professore, I know a thing or two beyond you. With all your deep researches, you are now groping in thick darkness. Stand aside, good professore, and admire the wealth of my knowledge of human nature. The heart of the woman is an open book to me." So, with a fatherly and jocose air, the dottore drew a chair near Francesca's couch.

"So, so, Francesca, what is the matter now? What poor fellow have you slain with your dark eyes? Ah, little lady, I hear terrible stories of your cruelty," and the foolish old dottore struggled to get hold of Francesca's wrist.

"Babbo," pleaded Francesca, with a piteous shiver of disgust, as she hid herself deeper in the pillows. The professore moved uneasily.

"Come, come, Francesca," pleaded the dottore, "give your devoted admirer that little wrist. The youth of Siapente will mob old Caporali it he doesn't quickly cure the beautiful Francesca. A touch of fever, professore, nothing, nothing. A composing draught, and our Francesca will be as dangerous as ever."

Francesca turned round and raised herself in a sitting position. "Go away, Signor Dottore. I hate you. Go away, babbo," she said. "I implore you to let me alone. Babbo, dear babbo, please go away. Leave me in peace, in peace."

The miserable professore trembled, and something of the immense suffering in the girl's eyes penetrated the dense covering that shrouded Dottore Caporali's soul. Francesca buried herself once more in the cushions. The two old men looked helplessly at one another and then went feebly away.

Presently Annunziata came in and looked wistfully at Francesca.

"The Signor Antonio bids me ask the signorina if she will have the flowers on the terrace the same as last year."

"I do not care, Nunziata; I have told you I do not care for anything."

"Ah, my little one, do not say that—you will break old Nunziata's heart. Think of Signor Antonio, too."

"Nunziata," cried Francesca, turning her flaming eyes suddenly on the old nurse, "go away this minute, and leave me in peace." Annunziata sighed and went sorrowfully away; but in a very short time she returned again.

"The Signor Antonio goes to-morrow to the market at V——. He bids me inquire if he can do anything for the signorina."

That wearisome, blundering Antonio again! Always questions when she wished to be quiet and watch the sun die over the hill!

"Nothing, nothing, Nunziata. Why does the Signor Antonio plague me like this? I am far too unhappy to want ribbons or lace. He should know that."

"Pardon, signorina. Last year when the Signor Antonio started hurriedly without asking your will, you were very angry and scolded him well." Francesca burst into tears. They were all turning against her now. Even old Nunziata reproved her. They were very hard and she was so lonely, oh, so very lonely. Babbo was graver than ever, and stared at her as if she was some strange beast, and the Signor Dottore was odious with his silly jokes. There was no one to whom she could tell her thoughts. Oh, what torment, to have no one to praise you, and love and pet you! Quale tormento!

"Che! che!" cried Annunziata. "My angel, don't cry. Run down and see what the Signor Antonio has done in the garden." But Francesca felt a strong sense of injury and would not speak. The tears welled into her dark eyes, but she kept them fixed on the hill behind which the sun had dipped, and the tangled bars of changing clouds above that streaked the ruddy skies. She never once glanced down at the garden where Antonio was directing the gardener.

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A great cry of grief came up to Francesca's room from below, and then a sound of Annunziata sobbing and weeping.

Francesca sprang up and moved to the door, but as her hand was on the handle she paused. Francesca's heart had grown bitter and hard under her pain. She was angry with the world, with babbo and Antonio, angry with old Nunziata, and most of all angry with herself. And just because she was angry with herself she began to wrap a chill mantle of self-justification about her. She and Nunziata had been rather estranged of late, and the last few days Francesca said to herself that Annunziata had been unkind and sulky.

Oh, yes, that was it. She was as sullen as it was possible to be. She had hardly spoken a word. Francesca liked to be spoilt and implored, although she turned away and cried. "Leave me in peace." Now, Annunziata had some trouble. Ah, she, too, would know the dreadful torment of suffering when all around was smiling with glee, smiling and beckoning. "Come, be happy, be happy!"

Annunziata would now understand a little of her pain. But only a little, for the old cannot feel with those awful vivid throbs which rend the eager being of the young. So Francesca turned back with her worst feelings uppermost, and plunged her little hands about in the grain for her doves. Let Annunziata come to her if she wished for sympathy, and she made the grain slip through her fingers in golden streams. Why did Annunziata sob so bitterly? Such a pain began to creep about Francesca's heart! Presently she heard Annunziata coming up the stairs, sobbing all the while. Francesca's heart throbbed very fast.

Annunziata opened the door and came in with coffee and brioche on a tray. Her face was convulsed and lips twitched. She did not try to hide the disarray of her grief, but set the tray on the table near Francesca without a word and turned and left the room. As she shut the door, Francesca stood abashed for a moment, then she sprang after her and called in the passages in a vibrating voice:

"Annunziata!"

"Signorina," replied the nurse.

"Annunziata, come back!" cried Francesca, in an imperative tone. Annunziata followed Francesca back to her room.

"Nunziata, what is the matter? Why don't you speak to me?"

"Ah, signorina, why should I tell you my sorrow?" said the old nurse with mournful gentleness. "You care no more for us, nor our joys and woes. You drive us away from you with cold words. When I come in here I do not find the dear little angel of old, ready with a smile and kiss for her old nurse, but a proud, harsh signorina, who has forgotten all her faithful friends."

"Nunziata, it is you who have been unkind; you have not spoken to me"—

"Signorina, how could I speak? If I open my lips the signorina cries, 'Leave me in peace!' Besides, my heart has been weighed down. These are dark days for the country."

"What do you mean, Nunziata?" asked Francesca. A swift flash of remembrance darted through her brain.

"Aime! While the signorina has been shut up alone, taking no part in our troubles, many hearts have been broken. There have been soldiers here, soldiers there, Garibaldina everywhere, and the news of battles, and every town has widows and orphans, and mothers weeping for their sons." Francesca was stunned. All this time she had forgotten the struggles of her country.

"There was a horrible battle a few days ago, and much slaughter. Many of our youth went this morning at daybreak to join the Garibaldina." Annunziata's lips trembled. Francesca's heart gave a great bound and then stood still. Her lips turned white. Her great eyes dilated with sudden terror.

Annunziata began again: "The signorina has told us all that she wishes to die, and lie down below in the little churchyard. 'I care for nothing, nothing, let me die!' cried the signorina. But the Signor Antonio, good, patient soul, he, too, cares for nothing now; nothing for himself. The Signor Antonio has gone to die for his country."

"Nunziata!" There was a harsh jarring of pain in Francesca's cry. But Annunziata went on with a touch of that cruelty that sometimes leaps up in the gentlest creatures.

"Yes, the Signor Antonio wastes no breath on words. He has gone to die, and all because the signorina's soft Italian heart has gone away, and another heart come, hard as steel, hard as iron, harder than the marble of Carrara."

"Annunziata, you are a wicked, cruel old woman!" cried Francesca, passionately. "You know that it is not true. You know that Antonio would never have refused the call of his country." Her great eyes were flashing, shining so brilliantly that her face seemed transfigured in the tremulous glow. Annunziata thought she was more beautiful than all the saints in heaven. They were both so wretched, and their hearts beat in harmony of sorrow; but they were also angry and excited and unforgiving.

"Ah! The signorina is happy to console herself so easily," moaned Annunziata, as she went away down the large flight of stairs.

* * * * * * *

This sharp touch of life's reality worked a change in Francesca. She was pursued by haunting uneasiness for her brother Antonio. She insisted fiercely to herself that he was merely a brother. The best and kindest of brothers—a more faithful slave would never be found—but still a brother only. She crept down stairs. The professore was in his studio, his head bent over a large tome.

"Babbo, don't bring any of the students here, and then I will have my dinner with you," she said.

The professore looked up with a preoccupied smile, but he stroked the small black head and promised obedience.

But somehow, dinner alone with babbo, while Annunziata hovered reproachfully near, oppressed Francesca. She and babbo never had much to say to each other, but now she seemed to have lost touch of him altogether. Some chord that had bound her to him had snapped. In a tiny world they stood wide distances apart. Was it that Antonio, with his quick sympathy and gentle tact, had revealed these two opsite beings to one another and united them in the light of his large understanding?

Truly there was a great void without Antonio. She never remembered a time when he had not filled her life with a sense of tenderness and protecting love. Yet till he was gone she hardly knew he was there. Strange and inexplicable enigma. It all came upon her now in the light of a revelation. If Antonio never came home again, how little and empty her life would be! A sharp pang of remorse smote her, which dulled into a gnawing pain as the days dragged by in the shadow of suspense.

* * * * *

She liked now to sit under the shade of the gray green olive trees on the sunny vine trellised terrace.

She could hear the wind rustling in the bamboos in the dry ditch. It was there she used to sit with Antonio on the worn stone bench and watch for babbo coming home from his scientific laboratory. It pleased her to linger there in the fragrant stillness, while the lizards crept close to her feet with their strange bright eyes staring at her out of little palpitating bodies. Sometimes Antonio had lured a green lizard to crawl on his hand.

Kind, faithful Antonio, dearest of brothers! If he could but return and the old peaceful life go on as before, reading and singing and planting flowers, and laughing with Annunziata, as happiest brother and sister, while babbo smiled at them through the amiable mists that rose from his dreams of queer beasts. But Francesca was troubled at the bottom of her heart, for she knew she was deceiving herself and caressing an idle fancy. Antonio loved her with no brotherly love.

Then Francesca was aware of voices creeping upon the silence. The air was broken by wandering cries. From the distance rolled sounds of trampling feet. They came nearer and nearer, hurrying along the street, and loud huzzahs burst forth! "Viva la patria—viva la Garibaldi—viva il Re!" Now and then the wailing of a woman rose plaintively amid the joyous shouts. "Italia—Italia—viva la patria!"—

Suddenly there was a stillness, and after a space, a shrill scream from Annunziata. Francesca sprang to her feet and moved quickly across the garden. The professore appeared on the portico with his hair blown about and his eyes scared and starting from under his shaggy gray brows.

"Carina, carina," he stuttered, and, seizing Francesca's hand, he drew her into the large stone kitchen.

There was quite a crowd about the door that opened on the street. Old Annunziata had fallen on a chair with her apron flung over her head. She was trembling like an aspen leaf. Handsome young Tito, Giuseppe's lad, stood near her with his arm in a sling and his uniform torn and dusty. Pretty little Liza hung proudly on his looks.

"Ecco la signorina," whispered the crowd at the door.

"Ecco." Tito bowed to Francesca, who enveloped him in a gaze of speechless entreaty.

"We have had a glorious victory, signorina. The Signor Antonio was the bravest of the brave. He laughed at danger. Where the bullets fell thickest there was the Signor Antonio. But—the gallant signor is much wounded, signorina. A cannon ball took off his left arm. He is in the hospital, and they say he will recover. Il Garibaldi shook hands with our signor. Il Signor Re has visited him in the hospital."

The terrible tension of suspense was over. He was alive. What mattered anything so that he yet lived?

"And the victory, signorina! The Garibaldini have gained the day everywhere"—

Francesca threw herself on her knees by Annunziata and drew the apron from her face. The throng melted away from the door. She pulled the old trembling head down upon her bosom.

"Nunziata—Nunziata, mia," she sobbed.

Annunziata's heart was soothed—thus rocked in the arms of the child she had received into the world. They mingled their tears and lamentations, while the poor professore looked on with moist, peering eyes and a sympathy he knew not how to express.

* * * * * * *

"Ecco our Signor Antonio!" screamed Annunziata from the window, frantically waving her handkerchief.

He had come!

A shadow darkened the portico, and Antonio walked out into the rich, broad light. Francesca stood motionless and spellbound. Her heart shrank with a sudden, agonizing pain, as she saw in a rapid glance the change wrought in his fine figure and handsome face. A sharp stab of irreparable sorrow pierced her when she noticed the empty sleeve pinned across his breast. Were those pale, wasted cheeks Antonio's? The ghastly creases and scars on his neck turned her sick with pity. Her soul was swept by great winds of remorse and yearning and devotion.

She stretched out her little hands as she darted toward him.

"Tonio, Tonio, il mio Tonio!" she cried. She looked up to him, and deep love and trembling and fear were like chasing lights on her face. Ah! his eyes were the same. Those tender eyes were homes of rest.

"Cescarina," he said softly, and they were locked in close embrace.

"Why do you tremble, Tonio mio?" she asked.

There was no answer. But Antonio bent down and kissed her lips.

The birds as they flew in and out of the branches, the flowers that sprang under the blue expanse above, the cicada chirping in the grass, the green and copper-colored lizards basking in the sun—all these bright things knew that Francesca had always loved Antonio, although her imagination had been dazzled and her vanity flattered by the brilliant stranger.

A great calm came down on Francesca as her head nestled against Antonio's breast, with his big arm wound protectingly round her. It was peace and love. Life would never more be torn by stormy passions, or tortured by wounded pride and humbled maiden modesty.

Dear, dear Antonio; brave, true soul! She would never tease him again by childish caprice.

From the deep arched-heavens fell voices uttering the ineffable word love. The wind murmured in the trees and the leaves whispered peace. The scent of the rich red roses was love, and the perfume of the chaliced lilies peace. The crisp splash of the fountain as it broke and lost itself in the marble basin was a ripple of love. The sunbeams as they glanced and trembled in the radiant air were threads from the weaving of love and peace that lies deep in the infinite heart of things.—*Time.*

### The Source of Proverbs.

The following are from the Bible:

"There is death in the pot.—[2 Kings, iv, 40.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided," is spoken of Saul and Jonathan.—[2 Samuel, i, 23.

"A man after his own heart."—[1 Samuel, xiii, 14.

"The apple of his eye."—[Deuteronomy, xix, 21.

"A still small voice."—[1 Kings, xix, 12.

"Escaped with the skin of my teeth."—[Job, xix, 20.

"Spreading himself like a green bay tree."—[Psalm xxxvii, 35.

"Heaps coals of fire upon his head."—Proverbs, xxv, 22.

"Riches certainly make themselves wings," not take, as often quoted.—[Proverbs, xxiii, 5.

"No new thing under the sun."—[Ecclesiastics, i, 9.

"Of making books there is no end."—[Ecclesiastics, xii, 12.

"Peace, peace, when there is no peace," made famous and popular by Patrick Henry, is from Jeremiah viii, 2.

There are many more from the sacred writings which, "if ye search, ye shall find."

The popular quotations from Shakespeare are numerous. One or two, often misquoted, will suffice:

"All that glistens is not gold."—[Merchant of Venice. Generally quoted, "All is not gold that glitters."

"Screw your courage to the sticking place (not point)."—[Macbeth.

"Hang out your banners on the outward (not outer) walls."—[Macbeth.

"Keep the word of promise to our (not the) ear, and break it to our hope."—[Macbeth.

The old authors are rich in quotations, such as the following:

"It is an ill wind turns none to good" is by Thomas Tasser, 1580, though often quoted: 'It is an ill wind that blows no one any good."

"Christmas comes but once a year" is by the same author, and "Look ere you leap" by the same, from which Hudibras took his "Look before you ere you leap," but often quoted "Look before you leap."

"Out of mind as soon as out of sight," is by Lord Brooke, though usually quoted "Out of sight, out of mind."

Here are a few from Milton:

"What though the field be lost, all is not lost."

"Awake! arise! or be forever fallen."

"Necessity the tyrants' plea."

"That old man eloquent."

"Peace hath her victories."

Roger L'Estrange wrote, "Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us."

Hudibras is full of quotations:

"All cry and no wool"—not little wool, as usually quoted.

"Count your chickens ere (not before) they're hatched."

"Through thick and thin" is from Dryden.

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," is a usual quotation. It should be, "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war," and is from Nat Lee's "Rival Queens."

"Of two evils I have chose the least," is from Prior.

"As clear as a whistle" is by Byron—not Lord Byron of this century, but of 1763.

Goldsmith has "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs" (not lies).

"His God's image cut in ebony."—[Thos. Fuller.

"Wise and masterly inactivity," by Macintosh, in 1791, is generally attributed to Randolph.

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), was incorporated into the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, December, 1799, by General Henry Lee.

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," was by Charles C. Pinckney.

"The almighty dollar." —[Washington Irving.

### 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 woman 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.

ENERGY will do almost anything, but it cannot exist if the blood is impure and moves sluggishly in the veins. There is nothing so good for cleansing the blood and imparting energy to the system as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price, $1. Six bottles, $5. Sold by druggists.

THE best regulator of digestive organs and the best appetizer known is Angostura Bitters. Try it, but beware of imitations. Get from your grocer or druggist the genuine article, manufactured by J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

### AN EMPTY NEST.

A grave old man and a maiden fair
Walked together at early morn;
The thrushes up in the clear cool air
Sang to the farmer planting his corn.
And oh! how sweet was the fresh-turned mound!
And oh! how fair were the budding trees!
For daisy's silver and daffodil's gold
Were full of the happy honey bees.

"Ah, look! there's an empty nest," she said:
"And I wonder where sing the last year's birds?"
Then the old man quickly raised his head,
Though scarcely he noted her musing words;
He tore the nest from the swaying tree,
He flung to the winds its moss and hay,
And said: "When an empty nest you see,
Be sure that you throw it far away."

"But why?" she asked, with a sorrowing face—
"Why may not the pretty home abide?"
"Because," he answered, "'twill be a place
In which the worm and slug will hide.
Last year 'twas fair enough in its way—
It was full of love, and merry with song;
But days that are gone must not spoil to-day,
Nor dead joys do the living joys wrong."

The maiden heard with a thoughtful face—
Her first false love had gone far away—
And she thought, Is my heart become a place
For anger and grief and hate to stay?
Down, heart, with thy sad, forsaken nest!
Fling far thy selfish and idle pain.
The love that it ours is always the best;
And she went with a smile to her work again.

—*Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Magazine.*

## THE PHYLLOXERA.

**Our Worst Vine Pest and the Extent of Its Devastations—Known Remedies.**

In a recent letter upon California wines and vineyards, written by Major Ben C. Truman, and published in the New York *Times*, appears the following concerning the phylloxera:

It is in Napa and Sonoma counties where the phylloxera has made sad havoc, and where almost whole vineyards have been destroyed. The ravages of this marauder still go on, and as yet, where vineyards cannot be submerged, there has been no certain means of complete eradication. New vines on resistant stocks are planted in place of the sick and dead ones, and it is hoped that this will be the means of getting rid of the dreaded "insect" in time. These new vines bear here in three years, whereas in France it takes from seven to eight. Great care in selecting new vines is exercised by growers, who disinfect all cuttings; but, generally, few care to admit the presence of phylloxera, as they seem to feel that such admission jeopardizes their interests in more ways than one, and especially those who are occasionally obliged to sell or mortgage their estates or crops. It is a curious fact, and one not generally known, that the phylloxera is a native of America and not of France, and that its depredations in the latter country during the past five years has cost France nearly twice as much as the Franco-German war—the last three vintages having shown a decrease of 100,000,000 gallons a year, and the terrible falling off in 1886 of more than a quarter of the average yield.

The death of the unsuspecting fly after crossing the threshold of the murderous spider is not more certain than the destruction of the vine after a single insect has traveled down its stem and fixed its proboscis into a root. This marauder may be seen by the aid of an ordinary magnifying glass. It resembles a cheese louse—some say a beetle—more than anything else, and undergoes numerous changes. The male does not amount to much, except as progenitor, so far is known, and contents himself with a limited sphere, so to speak, a sort of cheerful worker at home. But the female is an energetic, vivacious thing, and takes to herself wings, and flies from one vineyard to another, banqueting here and there amid fragrance and luxuriance, and at a proper time depositing eggs in the enfoliations of the upper part of the root. From these eggs come generations, which culminate in thousands of millions during a single season, all females, and called nymphs. These nymphs move vigorously in their career of mischief and tap first the tenderest part of the root in a virulent way. After having arrived upon the outer edge of a vineyard, over which they have ruinously foraged, these unsatisfied nymphs come to the surface, and either sight or scent another vineyard from afar, and, seemingly at a signal take flight in a body, and in a few moments swoop down upon heretofore untouched vines and proceed with their devastating repast. The reader will readily understand by this description of the habits of the phylloxera in California the secret of the destructiveness of French vineyards, which succeed each other in unbroken plats for miles upon miles, while in Napa and Sonoma many of the vineyards are great distances apart. "The pest has an enemy, however, in the shape of an active ant, which sometimes chases the phylloxera pell-mell through our American vineyards," said Mr. Kohler to me one day while at his place in Glen Ellen. "The French have not been so fortunate, as they got the phylloxera from us, but did not get the ant. The French call the pest *Phylloxera vastatrix*, because it devastates. The French have so far failed entirely in their efforts to rid their vineyards of this cruel destroyer, and are now turning streams of water upon their lands where it is possible to do so, which is a sure way of extermination; for, as you know, the phylloxera have never put in an appearance where irrigation is carried on. Whole vineyards have been destroyed in Napa and Sonoma counties. But all new cuttings are disinfected and grafted on resistant stocks, which, with the festive ant, which chases up and devours the enemy by the tens of thousands a minute, will in a short time undoubtedly repel the phylloxera altogether. Sometimes the female lays her eggs on the under side of a leaf. She generally deposits thirty eggs, which hatch out in a week—thirty females—which, in turn, deposit thirty eggs, and these generations of females come along about once a week for eight weeks, the production during that time being, as you may see, nearly 58,000,000,000 of female phylloxera! What do you think of that? What wonder is it that thousands of acres have been destroyed here and millions in France?"

### The Starry Heavens in April.

The student of the stars will find the April nights full of material for observation. Five planets—Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and the asteroid Vesta—are visible at the same time in the evening. Three of them—Jupiter, Uranus and Vesta—are in the constellation Virgo. Jupiter, in opposition, is the feature of the month, for the princely planet will shine throughout the night from dewy eve till the morning breaks. He is bright enough to cast a shadow, and keen-eyed observers may pick one or more of his moons or even look upon the giant of the system dwindled to a point in the full daylight. Saturn is in quadrature and adorns the western sky with his serene presence, diversifying his course by a conjunction with Delta Geminorum, making a charming picture that all who are inclined may watch with the naked eye, opera glass, or telescope. Venus holds her court in the west, rising higher in the heavens every night, and winning tributes of admiration from all beholders. Slow-moving Mars plunges behind the sun, and, reappearing on his western side, commences a course as morning star that next year will bring him near enough to be successfully interviewed by terrestrial telescopes. Last, but not least, the Easter full moon pours a flood of silver light over the peaceful earth, and is so beautiful that we feel like granting her absolution for putting out the small stars and dimming the luster of the larger ones. A noteworthy feature in the moon's course is that on the 7th, at noonday, the day before the full, she was in perigree, or at her nearest point to the earth. Her diameter was then 33′ 27″. On the 2d of March she was in apogee, or at her greatest distance from the earth. Her diameter was then 29′ 26″. The Easter full moon will therefore take on her largest as well as her fairest proportions.—*Providence Journal.*

### Mr. Beecher's Fishing Companion.

A good story is told of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher when years ago he spent a portion of his vacation as Litchfield. It was before the war, when the distinction even in our Northern States was marked between the white man and the colored man. Mr. Beecher had donned his regimentals, as he called them, consisting of high-top boots, a farmer's straw hat, blouse coat, and pants tucked slouchingly inside his boots. Lampson, the whitewasher, was of gigantic form, and black as the ace of spades.

Mr. Beecher was in readiness to start for Bantam Lake, when Mr. Hollister, who was to accompany him, was detained on legal business by parties from out of town.

"Never mind, Hollister," said Beecher, "I will go on alone."

The first person he met after leaving the Mansion House was the black person, Mr. Lampson.

"See here, my man," said Mr. Beecher, "do you ever go fishing?"

"Yes, sah."

"And enjoy it?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, then come with me."

While Lampson was absent for the horse some one told him that his companion was no less a personage than the great preacher, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Lampson was awe-stricken. Forgetting to secure the horse, he approached Mr. Beecher, hat in hand, and said:

"Be you Mr. Beecher?"

"Yes," laughed the great preacher; "but what of that?"

"I was sure you had made a mistake, or perhaps you are most blind."

"Not in the least, my man. Come, the sun is getting high; let's be off."

Lampson made another stand against occupying the same wagon seat with the great man, but finally all obstacles were removed and they started at a rapid pace down West Hill.

The fishing was excellent, and Lampson drew up his lines about as rapidly as he could set them. Soon the bottom of the boat was well filled with pickerel, roach, and a few catfish and one bass. But Mr. Beecher had not been successful in making a single haul.

As Lampson was gathering up the fish, Mr. Beecher still sat in the boat and watched him with that serene expression upon his face as he said: "Don't tell me that the black man is the white man's inferior. Look at the spoils of to-day. Which is the better man of the two?" From that day out the colored people of Litchfield had a reverence for Mr. Beecher that exceeded that they felt for any other earthly human being, and Lampson especially was ready always to assert that he was one of the greatest of the great men of the age and time.—*New Haven News.*

A SLIGHT cold often proves the forerunner of a complaint which may be fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best remedy for colds, coughs, and all throat and lung diseases.

THOSE complaining of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice. Sold only in boxes.


**ST. JACOBS OIL**
INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

*After a lapse of years statements confirming the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil and its permanent cures, are given below.*

**From a Rheumatic Sufferer-1880-Cured.**

Hamburg, Berks Co., Penna.
I suffered from severe inflammatory rheumatism for about 4 weeks; physicians gave me no relief. I was confined to the house, limbs very much swollen, and had to crawl up and down stairs. After a few applications the pain was gone, and a few more entirely cured me.
ROLAND T. LEONARD.

**From Same 6 Years Later—Permanently Cured.**

Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., Oct. 19, 1886.
About six years ago I took sick with inflammatory rheumatism and by using a few bottles of St. Jacobs Oil I was entirely cured. I cheerfully duplicate my testimony to the grand, great and good effects of the Oil. ROLAND T. LEONARD.

**From a Deputy Sheriff—June, 1881—Cured.**

Attleborough, Mass.
Last May I was laid up with acute rheumatism and confined to bed. I was told to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so and next day was well as ever.
ELIJAH CAPRON, Deputy Sheriff.

**From Same 5 Years Later—Permanently Cured.**

Attleborough, Mass., Nov. 19, 1886.
I had a severe attack of acute rheumatism so I could not take a step; was confined to bed. I tried everything to no purpose and at last tried St. Jacobs Oil. It cured me entirely and I cheerfully recommend it.
ELIJAH CAPRON, Deputy Sheriff.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

*All persons USING St. Jacobs Oil or Red Star Cough Cure, will by sending a two-cent stamp and a history of their case, receive ADVICE FREE.*

**RED STAR COUGH CURE**
FREE FROM OPIATES AND POISON.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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*Embody the highest excellencies in shapeliness, comfort and durability and are the reigning favorites in fashionable circles.*
Our name is on every sole. J. & T. COUSINS, NEW YORK.

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**Its Delicacy of Flavor,**

AND THE EFFICACY OF ITS ACTION HAVE rendered the famous California Liquid Fruit Remedy,

**SYRUP OF FIGS**

Immensely popular. It cleanses and tones up the clogged and feverish system, and dispels Headaches, Colds and Fevers. Large bottles for sale by all leading druggists. jy13-1yTuThS

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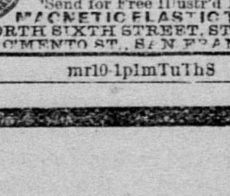
Cures Female Complaints. A Great Kidney Remedy. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.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**Ladies**

**Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.**

The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

**$100 THROWN AWAY.** JOHN E. SEGAR, of *Millenbeck, Va.*, writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

**THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON.** Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of *Westfield, N. Y.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. ——, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

**THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.** Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, *White Cottage, O.*, writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

**IT WORKS WONDERS.** Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of *Nunica, Ottawa Co. Mich.*, writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case.

Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.

## TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

**3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.** Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply*. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

**JEALOUS DOCTORS.** **A Marvelous Cure.**—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of *Crystal, Mich.*, writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

## THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

**As a powerful, invigorating tonic,** it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

**As a soothing and strengthening nervine,** "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine,** carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

**"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure** for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

**In pregnancy,** "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

**"Favorite Prescription,"** when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

**"Favorite Prescription"** is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. **Large bottles** (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages) on Diseases of Women.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

## LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

**LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.** Mrs. MARY A. MCCLURE, *Columbus, Kans.*, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

**LIVER DISEASE.** Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

**Chronic Diarrhea Cured.**—D. LAZARRE, Esq., *275 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La.*, writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

**GENERAL DEBILITY.** Mrs. PARMELIA BRUNDAGE, of *161 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y.* writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

**Dyspepsia.**—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of *Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn.*, writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

**INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.**

**Dyspepsia.**—THERESA A. CASS, of *Springfield, Mo.*, writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

**Chills and Fever.**—Rev. H. E. MOSLEY, *Montmorenci, S. C.*, writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

## "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

**INDIGESTION BOILS, BLOTCHES.** Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, *Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J.*, says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

**HIP-JOINT DISEASE.** Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of *Ainsworth, Ind.*, writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

**A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.** **Skin Disease.**—The "Democrat and News," of *Cambridge, Maryland*, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of *Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md.*, has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. AYRES, of *East New Market, Dorchester County, Md.*, vouches for the above facts.

## CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

**Consumption.**—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of *Harrowsmith, Ont.*, writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the Cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and am entirely free from that terrible cough which harrassed me night and day. I have been afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption, do not do as I did, take everything else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the early stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need but write me, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

**GIVEN UP TO DIE.**

**Ulcer Cured.**—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of *Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.* (P. O. Box 28), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:

**Consumption and Heart Disease.**—"I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong."

**WASTED TO A SKELETON.**

Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

**BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.** JOSEPH F. MCFARLAND, Esq., *Athens, La.*, writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

**Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.**

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The Woful Curse of Life, the common cause of Weakness and Early Decay of Mind, Nerves, and Body, Producing Sexual Decay, Lost Power, Drains, Night Losses, Failing Fits, Weak Memory, Pimples, Clammy Hands, Weak Eyes, Insanity, Torpor, Bashfulness, Paralysis, Wasting and Smallness of Organs, Varicocele, &c.

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