

LEFT IN THE NIGHT

Mrs. Frost Awakes and Finds Her Husband Gone

HE WAS TEMPORARILY INSANE

He Had Been Drinking Heavily and Left a Note Saying He Was Going into the Country—Search for Him.

Ed J. Frost, for some time past order clerk for the Van Every Provision company, stealthily left his home at No. 233 North Front street yesterday morning while recovering from a delirium produced by protracted drinking. He quit work on Thursday at noon and during the remainder of the day he drank heavily. Toward evening while on his way home he was taken out of the house by friends who saw him wandering around in a suspicious manner. When accosted by his friends he replied that he was looking for a man, and they at once suspected that he was suffering from an attack of insanity. They took him to his home and he soon retired for the night in a room upstairs. His wife remained in the room with him until about 3 o'clock, when she retired to an adjoining room, leaving her husband as she supposed sound asleep. The entrance doors were securely locked before retiring for the night. About an hour after leaving her husband Mrs. Frost returned to his room, and was greatly surprised to find that he had gone. She immediately rushed down stairs, and on investigating found that a window had been removed from the kitchen and no trace of her husband could be seen. She afterwards found a note in the kitchen, upon which Frost had written that he had gone into the country to search for work. He thought he could save money enough in the country to pay for a course of treatment at Dwight. He had not returned last night, and his wife had been making inquiries about him during the day as to his possible whereabouts. She has no suspicion as to where he is, and has referred the matter to the police detectives, who are at work on the case. It is supposed that he has wandered away while temporarily deranged.

CONSTABLE POND INSANE

His Wife Asks That He Be Sent to Kalamazoo

The friends of Constable Trafton H. Pond were surprised yesterday when they learned that his wife, Sarah J. Pond, had filed a petition in the probate court asking that he be adjudged insane and sent to the Kalamazoo asylum as a private patient. She claims her husband has been very abusive to her for the last few months and that he is becoming more so every day. Constable Pond is a man of 35 years on him yesterday, ordering him to appear in the probate court this morning for examination. Pond is a well-known constable, having been elected to that office for several successive years in the Fifth ward. He has been attending justice courts for the last few days and his friends observed that he was becoming somewhat erratic, but did not think of insanity. He but recently recovered from a severe illness. It is thought that his misfortune was caused by his late sickness.

APPEALS FROM THE SENTENCES

Mrs. Merriman Will Contest Her Case in the Circuit Court

April 8 Ellen L. Merriman, a school teacher in the Rockford public school, whipped Clinton Wellbrook, one of her scholars with a blackboard pointer. David Wellbrook, the boy's father had her arrested and taken before D. W. C. Burdick, a justice of the peace, on a charge of assault. Mrs. Merriman put in a plea of not guilty and relied for acquittal on the fact that she was a teacher and had whipped the boy in the course of duty. The justice fined her \$2 and \$10 costs. From this sentence Mrs. Merriman appeals to the circuit court, filing her affidavit and bond yesterday.

Arrested for Stealing Jewelry

Francis Newski and Agnes Croski, two young and good-looking Polish girls aged about 14 and 15, were arrested last evening on a charge of having stolen jewelry from a private dwelling, at the request of Constable Walter Foster of Middleville who returned home with them last night. When brought into the police station both confessed the crime of which they were accused, gave up the jewelry and were bitterly at the shame of their position. The younger girl excited considerable sympathy by her evident distress, much more so than did the older, who seemed disposed to brash the matter out.

Sued on a Mechanic's Lien

Suit was commenced yesterday afternoon by the Fuller & Rice Manufacturing company to enforce payment of a mechanic's lien filed May 4, 1892, against the dwelling house situated on lots 7 and 8, block 6 of Fenney's addition, recently purchased by K. A. McKelvey. Amount claimed \$413.31.

Police Court Notes

Mr. Wakefield living on Waterloo street complained in police court yesterday that he was set upon by Henry Krasakoff, Ward Berger and James Featherston, who undertook to do him up. As no blood was drawn or bones broken, Featherston got off free and the other two were assessed costs of trial.

James Drumlay and William Allen, drunk, fined \$2 and costs; William Wheeler, drunk, fined \$1 and costs. In default of payment all were committed to the county jail for ten days.

August Wiseman, charged with striking Abram Golden, pleaded guilty and paid \$1.35 costs.

Louis Beckmeier was held to the superior court on a charge of larceny from a store in the day time. This is the second time Beckmeier has been sent to the superior court for the same offense.

LAW AND LAWYERS

Probate Court

Judge Perkins. Estate of Anna W. Carpenter, deceased; Frank L. Carpenter appointed special administrator. Inventory filed. Estate of Isaac Horton, deceased; will admitted to probate and Loren Day appointed administrator. Estate of Arnold Comstock, deceased; John V. Crandall appointed administrator. Estate of Frederick Lippman, deceased; Nichol D. Emmons appointed administrator. Estate of William McMillan, deceased; administratrix final account allowed.

ESTATE OF MARY BROWN, DECEASED; EXECUTORS FIRST ACCOUNT ALLOWED.

Estate of Isaac Turner, deceased; annual account of Michigan Trust company filed.

Estate of Moses Livingston, deceased; Sylvester P. Hicks and Martin Holcomb appointed commissioners on claims.

Circuit Court—Part I.

Judge Grove. Marshal E. Daggett vs. John W. Hayward, assumpsit, judgment for plaintiff for \$421.31 and costs. Stay granted twenty days. Alexander Grossett vs. The Township of Walker, trespass, no trial.

Circuit Court—Part II.

Judge Adams. Laura Doty vs. William T. Hess and Gaius W. Perkins, trespass, discontinued. Fred A. Allen vs. Martin P. Birdsell, assumpsit; proceeding stayed twenty days.

Court Notes

Twice the case of M. L. Daggett vs. John W. Hayward had been tried in the circuit court before a jury, the first time the jury gave the plaintiff \$447.55 damages. Yesterday the second jury gave him \$421.31. A stay of twenty days was granted by the court.

ODDS AND ENDS

Great Britain has 13,000,000 wage earners.

Wordsworth, Dickens and Longfellow were immense pedestrians.

Pickles may be greened with cabbage leaves. Never use coloring.

A plow exhibited in 1891 at Fryburg, Mo., had been in use 115 years.

It is said that preachers' boys are worse than anybody else's boys.

For poison oak, bathe in cream and gunpowder twice a day till cured.

At one crossing in Chicago 1,356 locomotives pass every twenty-four hours.

That leisure is wasted which is not made to yield improvement of some sort.

The first contract for lighting the World's fair grounds calls for 8,500 arc lamps.

Chinese boatmen in dead calm set paper boats afloat in order to secure a breeze.

Remember that shipshape means a place for everything, and everything in its right place.

Arrangements are being made to lay a cable from Nassau to Jupiter inlet, on the coast of Florida.

In February, 1888, "Aunt Jennie" Aden had lived 100 years in the Cutler place at Morris town, N. J.

Hickory Jim, "the oldest race horse in the world," was running at Gettysburg in 1892, aged about 52.

Connecticut last year took out more patents in proportion to population than any other state in the Union.

Norfolk is said to be the center of the world's peanut industry, which amounts to millions of dollars annually.

How many are careful to distinguish between a healthy, vigorous imagination from mere reverie or dreamy reflection?

A pendulum stops when it gets to one end of its swing and starts to return, but the time of the stoppage is infinitely short.

To make pie or biscuit a nice color, moisten the top of them with a little sweet milk just before they are put into the oven.

The longest bridge in America is a trestle work over a portion of Lake Pontchartrain. It is nearly twenty-five miles long.

Frank Gates, the Winstead (Conn.) weather prophet, predicted fifty-six rain and snow storms from October to May. The record stood April 6 at fifty-one storms.

A Station Agent in Petticoats. A station master in petticoats! Such was the spectacle which, according to an amusing story which reaches us from a provincial quarter, presented itself to the gaze of the bewildered passengers as the train in which they were traveling steamed into a small southern town yesterday morning. The station master, with his silver braided cap and uniform coat, but encircled as to his waist with a voluminous jupe which descended to his heels, had bounded on the platform, apparently unconscious of the odd figure which he was cutting, and it was only when raised to his feet and greeted his appearance that he became aware of the very unoffensive and un-masculine character of his rather habiliments.

It was all the fault of a refractory goat. His wife had been in the habit of going out early to milk this animal in provision of the children's breakfast. She had gone away on a visit and her household duties had devolved on her husband; but there was the rub. The goat, accustomed to the woman, would not let the man approach her. The station master, however, was not to be baffled. Donning a petticoat left by his wife, he returned to the charge, this time with success; but just as the milk can was full he heard a whistle, and remembering his professional avocation, hurried back to the station, oblivious of his queer costume in which he had distinguished himself for the purpose of entering into the goat's good graces.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

"Important." A French gentleman, engaged upon a profound scientific work, rang for his valet. Then he sat down at his table and wrote a note: "Kindly send some one to arrest the cook. She has stolen my purse." This he directed to the chief of police.

The valet appeared, and while waiting for his master to finish writing he picked up something that lay under the table. As he took the note he said: "Wasteful, here is your purse. I found it under the table."

"Ah, just in time. Give me the note, Jean."

He added this postscript: "I have found my purse. It is unnecessary to send any one," and handed the letter to the valet, saying: "Deliver this at once. It is important." Then he went back to his work.—Youth's Companion.

Got Two. Insurance Agent—I came to call your attention to the fact that your policy expires today and beg you to renew it.

Economist—Very sorry, but this is the tenth year that I have loaned in your company and nothing has happened, so I have made up my mind to try another company.—Flagpole Blatant.

SHE WEDS A COOLIE

And Sorely Regrets Her Very Foolish Choice

FATE OF EFFIE M'DOWELL

Two Pretty Sunday School Teachers Who Might Have Prospered by Her Experience, but They Didn't.

The rather serious question of whether it is good taste for a pure American girl to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony with a Chinaman is answered by another daughter of the republic. And she is a Sunday school teacher. Her name is Lizzie Fields and her home is in New York city. She led a



LIZZIE FIELDS

class in Trinity Baptist church of that city. Her pupils consisted of a dozen Chinamen of all ages and conditions. Among them was T. L. Wing or Wing Lee Tong as he would spell it on a laundry sign. Tong, they say, was an apt pupil. He soon showed his progress by striking up a flirtation with his pretty teacher. That was last summer. She, presumably in the meekness of her soul, could not answer nay. So a quiet courtship was begun. Their relations soon became the talk of the congregation, and it soon reached the newspapers. Then was begun a war against the custom of employing pure American girls as religious instructors for Chinamen. The war availed little, however. This was especially the case with Miss Fields, who kept right on instructing her class and receiving attention from Mr. Wing. Finally, the other day, she, who had heretofore been regarded as the most prominent and enthusiastic of the young women intrusted with the instruction of the Chinamen, went to the Rev. Mr. Hudson, pastor of the church, and informed him of her desire to wed Mr. Wing. Mr. Hudson, according to his principles, received the announcement in the most matter-of-fact way possible. Mr. Wing and Miss Fields were both estimable persons and members of his church in good standing.

A DESPICABLE KIND OF SWINDLING

The Free Crayon Portrait Swindle and Its Thousands of Victims.

Really I am of the opinion that of all the numerous devices for swindling confiding people that have been exposed from time to time that which promises a life size crayon portrait for nothing on the receipt of a photograph is the most despicable. A few days ago I received a note from a lady of Washington asking me to go to the "Crayon Portrait House," in a certain building in this city, and get a photograph that had been sent that concern in response to its advertisement in various magazines and periodicals.



EVA PHILBROOK

ing, and he expressed no objection to performing the ceremony on the following night as she desired. On the evening following, therefore, Mr. Wing left his laundry in Brooklyn, wearing an American frock coat and stopping for his bride at her apartment, went with her and the witness to the minister's house, where the nuptial knot was tied in the presence of two witnesses. It is believed that they will be recognized in society the same as if they were both Americans.

But Miss Fields, or Mrs. Wing, as she can now be called, is not alone in her strange social condition. Lots of other girls have done the same thing before her. Others will do it after her. The very day that she became Mrs. Wing, a marriage of less importance took place in Brooklyn. The principals are Eva Philbrook and Mr. Sing Woo, a very appropriate name by the way for a white pupil who succeeded in winning his instructor. Woo was fully christianized. He knew the bible from beginning to end and could recite it

ent, overheard general supervision. The meetings would last often as late as 6 o'clock, and when it was finished the pupils were taken to a large hall, where they and their instructors sat in common. There used to be about twenty-five Chinamen at the meetings, and the excuse advanced for the supper which the church members began to criticize it was that many of the scholars came from their laundries in Brooklyn, Jersey City, and districts of New York, and it wouldn't be charitable to send them home after their long lesson without giving them something to eat. The Chinamen regarded the hour over the tea table and the supper table as the best part of the day, and soon a number of engagements were announced. The intense opposition of parents prevailed, however, and many were broken off. But like in the case of Miss Fields, Miss Philbrook was quite old enough to vote and the marriage took place. It is believed, however, that husband and wife will discontinue membership in their old church.

The story of Effie McDowell, the beautiful Philadelphia girl who eloped with a Chinaman some years ago, has been told before. Effie died in San Francisco the other day a disolute hag. Her death bed was in a Chinese bungalow of the Highlander order. Word was sent to her millionaire father who replied: "Bury her among those with whom she has lived." And so they laid her away in the potter's field where a simple mound of earth will tell the sad story of her life. Effie in her young days attended a young ladies' seminary in Lowell, Mass. While walking in the streets of that city in June 1878, she was accosted by Hop Wing, a local laundry man, who asked her if he could not carry her valise. She was on her way to the train which was to take her to Philadelphia. She accepted the fellow's assistance and on their way stopped at a brother Mongolian's laundry. It was several weeks later when the girl emerged from the place. When she entered her face beamed with the angelic sweetness of blossoming womanhood. When she left the place to go to San Francisco with Hop Wing her mind and heart were reeling in the thoughts of the many vices she had accumulated while among the heathens. They reached San Francisco, where they were married. The girl's parents soon learned of her whereabouts and went to see what they could do. When they met her she was in a Chinese brothel. Her surroundings turned their hearts to stone, so to speak, and they turned from the heart-rending scene never more to see their unfortunate child's face. Effie went from bad to worse until she died even an outcast from the home of the wretch who stole her from the rectitude's pathway.

Under the plea of getting a crayon I procured information enough from the crayon portrait company to justify a call upon Captain McLaughlin, of the Tenderloin precinct. He told me that he had received two complaints from people who had claimed to have been swindled by this company before he had been in charge of the precinct three days.

"Of course they are crooked," said he, "but we can do nothing without a complaint. These people work the out-of-town racket—they don't swindle anybody here, where their dupes can appear against them at any time. I have written these persons who complain that if they will come to this city and prosecute I'll raid that place in five minutes. We can't do anything without a complaint and a complainant."

When I went back three days later the crayon portrait house was packing up. The scowling young woman in charge permitted me to search among several thousand photographs for the picture of the lady's dead son while she told me more contradictory stories of the free crayon business than I could remember in a week. The rough shelves



EFFIE M'DOWELL

were crowded with these pictures packed on end in boxes. There were thousands of them. Most of them were of loved ones who had departed this life. The tender inscriptions, the elaborate instructions about care and return—the aged parent, the short lived infant, brother, sister, husband, wife, faces photographed after death, tintypes, old cherished ambrotypes in plush velvet cases, forgotten and covered with dust. If the owners had written as often and inclosed as many stamps as this inquirer whom I happen to know has done, what a golden harvest these dusty portraits have yielded!

Many of the pictures were in their mailing covers, and these bore the post-marks of every city in the Union. They had just been torn open and the money and stamps extracted, and if no order for a free picture in a five dollar frame had been given, were chucked away in the dust, as many of the originals have doubtless been years ago. While I was there the letter carrier delivered a mail containing money and stamps, and the scowling woman scowled more because the amount was not larger. Verily the crop of fools is perennial, and there is a sucker born every hour.—New York Herald.

A Cat's Risky Ride

Conductor Barnes had a passenger without a ticket on a Baltimore and Ohio accommodation train from Washington recently. It was a small, sleek cat of the masculine gender. It was found in a car at Baltimore station, twenty miles from Baltimore, and in conformity with the rules of the road, was put off when the train came to a stop. But pussy was refractory and determined to get a free ride. As the train was starting it sprang upon a truck under one of the cars and clung for dear life while the train roared across trestles and swung around curves. Though the cars made a number of stops, the cat still kept his seat, and when the locomotive panted into Camden station at 10 o'clock he was still there.

He made no effort to get away, and Chief Detective Grannan, of the Baltimore and Ohio, took him in charge and will press him into the secret service of the road, assigning him especially to detect and arrest intruding rodents in the detective's little 10 lb. office at Camden station.—Baltimore News.

Good Accounts, but Hard to Collect

The collector of one of our largest coal houses told me yesterday that it was an utter impossibility for him to get in any money. Said he: "I went out this morning with bills against perfectly good customers, aggregating \$2,000, and after a hard day's work I was able to turn in but \$150. The fact of the business is—and it's the only way I can account for it"—he continued, "the luxuries of other days have become the necessities of today."

The collector of one of the principal livery stables in this city told me that his firm were carrying between \$8,000 and \$10,000 of perfectly good accounts upon their books, and that it was really difficult for them to get enough money in to pay their feed bills and their men at the close of each week. "Not," said he, "that the bills are not perfectly good, but there is either an inability or a disinclination to pay up at the present time which makes the situation most embarrassing."—New York Recorder.

Kindest Mingle-pretend

A Springfield man has the feet hoisting habit so hard that he has skinned all the paper off one spot on the parlor wall. As a caustic bit of sarcasm his wife nailed his slippers with their toes pointing to the ceiling over the worn spot and put a smacking big bow under them. He misunderstood her intentions, kissed her lovingly for her thoughtfulness, tipped his chair away back, stuck his stockings feet into the accommodating slippers and has sat in that fashion since.—Springfield Home-Steader.

Brains versus Work

Mrs. Gibbs—Look at the dust on those window draperies, Bridget. I don't believe you have touched them for a month! Bridget—That I haven't, mem: I was afraid o' breakin' 'em. Do you suppose Oi don't know China silk when Oi see it?—Kate Field's Washington.

To Slay, or To Be Slain. Which?

To attack the dragon of disease and annihilate him before his deadly talons grow, or to allow him to attain dangerous maturity and destroy us—that is the question of paramount importance to all afflicted with organic ailments. Among these ailments are the kidneys and bladder are of the later order if untreated at the outset. Their growth is rapid, their culmination fatal. Bright's disease, ordinary nephritis, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, gravel, suppression of the secretion, cannot be thwarted with or disregarded safely. Hostetter's Kidney and Bladder Pills is a superb depurative tonic, giving the impetus, without excitation to the renal organs, besides strengthening and regulating them. It is common with the rest of the system. It infuses, too, vigor and regularity into the stomach, bowels and liver, successfully counteracts malaria and rheumatism, and is a preeminent tonic for the aged and debilitated and the convalescent.

Grand lunch at Anderson's tonight.

Attention, Wheelmen. There will be a meeting this evening at the rooms of the G. R. Bicycle club, Hartman building, for the purpose of discussing the ordinance on bicycle riding. All wheelmen are cordially invited to attend.

Fraternally, F. N. HYMAN, Secretary.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs' Oil, The Great Remedy for Pain, Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Sciatica, Bruises, Lumbago, Toothache, Sprains, Burns, Scalds.

Advertisement for Charles A. Vogeler Co. Druggists and Chemists, Baltimore, Md.

were crowded with these pictures packed on end in boxes. There were thousands of them. Most of them were of loved ones who had departed this life. The tender inscriptions, the elaborate instructions about care and return—the aged parent, the short lived infant, brother, sister, husband, wife, faces photographed after death, tintypes, old cherished ambrotypes in plush velvet cases, forgotten and covered with dust. If the owners had written as often and inclosed as many stamps as this inquirer whom I happen to know has done, what a golden harvest these dusty portraits have yielded!

Many of the pictures were in their mailing covers, and these bore the post-marks of every city in the Union. They had just been torn open and the money and stamps extracted, and if no order for a free picture in a five dollar frame had been given, were chucked away in the dust, as many of the originals have doubtless been years ago. While I was there the letter carrier delivered a mail containing money and stamps, and the scowling woman scowled more because the amount was not larger. Verily the crop of fools is perennial, and there is a sucker born every hour.—New York Herald.

A Cat's Risky Ride

Conductor Barnes had a passenger without a ticket on a Baltimore and Ohio accommodation train from Washington recently. It was a small, sleek cat of the masculine gender. It was found in a car at Baltimore station, twenty miles from Baltimore, and in conformity with the rules of the road, was put off when the train came to a stop. But pussy was refractory and determined to get a free ride. As the train was starting it sprang upon a truck under one of the cars and clung for dear life while the train roared across trestles and swung around curves. Though the cars made a number of stops, the cat still kept his seat, and when the locomotive panted into Camden station at 10 o'clock he was still there.

He made no effort to get away, and Chief Detective Grannan, of the Baltimore and Ohio, took him in charge and will press him into the secret service of the road, assigning him especially to detect and arrest intruding rodents in the detective's little 10 lb. office at Camden station.—Baltimore News.

Good Accounts, but Hard to Collect

The collector of one of our largest coal houses told me yesterday that it was an utter impossibility for him to get in any money. Said he: "I went out this morning with bills against perfectly good customers, aggregating \$2,000, and after a hard day's work I was able to turn in but \$150. The fact of the business is—and it's the only way I can account for it"—he continued, "the luxuries of other days have become the necessities of today."

The collector of one of the principal livery stables in this city told me that his firm were carrying between \$8,000 and \$10,000 of perfectly good accounts upon their books, and that it was really difficult for them to get enough money in to pay their feed bills and their men at the close of each week. "Not," said he, "that the bills are not perfectly good, but there is either an inability or a disinclination to pay up at the present time which makes the situation most embarrassing."—New York Recorder.

Kindest Mingle-pretend

A Springfield man has the feet hoisting habit so hard that he has skinned all the paper off one spot on the parlor wall. As a caustic bit of sarcasm his wife nailed his slippers with their toes pointing to the ceiling over the worn spot and put a smacking big bow under them. He misunderstood her intentions, kissed her lovingly for her thoughtfulness, tipped his chair away back, stuck his stockings feet into the accommodating slippers and has sat in that fashion since.—Springfield Home-Steader.

Brains versus Work

Mrs. Gibbs—Look at the dust on those window draperies, Bridget. I don't believe you have touched them for a month! Bridget—That I haven't, mem: I was afraid o' breakin' 'em. Do you suppose Oi don't know China silk when Oi see it?—Kate Field's Washington.

To Slay, or To Be Slain. Which?

To attack the dragon of disease and annihilate him before his deadly talons grow, or to allow him to attain dangerous maturity and destroy us—that is the question of paramount importance to all afflicted with organic ailments. Among these ailments are the kidneys and bladder are of the later order if untreated at the outset. Their growth is rapid, their culmination fatal. Bright's disease, ordinary nephritis, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, gravel, suppression of the secretion, cannot be thwarted with or disregarded safely. Hostetter's Kidney and Bladder Pills is a superb depurative tonic, giving the impetus, without excitation to the renal organs, besides strengthening and regulating them. It is common with the rest of the system. It infuses, too, vigor and regularity into the stomach, bowels and liver, successfully counteracts malaria and rheumatism, and is a preeminent tonic for the aged and debilitated and the convalescent.

Grand lunch at Anderson's tonight.

Attention, Wheelmen. There will be a meeting this evening at the rooms of the G. R. Bicycle club, Hartman building, for the purpose of discussing the ordinance on bicycle riding. All wheelmen are cordially invited to attend.

Fraternally, F. N. HYMAN, Secretary.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs' Oil, The Great Remedy for Pain, Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Sciatica, Bruises, Lumbago, Toothache, Sprains, Burns, Scalds.

Advertisement for Charles A. Vogeler Co. Druggists and Chemists, Baltimore, Md.

A WONDERFUL CASE.

THE HUSBAND APPEARS BEFORE A NOTARY AND MAKES AN AFFIDAVIT.

A Most Graphic Story Told by a Well-known Lady Which is Confirmed by Her Husband.

Much has been written of cases where people have been brought to life after having been pronounced dead. Many more instances have occurred where persons have been seen at the door, given up to die by those around them, but who by timely aid have been restored to life, health and loving friends. The majority of such cases have occurred in remote places and so have attracted but little attention save in the immediate locality. A remarkable case of this kind has been brought to light here in New York—that of Mrs. M. A. Breusing, now living at No. 137 West 17th street, the facts of which have hitherto been known only to a small circle of friends and the physician who attended her. I called at the above number to obtain a full statement of the circumstances and was acquainted by Mrs. Breusing, and was introduced to him the nature of my mission and was introduced to his wife.

Mrs. Breusing is the mother of twelve children, all of whom are living. She is a fine looking, healthy woman of about 50 years of age, and certainly her appearance did not indicate that she had had such a wonderful experience.

"The circumstance you mention," she said, "occurred a few years ago. I was suddenly seized with an illness for which I could not account for up to that time—I had never had any ailment of disease in any way. It was accompanied with the most peculiar symptoms. My body was in constant pain, and very sensitive, so that I could not bear the contact of any but the lightest garment. I can scarcely tell the story I suffered during that time. The physicians who had been in attendance after a time informed me that I could not possibly live. At that time it seemed to me that death would be a welcome relief for my sufferings."

"In a few days they told me I was slowly dying and my friends were called in to bid me farewell, each one thinking that it was for the last time. I was prepared to go, yet the desire to live—and with my family—was strong within me. When a doctor friend called to see me and told me of a remedy which she thought might have helped me had I but used it in time, I saw in her words a ray of hope."

"I was then almost in the embrace of death. In fact, I was lying, yet my husband sent for some of the medicine and gave me a small quantity at once. After taking a second dose a peaceful, restful feeling seemed to me, over me, and for the first time in several days I slept."

"The change in my condition, for I was improving, perplexed the doctors, for they did not know then of the medicine which had been given me. From that time my recovery was assured, and I grew gradually better until my health was fully restored and I was able to do my usual work."

"I thank God," continued Mrs. Breusing, fervently, "that my life was spared, and through the agency of Warner's Safe Cure. It cured me, and I know that it will cure others. I feel it to be my duty to tell the world about it, for it may save other lives."

"The statement of my wife," said Mr. Breusing, "is the exact truth, and I am ready to swear to it."

I accompanied him to the office of a notary, where he made the following affidavit: "George P. H. McVay, Notary Public, No. 20 West 12th street, New York. State of New York, City and County of New York—George L. Breusing, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the husband of Mrs. M. A. Breusing, whose statement is attached hereto, and that said statement is true as therein set forth.

Signed: GEORGE L. BREUSING. Seem to before me this 15th day of February, 1892. G. P. H. McVay, Notary Public, New York County. (Seal.)

Does any man or woman who reads the above doubt its absolute truth in every respect? Can he earnestly read it without his health and well-being for a wonderful restoration to health be doubted for one moment? There are thousands of other ladies and men who need assistance as this lady did. The above is put into the hope that it may be the means of showing them the way.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa from which the excess of oil had been removed, is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ALL DISEASES OF MEN