CHOYNSKI REAL VICTOR IN LAST NIGHT'S FIGHT.

WINNERS AT NEW ORLEANS.

Card Was Well Arranged and Fine Sport Resulted.

CLASS OF ENTRIES GOOD.

Gentilly Handicap for Four-Year-Olds the Feature Event.

(Special to The Evening World.)

RACE TRACK, NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 13.—The Crescent City Jockey Club to-day began with six races on the card, and from now to the end of the meeting that number will be held. It was an excellent one in every way, the fields being large and only four scratches on the entire card, while the class of entries were of the best.

The track, while it had dried out well, was not in the best shape, being cuppy in places.

The Gentilly Handicap, for four-year-olds and upward, was the stake attraction, and on paper it was a credit to Sheridan Clark's skill as a handicapper, as every one of the seven entries figured to have a chance.

As to the weather, it was simply magnificent, and the attendance was one of the largest since the meeting opened.

The report on the investigation into the running of the mare Virzie O. was given out to-day, the stewards ordering the entry refused for the balance of the meeting and that J. D. Clayton's (her trainer) suspension be continued indefinitely.

FIRST RACE.

Selling; one mile.

Starters.	Betting.	St.	Hlf.	Fin.
Merit, 104 (Wolderstrand)	4-1	2-1	2	1½
Sun God, 101 (Aker)	12-1	5-1	4	2½½
Col. Frank Waters, 104 (McJoynt)	6-1	3-1	6	3½
Brighton, 101 (Landry)	50-1	20-1	10	5
Bill Jackman, 101 (Boland)	11-5	4-5	2	5
Galileo, 104 (Mitchell)	12-1	5-1	9	11
Otto H., 101 (J. Miller)	100-1	50-1	12	8
Tickler, 101 (Black)	10-1	4-1	1	3½
Good Order, 101 (Patterson)	30-1	10-1	7	6
Phidias, 96 (Michaels)	8-1	3-1	5	7
K. Elkwood, 101 (J. Michaels)	25-1	10-1	11	10
Covington, Ky., 101 (A. Weber)	10-1	15-1	4	12

While at the post A. Weber rushed Covington, Ky., through the barrier and broke one of the arms which support the webbing. The arm flew in the middle of the track, and, coming down, landed on the head of McJoynt, cutting his head quite badly, from which the blood flowed in a stream, but he was plucky and rode in the race. Then in one of the breaks Col. Frank Waters unseated McJoynt, but he was unhurt. Murat secured the best of a straggling start and was never headed, leading from one to two lengths all the way and won by two lengths. Tickler came out, from Sun God, who was a length and a half before Col. Frank Waters. Time—1.44.

SECOND RACE.

Handicap; one mile and a sixteenth.

Starters.	Betting.	St.	Hlf.	Fin.
Sir Fitzhugh, 104 (Mitchell)	6-1	2-1	6	7
Sam Pullen, 106 (Boland)	7-5	3-5	1	2½
Florizar, 101 (McJoynt)	4-1	7-5	5	3
Alex, 117 (Clawson)	13-5	4-5	2	3½
Tickful, 104 (Winkfield)	20-1	8-1	4	1½
My Butterfly, 92 (L. Thompson)	40-1	20-1	3	6
Gravione, 95½ (Wolderstrand)	40-1	10-1	7	4
*Judge, 96 (A. Weber)	30-1	8-1	5	8
*Charr Keene, 92 (Robinson)	30-1	8-1	9	9

*Coupled in betting.

Tickful made the running, lapped by Sam Pullen and Alex, until the field reached the stretch. Alex then moved to the front, but at the last sixteenth Florizar and Sir Fitzhugh closed up. In a hard drive to the wire Sir Fitzhugh got home the winner by a head, with Sam Pullen in the place, a length before Florizar. Time—1.50.

Third Race—Mile and a half.—Won by Pan Charm; False Glad was second and Monogah third.

NEW ORLEANS ENTRIES.

(Special to The Evening World.)

RACE TRACK, NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 13.—The entries for Monday's races are as follows:

First Race—Selling; seven furlongs.

Seaknight	114	Everett	101
Seattle	105	Sedan	100
Ben Frost	108	Covington, Ky.	104
Miss Rose	106	Mitch Box	105
By George	105	Lady Dora	101

Second Race—Selling; one mile and twenty yards.

Phallas	116	Sir Fitzhugh	104
Russell R.	105	Frangible	105
The Bobby	104	Maude Marie	101
Judge	100	Falsehood	96
Satira	94		

Third Race—Selling; mile and an eighth.

Donna Rita	107	Manilus	107
Traveller	107	Frank McConnell	105
King Elkwood	99	Pinar del Rio	97
Sallie Lamar	97	Phidias	94

Fourth Race—Handicap; one mile.

Tom Midleton	106	Freiteghuysen	94
Forbush	91	Trayle	93
Florizar	90	Gravione	90
Sir Hiaz	90	Dr. Parker	90

Fifth Race—Six furlongs.

Barney F.	119	First Fast	107
Joe Wheeler	104	Elderim	104
May Tavia	99	Colowan	99
Gittle	99	Roid	99
Azua	96	Decimal	96
Lovable	94	Sorrel Rose	96

Sixth Race—Selling; seven furlongs.

Debride	125	Geo. H. Ketcham	116
Tube Dam	118	Col. Cassidy	116
Josephine B.	114	L. T. Caton	113
Lexington Pirate	111	Banica	104

(Continued from First Page.)

the men will meet again and there will be no trouble.
TERRY M'GOVERN.

Kid McCoy was awarded the decision over Joe Choynski after three rounds at the Broadway Athletic Club last night.

According to the majority of the spectators the decision was not just, and McCoy was knocked out in the second round.

Choynski knocked McCoy down and the Kid remained on the floor till Timekeeper Dunn said that twelve seconds had elapsed. Then he sounded the gong. In the mean time Referee Johnny White had only counted nine.

After the gong sounded in the third round McCoy struck Choynski on the jaw and knocked him out.

This alone should have given the fight to Choynski.

STORY OF THE FIGHT.

One of the most remarkable battles on record was that fought by Kid McCoy and Joe Choynski at the Broadway Athletic Club. McCoy got the decision and the money, though not entitled to either. McCoy struck a deliberately foul blow at the end of the third round which knocked out Choynski.

The bell had sounded. Choynski had dropped his hands and was about to start for his corner when McCoy swung a short right, which landed flush and hard on Choynski's jaw. The Californian's legs quivered and he tumbled like a huge piece of jelly, limp and nerveless. He was out. His seconds carried him to the corner and tried to revive him. Owen Zeigler, one of Choynski's handlers, rushed to Referee White and claimed a foul.

"I won't stand for it," said White. "Your man must come to the centre."

The bell rang and Choynski's seconds threw a sponge into the ring. The Californian was unable to respond and McCoy was declared the winner.

EVERYBODY EXCITED.

The clubhouse was packed with spectators. They were worked up to a feverish heat, when in the second round Choynski smashed McCoy with a terrific right and dropped him to the floor. Three times more Choynski knocked McCoy down, and the fourth count by the referee had just ended when the bell was rung furiously. Only two minutes and twenty seconds of the round had expired and White rushed to the timekeeper, Joe Dunn.

"What's the matter?" asked White.

A delirious individual who was acting as Choynski's timekeeper shouted: "He's out! He's out!"

"Who's out?" demanded White.

"McCoy," said Choynski's timekeeper.

"Were the three minutes over?" demanded White of Dunn.

"No," answered Dunn.

"Let me see your watch?" asked White. The round was short forty seconds.

"Ring that bell," commanded White, and Dunn obeyed. The men came to the centre once more amid perfect pandemonium. The spectators knew that something had gone wrong, but could not guess correctly. They shouted and yelled like a horde of redskins while the men fought on desperately. Their faces were smeared with blood, and they exchanged smash for smash until the end of the round came and McCoy struck the foul blow.

A SPECTATOR DROPS DEAD.

The excitement was intense by this time. The crowd, eager and bloodthirsty, looked upon the scene with strained faces. One man far up on the bleaching boards succumbed to the excitement and pitched forward on his face dead.

He was Byron S. Sabin, a dealer in dental supplies at 29 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. He had been a sufferer from heart disease for years. He left his wife and ten-year-old daughter at home last night to go to the fight.

No such scene was ever witnessed in a boxing contest before. No artist could ever portray the picture on canvas. Imagination can find no words to adequately express the emotions which distorted the faces of that wildly excited crowd. All sorts of maledictions were hurled at the Kid, and some even went so far as to shake their fists in his face. The crowd hissed and groaned when he left the ring. They cheered Choynski wildly. It was certainly a remarkable sight.

The fight started as prettily as one could wish to see. Both men were in the pink of condition, Choynski in particular seeming as fit as a racehorse. They were both clever. McCoy feinted and shifted and jabbed with that long left of his and the spectators settled back in their seats with a feeling of pleasure.

This was to be a long bout with a beautiful display of science. For a full minute the men boxed in this fashion and then something happened which showed that there was considerable feeling between them.

ROUGH WORK IN CLINCH.

In the break of a clinch Choynski shoved McCoy's head to one side very roughly. The Kid's eyes fairly snapped in anger, and in the next clinch his right glove wentup to Choynski's face and mauled it. Choynski winced and the Kid stepped back with a sneer on his face. He was the picture of hatred as he glared at the Californian. The round ended with no damage done to either man, but the Kid's superior cleverness led spectators to offer 100 to 25 on his chances.

The second round began with a bewildering series of points on McCoy's part, which soon put Choynski into a snarl. Then the Kid cut loose and hoked him hard. Choynski came back fiercely aggressive and the Kid backed into a corner. Choynski let go a left and right. The left missed, but the right landed flush on the Kid's jaw and down he went close to the ropes. The referee stood over him and the Kid, very groggy and dazed, took his full time.

As he rose Choynski sent in a straight left which landed fair, and the Kid went down again. This time it looked as if it was all over, for McCoy rolled over on his face and was still. But he recovered quickly and was on his feet at the count of ten.

Again the left shot to his face and the Kid tumbled on hands and knees in the centre of the ring. This blow cut open his nose. As he rested on his hands and knees he was a picture. He was grinning.

KID FLOORED FOUR TIMES.

The blood poured from his cut nose down into his mouth, but he did not notice it. He grinned like a jibbering maniac. Then a change suddenly came over his face, an expression akin to awe. Then he listened and heard the referee counting.

He scrambled to his feet and Choynski was waiting with that cruel left. Once more the Kid visited the floor. He raised himself by the ropes and was just about to face the Californian when the bell rang with a clatter, a succession of taps which indicates the end of a fight. The men staggered to their corners and then followed the wrangle over the time as set forth above.

In the third round the Kid, apparently strong and refreshed, flew at Choynski like a wildcat. Science was cast to the winds. Footwork and headwork were forgotten.

It was smash, smash with right and left, a give and take affair such as one sees on the docks between battling longshoremen. Then the Kid landed a terrific left swing which set the Californian a-dancing. Another left swing from McCoy still further dazed Choynski and down he went.

When the Californian got up McCoy rushed him viciously to the ropes, mauling his face savagely and finally forcing him to the floor. Choynski came back with a left smash that set McCoy a-tottering again and both fell from sheer weakness.

M'COY'S FOUL BLOW.

They came together again in a mad clash and were at it when the bell sounded. Choynski dropped his hands and McCoy ripped over his right, catching Choynski full on the point of the jaw. The Californian went down and out. His seconds rushed into the ring and dragged him to his chair. He could not sit up. His seconds claimed foul, but the referee would not allow it and ordered the men to the centre. Choynski was unable to respond and his seconds threw up the sponge. The fight was then awarded to McCoy.

The Kid left the ring followed by hoots and groans from the crowd. Choynski was wildly cheered.

REFEREE'S SIDE OF IT.

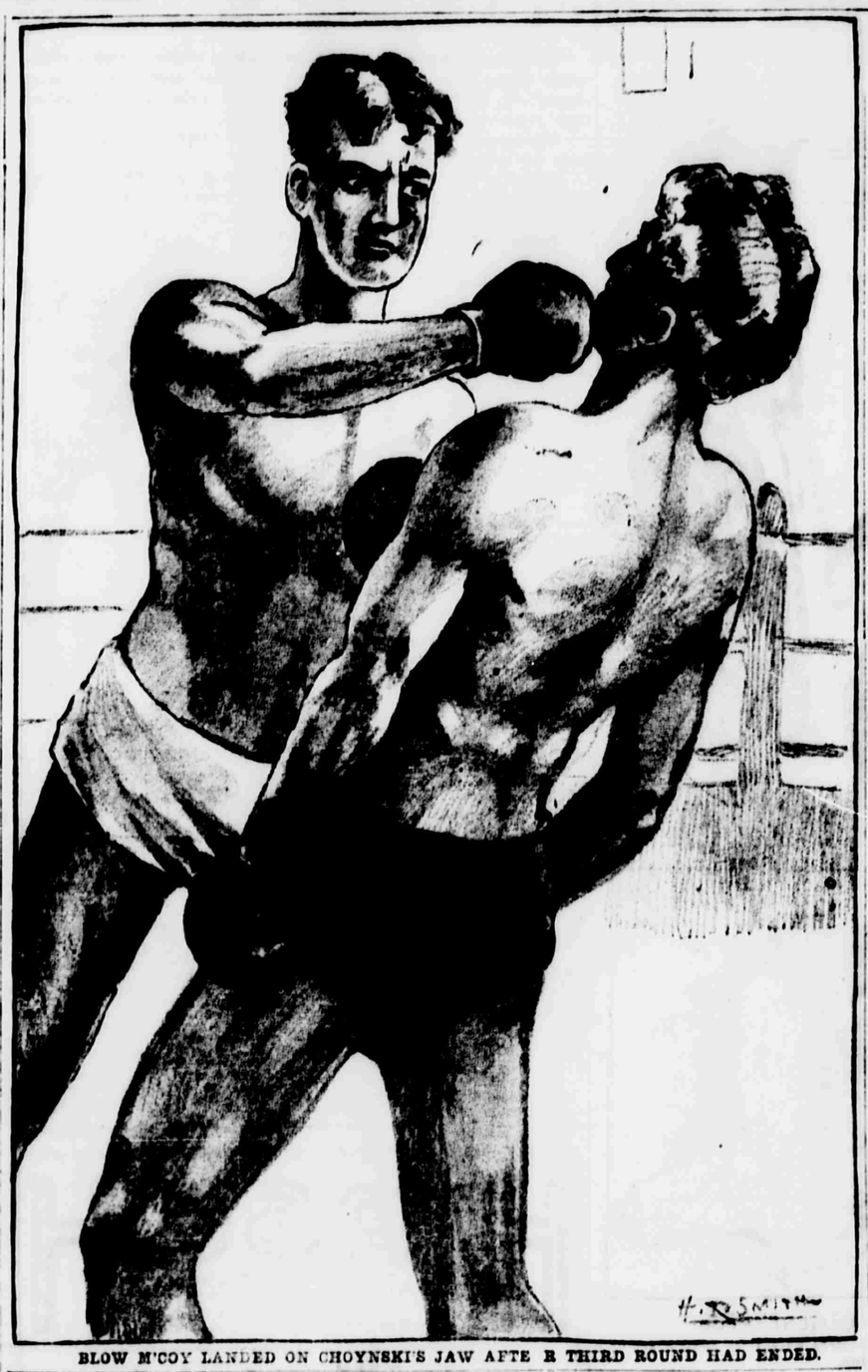
After the fight the timekeeper, Joe Dunn, was called upon for an explanation of the happenings to the bell in the second round. He refused to say anything and left the clubhouse.

Referee White called the newspaper men into the club office and told his side of the story, which is substantially related in the opening paragraphs of this story. He claimed, very justly, that the timekeeper had no right to ring the bell on a knockout. That is exclusively the referee's business to count time and declare the man out. He was asked concerning the foul blow. He said:

"The blow was one that has been delivered in hundreds of battles and has never been counted as foul. It started with the bell and was not foul."

The fight leaves a bad impression on those who saw it. Many make no bones of saying that the refree was deliberately slow in his count on McCoy. A charge of this kind, however, cannot be sustained when excitement is at such a pitch as prevailed last night.

The result of the fight caused so much dissatisfaction that Matchmaker Considine afterward received both men's signatures to a set of articles calling for another fight to take place at the Broadway Athletic Club Feb. 19.



BLOW M'COY LANDED ON CHOYNSKI'S JAW AFTE R THIRD ROUND HAD ENDED.

M'COY TELLS HOW HE WON THE FIGHT.

Here is a statement made by Kid McCoy after the fight:

"I am sorry there was a misunderstanding about the time in my fight with Choynski last night. I was not out, although I was pretty weak. I was careless and got a punch on the jaw in the second round that dazed me.

"The fourth time Choynski knocked me down I took my time and listened to the referee's count. I got up just as he counted ten, and then the bell rang.

"I showed that I had considerable strength left by landing on Choynski's jaw and stopping him.

"The punch I knocked him out with was started before the bell rang in the third round.

"I fought fairly, and if a mistake was made it was not mine.

"I thought I could whip Choynski. I did, and I think I can again."

REFEREE SAYS FIGHT WAS FAIRLY WON.

Johnny White, the referee of the fight, makes this statement:

"McCoy was not knocked out. He rose to his feet as I counted nine, and the mistake was the timekeeper's. McCoy did not deliver a foul blow. It was one that has been given in hundreds of battles and has never been counted as foul. It started when the bell rang and so was not foul."

JEFFRIES SAYS FITZ IS DOING THE CRYING ACT.

"Most fighters make a hit with me. They are so inconsistent. Now, there is Fitzsimmons. Before he fought me he told all his friends that he was in better condition than he had ever been in his life. He implored them to bet their money on him. It was a cinch for him, and the night of the fight he had his dressing room filled with flowers and bouquets. Well, I beat him, as we all know, and he came out like a man and said that he had met his superior, and that he had no kick coming. Now, that was all right, wasn't it? But a few days ago he tells the newspapers that he wants to fight me again, because he was not in condition when I knocked him out.

"Now, there you are. He is beginning to cry about it now, I am told. Now, what do you think of that? Well, let me say—and I want you to remember it—that, if ever I am whipped, I will not cry about it, and you can bet all you are worth on that. A champion can not last forever if he keeps on fighting, and if ever I meet my conqueror I will take defeat gracefully.—Champion Jeffries in an interview at Cincinnati.

JIM JEFFRIES.

2 MRS. CORBETTS UNDER THE KNIFE

Wives of Pugilist and His Brother Operated Upon.

Two women in the family of James J. Corbett, the pugilist, have passed through the ordeal of the surgeon's knife during the week.

The first was Mrs. Corbett, the big fighter's wife. She is a patient in the Memorial Hospital in One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street. She has been confined there several weeks.

She underwent a serious operation Saturday last. Corbett was by her side, and by his love and sympathy—for even prize fighters have such sentiments—helped to buoy her up and give her courage for the ordeal. He said afterward that she rallied promptly from the shock and that the surgeons assured him she would be able to join him at his training quarters at Lakewood in about ten days.

Mrs. Harry Corbett, wife of the pugilist's brother, who has been in a sanitarium in West Thirty-fifth street for some time, was also operated on. It is expected that she will soon be well.

Corbett started for Lakewood to-day to train for his coming bout with Jeffries.

MORRISON ACCUSED OF MURDER.

(Continued from First Page.)

his violence by saying that he was crazed by smoking cigarettes.

"He always had pistols around the house, and would point them at her. Several times he threatened to kill her. I told her I would not live with such a man, but somehow she generally forgave him.

"I am sorry I did not save the letters she used to write me, telling me of her sorrows. In one letter she said that she had to live on 25 cents a day—that was all she got from him to support herself and her adopted daughter, Flora.

Not an Accident.

"I am perfectly sure the shooting was not an accident, but that it was deliberately planned by him.

"As I look back over my sister's life during her unhappy marriage it becomes plainer and plainer to me, especially in the light of the facts that are now coming to the suface, that Morrison carried out a deliberate plan when he made away with his wife.

"His violent fear when we were going to the funeral, his hiding whenever he saw a policeman, showed the guilty mind.

"He often told his wife and others that he was going insane. He dwelt on this repeatedly, and I have come to think that this statement was deliberately made in order to aid him in the future, when he might be on trial for his life.

Daughter Confirms It.

Mrs. W. C. O'Neal, daughter of Mrs. Ihlenberger, said:

"I knew the Morrisons and frequently visited them. I have been the witness to numerous quarrels between them. Morrison's temper was of the worst kind. He frequently swore at her and used terrific language to her at all times.

"From what I saw of his I do not think he was crazy, but merely had a vicious and ungovernable temper.

"He used to take his revolvers out and point them at her, as though he was about to shoot.

"I often heard him talk about his pretended fear of burglars. At such times he would take out and brandish his pistols, but I noted that at night he would always put them back in his case and lock it up."

Morrison's Defense.

Alfred Morrison was seen at the White Plains jail this afternoon by an Evening World reporter. Sheriff Molloy was present at the interview. Morrison was brought down from his cell and given permission by his counsel, ex-Judge Appell, to talk freely. He said:

"My second wife did not know I had a first wife living. My first wife, however, did have her suspicions. She threatened often to make an investigation on her own account, but never did. I told her I was living with my aunt. That it was better so, and she was satisfied with the $3.50 a week I gave her.

"On the night of the shooting I did not sleep with my head at the foot of the bed. If the pillow was found there it must have been thrown there in the excitement. The damage of the pistol awoke me and when I was fully awake I saw her half leaning over the bed. She slept in a separate bed that she might be near the baby.

"It was not my baby, but belonged to a poor shoemaker. My wife loved the child and I offered to adopt it. We never had any children of our own. The children whose births are recorded in the family Bible were all adopted. I was sitting up in bed when I fired the shot. I am not surprised that powder-marks were found on her night-dress.

"The room is small, and if she were leaning over the baby the pistol muzzle would not have been more than four feet away from her shoulder."

Explains One Story.

Morrison explains the deposition of Mrs. Wells, who said he called upstairs to his wife, "Tell her it's an accident," by saying "Yes, I said so, but I meant that she should make clear that I had not fired the shot intentionally, that I was blameless."

County Physician Purdy called at the jail to-day and examined Morrison. He cut down the cigarette allowance to four packs a day. Ex-Judge Appell, Morrison's counsel, said to-day that he would not plead insanity for his client.

"I do not believe he is insane," said the lawyer. "I believe his story and I am convinced that his recital of the shooting will tell with a jury."

Morrison asked to-day for a priest. In the interview he said that he did not believe he was insane.

Morrison in Fear.

Alfred Morrison's first night in a prison cell was no dream. The dream-slayer of his wife was awake to every minute of the slow dragging time and there was much to occupy his thoughts.

At last he found himself behind bolts and bars charged with the deliberate murder of the wife who loved him so that she lied heroically on her deathbed to shield him.

By the efforts of The Evening World the secrets of his miserable life had been laid bare and the hands of justice freed to ferret out the truth and punish the guilty. He gave The Evening World full credit.

"If it hadn't been for your paper," he snarled to an Evening World reporter after his arrest, "this trouble would not have occurred. You are persecuting me."

First Night in Jail.

He spent a comparatively quiet night in cell No. 8. He talked to himself, asked for a drink of whiskey occasionally and puffed continually at his cigarettes, but gave his keeper no trouble.

When told he might turn out for two hours' exercise at 9 A. M. to-day he threw his arms around Jailer Johnson's neck and hugged him.

"I'm not a woman! Don't hug me!" said Johnson, throwing him aside.

"Oh, take me away from here," said Morrison. Then, pointing to the other prisoners who were in line along the corridor, he said:

"Are they all here for killing?"

"Guilty Men Cry," Says Jailer.

"Men who cry and act like hysterical women when under arrest are usually guilty," said the jailer this morning.

"Morrison is the weakest man I ever met. He drank a cup of coffee this morning and ate part of a soft-boiled egg. I have not stopped his cigarette smoking, nor will I unless ordered by the doctor. He will get accustomed to his surroundings in a few days and give us no trouble."

Mrs. Lillian Gordon, of 1680 Third avenue, Morrison's first wife, will be a witness for him if he is indicted and tried. So will her younger sister, Mrs. Samuel Quien, of 407 East Ninetieth street.

"I take no stock in the murder theory," said Mrs. Gordon to an Evening World reporter this morning. "He is crazy and always has been. His father and mother were crazy before him."

SNOW BOTHERED GOLFERS.

Mixed Handicap Competitions at Lakewood Were Postponed Off.

(Special to The Evening World.)

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Jan. 13.—The golf links were covered with snow this morning. A force of laborers managed to clear the snow from the eighteen greens, but they were the only spots upon the entire course which were free from snow, and those who competed in the open handicap at the links of the Golf Club of Lakewood were obliged to use red balls and play under snow rules.

The mixed foursome handicap competitions, which were to have been played at the links of the Lakewood Country Club, had to be declared off on account of the snow. The early scores turned in were as follows:

C. H. Davis, Lakewood, 85; George C. Sands, Lakewood, 85; C. D. Findlay, Lakewood, 85; F. B. Stockwell, Dyker Meadow, 86; Irving T. Bush, Dyker Meadow, 104; E. D. Lyon, Garden City, 118.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending 8 P. M. Sunday, for New York City and vicinity: Fair to-night; Sunday partly cloudy to cloudy weather, light rain or snow in the afternoon or night; variable winds, becoming southeast.

The following record shows the changes in the temperature for the corresponding hours of yesterday: [illegible]

CLOSE CALL FOR MR. SAGE

Financier Nearly Run Down by Express Wagon.

DRIVER TALKED BACK, TOO.

"Want the Whole Street?" He Asked the Big Speculator.

Russell Sage had a narrow escape at noon to-day from being knocked down and run over by an express wagon. Only the quickness of the driver in pulling up his horse saved the financier.

Mr. Sage was somewhat frightened and was pale after the incident.

Accompanied by another man Mr. Sage was crossing Liberty street when an Erie express wagon came along.

The two men on the wagon were talking and did not notice Mr. Sage and his companion, who were also so engrossed that they did not notice the wagon.

When the horse was nearly upon them the driver pulled him in sharply, but the nose of the horse grazed the shoulders of Mr. Sage.

"Say, what do you mean by this?" shouted the companion of the financier.

"Oh, go on. Get a move on yer. What do yer want, the whole street?" shouted the driver of the express wagon.

This closed the incident.

HENRY E. GOURD GETS LEGION OF HONOR.

PARIS, Jan. 13.—Henry E. Gourd, President of the French Chamber of Commerce of New York, has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

FOR DOUBTERS.

Easy to Investigate This.

Mr. J. T. Gallagher, of 83 Clinton avenue, Albany, N. Y., writes the following, which is of interest to any one suffering from the pain and annoyance of piles. The gentleman says:

"I suffered for six months from itching piles.

"The Pyramid Pile Cure was recommended and I used one box, which cured me completely.

"The pain and agony which I underwent was something indescribable. I used many other remedies with only temporary relief. Had I known that the form of the Pyramid Pile Cure was a suppository I would have used it long before I did. The Pyramid Pile Cure reaches the seat of disease and a soothing sensation is experienced at once.

"This is bona fide and any one who is incredulous may write to my address and will verify the above by return mail.

"Respectfully,
J. T. GALLAGHER,
"83 Clinton ave.,
"Albany, N. Y."

The Pyramid Pile Cure has been a pleasant surprise to thousands of sufferers from piles, because of the instant relief it gives and the prompt cure which results from its regular use, and this is done without the use of opiates, narcotics or poisons of any kind, as the Pyramid is wholly free from any injurious drug whatever.

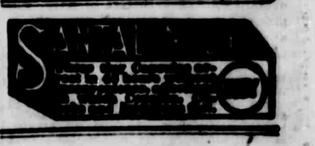
Hundreds who had almost decided to undergo an operation, believing nothing else would cure them, have been astonished to find that a 50 cent box of the Pyramid Pile Cure was far safer, better and more effective than an operation could possibly be.

The Pyramid is sold by all druggists at 50 cents for full-sized package.

Write to Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich., for little book on cause and cure of piles.

MADE ME A MAN
AJAX TABLETS POSITIVELY CURE Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Nightly Emissions, etc., caused by abuse or other indiscretion, leading to premature old age, insanity and hopeless decline. They restore lost vitality in old or young and give back the fire of youthful manhood. They make strong, healthy, happy men and women. Consumption of Insanity are the direct results of these diseases. Ask your druggist for AJAX TABLETS. They have cured thousands and will cure you. We give a positive written guarantee to refund the money unless a cure is effected. Price 50c. per package; or six packages (one month's treatment) for $2.50, by mail in plain sealed wrapper, on receipt of price. Circular free. Address AJAX REMEDY CO., 359 Broadway, N. Y.
For sale in New York by Wm. Wilson, 5th Ave. and 14th St.; The Hegeman Co., C'ln 1st and 14th P'ces; The Hegeman Co., C'ln 106 B'way; H. C. Miner, 182 Bowery. In Brooklyn by Nelson Drug Co., four stores.

RUPTURE CURED
The improved elastic truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort by day and night, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exertion of strength, and will in time effect a permanent and speedy cure. Call or send for illustrated circular. Lady in attendance for ladies. IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 703 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. (Established 18 years.) Our trusses are not sold by Agents or Druggists.



Medical.

OLD DR. GRINDLE,
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