# ON THE FRONTIER

## Detained by Turkish Officials in the Dead of Night.

## IN A NATIVE STATION HOUSE

## A Drive Through the Country Under Guard.

### OTTOMAN PASSPORT LAWS

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Correspondence of The Evening Star.

CONSTANTINOPLE, January 20, 1897.

The single daily express train from western Europe to the realm of the Sick Man reaches the station of Mustapha Pasha, the Turkish frontier, shortly before midnight. It is the custom of through passengers in the sleeping car to go to bed without waiting for the custom house examination, which is made in the car itself and can be overseen in a hastily improvised toilet while the policemen outside go over the passports.

It thus happened that when the officers of the sultan came to tell me that my passport lacked the visa of a Turkish consul and that I must get out of the train my wife was abed and I was rearranging my traveling bag after its examination, clad in the raiment of the night plus a hastily donned pair of trousers. My shoes were on, but untied, and my pink-bosomed shirt gleamed gally through the dusk of the compartment from a high hook.

**Detained.**

While my wife attempted a hasty toilet I debated the situation with the train conductor and porter. They were concerned mainly with getting started again and lied beautifully, assuring me that Mustapha Pasha possessed an excellent hotel, near the station. Finally they got frantic over the delay and began to assist me to pack up. Just as the train was starting some one saw my pink-bosomed shirt still aureoling the night from on high, pulled it down and thrust one arm of it under the strap which held a bundle of rugs. In this shape we entered the police office in the railroad station, while the train rattled away. Not a house was in sight, and it was midnight and midwinter.

Until the recent troubles in Turkey the visa of a consul had not been necessary to a passport. Hundreds of American travelers have entered the country without this formality. But times change, and so we thought as we stood blinking and shivering from the recent warmth and comfort of a sleeping car in a bare and cold police station.

A Turk shared our detention. He was happy in knowing the language. Of about twenty police and custom house officers hanging around every man was a Turk. Not one knew six words of a western European tongue. Most of them were handsome men, and the fez is a becoming headgear. They made a fine barbaric picture in the gloom of the station, pierced by a single lamp; but conversation was not extensive.

When the police had put our pedigrees in the blotter, we were escorted to a ramshackle little gocart with one horse and set off after midnight to drive six miles, as it proved, to the town of Mustapha Pasha. It is the pleasing custom of the Turks to put their railway stations from four to six miles away from the towns in order not wholly to deprive carriage drivers of their business. The village, when reached, was a wretched group of huts in a swamp. I have since met an American teacher who was quarantined there four days and contracted a malarial fever from which he was two years in recovering. The streets are vile and the people densely ignorant.

It was after 1 a.m. We were taken to the police station in Mustapha Pasha itself, and the unvisaed passport was given to a haughty sergeant, who stacked our luggage in his room and offered me a cigarette. Then we were led away again. I made a dumb show of my desire to regain possession of my shirt, but was repulsed with lofty Roman virtue.

**In a Turkish Inn.**

The khan, or Turkish inn, to which we were taken, was a huddle of low buildings around a stable yard. In the middle of indescribable filth was the well, necessarily a source of disease. One room was fitted up for occasional European use. The window had never been opened, the bedding had never been changed and was already sufficiently occupied. Sleep was impossible. It was bitterly cold. The air was vile, and though it was already after 2 morning came slowly. It was a night of intense discomfort.

When it was light, we discovered that in the main room of the khan the Turkish guests had fared better. Each man brought his own bedding to lay upon one of the benches about the wall and his own food. The khan supplies only coffee, which is excellent. In this main room, which was warmed by a stove and ventilated by the sometimes open door, we sat during the morning and played euchre with a tiny pack of cards about an inch long, which I had somewhere picked up. Half a score of Turkish loungers who sat in the inn drinking coffee took keen delight in these little cards and were looking at them over our shoulders when an old man came in and addressed us in German. Until then it had been impossible to learn what our captors proposed doing with us, which was most aggravating.

The newcomer proved to be a Pole by birth, a veteran of the Turkish cavalry, who had fought on the winning side in the Crimea and the losing side in the Balkans. He took us to his house, where we found that his wife spoke French, his son German, his son's wife French, his son-in-law, a military surgeon, Turkish. It was the only European family within twenty miles. They fed us, seemed pleased at the break our coming made in the monotony of their lives and told us about their relatives in Chicago.

Presently a fine carriage drove up, which we had noticed in the courtyard of the khan. To it was attached a good pair of horses, on the box with the driver sat the Turk who had been held with us the night before and within in solitary state was the police sergeant. Outside was piled the luggage, the pink bosomed shirt on top of all, held by one sleeve precisely as it had been the night before, and fluttering in triumph over our departure. It continued to flutter all the way to Andrinople, a four hours' drive, as it was rather chilly to attempt redressing either in or out of the carriage.

It was an interesting drive, and I do not know how we could have seen the country better. The driver was a fine-looking Turk, and as humane and intelligent in his care of his horses as any one I have ever seen. We passed the great barracks of the sultan's frontier forces, inhabited by many thousand troops. The road was well graded and thoroughly macadamized, and led through the broad, fertile, lovely valley of the Maritza all the way. We saw any number of road wagons, but none of them had other occupants than Turks. There were freight wagons and plow teams also, sometimes ordinary oxen, sometimes eastern buffaloes with their big black horns neatly parted in the middle and combed low over each ear, dude fashion. It was a sunny day and not cold for midwinter.

The policeman unbent from his Spartan severity of the night before, and became a shameless and persistent beggar. His vocabulary of signs ran somewhat as follows:

1. Exhibiting a coin and saying "Banca? Andrinople?"—You are sure you can get money in Andrinople?
2. Leaning his head on one hand—Yonder is the barrack where the soldiers sleep.
3. Covering his face with both hands—That is the mosque where the soldiers worship.
4. Two circles and a cross drawn with the finger—For a gentleman of my distinguished character you should give about two medjidie (dollars) backshish. For the driver half a medjidie is quite enough.
5. Pointing and smacking the lips—Those birds are good to eat. Here the soldiers kill sheep for mess.
6. Again the coin and the bakshish pantomime.

And so we came to Andrinople (not Adrianople, as our geographies used to call it), a town of 100,000 inhabitants, with many Christian and Jewish residents, with one hotel rather better than a khan, and with a railroad station four miles away. The wide rivers which compass it are spanned by stone arch bridges. The streets are miserably narrow and dirty, though the road by which we came was so fine. The bazaars are native and squalid, there is no light or life in the evening, except near the station. The mortality must be very great, as the drinking water is all from polluted wells, and as half the town is flooded when melting snows in the Balkans send the rivers up.

The policeman vanished like magic to report to his superiors, while we set out to find some one to whom we could talk. There is no American or British consul in the place, but the Austrian consul kindly sent his dragoman and his assistant to interpret for us. Then a further complication arose. It was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, and the head pasha was taking a day off from pashaing. However, the dragoman trotted off to find him at his home, and at about 5:30 o'clock brought back a big sheet of paper and a little one, both covered with hieroglyphics which attested us to be Turks of ancient lineage and first-rate fellows, as nearly as I can make out. At any rate it is exactly like the passports the Turks themselves carry, and I'm going to hang it up somewhere if I ever get it home.

I had to pay a moderate fine for breach of the Ottoman passport laws, and, of course, a fee to the dragoman for his errand. The driver of the coach agreed to stay and take us to the railroad station in the evening. He had then to return to Mustapha Pasha next day, but for the entire job charged only $4. With the two extra francs I gave him as bakshish, he sat down beside us in the station cafe and formally drank our health, in coffee, which made us feel as if we were getting the worth of our money.

**In a Turkish Cafe.**

Then we sat in the cafe three hours, watching fine, handsome Turks drink coffee in perfect order, while three men of other races were bounced in succession for disgusting drunkenness. We took part, too, with about 100 Greek people, mostly women and children, in drinking a coffee bon voyage to a nice old Greek lady who was starting for Jerusalem. By and by the one train of the day came along, and we got in, dog tired, and were in Europe again.

On the whole it was an inexpensive, instructive and improving piece of experience. There was nothing to complain of in it except the policeman's cruel and unusual detention of our clothing during the night. The baggage was not interfered with in the least. Indeed, the pasha in Andrinople sent a courteous inquiry about it, wishing to know if anything had been taken or damaged. The whole business seemed rather a senseless compliance with formality than a real safeguarding of the frontier against agitators. There was plenty of "incendiary literature" in our luggage, but not a soul could read it or made any effort to do so. It was a childish proceeding and not a serious thing to undergo in a region where so many thousand people have been clubbed to death for no offense.

How utterly futile the passport precautions are is illustrated by a little story told by Consul General Short about an American drummer traveling from Athens to Turkey. Learning too late to visit his minister that he would need a passport, and not having one, he took his letter of credit to the Turkish consul, had that vised instead and traveled on it to Constantinople without any one detecting the difference.

At the same time I would advise an American traveler, especially if accompanied by his wife, to get his passport vised before visiting Turkey. Even a brief detention, though not dangerous, may be hugely uncomfortable. The khan of Mustapha Pasha is no joke until you are out of it.

A LITTLE EXPERIENCE ON THE TURKISH FRONTIER.

### CYCLOPS, A NEW GEM.

**Found in Mexico and First Exhibited in Chicago.**

From the Chicago Herald.

At one of the Chicago jewelry stores a new stone has been placed on sale. The stone is called the "cyclops," and is practically the discovery of Edward J. Smith, diamond expert, who is a member of the jewelry firm. The cyclops is peculiar and original in every respect. It was first found a number of months ago by an opal miner in an extensive mine near the City of Mexico. The miner, in order to ascertain whether he had discovered anything of practical value, sent it to Chicago to Mr. Smith to have it examined. A large number of the stones, varying in size and character, were forwarded in order that there might be a perfect inspection and the value of the stones actually gauged. The stones were cut, and it was found that they made very beautiful ornaments for jewelry.

In the rough, the stones have much the appearance of a rose on the upper side and vary in size from a large pea to a penny. In the center on the under side of each one is a single little nodule of quartz of a reddish color. When the stone has been smoothly cut this little red spot plainly shines through the clear substance of the stone, and from this the stone is given its name—the cyclops. The clear quartz substance, which is chalcedony, has apparently accumulated on the red colored nodule in strata, and in general shape resembles a hemisphere with the red ball in the middle of the flat side.

Some of the stones do not possess this single spot very well defined, but have instead a rather clouded interior resembling the agate to some extent. These are not so valuable as the more perfect ones, but are nevertheless precious enough to be set in pieces of jewelry and offered at a good price. The stone is entirely new and has been so pronounced by all experts who have seen it. Last summer the same specimens which are now in Chicago were taken to Europe and were there exhibited to some of the best-known specialists, who pronounced them beautiful and well worth developing.

The popularity of the stone is yet to be tested. The stones are now being set in various ways, in rings, scarfpins, etc., and will soon be placed on sale. The present value placed upon the stone is about the same as that of the opal, varying according to the beauty and quality of each individual specimen. The lapidary gives the "cyclops" the same cutting as he gives the opal, called en cabochon. In this cutting, as is well known, no facets are cut, but instead a smooth rounding surface. In its native state it is found imbedded in the rock and is only extracted by shattering the stone which surrounds it into a thousand pieces. In some instances each stone is found isolated, and again they are found two or three inseparably connected, evidently having been joined when the quartz was in a liquid state. In breaking them apart, instead of separating where they are joined together, the connection is sometimes so solid and perfect that a blow breaks one of the nodules in two instead.

The finding of a new stone is of considerable importance in the mineralogical world. It happens so seldom that a discovery always attracts much wide attention and considerable comment. In our own country only three semi-precious stones have been found which are not in other parts of the world.

America's first discovery, peculiar to its own soil, was found about forty years ago on Isle Royal in Lake Superior. This stone was called the chlorastrolite. The little island is inhabited only by the lighthouse keeper and is visited only occasionally by curiosity seekers and mineralogists. This stone is opaque and of a greenish color, with white starlike spots scattered through it. It attracted a great deal of attention when it was first discovered and gave no little fame to Isle Royal. On a visit to Europe Mr. Smith was once visited by a brother expert, who told him that he had at last found a new stone for him. When the stones were brought in for inspection Mr. Smith smiled and said: "Oh, yes, I used to play with those when I was a small boy."

The second stone, which was a native of America only, was found about fifteen years ago in North Carolina. It was found by a man named Hidden, and after him was called the "Hiddenite." The hiddenite is a lithian emerald and is somewhat similar in appearance to the ordinary emerald, being translucent, but scarcely transparent. Next in discovery to the hiddenite comes the cyclops. As a gem of value and in all probability in popularity the cyclops will outrank either of its predecessors. But as its popularity and quantity are both problematical the future of the cyclops is somewhat uncertain.

### Crushed Him.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The bachelor who had boarded at the same hotel for twenty years was perturbed when the thoughtless head waiter sat the couple on their bridal trip right opposite him at the table.

"There is no marrying in heaven, I am happy to say," he said to no one in particular."

"Well, I don't care," said the blushing bride. "There is heaven in marriage, any way. Isn't there, dearie?" she continued, turning toward her accomplice, and the bachelor boarder went down stairs and quarreled with the clerk.

### The Magic Hair Restorer.

From Harper's Bazar.

# SIGNS OF LONGEVITY

## Estimating One's Probable Lease of Life

## BY THE SHAPE OF HEAD AND HANDS

## Some Views of Physicians and Astrologers.

### THE QUEEN'S HOROSCOPE

Written for The Evening Star.

At the very center of the heart of New York, at the apex of that wonderful triangle bounded by Broadway and 6th avenue, with 23d street for its base, high up above the clang of cable cars and the roar of traffic, lives a man with massive head and deep-set eyes, a man whose brow shows prodigious powers of observation, and whose life is passed in studying the heads and hands of his fellow men. This is the man, Charles Todd Parks, who some time ago had the famous controversy about phrenology with Prof. Ladd of Yale University, and had the satisfaction of besting the professor in the argument and bringing him around to his own views. On the walls of his richly furnished apartment and scattered about on tables and desks are the plaster heads of great men, living and dead, the heads of notorious criminals, the casts of hands and the death masks and photographs of nearly every celebrity in history.

I called here to ask what signs there are in the head and the hand of a person's term of life, for that is an interesting question.

"The signs of long life are many," said Mr. Parks, "and easy to read. I will give you some of the plainest of them, avoiding technical expressions. Let us begin with the head, which should be square or round and wide behind and over the ears. All wide-headed animals have more vital force, more aggressive qualities, than those with narrow heads. Take a bulldog or a cat, see how wide their heads are and think what hard knocks they will endure, while a rabbit, for instance, would topple over and die with one-half the hard treatment. People with long, narrow heads seldom live to a ripe old age, and, in all my observations of men and women I have never found one such person who reached the century mark, while very few ever get near it.

**The Face.**

"Then take the signs of the face, what the features tell us about the probable length of life. The eyes should be round and wide, not oblong and narrow, for such eyes denote degeneracy and weakness. The brow should be ample and slope back slightly from an absolute perpendicular. Rev. Charles Collier has an almost perfect brow; so has Joseph Choate, but the brow of Edgar Allen Poe is too straight up and down and too massive, showing that the brain system overbalances the other systems of the body, and for long life there must be an equipoise among these systems. The mouth should be full and well set, a small mouth is a bad sign, and the chin should be square and firm. This last is important as showing that the proper balance exists between the intellectual and the animal functions. Take Poe's case again, the lower face is weak, showing weakness in the digestive and assimilative systems, in the animal part of him. The face of Robert Louis Stevenson shows the same defect, and so does the face of Hall Caine. In such men the brain overrides the body, burns out the body, and the probability of a long life is exceedingly small.

"And now we come to the nose, which gives the most important indication as to the person's breathing capacity and thoracic equipment. A man or woman with a nose that is wide and full through its whole length and has open, easily dilating nostrils probably has good lungs and a good heart and will get far more out of life and live longer than a person whose nose is pinched and whose nostrils are narrow. I should say that proper breathing is one of the chief essentials to proper living, and if people would form the habit, especially while out of doors, of taking deep, full breaths through the nostrils and holding the breath for a few seconds before expelling it, they would add many years to their lives. This is a simple thing to do and once the habit is formed it proves a source of perpetual delight. I am sorry to say, however, that not one person in fifty breathes properly. And yet, without a splendid breathing apparatus, I doubt if the highest greatness can be achieved. Think of Gladstone, Bismarck, Daniel Webster and many other of the world's intellectual giants, they all have big lungs and strong noses. And their chances of long life are great in proportion.

**What the Hand Reveals.**

"And when it comes to the hand, the signs are equally clear. In no part of the body does a person offer such a revelation of himself as in the hand. Here are betrayed at once the infirmities and weaknesses of either sex and also the strong points. The long, slender hand is considered beautiful, but it indicates a degeneration from strength, and its owner is not apt to reach an advanced age. Narrow-headed people usually have narrow hands. The hand that gives promise of a long life is the one with a square, broad palm, with large joints and short fingers, one like this," and Mr. Parks took down the mold of Walt Whitman's massive hand. "Here you see ruggedness, muscle and endurance, the signs of longevity. The finger nails are strong and spatulate and the flesh is neither too hard nor too soft, thus showing a blending of mental and physical activity.

"As to the lines of the palm, little can be said that will serve the purpose of a person not instructed in palmistry, for it is not sufficient to observe the lifeline alone in concluding as to the term of a person's years. If the lifeline is good in color and unbroken through a good length, that is a favorable sign, but for any valuable conclusion the lifeline must be read in connection with the other lines of the hand."

Another characteristic of long-lived persons is the presence of large bones, and it is Mr. Parks' opinion that, other things being equal, a man or woman having a heavy, osseous frame, a body like that of Abraham Lincoln, will live longer and accomplish better things than a person with small bones.

**The Astrologer's Method.**

Having gained the above knowledge about longevity from the teachings of phrenology and palmistry, I pursued my investigation by calling upon the famous astrologer, "Azrael," whose name in private life is Frank Norton and whose scholarly attainments and unquestioned integrity give authority to whatever he may say. Mr. Norton was for years one of the librarians in the Astor library, and was afterward managing editor of one of the great American dailies. So he is a practical man as well as a delver into the occult. On the walls of his "den," as he calls it, are photographs of many celebrities whose horoscopes he has cast, and books containing all the stored-up wisdom of astrology and the kindred arts.

"I am convinced," said Azrael, "by my studies, reflection and personal experience that in every accurate horoscope the appointed time of death is shown. This is a logical conclusion, growing out of the fact that every such horoscope declares not only the general tenor of life, the conditions governing health and disease, and the person's character and temperament, but shows also the actual periods of sickness, bereavement and ordinary misfortunes, and makes positive statements concerning every chief incident and vicissitude in the person's existence. All this I have proved by my own work in a thousand instances, and other astrologers have proved the same. A notable case among moderns where death has been predicted was that of Charles Dryden, whose father, John Dryden, the poet, cast his son's horoscope at birth. He predicted that the boy would be three times in danger of losing his life, and at the third time would be killed, all which came to pass, and is so set down in John Dryden's biographies. I myself have predicted death in the case of two infants, and in both cases it occurred within the specified time, and in one of these on the exact day.

"In a general way it may be stated that those persons have the best chance of a long life, there being no adverse planetary conditions, who are born with Leo, Libra, Aries, Sagittarius, or Scorpio rising at the hour of birth. The spring months for birth are more favorable to long life than any other month, and the hours before noon are better than those after noon. All this, however, is somewhat indefinite, for many other influences must be considered, especially the astrological values of the planets. Herschel, Saturn and Mars are malefics, especially when evilly aspected, or in square, conjunction, or opposition with regard to each other or the remaining planets. Saturn and Mars when thus aspected are considered deadly in their relation to human existence, the first named usually acting through chronic complaints, the second more suddenly and violently. And the conjunction or opposition of the sun and moon may be said to presage a short life, if either occur exactly at the hour of birth. Of course, it is understood that to have his horoscope cast properly a person must give the astrologer not only the exact day and year of birth, but the exact hour of the day. A miscalculation of a single hour might change the entire character of the horoscope.

**A Complicated Method.**

"Many authors have written on methods of calculating the date of death, especially in the case of infants; but they differ widely among themselves. One generally accepted rule is that no one dies unless the sun or moon are afflicted by an evil aspect of one of the malefics, Mars, Saturn, Herschel or Neptune, or by the moon; and this I have found to hold good. In the case of Herschel evilly aspected in a horoscope I have found it to cause morbid fears as a part of the temperament, and it is believed to give a suicidal tendency. It is a curious fact that even the beneficent planet Jupiter, afflicting the sun, invariably indicates corrupted blood and a predisposition to apoplexy.

"As regards the realization of astrological predictions, it should be said that much depends upon the condition of life and environment of the subject. Influences that would kill a tramp or an ordinary hard-working man or woman, would altogether pass by some member of a rich or royal household. 'There's a divinity doth hedge a king,' as was shown in the case of Queen Victoria, whose death was put down by both English and Indian astrologers for October, 1894. My own judgment is that Queen Victoria will pass through a very dangerous period in December, 1897. During that month Herschel, Saturn, Mars, the sun, Venus and Mercury will all be in the zodiacal sign Sagittarius, in opposition to the conjoined sun and moon in the sign of Gemini, the ascendancy of her majesty's horoscope. All the planets, including the sun and moon (except Jupiter), will also at this time have the same declination, which is an evil and very unusual occurrence, and one that gives me further assurance that her majesty will encounter grave peril at that time."

Coming now to the more exact science of medicine, I called on Dr. A. H. Grandin, the New York specialist, who believes that longevity depends solely upon the action of the heart. "The heart," he says, "is the nearest approach known to man to that dream of scientists, perpetual motion. The person whose pulse beats with full and normal stroke has the best chance of a long life. Hereditary qualities come next in importance, and if the parents are short-lived, a person has a forewarning of his own fate."

For the consolation of those whose fathers or mothers may have died young, it should be said that many authorities maintain that hereditary tendencies come, to a great extent, from the grandparents, and even from previous ancestors, so that, if there has been a good average of long life in past generations, the fact of early death in the case of father or mother need not be of serious consequence.

**Sleep One of the Essentials.**

One of the most interesting opinions that I obtained in regard to the chances of long life came from Nicola Tesla, the inventor and electrician, who thinks that sleep has much to do with the matter.

"A man has been given a certain term of life," said Mr. Tesla, "so many hours to pass on this earth—I mean hours when he is alive, awake; I do not count the hours when he is sleeping; I do not believe they are, strictly speaking, included in his term of life. When a man really lives he is dying hour by hour, but when he sleeps he is accumulating vital forces which will make him go on living. In other words, in measuring out our dole of hours to each one of us, the great timekeeper stops his count while we are sleeping. Therefore, the longer a man sleeps the longer he will remain on earth. Nearly all long-lived people have been great sleepers. When De Lesseps was on the ocean he would sleep twenty hours on a stretch. Gladstone is a great sleeper, and averages twelve hours a day. I can believe that a man who would learn to sleep eighteen hours a day might live 200 years."

This idea seems a little fantastic, but it should be said that so great an authority as Prof. F. W. Warner, in a recent lecture on "Biometry, or the Science of Measuring Life," includes abundant sleep among the four essentials to a long life, which are: 1. To be descended, at least by one side, from long-lived parents. 2. To be of a calm, contented and cheerful disposition. 3. To have a symmetrical form, i.e., a full chest, well-formed joints and limbs, with a neck and head large rather than small in proportion to the size of the body. 4. To be a long and sound sleeper.

The professor went on to show that women are longer lived than men, and that married women live longer than single women. The statistics show that few nuns attain old age, and that monks also die on the average earlier than men who marry.

"The primary conditions of longevity are," said Prof. Warner, "that the heart, lungs and digestive organs, as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are large the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers. The brain will be deeply seated, as showing by the orifice of the ear being low. The blue or brown hazel eye as showing an intermission of temperament, is a favorable indication. The nostril being large, open and free, indicate large lungs. A pinched and half closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs."

Having accumulated so much information about the term of man's life, I took my way home, drawing deep, full breaths, which, it appears, is an excellent thing to do.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

### Not According [illegible]endish.

From the Chicago Record.

On the suburban trains running out of Chicago card playing is an acknowledged feature of transitory life. Some of the coaches are equipped with tables for devotees of the game.

Coming in recently a suburbanite named George Affolter was called from his newspaper to make the fourth in a game of whist, which had been interrupted by the departure of one of the players. The hands had been dealt around and Affolter, noting there were thirteen cards, said: "What is it? Hearts?"

It happened that hearts were trumps, and an affirmative answer was given. On the first play Affolter gleefully threw away a king, followed it the next with another high card and was overjoyed to see that the man at his elbow was obliged to take the third trick, and the fourth and the fifth, and so on indefinitely.

On the second hand Affolter's partner led a king and Affolter thought they would have to take it, but, to his delight, the opposition gathered in the trick and proceeded to harvest all the other twelve as well. Affolter was almost hysterical with joy. His partner looked strange.

Things went on in the same way for two more deals, and the Affolter faction, owing to the new man's headwork, hadn't taken a trick, when at length the suffering partner said:

"Say, you'll excuse me, but you play the most idiotic, outrageous, infernal game of whist that ever occurred in my experience."

Affolter was dumfounded. "Whist!" he cried bleakly. "Why, heavens, man, I've been playing the game of hearts as hard as I knew how."

And nobody dared speak until the depot was reached.

### The Advice of Experience.

From the Chicago Post.

"Do you know anything about buying crockery for the house?"

The man with the bald head looked at his questioner pityingly before replying:

"A little," he said, at last.

"You've tried it, have you?"

"I have."

"Then you're just the man I want. You see, I need a little advice in regard to a dinner set."

"You may put it down as an incontrovertible truth," said the man with the bald head, oracularly, "that the only advice in that line which is of the slightest value is contained in three words."

"Which are?"

"Don't try it. Don't let your enthusiasm and self-confidence permit you to make the mistake of your life. Just give the money to your wife."


# THE $3 OFFER TO BE MAINTAINED

## Until the Number of Patients Exceeds the Possibility of Personal Attention.

## Doctor McCoy Will Give Due Notice in the Public Prints of Its Withdrawal.

**The essence of what Doctor McCoy had to say was that it is not honest to lead people to medical offices on free offers and take their money. When Doctor McCoy established his practice in Washington, for a stated time he treated everyone free. He would as soon thought of cutting his arm off as of accepting a cent. He made the word "Free" popular because his use of it was honest. His offer to treat patients for $3 a month was believed by thousands because they knew Doctor McCoy told the truth. It is not enough that this be once stated. The lesson needs to be brought home. The public must be protected from any methods that are not sincere. The sick ones in any event deserve protection, so Doctor McCoy teaches this lesson, giving the people again his offer of $3 a month. It will be readily seen that such an offer could not be maintained for a considerable or indefinite length of time. Doctor McCoy will simply maintain it until the number of patients exceeds the possibility of personal care, only promising to give due notice of its withdrawal in the public prints.**

**UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE ALL APPLYING FOR OR RENEWING TREATMENT WILL BE TREATED UNTIL CURED AT THE UNIFORM RATE OF $3 A MONTH. THE OFFER IS NOT CONFINED TO ANY ONE DISEASE. IT MEANS THAT NO MATTER WHAT THE SICKNESS MAY BE IF A DOCTOR'S SERVICES ARE AT ALL REQUIRED, THE PATIENT WILL BE TREATED UNTIL CURED AT THIS RATE.**

### THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING RESTORED WITH HIS HEARING.

**John Potter, 1527 33d st. n.w.:** "When I first went to Doctor McCoy I was very deaf. I could not hear anything without very great difficulty. I could not hear ordinary conversation at all, and to make me understand a person would have to speak very loud and directly to me, and even then it would often be necessary to repeat what had been said. I could not hear my watch tick, in either ear.

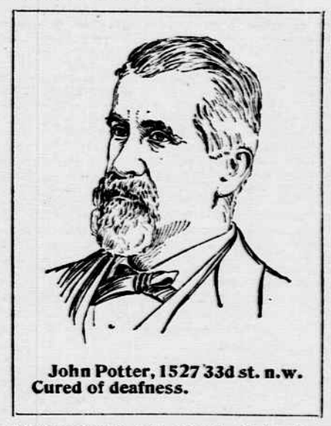
"I also had continuous rumbling noises in my ears, both night and day. These noises became so load at night that they sounded like some one blowing horns in my ears. They made me very nervous.

"I read of Doctor McCoy's wonderful cures and went to him.

**Now I Can Hear Anything Without the Least Difficulty.**

I can hear conversation, and my friends do not have to speak above an ordinary tone. I can hear a watch tick distinctly. The noises have entirely left me.

"I do a great deal of hunting. I was obliged to watch for the birds, as it was impossible for me to hear the noise they made. Since I have been under Doctor McCoy's treatment I can hear the noise of the birds, and now derive a great deal more pleasure from the sport."



John Potter, 1527 33d st. n.w.
Cured of deafness.

**These people are cured of deafness without an operation. Their ears are not dilated. They are cured by this wonderful treatment that restores the hearing without causing pain or distress of any kind.**

### HAD TO SHOUT TO MAKE HIM HEAR.

**Alex. Dercourt, 337 H st. n.e.: "I had** been deaf for six years. When I came to Doctor McCoy I could not hear a word that was said unless shouted in my ears.

"I could not hear the electric cars, the door bell ringing, or even thunder. I tried many doctors, while traveling in Paris and elsewhere, and have been treated

**By Many Physicians Abroad.**

"They all said the same thing, that there was no help for me. I read in the papers about Doctor McCoy and I went to see him. After being some time under treatment, one day to my astonishment I suddenly haerd the clock tick."

John W. Little, 209 N st. s.w.
Cured of catarrh of entire system.

### ENTIRELY CURED OF A TERRIBLE SKIN DISEASE.

**Geo. H. Cannan, 119 2d st. n.w.:** "About five years ago I first discovered on my hands water pimples about the size of a penny. There came two or three at a time first and then they would spread and cover my whole hand. They would swell up and burst, and my hands would become a mass of sores. I lost two of my nails from the disease. During winter weather my hands were worse. Last winter I lost seven weeks' work because of the soreness of my hands.

"I had been treated by many doctors, but they could not cure me. I read in the papers of the cure of John B. Barker, 1310 12th st. n.w., of Eczema by Doctor McCoy, and placed myself under his treatment. I have been entirely cured. The skin on my hands is as soft and clean as those of a young child. I recommend any one suffering from any skin disease to go to him."

### DR. McCOY'S RECORD.

**The Six Years of Preparation.**

Matriculant at University of New York.....1876
First honor man in his class.....1879
Winner of famous Loomis prize.....February, 1879
Candidate for Bellevue Hospital appointment.....March, 1879
Chosen by competitive examination, open to all the doctors of the world, resident physician of Bellevue Hospital.....March, 1879
During service at Bellevue elected visiting physician to training school for nurses.....April, 1880
Served as resident physician to Bellevue..1879-1880
Study in hospitable of London and Dublin.....1881

Formulation of regular treatment for chronic troubles as a result of hospital experience.....1882
Formulation of regular treatment for the cure of catarrhal, bronchial and lung diseases.....1882
Announcement of Dr. McCoy's cures first introduced voluntarily by well-known journalists, with pictures and interviews of patients cured. April, 1884
Doctor McCoy treating over one thousand patients a month.....1885
Extension of office facilities by employment of students from Bellevue.....1885-1886
The second visit to Europe for further hospital Study and Inspection.
Serving in the laboratories of Prof. Koch, at Berlin.....1890
Study in Charitie Hospital of Berlin and Royal Clinic under Von Bergmann.....1891
Formulation of a system of medicine based on the discovery of poison in the blood as the origin of disease.....1891
The system perfected by application and experiment in cases selected from Dr. McCoy's practice.....1892
The world startled by Dr. McCoy's Discovery of a cure for Deafness.....September, 1895
Location of a permanent national practice in Washington.....March 28, 1896

### STILL MAKING THE CHILDREN HEAR; NO OPERATION—NO PAIN.

**Master Henry Oehmann, 507 Stanton** place n.e. Aged 12 years. His mother says: "My son had been deaf for two years. His ears constantly discharged, and he suffered all the time from severe headache. He attends St. Mary's School, but because of his deafness he could not understand his teacher, and she would be often obliged to reprimand him because she thought him stupid or heedless.

"I read of Doctor McCoy's many wonderful cures of deafness and took my son to him. After a short time I noticed improvement, and now his hearing has been completely restored. He now hears his teacher distinctly, and I cannot see but he hears just as well as any one."

Raymond Dickson, Brightwood avenue n.w., aged 10 years. Cured of deafness.

### LEFT SCHOOL BECAUSE OF HIS DEAFNESS; HEARING RESTORED.

**Raymond Dickson, Aged 10 Years,** Brightwood ave. n.w., city. His mother says: "Raymond was so deaf that we had to take him from school. His teacher said it was useless to have him there. She could not make him understand.

"When he was six years old he was run over by a carriage, one of the wheels passing over his head. From this time he became deaf, so deaf that we found great difficulty in making him understand at all. It was necessary to shout at him to make him hear a word. Whenever he caught cold his hearing would become even worse.

"It was because of the statements made by others of their cures, of the young and old alike, that we took Raymond to Doctor McCoy. It makes me very happy to say that my son now hears perfectly. He understands our conversation, and he can distinctly hear a watch tick when held six inches from his ear.

"With his deafness he was troubled with rumbling noises in his head, which have now ceased.

"His hearing returned suddenly; we first noticed it when we found that he could hear every word of our conversation carried on in ordinary tone. We are very grateful to Doctor McCoy for what he has done for our boy."

Henry Oehmann, 507 Stanton Place n.e. Cured of deafness.

**Miss Alice Lyles, 215 South Alfred** st., Alexandria, Va., fourteen years old: "I cannot remember when I was not deaf. My sister read about Doctor McCoy, but I was afraid to go to him for fear he might hurt me. He didn't, though. Don't you think I am glad I went to him? All of a sudden I heard what the folks were saying at home. At school

**I Can Hear Every Word**

the teacher says. My teacher is Miss Davis of the Peabody School. She lets me out of school to take the treatment."

Mrs. Sarah Lyles, her mother, says: "My daughter had been deaf since she was five years old. She could not hear any ordinary conversation. She is intensely happy over her care by Doctor McCoy. She said: 'Ma, I can hear everybody, and everything is so plain now.' "

Miss Davis, the teacher, says: "When I first knew Alice—that was three years ago—she was very deaf. This term I noticed it more than ever, until the last few weeks, when I noticed she heard better. Now she readily answers any questions. It used to be painful to me to give her recitations at all. Now she can hear me."

## McCoy System of Medicine

PERMANENT OFFICES
DR. McCOY'S NATIONAL PRACTICE.

**Dr. J. Cresap McCoy,**
**Dr. J. M. Cowden,**
Consulting Physicians.
715 13th Street Northwest.
Office Hours, 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., daily. Sundays, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.